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# PETERSON'S LADIES NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JANUARY—VOL. LXXIX.

TERMS:

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Fashions for February, colored.
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Fashions for March, colored.
In the Balcony.
Fashions for April, colored.
"Now You'll Mind Me Next Time."
Fashions for May, colored.
Hero Watching for Leander.
Fashions for June, colored.

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Design for Darning on Net; for Curtains, etc.

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Listening for the New Year's Chimes.
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## WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

January number, Fifty-one Engravings.
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March number, Sixty-five Engravings.
April number, Forty-two Engravings.
May number, Forty-eight Engravings.
June number, Fifty-two Engravings.

## MUSIC.

Grandmother's Chair.
Sunday Morning.
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Rebecca at the Well.
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District Quickstep.

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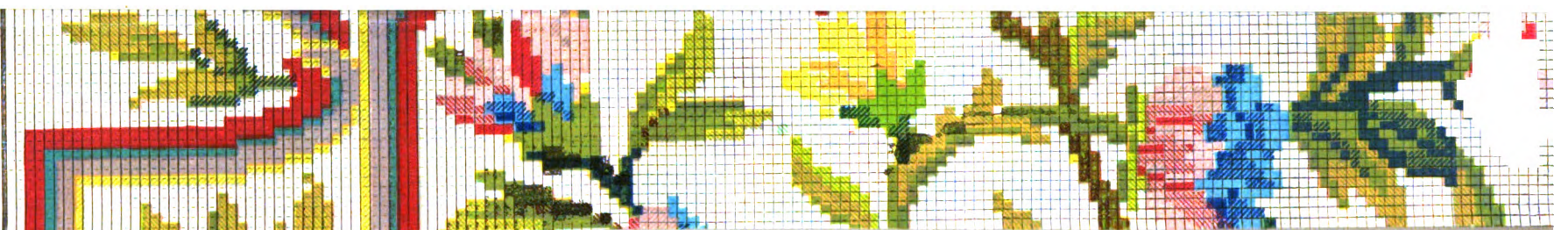

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LISTENING FOR THE NEW YEAR'S CHIMES. [*See the Poem.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY. COLLAR AND CUFF.

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WALKING DRESS. HOUSE DRESS.

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NEW STYLE WINTER WALKING DRESSES.

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DOLMAN CLOAK. MUFF. PELERINE.

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FIGURED VELVET MANTLE. HEAD DRESS. FICHU COLLAR.

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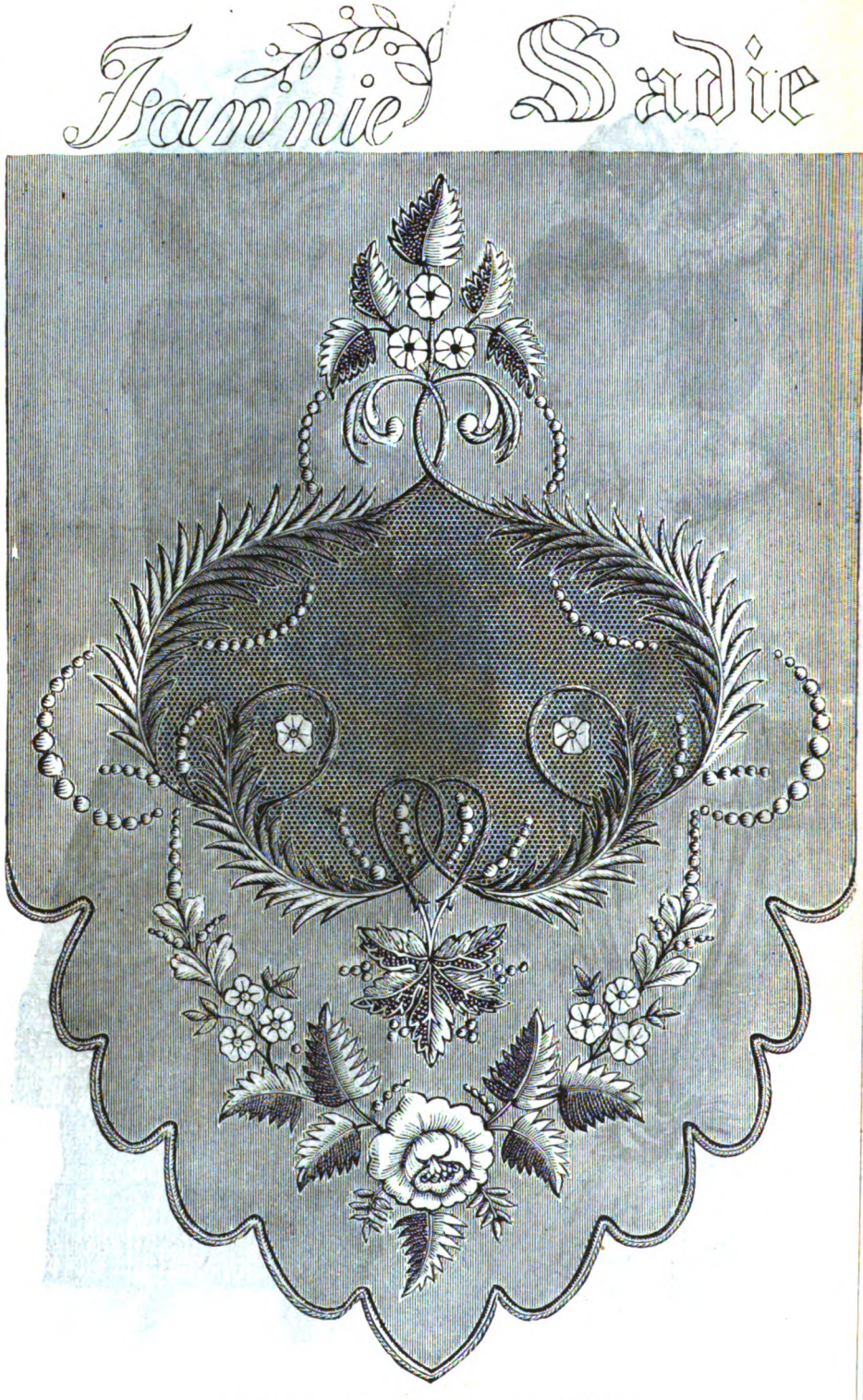


DETAIL OF LAMP SHADE. NAMES FOR MARKING.

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PAINTED SCREEN ON SATIN. DECORATIVE PANEL.

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# GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Written Composed and Sung by JOHN READ.

*f* *cres.*

1. My grand-mother she at the age of eighty three One day in May was taken ill and
2. I thot' it hard-ly fair, still I said I did not care, And in the ev'ning took the chair a

*p*

died; And af-ter she was dead, the will of course was read, By a lawyer as we all stood by his
way; The neighbors they me chaff'd my brother at me laugh'd And said it will be useful John some

side; To my brother it was found, she had left a hun-dred pounds, The
day; When you set-tle down in life, find some girl to be your wife, You'll

*mf*

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same un - to my sis - ter I de - clare, But when it came to me, the
find it ver - y handy I de - clare, On a cold and fros - ty night, when the

*cres.*

law - yer said, "I see, She has left to you her old arm chair."
fire is burn - ing bright, You can then sit in your old arm chair.

**CHORUS.**

And how they titter'd, how they chaff'd, How my brother and sis - ter laugh'd,

*mf*

When they heard the lawyer declare, Granny had on - ly left to me her old arm chair.

*cres.*

3. What my brother said was true, for in a year or two,
Strange to say, I settled down in married life;
I first a girl did court, and then the ring I bought,
Took her to church and when she was my wife;
The old girl and me, were as happy as could be,
**For when my work was over I declare,**
**I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night would stay at home,**
**And be seated in my old arm chair.—CHORUS.**

**4. One night the chair fell down, when I pick'd it up I found**
**The seat had fallen out upon the floor;**
**And there to my surprise I saw before my eyes,**
**A lot of notes, two thousand pounds or more;**
**When my brother heard of this, the fellow I confess,**
**Went nearly mad with rage, and tore his hair.**
**But I only laughed at him, then said unto him "Jem,**
**Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?—CHORUS.**

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NEW STYLES FOR WINTER BONNETS.

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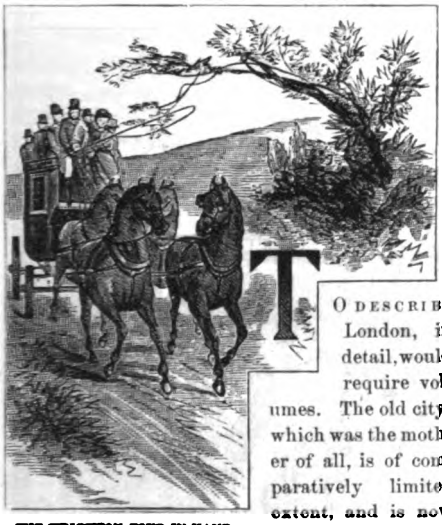
# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1881. No. 1.

## LONDON IN THE SEASON.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.



THE BRIGHTON FOUR-IN-HAND.

TO DESCRIBE London, in detail, would require volumes. The old city, which was the mother of all, is of comparatively limited extent, and is now abandoned almost entirely to offices, stores and warehouses. Hardly anybody of wealth or social importance lives in it. The churches generally are deserted, no congregations residing any longer in their vicinity. Yet this is the London of history. In it are Guildhall and the Mansion House; over it presides the Lord Mayor; Bow Bells, St. Paul's, the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, the Charter House, and scores of other famous places, belong to it.

The London of the polite world lies a mile or two distant, and is known, in fashionable language, as the West End. It is not separated from the other London by any definite line, however; houses continue all the way; but stores become less frequent; old, decayed tenements disappear; and finally long rows of costly mansions tell you that the London of business has given way to the London of fashion. In general terms, the latter begins near Westminster Abbey, and follows the course of the Parks, vanishing in the green fields beyond Kensington. Three or four hundred years ago, Westminster was separated from London by a long stretch of open country. As late as the middle of the seventeenth century, an unpaved road, depicted in Hollar's engraving, led from the city to the quarters of the Court. But this space has long since been built upon. The vicinity of Grosvenor Square, now the very centre of fashion, was, however, meadow-land as late as the beginning of the last century. Swift, in 1712, writes to Stella, that he was afraid of walking alone from Chelsea to London, after night-fall, lest he should be set upon by highwaymen, in the lonely lanes. Jonathan Wild suffered at Tyburn, which was then quite out of town, but is now in the very centre of this aristocratic quarter.

At that time, the river front of London, between the Temple buildings and Westminster, was principally occupied by the gardens of the nobility, whose mansions faced the street leading from the city to Westminster, while their pleasure grounds behind ran down to the water. While in this condition the shore was rural and beautiful, but as population grew, and the drainage became greater, this river front gradually got to be offensive, the tide receding, twice a day, and leaving the mud exposed to view as well as to the action of the air. The nuisance finally became so great that an act of Parliament was passed, not only to secure better drainage, but to embank the entire river front. The result has been the construction of a magnificent avenue, with a stone balustrade on the water side, stretching from London Bridge up to Westminster Abbey. This avenue, known as the Thames Embankment, is not only a stately setting for the front of the great city, but opens up a new path for travel between the old town and the new, and greatly relieves the crowded thoroughfares inside, such as the Strand. The view, down this Embankment, from the front of Somerset House, looking past the Temple Gardens and towards St. Paul's, is a very noble one, and hardly to be surpassed.



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The Parks of London are the most noticeable features of the West End. They begin with St. James' Park, the oldest of all, not far from the Parliament Houses. St. James' Park was famous as far back as the reign of Charles the Second, who walked in it daily, always stopping at the pond to feed the ducks. At the west end of this Park stands Buckingham Palace, separated from it, however, by a public road-way. Then come the Queen's gardens, belonging to the palace, and to the right of them, the Green Park. The Green Park extends to Hyde Park, though divided from it, at the upper end, by Piccadilly, a well-known fashionable thoroughfare. Hyde Park extends to Kensington, where it meets what are called the Kensington Gardens, though they are really as park-like as Hyde Park itself, and boast some of the finest trees to be found in England. These green spaces lie in the very heart of fashionable London, and cover hundreds of acres, Hyde Park itself having more than four hundred acres alone.

On a fine day, in the season, Hyde Park, which is the most central of these Parks, is crowded with equipages. The hour for the principal display is between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, when more fine horses, elegant carriages, and powdered coachmen and footmen

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LOOKING TOWARDS ST. PAUL'S.

can be seen there than in all the other capitals of the world combined. Often, a score or two of four-in-hands are present, the owners, (dukes, marquises, earls, and gentlemen of fortune,) driving the horses themselves. The Prince of Wales not unfrequently sits on the box of one of these coaches, as a guest; and ladies of the highest rank crowd the roof of the coach; for no one, except sometimes a servant, occupies the inside. Earlier in the day, generally from one to two o'clock, is the fashionable time for equestrians. At this period, what is called the Ladies Mile, is thronged with fair riders on horseback, while pedestrians, principally of the upper classes, saunter about, or occupy chairs and look on. The four-in-hands, however, are not confined to Hyde Park. During the season, some of them are driven, as stage-coaches used to be driven, between London and various places in the country, such as to Seven-Oaks, Richmond, and even to Brighton, the noble owners tooling the horses themselves, and even accepting gratuities from passengers, just as an ordinary coachman would have done in the old times.

The Parliament Houses, built within the last generation, from designs by Sir Edward Barry, have often been severely criticised; but in the mass they are very imposing; and the skill with

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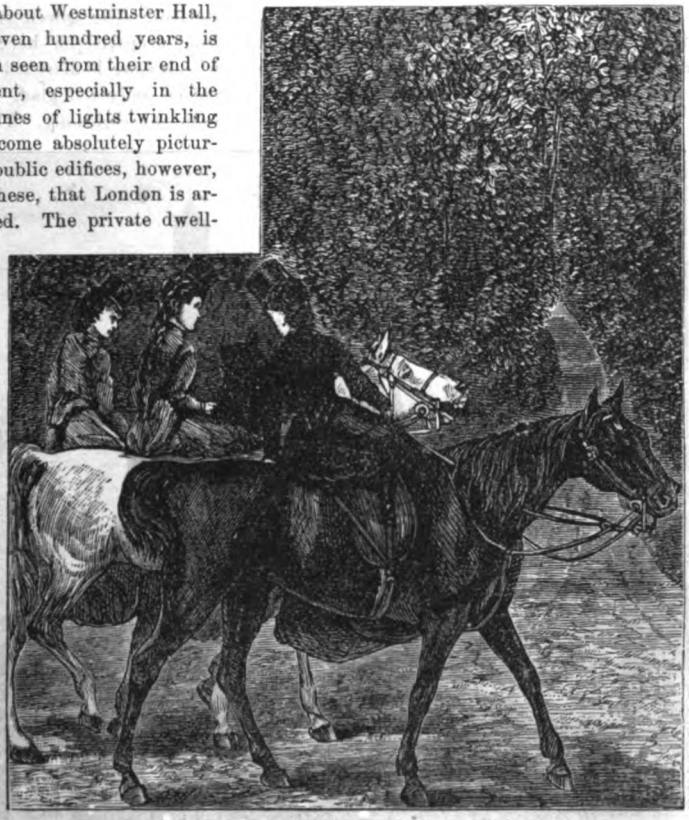
which they are grouped about Westminster Hall, which has stood for seven hundred years, is beyond all praise. When seen from their end of the Thames Embankment, especially in the evening, with the long lines of lights twinkling along the river, they become absolutely picturesque. It is only in its public edifices, however, and not even in all of these, that London is architecturaly to be admired. The private dwellings, ordinarily, are excessively plain. With the exception of Stafford House, of Bridgewater House, and a few others, the mansions, even of the greatest of the patricians, have no pretension to grandeur. Norfolk House, in St. James' Square, the town residence of the Dukes of Norfolk, who are at the head of the English nobility, is a brick edifice, which, though spacious enough within, is almost quaker-like in its simplicity without.



LADIES ON HORSEBACK IN THE LADIES MILE, IN HYDE PARK.

In this respect the English noble differs from the Italian one. The chief pride of the latter is in his town-palace, while that of the former is in his castle, or mansion, in the country. Rome, Florence, Genoa, Verona, Venice, in fact all the Italian cities, are full of splendid palaces, many of them centuries old, created by the nobles. Such families as the Strozzi, the Doria, or the Brignoli, would sooner part with every farm they had than sell their city residences. It has always been so with the Latin races. On the contrary, with Teutonic nations, it is the country home that the patrician takes pride in. This is even more true in England than in Germany. Alwinck Castle, Warwick Castle, Hatfield, Chatsworth, Arundel, and scores of other places, scattered all over England, testify to the splendor with which the British noble surrounds himself on his ancestral estates. Very often the same noble, who has a castle that cost millions, will live in a house in London, not larger than that of a well-to-do New York merchant. There is another thing that seems curious, at first, to an American visiting London. He discovers that the upper classes live in the country in the winter, and in town in summer, thus reversing the practice in America, and even on the continent of Europe. One reason of this is that London, in consequence of the fogs, is not a desirable residence between October and May. A more potent one, however, is that the fox-hunting, coursing, shooting, and other out-of-door pastimes, in which the wealthier English classes delight, come in the autumn and the winter season. As a rule, the English noble, for eight months out of the twelve, lives in the country; and hence his town-house is but secondary in importance compared to his country mansion.

The London season usually begins after Easter, and continues until August. It is true that Parliament assembles in February; but very few members take their families up till later. If the Queen opens Parliament in person, the spectacle is a very grand one. She drives down, in a gilt state-coach, drawn by eight horses superbly caparisoned: the Horse Guards, the most showy cavalry in Europe, riding on either side. The procession is attended, moreover, by the famous "beef-eaters," in the costumes designed by Holbein; and the royal footmen, in scarlet in gold, are simply unsurpassed.

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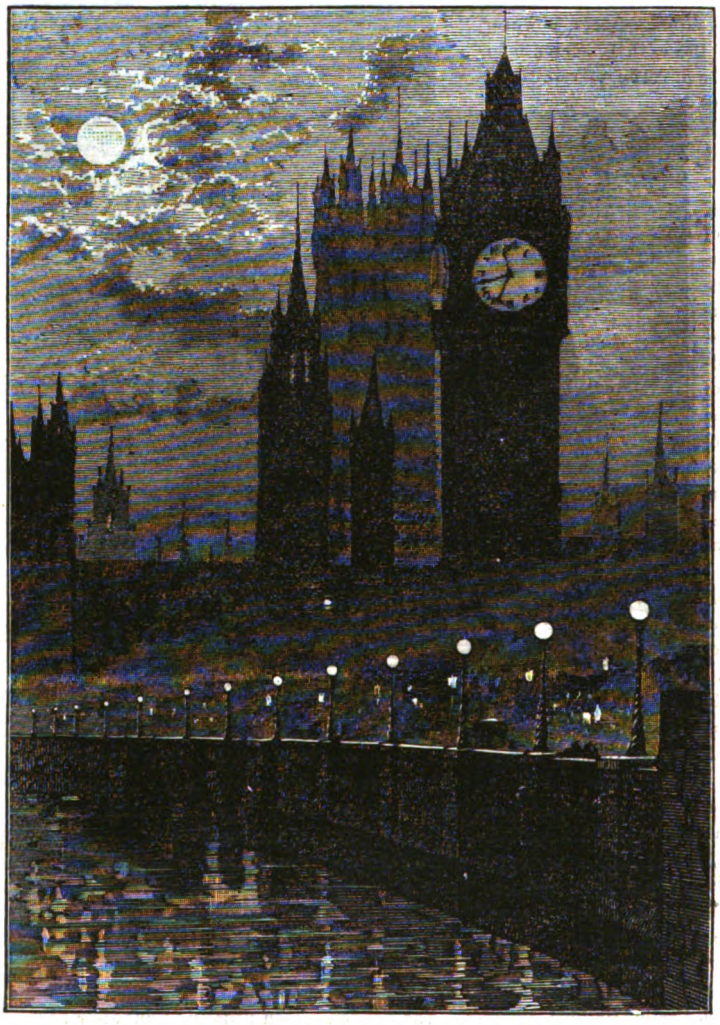
When the Parliament Houses are reached, the Queen alights, is robed in her robes of ceremony, and preceded by the great officers of state, enters the House of Lords. Here she takes her seat on the throne, which is on a platform slightly raised, at the upper end of that magnificent hall. The peers occupy their usual benches below, on the floor, while rows of splendidly attired peeresses sit as spectators, at the sides. The members of the House of Commons are then summoned. These gentlemen are not admitted within what is called "the bar." They are compelled, indeed, to stand during the whole proceedings, that railing separating them from the body of the House. The Prince of Wales, the Princess, and others of the royal family, group around the throne, or at its foot. The Queen reads the speech that has been prepared for her; bows to the audience; withdraws; is disrobed; and drives back to the palace, only too glad, it is said, to have done with the ceremony. The whole affair, from her entrance to her going away, does not last more than half-an-hour.



THAMES EMBANKMENT AT NIGHT, LOOKING TOWARDS THE PARLIAMENT HOUSES.

By the first of June, the season has thoroughly set in, and fashionable London is in a whirl of excitement. Breakfasts, lunches, musical parties, garden parties, and fairs, flower-shows, dinners, the "small and early" dances, and private balls follow on each other incessantly, to say nothing of "at homes," which are almost absolutely without number. At these latter simple entertainments, the refreshments are tea, ice cream, a few cakes, and strawberries and cream. A lady has frequently four or five engagements for the same day or the evening. People hurry from one house to another, having only half-an-hour or so for each. At most of the balls the crowd is uncomfortably dense, the rooms usually being too small for the company, for London houses, as a rule, are not very large. The flowers, at these balls, are in great abundance, decorating the stair-case, and the mantel-pieces, and being festooned from the chandeliers, and grouped about everywhere: these flowers cost from a thousand to two thousand dollars alone. The supper is served, usually, at small tables, holding from four to six persons. The so-called breakfasts begin at two o'clock, in the day, and are really dinners, so far as the menu is concerned.

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These continued festivities not only pall, after a time, but become exhausting; and many a fair girl, who goes up to London, in May, a picture of blooming health, finds herself, on the first of August, a mere bundle of nerves. The truth is, London society is too large, and, therefore, too exacting. But in one direction it is made "to pay." The wives of many of the peers use their social positions to further the political schemes of their husbands. In Lord Palmerston's time, Lady Palmerston became, in this way, quite a power. The late Countess of Waldegrave was also of vast service to her party, in the same manner, noticing new members socially ambitious, and making her drawing-rooms a centre of attraction to the chiefs of her political faith and their followers. The fairs, given for charitable purposes, are a less selfish method of utilizing

THE QUEEN GOING IN STATE TO OPEN PARLIAMENT. THE PARLIAMENT HOUSES.

social superiority. At these fairs, the ladies most celebrated for rank or beauty assist at the tables, the Princess of Wales herself often selling flowers.

The most favorite mode of entertaining, however, is at dinner. The number of guests varies from six to thirty, though generally it is about twenty. A footman, in powdered hair, livery, and silk stockings, is usually assigned to every two chairs. A butler, in black coat and white cravat, presides over all. People go in to dinner in the order of their rank. This, to a certain extent, renders a London dinner party less agreeable than an American one, where the guests can be paired off according to their tastes, their sympathies, or their friendships. The meal lasts from an hour and a-half to three hours,



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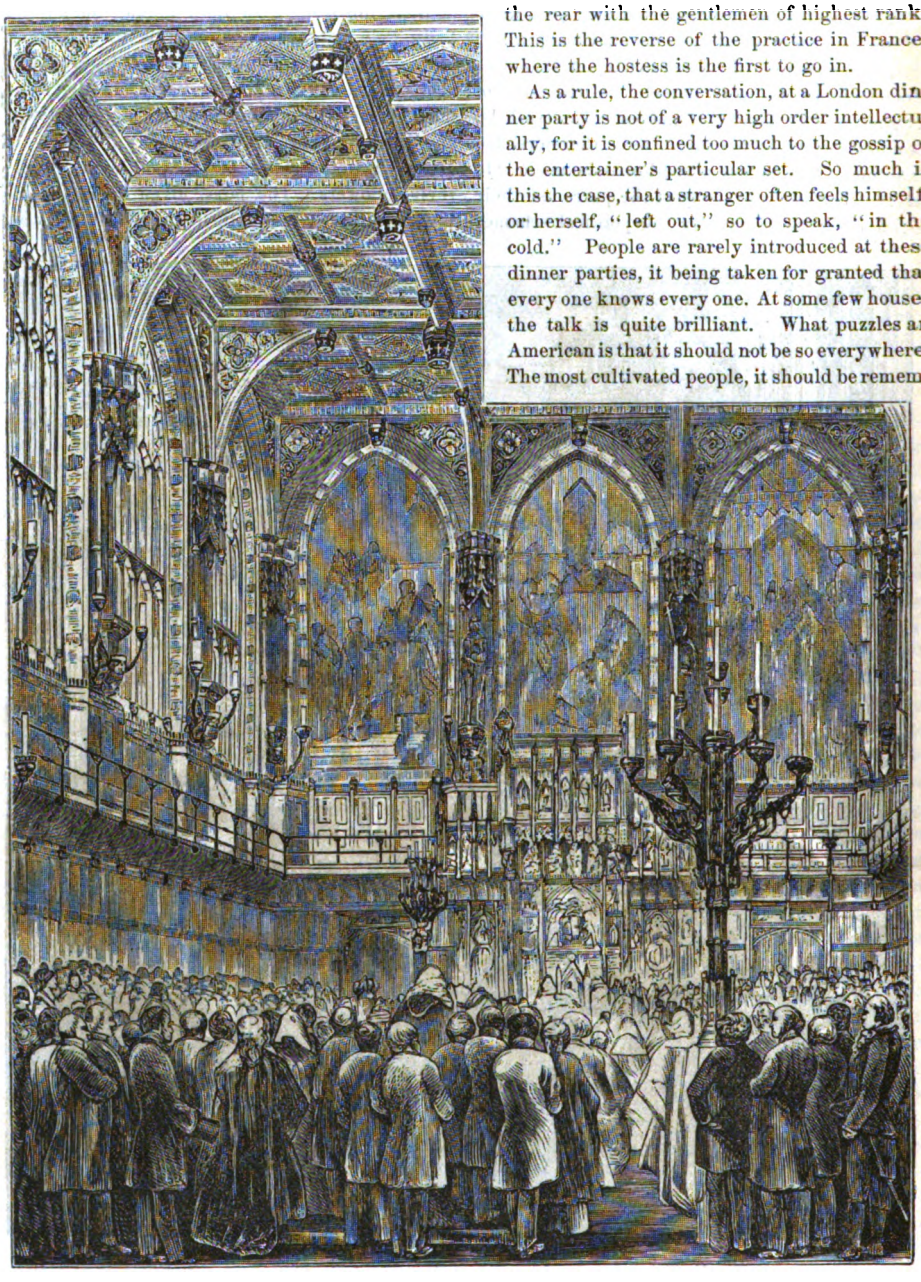

THE QUEEN OPENING PARLIAMENT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS. THE COMMONS AT "THE BAR."

the rear with the gentlemen of highest rank. This is the reverse of the practice in France, where the hostess is the first to go in.

As a rule, the conversation, at a London dinner party is not of a very high order intellectually, for it is confined too much to the gossip of the entertainer's particular set. So much is this the case, that a stranger often feels himself, or herself, "left out," so to speak, "in the cold." People are rarely introduced at these dinner parties, it being taken for granted that every one knows every one. At some few houses the talk is quite brilliant. What puzzles an American is that it should not be so everywhere. The most cultivated people, it should be remembered, go up to London, from every quarter of Great Britain in the season, so that there is an absolute superfluity of social and intellectual talent available for dinner parties. In the last generation, the breakfasts given by Rogers, the poet, and the dinners at Holland House, Carlisle House, and Landsdowne House, were famous. But Rogers,

though two hours is, perhaps, the average. The gentlemen remain, for awhile, at table, after the ladies leave; but this habit is gradually falling into disuse, and the French custom of all retiring together is taking its place. In going in to dinner, the host offers his arm to the lady of highest rank present, and leads off, his wife bringing up

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Lord Holland, and the others are dead, and these brilliant centres of wit and conversation are shut up, and what is more, seem to have left no successors.

Every year, during the season, the Queen holds one or two drawing-rooms, and several levees. All girls, belonging to the nobility or gentry, are, as a rule, "presented," which means that they go to one of these drawing-rooms, and kiss the Queen's hand. The ceremony is a tedious one for everybody, but most so, perhaps, for the poor Queen. The ladies, whether old or young, have all to wear low-necked dresses, excessive long trains, and high plumes in their hair. They are compelled to wait, in the street, before the palace, in their carriages, in line, no matter how inclement the weather may be; and often for hours; and when they alight, they have again to wait, in the ante-rooms, which are frequently so crowded, that some of the weaker ladies faint. A lady, when her name is called, enters the Throne Room, and advancing to where the Queen is standing, curtesies and kisses the royal hand. Then she backs out, that is walks out backward, for it is considered rude to leave the august presence in any other way. But this manœuvre is

A FLOWER SHOW. THE PRINCE OF WALES, (ON THE RIGHT).

one not easy to execute, especially to a *debutante*, embarrassed with an enormous train. Gentlemen also attend these drawing-rooms, and must appear either in uniform, if entitled to wear one, or in a court-suit, that is in knee breeches and silk stockings. After a girl has been "presented," she is considered to have received the "hall-mark" of "good society." But there are wheels within wheels. There are different "sets," each with a different standard of exclusiveness. The "high nobility," as D'Israeli called them in "Lothair," live very much within themselves.

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES SELLING FLOWERS AT A FAIR.

The opera is heard in greater perfection in London than anywhere else. It is true, that, on the continent, the general "get up" is superior. The ballet at Vienna, for example, is especially fine. When Verdi went to Naples, some years ago, to bring out "Aida," there were, in one scene, no less than four hundred persons on the stage. But the prima donna was only second rate. In London, in the season, the prima donnas are Patti and Nilsson, who sing at rival houses, and are sustained by the best bass voices, baritones, tenors, and contraltos. It is rather curious that there is no handsome opera house in London. One was projected, on the Thames Embankment, but the enterprise fell through, and that in the richest city in the world. At Paris, Vienna, Milan and Naples, and even at second-rate capitals like Dresden, there are handsome opera houses. Neither Covent Garden, Drury Lane, nor the Haymarket, the three places where opera is heard in London, can compare with the Philadelphia Opera House, the Academy of Music in New York, or the Opera House of any principal city, east or west, in the United States. Yet it must be confessed, that even old Drury Lane, on a night when Nilsson sings, presents a sight more brilliant than is ever seen on this side of the Atlantic. This is because there are no open seats, except in the parquette, but all round the house, draped boxes, which are crowded, on all such occasions, with beautiful women, superbly dressed, and blazing with diamonds, while in front of the foot-lights, in what are called the orchestra chairs, sit, rows of splendid looking men.

A PRIVATE CONCERT. BALLAD SINGING.

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# "LA CONTESSA."

BY SIDNEY TREVOR.

I was driving on the *Long 'Arno*, in Florence, with my pretty cousin, Dora. She was a beauty and an heiress, and, what is better, the nicest girl in the world. When we were children, a marriage had been arranged, by our mutual parents, between us. But Dora had recently fallen in love with an old college chum of mine, now the Rev. Arthur Beaumont, whom we had met in Paris, and who had followed us to Italy; and, I was doing all I could to help. We had to conceal our plans, as yet, however, from Dora's mother. Just now, aunt Dodd had gone off to Venice, with Lady Anthorpe, an English acquaintance, leaving her daughter in charge of Mrs. Livingston, a mutual friend.

We had turned into the *Vigna Nuova*, when Dora cried, suddenly,

"Look there!"

Against a cracked old wall, where two yellow butterflies fluttered, in the late spring sunshine, leaned the most pathetic figure I had ever seen. Slender with youth, and perhaps with want, her beautiful, dark, deep eyes raised in dumb solicitation, while her thin hand held out a bunch of pale, early tulips, she stood, a basket of similar blossoms at her feet, guarded by a poor, half-fed dog, whose hanging head and thin flanks repeated the hopeless depression of the girl's face. A crowd of persons went by, indifferent, and without purchasing. Touched by her wearied look of despair, even more than by Dora's evident sympathy, I tossed a bit of paper money to her, which fluttered, and fell into the dirt of the street. She started forward to pick it up, glancing up at us with a look of thanks. The look, alas! cost her dear, for at that instant a hand-cart, which had escaped from its owners, came rushing down the slope, from the *Ponte Carraja* on a run, and knocked her senseless.

I sprang out of the carriage, without waiting for the door to be opened, though Antonio, my servant, was on the box with the coachman. Dora called, in eager pity, leaning out the window, to bring the poor girl into the coach.

Antonio's inquiries soon resulted in directing us to a small florist's shop, in the via San Jacopo, as the poor flower girl's home, and we drove there instantly. She was, however, still unconscious, when we reached the small, open room, which constituted the flower shop.

"Oh, Dick, she is so light and thin!" said Dora, pitifully, "And she looks half-starved."

We were, immediately, the centre of a sympathetic crowd, in the dark, narrow street.

"It is the beautiful little countess," cried one.

"It is she, *Poverina!*"

"What a pity, poor angel!"

What could they mean? But directly a woman comes rushing out.

"Here, Tonio," I cry, impatiently, "help to lift her out, and have a bed prepared, and a doctor?" But the woman answered,

"There is no one, *signore mio*, no one to take care of her; and the bed has been sold. She must go to the hospital, I fear; for her father is sick and delirious. He must go there in a day or so, and it is better that the contessina should go now, and have the hospital doctor."

"Are there no furnished rooms in your house to let?" I asked. "Yes, the placard, at the door, says there are. Let a bed be prepared, in the best one; and the flower-girl be placed in it."

"If the *signorino* pleases," whispered Antony, "he will do better not to enter. And the young lady, too, would be wise not to get down," he added, as Dora was about to leave the carriage. "Ah! yes," to an impatient gesture of mine. "But I do now know all about it. They are so poor, *O signora mio*, and the old duca would die rather than have a stranger see his humiliation. When we return to the hotel, I will tell all."

"Very well," said Dora, making a gesture for me not to speak. "We will postpone further words till then."

"Alas," said Antonio, "alas, O Holy Virgin," with outstretched palms, "that a daughter of the duca, with quarterings countless, should be driven to sell flowers from a street-corner." And there were actually tears in his voice.

"Understand, Tonio," repeated my cousin, "the girl and her father are to want for nothing. I shall come, to-morrow, to see for myself, if you have done your best." With that we drove off.

Later in the day, Antonio told his story.

"It is the Duke Alva Verona, the last direct heir of one of the grandest titles in Italy. Orestes, his old valet, long ago, told me all about. Alas, *carino mio*, Orestes had helped support the duca and his daughter, having a place in the telegraph office, and serving his old master at odd times.



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But he lost the place, two days ago, by reason of the necessity for municipal economies, since the king has gone to Rome, leaving the city so in debt. His bitterest grief was to have to go to their little *podere* in the Romagna, leaving the duca ill, and his young mistress, whom he had held in his arms as a baby, to the horrors of poverty. But bread is dear, with twenty-two taxes upon wheat between the earth and the mouth; and Orestes had to go, with his own two, or starve also. Ah! how did the duca get so poor? His mother, quarreled with him, because he would not marry to please her, but chose a beautiful girl instead, who had no money, a thing she never forgave. In a year, she died, leaving all her own property, and it was very great, to her daughter, who left it, in her turn, to her husband, a Frenchman. But the duke's lands, you say? If the *signorino* pleases, he sold off most of them, last year, and used part of the money to improve his ancestral castle; the rest he spent in property he had on the Tiber, near Rome, thinking the location was good for villa sites. But when once ill-luck gets hold of one, it pursues, as the *signorino* knows, till death releases. In the inundation of seventy-two, all the duca's banks, walls, trees, and houses were swept away; and since then only the Holy Mother knows how he has lived."

The rest of the story may be told more concisely. A son of the old duke had gone away, some years before, to South America, to try for a living, and they had given him all that could be spared for his outfit. The cruel anxiety of his continued silence had worn upon his father, and then illness was added to their other woes.

The daughter, only seventeen years of age, and very slender, had found herself alone with her sick father, and at last, being without means, had accepted the florista's offer of employment, in selling flowers.

As she had been kept indoors, during these last cruel years of her life, having had neither dress, or a servant to follow her, as her rank demanded, the flower-woman was sure she would never be recognized, and hoped for a plentiful sale of flowers at her beautiful, child-like hands, to sympathetic *forestieri*.

Needless to say that Tonio, instructed by me, and supplied, for form's sake, with funds, by my cousin Dora, proved a ministering angel. Nurse, service, luxuries, all made a magic appearance; and the poor of the neighborhood, in their sympathetic admiration for my cousin and me, became so demonstrative, that our visits had to be made at secret and untimely hours.

Stella, for that, I found, was the name of the daughter, had been carefully educated by her father, and even spoke English tolerably, though with a droll, but to me, most charming accent.

When the old duke got better, as he soon did, he seemed to take all for granted; for he asked no questions of his daughter; the weakness, following upon fever, creating in him a strange sort of mental as well as physical languor. He had no knowledge of our previous visits to his child, and though Stella and Dora adored each other, the question of a future seemed never to trouble the gentle Italian girl.

"My brother will return, and these kind *signore* will let him love them, as I do," said she.

The days to me were winged. The little back room, in *via San Jacopo*, full of flowers and sunshine, often held four very happy people; and means were found, too, for long drives in the country, after awhile. Ah! those sweet spring days. But our lotos-eating was to be ended in an equally unexpected and cruel manner, and before the complete recovery of the duke had warranted me in asking him for his daughter.

On the day that her old father was to make his first feeble promenade about the rooms, for a change of scene, as the doctor had ordered, Dora and I went away to St. Marc's, to marvel once more over the subtle charm in those heavenly faces of Fra Angelico; and Arthur Beaumont, "quite accidentally," of course, arrived, on similar thoughts intent.

As we strolled back to the Arno, it seemed to me that I recognized the back of aunt Dodd's bonnet, in a hack going over the *Trinita* bridge; but Dora said "it couldn't be; there was nothing in mother's last letter about returning."

We got ices, and agreeable indigestives, at Giacosa's. Then I ventured to suggest a desire to know how the old duke had borne his first walk.

"You might go and inquire of the flower-woman, I should think," said Dora, with a shy smile.

"I will see your cousin to the hotel," said Beaumont, unable to conceal his joy at a prospective *tête-a-tete*.

I went laughing down the shady side of the river, and, throwing away my cigar, turned into the familiar *vicolo*. No one was in the florist's little shop. But hearing a noise of loud talking above stairs, and a voice I thought not unfamiliar, I made my way, at once, toward the well-known rooms.

Yes, there was no mistaking the excited tones of my aunt Dodd. What could she be doing here? I pushed on, through a half-opened door. There she stood, her face crimson, her

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hat awry upon her silver curls, and her red umbrella raised in a threatening manner.

The old duke, whose wild, frightened eyes, and white, unkempt hair made him a picture of illness, feebleness, and suffering, that should have been his protection, sat cowering in his chair, holding fast to his daughter's shaking hand. She, my beautiful Stella, with her sweet face blanched to a deadly whiteness, did not flinch; but faced her angry enemy, with a scornful gaze, her slender form at its tallest, and her eyes alight with the fire of wounded dignity.

But who was this other, and new factor in the sum, a man who stood by, his arms folded, and an insolent smile on his mouth, gazing from one to the other, but speaking no word?

"I tell you he will never marry you," said my aunt, in her sharpest tones, "and you can have but one object in enticing him to your house secretly, and that is to get his money—"

"Aunt Dodd," I interrupted.

But she cut me short. She had turned, and recognized me. "No, I won't," she cried. "That trollope, standing there, with her grand air, has bewitched you. I've no doubt she's as bad as she can be, my poor boy, and you knowing nothing of such wretches. But how could you have brought Dora here, your promised wife? What company for her!"

I took my aunt, gently, by the shoulders, and put her out of the room, and closed the door on her.

"You see," said the stranger, in his turn, in good English, addressing the contessina, and turning his back upon me, when I returned, "you see it is as I said; and you have, in your ignorance of the world, forfeited your good name, and also compromised your ancient family."

Stella's eyes met mine in a horror-stricken, comprehending glance. Then she wavered back and forth, clutched at the air, and fell fainting, her head on her father's knees. The old duke burst into feeble sobs and cries.

The nurse, at this, rushes forward from the further room, and the new-comer asks me, with cool politeness, if I do not find it in good taste to retire. I answer, hastily, that I must first know that the contessina is recovered.

He stands before me, so that, without violence, I cannot reach my darling, and politely proposes that I shall await the tidings of her recovery in the shop below.

"The vivacious truthfulness of your honest, but mistaken relative, has disturbed my cousin," he frigidly explains, "but it will pass."

At this, I follow my aunt down stairs.

"Oh, Dicky, how could you be so vile?" she cries. "I was so horrid angry, when Miss Jenkinson wrote me all about it. She said, you know, the girl was—well—at least—"

"Go away home, this minute," I cried, savagely; and she obeyed, speechless, frightened for the first time in her life.

I await news of Stella's recovered senses, in a dazed silence. One thing only is certain, that she will never wish to see me again. And this cousin, who is he, and where was he in those darkest days? He is handsome, too, after a dark sort; and young enough.

He comes to interrupt my sad thoughts, with polite nothings. "*La contessina* finds herself better," he assures me. "She sends her thanks, for my material kindness. At an early day, I shall be paid in coin of the realm, for all I have done."

He presents me with his card, and I return mine. He then stands, hat in hand, and his heels together like a dancing master, evidently, though politely, waiting for me to take myself off.

Is this to be the end of my dream? I cannot let it go thus. I make another effort.

"Might I not be permitted," I ask, "to bring my explanations to the contessina, and her father? To-morrow, perhaps?"

"The signor will kindly pardon us," urged the cousin—the Marchese Corti-Biancelli, as his card explained—"if the *brusqueris* of his amiable relative, and her misconception of the contessina's charming goodness, should make it advisable to deprive the Dal Verona family of the pleasure of his further acquaintance—other," he added, with another polite bow, "than through the solicitors of each." I, being a man of the world, he averred, would at once see, and welcome, such an advisable step for all parties. "If I permitted, he would, therefore, bid me a regretful adieu."

But after he had wheeled on his heel, he returned, to inform me of a fact, unimportant it was true, to me—at least, he said so—but he had accepted the written proposals of the still absent count, Stella's brother; and would, therefore, hasten to prepare all for that gentleman's approaching arrival from South America, so that his, the marchese's marriage with Stella, could follow immediately upon the arrival of her brother with her portion.

He naively added, as between men, that he had no doubt of Count Dal Verona's intention really to furnish his sister with a portion, as that gentleman had already sent a large sum home to reinstate his father; but he should wisely wait to see the money first.

I was so silent under this novel confidence, that he bade me an airy adieu, and went off up

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the stairs, caressing his waxed moustache, while I was still in the shop.

"*Signorino mio*," whispered the florist, hoarsely, the moment we were alone, "don't be so cast down. It is natural that she should marry the marchese; but you shall see her, if you and she wish; and let her tell it to you with her own sweet mouth. You were an angel to her, and so was your young lady, whom the Virgin bless."

I went away in silence.

Dora came to me, when I got home, and I told her all.

"I won't have it so," she said. "Mamma must have been awful to poor Stella; for she had been told horrid things."

"Stella won't give me a second thought after such an insult. Besides, fortune has come back to her; and a husband chosen for her after the custom of her class."

"I wouldn't give you a second thought either, if I were she, and knew you to be so faint-hearted," said Dora, with spirit.

"Shall I get into armor, and charge down upon the marchese, lance in rest? Ah, Dora, if I but dreamed she loved me, I'd carry her off from their midst, by main force, if necessary."

"Good," cried Dora. "Now you show pluck. At any rate, I would try to see her, and find out."

"But how am I to see her? They are to move, to-day, the florista tells me, to one of their old palaces, repurchased by the son's money; and Stella's duenna is of the strictest—"

Dora shook her head, despondingly.

"At all events, you must keep watch of her, and be ready for anything," she said.

Beaumont now arrived, ostensibly to call on me, but I, obligingly, took a book, and an arm-chair in the window, and turned my back. I was aroused from my sad reflections, by the entry of aunt Dodd, just as Beaumont had taken Dora's hand, and kissed her. The mother comprehended the scene at a glance. There the culprits stood, looking very idiotic. Aunt Dodd was a picture of terror and dismay.

"Dora! Mr. Beaumont!" she cried, tragically. "Do my eyes deceive me?"

"No, they don't, in the least; and it's quite right that you should know all about it," answered Dora, courageously, though she looked frightened enough; and she came forward, holding Arthur's hand.

"It will kill me—my own child deceiving me," murmured the old lady, with real feeling.

"Now, dear mamma," said Dora, going up to her, and kissing her. "Listen to reason. Dick has given us such a nice villa and vineyard, and Arthur is such a dear—"

I came to the rescue, with certain other suggestions of a mercenary kind, and aunt Dodd finally consented to hear Dora's expostulations.

While she was still gasping and hysterical, Beaumont leant over and kissed her hand, with many protestations of his devotion.

"Oh, Dicky!" sighed my aunt, looking dolefully at me, "and I have loved you as my son so long. I thought you were to marry her."

I signified that she was at perfect liberty to go on, in the same line, for an unlimited length of time, as it might amuse her, and did not bore me in the least, but that I could not marry Dora.

"How hard-hearted you have grown," she said, turning away from me, "since you knew that cruel Italian girl, who threw you over for her rich cousin. After all, Dora, I believe you are the only one that is true."

A few days after, Beaumont said to me,

"I saw Stella, to-day: she looked sad and forsaken as you could wish, though her carriage and liveries were splendid."

Was Stella indeed sad? I had been quiet, so far, in my wretchedness, because I believed her happy. What should I do, if she too suffered? Was she being coerced into an unwelcome marriage?

I had came in, a morning or two after, from a long gallop over the hills, when Dora appeared, a peculiar expression on her face.

"The florista, in *via San Jacopo*, is ill," she said, "and I want you to go with me there. The street is so dark and poor, you know."

She led the way, to my surprise, to the well-known, well-remembered *vicolo*, at the back of the house, instead of going in by the main street. On entering, my surprise was at an end. By a bed, in which lay the florista, sat the *contessina*, more beautiful, though, if possible, paler than ever.

Dora went behind her, and put an arm about her sweet neck, without speaking. Stella lifted to Dora's, and then to mine, her great, candid eyes, like those of a fearless child.

"Signorino Ricardo," she said, slowly, "this dearest girl has told me of her happiness; and she has told me, that you are—are not—not to be her husband, as I thought—as your terrible relative asserted."

At these last words, she put her pretty hands up to conceal the bright color, which mounted to her cheeks, as she remembered aunt Dodd's cruel diatribe.

Could it be? Was Dora nodding her head, affirmatively, to me, there behind Stella?

I forgot everything—her father—her proposed marriage—all. I knelt beside her, with wild, wild words.

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"Stella, my beautiful," I cried, "I shall never marry, if I may not have you for my wife. I cannot endure life, if you must belong to another. Have you not seen—did you not *know*—that I loved you, ever since the first moment I saw you?"

"Is it then so?" she said, with soft straightforwardness. "I will be your wife—yours only—if you do indeed love me. Dora was sure of it. But then I had been so cruelly convinced of the contrary."

"Poor mamma! She will be so penitent," said Dora, "and you will forgive her, *Carina*, for my sake?"

"She is the mother of my dearest Dora, and near to—to—"

She put her soft, little hand in mine, with such an adorable blush, that I devoured it with kisses.

"Poor I!" sighed the forgotten florista, whose illness was an evident fraud, concocted between her and my cousin. She jumped up, bristling, as she spoke, laughing with Dora over the success of their stratagem.

"And your father," I said to Stella, "he will not oppose?"

"Ah, he has known what it is to love, and has bravely paid the price: I think he will not oppose." And she buried her conscious face on my shoulder.

"And your brother?"

"My brother? I must be content to displease him, if he wills. The marchese, my cousin, will act as a man of the world, however," and she laughed, slyly.

Dora returned to the Dal Verona palace with Stella, and instantly commenced a war of extermination against the *duenna*, who was in favor of the marchese.

By the next day, the two girls had coaxed the old duke into receiving me; and as I could dispense with a portion, and even make ample settlements upon my wife, I soon distanced the cousin, even in the opinion of Stella's brother, whom I found a most excellent fellow, when he returned.

The day the contract was signed, my aunt Dodd appeared, magnificent in satin and lace, and quite ignoring her first interview with my bride.

"You are the sweetest, as well as the loveliest of dears," she said to Stella, "and you've a perfect right to keep your title, haven't you?"

How we did laugh at her republican ambitions, my love and I!

I ventured upon some deprecating generalism to the poor jilted marchese, after the formalities of the occasion were over.

"But, *caro mio*," he answered, enthusiastically, "you have unwittingly done me the greatest service. It is not yet known, but I am in a treaty for the hand of the daughter of the stone-pot maker, at Frascati; and she will have six times the *dot* of my cousin Stella, and probably more!"

The days of jealous suitors, rivals, and love-in-a-cottage seem so very obsolete, that we four call ourselves the old-fashioned lovers; and in her happier name of wife and mother, *la contessina* has quite forgotten her title, and prefers to be called only by that—to me—dear name, "STELLA."

## THE NEW YEAR'S CHIMES.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

HARK! the bells of New Year ringing,
On the starry midnight calm.
Now as hushed as angels, singing,
Now like some triumphant psalm.
Over hill and stream and valley,
Soft the sounds celestial steal—
Now they pause, and now they rally,
Burst on burst, and peal on peal.

Hark! the bells of New Year chiming,
"Peace, good will," they whisper low.
Then, exultant, as if climbing
Up to heav'n's own gate, they go
All the air rocks with the ringing,
Swings the steeple, swings the sky,
Swing the stars themselves—all singing
"Glory be to God on High."

## CHATTERTON.

BY F. WILDE.

So proud, so gifted, and so young—
We pray thy deed hath been forgiven,
For oh! thy soul was deeply wrung,
Thy life woe-worn and hunger-driven,

And wildly, madly, was it flung,
With all its sweetest strains unsung,
And all its strings melodious riven,
Into the hands of pitying heaven.



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# THE CHILDREN'S ELOPEMENT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Old Miss Atkinson lived in an old-fashioned house in the outskirts of an old-fashioned town, in one of the most old-fashioned of the Middle States, and was as nice, and loveable an old-fashioned maid as ever you encountered.

With her lived her two nieces, Fanny and Myra Bogart. Fanny was unusually pretty, even for an American girl of nineteen, and Myra uncommonly exasperating, even for an American child of eight. In spite of that, or perhaps on account of it, nobody could help loving and petting Myra.

To the right of their house stood a dwelling which was almost the fac-simile of their own. Each had quite extensive grounds, separated from each other by a stone wall, overgrown with woodbine and Virginia creepers.

The adjacent mansion had been unoccupied for more than a year, ever since the death of its former owner, old Mr. Anderson. At last, however, the heirs had put it into the hands of an agent, to be let, or sold, furnished, or unfurnished.

Miss Atkinson often lamented that no tenant offered. Agreeable neighbors would be nice to have, she said. But Fanny, who did not always take cheerful views of life, reminded her aunt that, perhaps, if neighbors appeared, they might not prove desirable. However, one bright, June morning, Myra rushed into the library, with her hair very much dishevelled, and her new frock torn, and she herself breathless with excitement, and announced that the next house was let! The new people were to move in immediately; and "there was a big boy in the family!" The gardener's wife had told her all about it; and she believed the name was Larker, but she wasn't sure.

Two days later, the tenants moved in, and aunt Mary, chancing to meet the gardener's wife, while taking a walk, returned home to Fanny, with the information that their neighbor was a widow lady, whose name was March; and she looked somewhat troubled as she pronounced the name.

"March!" exclaimed Fanny, in a tone of dismay. "Why, that was the name of—of Herbert Tylney's sister."

"Yes, my dear," said aunt Mary, slowly, "and I'm afraid it is she: in fact, I know it; for Mrs. Jones showed me a card, that was to be given to the postmaster—Elinor Tylney March."

"Very well; it is nothing to us! She is not likely to seek our acquaintance, and we certainly shall not seek hers," said Fanny.

"N-no," returned aunt Mary. "But—but it will be very awkward, my dear!"

"Not in the least," said Fanny, with dignity.

"Do you suppose she knows who her neighbors are, and—"

"It is of no consequence to us," Fanny interrupted, coldly. "Now I must go, and see how Myra is getting on with her spelling."

Aunt Mary sat down to her crochetwork, with a sigh. Fanny, before seeking her sister, went off to her own room, and held a brief communion with herself, which was neither pleasant nor satisfactory; and was very stately all day.

Aunt Mary privately told Myra she was not to make acquaintance with anybody in the next house, and not to ask for reasons; and Myra felt injured; for while she and nurse were out, she had seen the "boy of the family," and a very handsome boy he was, about her own age too.

Fanny and the boy's mother met, that afternoon, and the first look at the handsome face set Fanny's heart beating, because of the strong resemblance it bore to Herbert Tylney; and Fanny put on her proudest expression, and appeared unconscious that the lady was in sight, for she knew, by the glance she received, that Mrs. March was aware who she was; and Fanny knew the glance was meant to be haughty, even insolent.

Two days elapsed. Myra had been unusually diligent that morning, so she was allowed to go off into the grounds, and play as she pleased; and Myra pleased to go close to the separation wall, between the two domains, for she could hear the voice of her small neighbor loud in laughter, and she knew he was playing with a beautiful dog, whose ownership Myra sorely envied him.

Presently there was silence, both on the boy's part and the dog's. Myra wondered what they were doing now. She saw a convenient chink between the stones, which she could look through, by standing on tip-toe; and she did look; and met the gaze of two mischievious eyes, staring at at her from the other side of the wall. She drew back indignant.

"If I was a big boy, I'd be above peeping," cried she, addressing vacancy.

"I s'pose peaking is only for girls," retorted a shrill voice.



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"I said peeping—I speak grammar myself," said Myra.

"I don't," said the voice, "and I don't want to—I hate it!"

"Oh, so do I!" cried Myra, softened by this sympathy of taste.

There was a sound of scrambling. Myra saw the branches of a tree, close on the other side of the wall, shake, and in another moment the boy was established, equestrian fashion, on the coping, and gazing down at her.

"Do you like hickory nuts?" he asked.

"Why, of course I do," said Myra.

"I'll bring you some, to-morrow," he said.

Myra was disappointed. She had thought the treat was to be instantaneous.

"I don't believe you've got any," cried she. "And you've no business on our wall, so you'd better get down."

"It's our wall, too," said the boy. "Oh, I say, don't be grumpy. What's the reason mamma don't mean to know your people?"

"I don't know. Aunt Mary don't mean to know her, 'cause she said so," returned Myra. "I expect your ma ain't nice."

"She's a deal nicer than your aunt," said the boy, "and I've got an uncle."

"I shouldn't like one," retorted Myra. "I've got a sister, and that's better."

"Pooh—she's only a girl," cried the boy. "My name is Dick, and I'm older than you—I'm almost eight—anyway, I'm past seven."

"So am I," returned Myra, triumphantly.

"Well, you're small for your age, then," observed Dick, staring down at her, critically.

Unfortunately, the charge was true. Her diminutive size was one of Myra's weak points.

"You are very rude," said she, "and I shan't talk to you. I expect, if I was to tell about your getting over our wall, you'd be put in jail."

"If you won't tell of me, I won't of you," replied Dick, after a little consideration.

Myra disdained to reply, and pretended she meant to walk off.

"Oh, I say, don't go," cried Dick. "Since we've begun to talk, we might as well keep on. You've got pretty curly hair—I like curls—mine is straight. I should like you, if you were good-natured, 'cause you're pretty."

"Well," said Myra, pleased with the praise, "maybe you ain't so rude as I thought—I like boys better than girls, if they're nice."

"Have you got a husband?" asked Dick.

"No," said Myra. "I had one, last summer, when we were at the Springs. His name was Jack. But he went to play with Jane Murray, after I'd quarreled with her, so I wouldn't be married any longer. Oh, there's aunt Mary coming down the walk."

Away ran Myra, and Dick scrambled off the wall, with great precipitancy. But both children were quite old enough, and wise enough, to keep their own secrets.

The next day the pair again talked across the wall, and a couple of days later they met, down towards the edge of the pinewood, which stretched out, at the back of the house; "for miles and miles," Myra told her new friend, and had a small river running through its depths. The meeting could not be termed exactly an appointment. Dick had looked over the wall, and seen Myra making her way through the shrubberies, and of course it would not have been civil not to answer, when he asked her where she was going.

"There's a gate down, beyond your carriage-house, that leads into the field," she said; but giving that information was not requesting him to join her, and she walked on as if she had no such expectation; and looked back at him on his perch, to add "good-bye."

"Good-bye," returned Dick. "I shall go and get my dog."

He disappeared, and Myra kept on her way, without again turning her head, and really seemed surprised, when he came up to her, while she was crossing the meadow.

"You're taller than I thought," was Dick's salutation; and he could not have made a more fortunate speech, if he had studied for a week.

Myra beamed with pleasure, and began to praise his dog.

"I never saw such a pretty creature," she said. "What's his name?"

"Rover; he's a French poodle, and he knows a lot of tricks."

Showing off the poodle's varied accomplishments, which Dick proceeded to do, made the children very intimate in no time. Presently, Dick looked at her, with a sly twinkle, and said, with precocious wickedness,

"I say, ain't it funny we both happened to come this way? If we'd asked each other, that would have been disobeying. But the meadow's free, 'cause it belongs to Squire Meredith; Jones said so; and neither of us couldn't forbid the other's coming."

"No, indeed," said Myra; but she looked as if her conscience was not quite easy; looked, too, as if that uneasiness added an additional zest to her escapade.

They quarreled, and forgave, several times, during the next hour; then Myra went home; and Dick sauntered away to the gardener's cottage, to inquire after a family of speckled puppies,

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a concern for whose health had been the ostensible reason of his leaving the house.

Nearly a week elapsed, a lengthy period in the likes and dislikes of children, and the romantic course of our small people's acquaintance became daily more interesting. They enjoyed the mystery, quite as much as any pair ten years their seniors could have done, and quieted their consciences, just as grown-up children would, by the fact that they told no falsehoods. They were little lovers now, avowedly so, and just as much in earnest as ever they could be, later; and they squabbled, and made up, pouted, and kissed, scolded, and repented, in a very orthodox fashion.

In the meantime, the neighbors of a larger size grew no more reconciled to their propinquity, than they had been on the first day.

They met, very frequently, in their walks and drives. Fanny did her best to look unconcerned; and Mrs. March, without any effort, looked haughty; and poor old aunt Mary fluttered, and looked as guilty as if she had been in fault. The spinster began to feel that they should have a very unpleasant summer. She had learned, from the agent, that Mrs. March had taken the house for six months; and she determined to propose to Fanny that they should go away, during July and August.

On her side, Mrs. March was as much troubled as her neighbors, as they would have known, if they could have had a glimpse of a letter she wrote to Herbert Tylney, only two days after her arrival in her new home. She told him how well satisfied she was with the house; how delightful the quiet seemed, after the bustle of New York; how contented she should be, except for an important fact—finding out who her neighbors were had made her miserable.

"I may as well tell you, at once," she wrote. "Miss Bogart and her aunt live next door. Of course, I have no intention of making their acquaintance, and I am bound to admit that they show plainly that they have no such design either. What a pretty creature Fanny Bogart is! But she looks utterly heartless; and the old aunt glares at me, when we meet, in a manner as reproachful, as if her niece were a victim, instead of having treated you so abominably—

"But I did not mean to write this! Don't be vexed, there's a dear! What I meant to say was this. Of course, you will not want to come to me, as we had arranged. It is dreadful to give up the idea of your visit. But next month I will go to Newport, and meet you there. As for the tiresome law business you were to manage—well, when matters are settled, instead of coming to bring me the papers, you must just have your head clerk do that: he will like a little journey, and I suppose a personal interview with one or the other of you will be necessary."

And when Herbert Tylney answered this epistle, he referred to her mention of her neighbors, in these words:

"I shall not give up my visit! The business is nearly settled; I shall be with you on Saturday of the coming week. Miss Bogart may well shrink from meeting you, or any relative of the man she deceived, and trifled with; but I need not shrink: from first to last I was honest and true. I do not try to deceive myself. I know, that, in spite of all my efforts, the sight of her will cause me suffering. But I hope that seeing her utter indifference will complete my cure; for I am ashamed to acknowledge, that, after all that has come and gone, the thought of her has power to move me in any way."

The very evening that Mrs. March received this letter, and cried over it, and reviled Fanny Bogart in her impetuous fashion, aunt Mary, unable longer to keep silence, said to her niece:

"My dear, I think we will make up our minds to travel about a little, this summer. A change will do us good. We will start as early, next month, as you please."

"No, aunt," Fanny answered; "you would only go on my account; and I assure you there is no need. It is nothing to me, that Herbert Tylney's sister has come here to live. It would not affect me, if he came himself. I am not weak enough to regret a man who tried to trifle with me, as he did. Do not be afraid that I shall suffer! We won't go away."

This was all very fine and grand, but poor Fanny did suffer, and aunt Mary knew it. However, for the present, the only kindness she could show, was to let the girl believe that her struggles were unnoticed.

Eighteen months previous, some relatives of Fanny's father had been north, and had insisted on taking the young lady back to New Orleans, to spend the winter. Important business interests took Herbert Tylney south, at the same time, and detained him for several months in New Orleans. He knew Fanny's cousins; met her; and the young pair fell in love. Herbert Tylney's delicacy caused him to postpone a declaration much longer than he need have done. It was not until the last days of his sojourn that he spoke. The two were very happy for a little while. Aunt Mary, and Mrs. March, who had been written to, were very happy also. So was now a dashing little widow, a distant connection of Tylney's: she had known him before Fanny, and had considered herself certain to become his wife, though the

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idea had never entered his mind. He had admired the lively lady; perhaps had flirted a little with her: she would have made Saint Anthony flirt. But when, about the time of Herbert's going north, the widow learned the truth, she regarded herself as wronged, and defrauded; and was very angry. When an unscrupulous woman is angry she does not stop at trifles.

Fanny remained, for nearly two months, in New Orleans, after Tylney's departure. Just before she left, her engagement was broken off. She believed Herbert had been coquetting; he believed that, from first to last, she had deceived him. And now, after somewhat more than a year of silence, of suffering, of trying to outlive affection and regret, the young couple were to be brought near together again, though each would have said that the gulf, which separated them, must remain as wide, and as impossible to traverse, as if the breadth of worlds spread between.

On the day before that on which Herbert Tylney expected to arrive at his sister's house, great trouble befell a very youthful pair of lovers, ignominious punishment, and insupportable wrongs of all sorts.

Romeo and Juliet had been betrayed! They were known to have made acquaintance. Their idyl in the meadow was matter of gossip among their cruel elders. Juliet was condemned to imprisonment, and bread and water, (two small sweet cakes, and a spoonful of marmalade, by accident, got spilled on the plate, as aunt Mary arranged it, and perhaps her tears prevented her seeing them), and Romeo was not only doomed to solitary confinement—he was—flogged!

I pass over their sufferings, and there are woes which nothing short of blank verse could picture! Saturday came. Towards noon, Fanny, the chief inquisitor, released her victim; she could not keep up her *rôle* any longer; but she tried to think she yielded to aunt Mary's pleadings.

"I shall ask for no promise, Myra," she said; "but if you persist in playing with that boy, I shall send you away to boarding-school."

I grieve to record Juliet's reply. It sounded as forcible as blank verse, though less melodious.

"You're a c-cruel old c-crocodile, and I hate you!" cried the child.

At the same hour, Romeo was permitted his freedom.

"Your uncle will be here, to-day," observed his mother, who had been quite as unhappy as the small hero. "If you get over the wall again, I shall tell him how naughty you have been: you would not like him to know you were flogged?"

"I shall tell him myself!" shouted Dick. "He is my guardian—he's got to let me go for a —a shoulder—I mean a soldier! I'm too big to be licked by a woman, and I shan't stand it!"

It chanced that Fanny and Mrs. March hit upon the same penance for these outbursts, on the part of this miniature pair of Love's martyrs: neither aunt or sister were to speak to Juliet until she begged pardon. Romeo's mother forbade him her presence, until he should be penitent enough to put his recantation into words. Like Fanny, she asked for no promises; she only warned the youthful Montague, that any wall-scaling would be followed by dire consequences.

The sympathy, the magnetic current and the electric chord, which caused those two wounded hearts to beat as one, was no doubt the means, by which, without having seen each other, they arrived at the same determination.

In the secrecy of her chamber, Juliet prepared for flight. She meant to quit the castle; hide herself in the wood; and never be seen again by her cruel persecutors. She put on her best blue shoes, and her prettiest frock; and she packed in a basket her favorite doll, a picture book, a bunch of raisins, a toy cat, two tarts, a sugar mandarin, and a pair of stockings; then made her way down the back stair-case, and fled through the thickest of the shrubberies, to return no more.

At the same moment, Romeo had completed his preparations, and left the maternal abode forever. On his back he bore a little knapsack, which had been a gift from uncle Herbert. He wore the miniature soldier clothes, which had accompanied the gift; and bound to his side was his trusty wooden sword. In the knapsack, were hidden certain treasures; rolls of string; and leather straps, chief among them; and for bodily nourishment, he took an apple turnover, and a morsel of cream cheese.

Near the entrance to the wood, the pair met, stopped, and looked at each other.

Romeo said, gruffly,

"Hallo!"

"Hallo, your ownself, and see how you like it!" replied Juliet. "You've got me into scrapes enough! I—I've been shut up!"

"And I," cried he, with flashing eyes. "I've been—"

He paused, abruptly. He could not confess, at least to Juliet, the crowning indignity, inflicted upon his person. With a quickness, which did credit to his imagination, he added,

"I've been ill-treated, because I played with you! I say, did you tell?"

"I'd have died first!" shrieked Myra. "Did you?"

"Of course not—I'm a man!" said Dick.

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"I'll tell you what. I'm running away, and I don't mean ever to come back!"

"I'm running away, too," said Myra, "and I'm going to live in the woods. See my basket?"

"What have you got in it?" questioned Dick. "I've brought an apple turnover!"

"Tarts!" exclaimed the heroine, opening her eyes very wide. "Tarts—just as full of raspberry jam as they can stick."

"They ain't bad," returned the hero, with pretended indifference, though his mouth began to water. "If you let me have one, I'll lend you a piece of cheese."

"I don't like cheese," replied Myra, turning up her nose.

"That's 'cause you're a girl—all girls are geese!" retorted Dick, troubled by the idea that he might have to sacrifice a part of his apple pastry, in order to secure the dainty he coveted, "Regular geese, girls are!"

"If I wasn't a lady, I'd scratch you!" exclaimed the indignant damsel.

"If you was a boy, I'd punch your head," retorted the soldier.

They quarrelled violently, for a few moments. But, fortunately, a chipmunk scudded past, along a log, and diverted their attention. They had a delightful scamper after the little rogue, which seemed to enjoy the chase as much as they did; and by the time he had disappeared, they were excellent friends again; and Dick proposed, that, since they had both made up their minds to run away, they had better go together; and Myra agreed.

"Then I'm your husband, and you must do as I say," observed Dick.

"That ain't right," said Myra. "Mr. and Mrs. Jones are married, and I heard cook say Mrs. Jones led him round by the nose."

"I shan't let any girl lead me by the nose," cried Dick.

"I wouldn't touch it," retorted Myra, angry again. "Anyhow, I don't like you. I know a boy I'd ruther have for my husband, and I shouldn't wonder if he was in the woods now."

Off she set, at the top of her speed, and Dick followed. The wood proved even more enchanting than they had expected, and they wandered on, chasing butterflies, startling birds, and finding new marvels at every step.

"I'll tell you what," said Dick, as they sat down to rest. "We'll go to Australia. They can't find us there."

"Do you think we can find the way?"

"Of course. Don't you know the earth is round?" demanded Dick.

"Like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles," chanted Myra, ready to display her learning.

"Then, if we keep on, we must come to Australia," said Dick, positively.

"Maybe we shall come to Rome first," she said, with recollections of historical stories, told by Letty, in her mind.

"I don't know but I shall stop on the way, and go up Mount Blanc," said Dick, thoughtfully. "Do you think you could climb it?"

"Why, of course I could," cried she. "I've been right up to the top of that sand-hill, back of Jones's house, without once stopping."

In pleasant converse, interspersed with disagreements, they rambled on, till they reached the brook, which became the river Amazon; and on its borders they sat down, and made a slight repast of one tart and a bit of Dick's turnover. They found a stray kitten, and played with that, and so amused themselves, for hours.

In the meantime, Herbert Tylney had arrived at his sister's dwelling. Dinner came. But no Dick appeared. In the next house, there was wonder over Myra's absence. But cook said the child had gone to Mrs. Jones's, and one of Mrs. March's servants said the same of Dick: so no alarm was felt, as yet.

The afternoon wore on. Neither child returned, and, at length, in both families, there was a good deal of excitement. Servants were sent out in all directions. The heads of each mansion learned that the child, pertaining to the neighbor, was missing, so it became evident that the pair had gone together.

Fanny was not frightened. But aunt Mary grew so uneasy, that, at last, her niece went out to the wood, in search of Myra. Herbert had chosen that direction for his search, and the two met half way through the woods.

Fanny had heard of Tylney's arrival, so she was not taken by surprise. Herbert lifted his hat, and said, majestically and indifferently, as if they were chance acquaintances,

"Ah—good day, Miss Bogart."

"Good afternoon," said Fanny.

"I fancy we are bent on a similar expedition," said Tylney. "My little nephew has levanted."

"I am looking for Myra, my little sister," observed Fanny.

"I dare say they are together, somewhere in the grove," said Herbert. "Fortunately for our search, it does not seem a very large one."

"No. There's a house out towards the left," Fanny said. "I dare say they have gone there."

It was impossible to avoid pursuing their search together, and it lasted long enough to

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make them forget their mutual position, in disquiet about the children; but at last they came upon the pair, seated near the brook.

"There's my uncle," cried Dick.

"And our Fanny," said Myra.

"You naughty, naughty child," cried the elder sister, kissing Juliet, who immediately began to whimper.

Dick sprang into his uncle's arms, and was duly hugged and scolded. Just then, up came two servants, one from each house.

"We ain't a going back, you know, uncle Bertie," cried Dick. "We've been ill-treated, and we've run away."

"Aunt Myra shut me up," sobbed Myra.

"Ma th—ma was bad to me," shouted Dick. "I say, uncle, we're married, Myra and me, so 'tisn't any use. Don't let's any of us go back. You stay, and Myra's big sister too, and we'll all live here together. I've got a jolly piece of cheese."

"Oh, and there's some of the turnover left," added Myra.

"Very little," said Dick, frowning at her. "But there's cheese enough for the whole party."

It was impossible to avoid laughing. But finally the children were persuaded to return home.

"Mayn't we come again, to-morrow, and won't you both come too?" asked Dick.

"'Cause, now you know each other," said Myra. "I say, Fanny, Dick's uncle looks just like that photograph you keep—"

Myra was smothered into silence. Tylney pretended not to have heard, not even to see Fanny's scarlet cheeks; but he said to the children:

"Now, run on home, as fast as you can, with your nurses. Miss Bogart and I will follow?"

When the rest of the party were a good way in advance, he observed, abruptly:

"It was an odd fancy for you to keep the picture of a man you had deceived and jilted. Do you preserve all your victims' portraits?"

Fanny burst into tears. Tylney was shocked at his own speech. But you can easily imagine, that, having got so far, explanations followed, which proved to each that the other was innocent.

The widow had taken her revenge, by making Fanny believe that Herbert had flirted with her, and was only waiting for a pretext to free himself; and Herbert had been written to, and apparently convincing proofs given, that Fanny had sneered at the idea of considering her engagement serious. The consequence, of course, had been that both had gone frantic, and helped the widow, in the work of ruining their happiness.

It was a long while, before they got back to the meadow, which stretched at the back of the two houses, and when they did, aunt Mary and Mrs. March had met them, and been forced to speak, because the irrepressible children had met too, and were talking in the most animated fashion.

"There comes uncle Bertie and your Fanny," shouted Dick. "Oh my—she must have hurt herself, he's holding her round the waist. Come on, Myra, let's see what's the matter."

The two families supped together, in aunt Mary's dwelling; and the children were treated to countless dainties. After they had gone to bed, and the lovers had strolled out into the moonlight, the aunt and sister had a happy little cry together, as women are fond of doing, and were in a state of ecstacy, which almost equalled that of the young couple themselves.

# SPARKLE BROOK.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

Do you remember Sparkle Brook?
That rippled through that shady nook,
Of breezy beeches, purple pines,
And that rare tree that shakes, and shines,
With murmurs soft as dropping rain—
Ah! me, a tender sense of pain
Arises with the Memory
Of that sweet nook beyond the sea.

From darkles soft of violet shadows,
The brook flowed on into the meadows
Where robins sang their golden glees,
And twinkling footsteps of the breeze
Made silver shudders run across
The barley fields. A sense of loss—
Arises with the Memory
Of those bright fields beyond the sea.

Along the hollows rich with ferns,
Round mossy rocks with graceful turns,
Beneath the bridge with lichens gray,
Across the lane's green winding way—
Glad Sparkle Brook went laughing on;
Ah! me, a sense of light withdrawn
Arises with the Memory
Of those fair downs beyond the sea.

Within a glade 'mid shadows deep—
The bright brook sang itself to sleep,
Where wild flowers, flags, and rushes grew,
And winds their pipes of silver blew.
A sense of joy and peace, long o'er,
Which only heaven can restore,
Arises with the Memory
Of that wild glade beyond the sea.

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# THE TWELVE GREAT DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

## CHAPTER I.

### ALL THE WAY ROUND BOSTON COMMON.

A WOMAN sat alone in a dingy bedroom, on the third floor of a big boarding-house, in the city of Boston. A woman who might have once been handsome and attractive, but whose thin, dark face, was now sharpened and lined by time, worry, and the battle against narrow means.

In her hands this woman held a letter, whose contents seemed to agitate her greatly.

"Yes," she said. "You are but playing into my hands, after all. Yes, Joyce shall go, and I will tell her the secret I never told you, and she shall be the heiress, whether you will or not, heiress of my fortune, if not of yours. I thought the time would come, and it has. Twenty years is a good while to wait, but if I succeed at last—"

Throwing the letter aside, she dragged a little brass-bound desk from under her chair, and opening it with a small key, took out from a secret compartment, a piece of yellow, age-worn parchment, folded in four.

This she opened, and carefully read and re-read the few lines of crabbed script upon its face, with a smile of exultation not unmingled with malice.

"Yes," muttered she, at last, folding and replacing it, "I cannot be mistaken; surely, there can be no doubt,—yes, Joyce shall go, and I will entrust her with the secret. She is brave and determined, aye, and wise beyond her years. Where is she? Why don't she come home?"

Where was she? Where was pretty Joyce Houghton, whom her mother had resolved to trust with this wonderful secret of twenty years? Why, walking down the Beacon Street mall of Boston Common, considering whether she would accept Mr. Hohenfels' offer of marriage, just then burning in her pocket, and quite unconscious of another of her admirers, Harry Thomas, walking a couple of rods behind her, and agonizing himself with jealousy, as he recalled how cold she had been to him, the evening before, and how gracious to Mr. Hohenfels.

The people who did not admire Joyce Houghton, said that her figure was too slight, and shoulders and head too far thrown back. But others retorted, that, at twenty, one should not expect the full development of five years later, and that the slender form promised a majestic matronhood; as for the proud set of the head and shoulders, they were those of a high-spirited, fearless, innocent girl, meeting the world as a princess meets her subjects, graciously, yet without thought of their opinion.

The low, white forehead, with chestnut hair rippling away from it, and above the tiny, perfect ears, was as classic as Phidias could have fancied; the mouth though, to be sure a trifle severe, and faintly colored when in deep repose, had a smile that was brightness and beauty itself, and the teeth it enclosed a radiant charm of themselves; as for the Irish eyes of notable gray-blue, with their thick, black lashes, and straight brows, and the power of expression, which enabled them to talk more intelligibly than most persons' mouths, all her admirers could say, was, that if the non-admirers didn't see the beauty of those eyes, they pitied them.

When all was said, the subtle fascination of Joyce Houghton's presence, was a certain intensity and concentration of nature, that made her all unconsciously flatter each person in whom she interested herself at all, with the idea that she was interested in nobody else. Of one personal charm, however, there could be no doubt, and it was just now displayed to advantage, by a frisky west wind blowing up from the mill-dam, and snatching back the skirt of the young girl's blue serge walking-dress, so as to display a pair of slender, high-arched feet, daintily shod, and stepping firmly and proudly along the dun-colored sand of the mall.

Harry Thomas watched the pretty feet, and the fluttering skirt, and the natty walking-jacket, and the little black hat, set so fittingly upon the great coil of chestnut hair, and hastened his steps to overtake her, resolved, all of a sudden, to put everything to the "hazard of a die."

It is true, he was past his thirtieth birthday, and the lines about his honest eyes, and the corners of his mouth, showed that his fight with life had been a hard one. Nor was the victory yet assured. More than this. Whatever joys life might still have in store for him, they would never be sufficient to efface the scars of that sore conflict. Nor was he handsome. Indeed, he had never been so. But he was well-looking, with a firm, broad-chested figure, and with the thoroughbred air, moreover, of really true gentleman. He had, also, the quiet strength of bearing, which



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speaks of courage, generosity, and honor. In short, Henry Thomas was a man of whom his friends were proud and fond, and toward whom the world at large felt a vague dislike and jealousy, arising from a certain reserve, sometimes appearing like superciliousness.

For the rest, let him speak for himself, as with a few rapid strides he gains Joyce Houghton's side, and lifting his hat, makes some commonplace remark about the weather, and the Public Garden, for they are now in the Charles Street Mall, and it is the spring-time of the year.

Joyce replied in like fashion, and the two walked briskly on, both feeling the awkward consciousness of an unspoken, yet impending explanation, upon them. Thomas abruptly said:

"Miss Houghton, I am going away."

"Away from Boston?"

"Yes! back to England."

"That is a sudden determination, is it not?"

"Yes. I had a letter, to-day, offering me a position in business better than I find here, and I shall go. It is in the employ of Gimbrille & Transom, one of the leading architectural firms in London, especially in church work."

"Yes," replied Joyce, as he seemed to wait.

"They offer me eight hundred a year—pounds, you know—about four thousand dollars. And one can live better in London than Boston on the same income. A pretty little place out Hampstead way, or Kensington."

"Yes," murmured Joyce again.

"Do you think it would be enough, Joyce?"

"Enough? Oh—why—I can't decide for you?"

"Not for me, for yourself. Joyce, if you will go to England with me, if you will be my wife, I do not know anything in the world that could make me so happy."

Joyce looked steadfastly at the deer, for they were just passing their paddock, and made no reply. The lover looked helplessly at her profile, and went on:

"I know it's very presumptuous of me to suppose you, with all your attractions and advantages, could care for a fellow like me, fourteen or fifteen years older than yourself, and a good deal knocked about by the world; but—well, Joyce, you never will find anybody who would appreciate the honor you did him, more keenly, or—who would—who would love you better."

The words choked in his throat, and in the dead silence that ensued, Joyce murmured:

"There is no honor in my accepting—that is, it is you who honor me by offering—"

"But do you accept—do you mean it?"

"Oh, no, please no!" cried Joyce, in alarm, for the honest face lighted up so vividly, and the halting voice took such a jubilant and assured tone, that she was frightened. Her companion saw it, and subsided.

"Of course, you have not thought of it yet. I do not wish to hurry you, or in any way distress you. May I speak to Mrs. Houghton, and say that you sent me?"

"Mamma is not well, to-day," replied Joyce.

"I am sorry to hear it—of course, Joyce, she would live with us."

The last word choked him again, and Joyce murmured:

"You are very good," and then in a more subdued voice, "I will tell mamma, and—I cannot say just at this minute; but I am afraid I do not want to—to marry anybody."

"Don't decide too quickly," implored Thomas. "You don't know—in my clumsy way, I can't tell you; but it's a matter of life and death with me. I won't say any more, I won't tease you, but—"

"Good-evening, my friends, good-evening," said a deep voice, in a slightly foreign accent.

Looking around, with the guilty flush of convicted sentiment, the two encountered, each in their own fashion, the keenly scrutinizing gaze of a pair of dark eyes, as a swarthy, slender, sensitive looking man, carrying a roll of music in his hand, joined them, as they emerged from the Common, opposite the State House, its golden dome gleaming in the last rays of sunset.

"Good-evening, Mr. Hohenfels," said Joyce, his forgotten letter in her pocket suddenly burning her afresh, while Thomas murmured the usual masculine greeting, and the three walked along together in elaborate hilarity and unconcern, each man jealously guarding his own secret, and surmising that of the other, and the smiling, unconcerned young girl weighing and contrasting the two, and deciding a life question for them and herself, while she tossed and caught the feathery shuttlecock of the most trivial conversation.

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## CHAPTER II.

### A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

"WHERE is Joyce?" murmured the mother again, as the twilight changed to dark, and she rose to light the gas. A light step ran up the stairs, the door opened, a clear voice cried:

"Well, mamma darling, did you think I was never coming?"

"I am glad that you have come, dear. Where have you been?"

"Walking round the Common; and, mamma,

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I have something to tell you—something important."

"And so have I to tell you; and I fancy my news will prove the more important."

"Yes, mamma," replied the girl. Then she saw the open desk, and tumbled papers beside it, and she asked, in playful reproof,

"Have you been looking over horrible accounts, or bye-gone letters, this time? That desk is a regular Pandora's box, and all the ills of life come out of it, every time you open it."

"No matter; hope remains at the bottom, and the time to bring it out has arrived. You shall see. But it is tea-time. Go down yourself, and send me a cup of tea up here. I am not equal to going down."

"If mamma's news is really more important than mine—more important than two *bona fide* offers of marriage, and both in one day, I'd just like to hear it," said Joyce to herself, running down stairs, and softly jumping the last three, light and noiseless as a bird. Then assuming the demure manner familiar to the world at large, she glided into the dining-room, and up the long table, until she reached her chair beside Mr. Hohenfels, and opposite Thomas.

Both gentlemen were in their places, and both greeted her approach in a meaning manner.

To escape from the embarrasssment of their presence, Joyce laughed and jested with the other gentlemen at the table, and, in fact, had never seemed so gay.

"You are a coquette, mademoiselle," muttered a deep voice in Joyce's ear, in the midst of one of her gayest sallies; and, turning nervously, she met the glowing, dark eyes of the musician, and in that one glance read his jealous and gloomy disposition, his sullen temper, and the tyrannous impulses, that marred a nature otherwise so charming and attractive.

"No," replied she, in the same tone. "But I am free to laugh and talk with whom I will, and I intend to remain so for the present."

"Is it in that off-hand style you intend to give me an answer?" muttered Hohenfels, passionately.

"No, indeed! It was only a remark; please don't look so tragic, everybody will see." And Joyce quite unconsciously glanced across the table to meet Harry Thomas' eyes fixed upon her in a sort of dismayed enquiry. Hohenfels followed her glance, and his long moustache writhed and quivered, as he muttered,

"Oh, I see! It is the Englishman. He is charming, I know, and can speak of roast beef bee-utifully.'

And pushing back his chair, the German abruptly left the room, and could presently be heard beating a stormy sonata out of his piano, interpolating horrible discords, in his rage.

All Joyce's harmless merriment was over, and she sat looking into her tea-cup, with an expression of penitent dismay. At last, the nervous strain became too much for her, and she rose from the table, leaving her meal unfinished, and hurried back to her mother's room.

"What's the matter, Joyce?" asked Mrs. Houghton, as her daughter threw herself upon the hassock at her feet, and laid her flushed face upon her knee. "What is it, dear?"

"Men," replied Joyce, succinctly, and then she turned her face down, and the silent tears began to flow.

"Men? What men? What have they done, or said?"

"Nothing bad," replied the girl, laughing now, and reaching up to pat the thin, dark face bent over her. "But two of them fancy they want to marry me, and I don't want to marry either—unless—"

"Unless whom? But never mind, it is not best to give your fancy reality by putting it in words. Your heart is not touched, or you would be very sure of it, and I do not wish you to think twice of any offer you can have received in this place—other views, other prospects, are opening for both of us, my child, and—well, who are these men that aspire to my Joyce's hand?"

So Joyce, as briefly and plainly as she could, narrated her adventures of the day, from the finding of Otto Hohenfels' letter upon her easel, at the Museum of Fine Arts, where she went daily to draw, to the odd proposal in the mall from Thomas, and the angry words of the musician at the tea-table. Mrs. Houghton listened attentively, and yet impatiently, and at the end of the little history, said,

"Yesterday, we might have spoken seriously of Henry Thomas, who is a good fellow, and a gentleman, but, to-day—I have another offer."

And from the pocket, in which she had held her hand all through this conversation, Mrs. Houghton suddenly produced the letter, over which we first discovered her, and placing it in her daughter's hand, briefly said,

"Read it aloud, Joyce."

## CHAPTER III.

### THE LETTER AND THE PARCHMENT.

"My Dear Clarissa:

"It is a good many years since I addressed you, and I did not suppose I ever should do so again. As I wrote you, when you attempted to reconcile me to your low and disgraceful marriage, you chose your own path with open

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eyes, and full knowledge of the consequences, so far as I and my property were in question, and all that remained was for us both to abide by our own convictions of right. As you probably informed yourself, I made at that time a new will, and sent for my nephew, Harold Gresham, to live in my house as its acknowledged heir. He also sorely displeased me in his marriage, and now, in my old age, I am left a lonely, childless, deserted woman, my only companions the ghosts of those who have eaten my salt, and then lifted the heel against me, ungratefully.

"But, Norman Abbey, and all its rich appendage is mine, and mine absolutely. I cannot take it with me, where I am shortly going; and I shall be judged for the manner in which I have fulfilled my stewardship. I must set my house in order, and place out the ten talents at interest, that I may be ready to render up my accounts fearlessly.

"All this you will say, is no matter of interest to you, since whatever becomes of Norman Abbey, and its revenues, not one penny will ever travel your way, by act, or will of mine; nor will I even see your face again; but you have, as I am informed, an only child, a daughter, to whom you have given the family name of Joyce. This girl may be sent to me, if you and she choose it. If I like her, and she conforms to my ideas and wishes, I will make her my heir, on condition that, when she marries, her husband shall assume the name of Norman.

"I waste no words in professions of kindly intentions, and all that. You know whether I was kind to the orphan niece, whom I regarded as a daughter, and who repaid my love with treachery and ingratitude. You can remember your own girlhood at Norman Abbey, and you can tell your daughter how you fared. If she is coming, it must be at once, as I have no time to spare, and there are others among my relatives, who will not refuse my offers. I enclose an order upon my banker's agents, in Boston, for one hundred pounds, to provide Joyce with a suitable outfit, and pay her travelling expenses. The money is intended for her exclusive use. You may telegraph your decision at my expense.

"Your once affectionate aunt,

"JOYCE NORMAN.'

"What an insolent letter!" exclaimed Joyce, flinging down the paper, and turning a flushed face to her mother. "I won't think of going!"

"Don't say that, dear," replied Mrs. Houghton, quietly. "Norman Abbey is one of the finest places in England, and has a rent-roll of twenty thousand pounds a year."

"I don't care if it were a hundred thousand," retorted Joyce, hotly. "What right has she to talk of your 'low and disgraceful marriage?' I wonder really, mamma, how you can hesitate."

"I don't hesitate, Joyce. You must go."

"I won't go, mamma."

"It strikes me, my dear, that since you so violently resent my aunt's discourtesy to me, you might, consistently, treat me with a little more deference yourself."

"I'm sorry if I spoke improperly, mamma, but, really, I cannot think of going to this horrid woman."

"This horrid woman, my dear, is my mother's only sister. My mother died at my birth, having displeased her father, by her marriage with the lieutenant of a marching regiment, quartered for a few months near the Abbey. He, fortunately, as they considered, was killed soon after, and I was brought home to my grandfather's house, and reared by my aunt, Joyce, who soon after inherited the estates, as his heir. But a headstrong will, and romantic fancy were already secured to me, as inheritance from my poor mother, and at eighteen years old, I eloped with the son of the land-steward. We tried to effect a reconciliation with my aunt, and you can judge from her letter how well we succeeded. Then we came to America, and your father found business as a land-agent, and at his death, left the small property on which we exist, for it cannot be called living. Even this has, within the last few years, fallen off. Absolutely, Joyce, to-day, I have not the price of a postage-stamp, to answer a letter I have written."

"And that is why you wouldn't have a doctor, and wouldn't try that new tonic, which Mr. Hohenfels recommended?" cried Joyce.

"Yes."

Joyce covered her face with both hands, and sat quite silent for many moments. Mrs. Houghton leaned back in her chair, and waited. Not many words were needed, between this mother and daughter, to interpret the meaning of each to the other, and it was in answer to the unworded argument of the elder, that the younger at last said,

"But, suppose I married Mr. Thomas? I like him very well, and he is good, and you could live with us."

"How could you marry any man, unless he gave you the money to buy a wedding gown, at least? The dividend due next Thursday, precisely pays our board and washing bills, and twenty cents over, and the next month's the same. If anything chances to diminish that dividend, by a dollar, we have to turn out into

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the street. You cannot marry under these circumstances, and retain your self-respect, can you?"

"No," replied the girl, hoarsely.

"Besides that, Joyce, we must forecast the future, a little. My aunt was once very fond of me, and under all the harshness of this letter, I fancy I can see a longing for reconciliation. She says, not a penny of her money shall come to me, nor will she even see me again, but she knows that, when Norman Abbey is your property, and its revenues under your control, that your mother will not suffer from poverty—"

"Oh, mamma! You know, very well, that all I ever have will be yours, as much as mine!"

Mrs. Houghton smiled fondly into the flushed, tearful face, upturned to hers, and Joyce nervously added,

"But if I were married to Henry Thomas, and you came to live with us, in the pretty cottage he talked of—"

"I think Norman Abbey, the home of our ancestors, the home of all the happiness of my life, would be preferable, especially with twenty thousand pounds income, to a cottage with four hundred pounds, and the society of a man whom we both like, but neither of us love; don't you, Joyce?"

"Why—yes—I suppose so, mamma. But in the meantime? If I go to England, what will you do?"

"Don't you see, darling, the income, which won't keep two, will keep one, admirably?"

Joyce flushed scarlet, and sprang to her feet.

"Then it is I who am starving and killing you, by using the money you need for your own life," cried she, stung to the very centre of her proud and loving heart.

Mrs. Houghton smiled a little. It is so nice to see an incantation raise just the spirit called for.

"No need to put it in that way, dear child," said she, tenderly. "But we must sometimes look at things practically. I told you I had written a letter, for which I cannot buy a stamp until next Thursday. It was to Mrs. Burt, who wrote to ask me if I could not dispose of you in some way, and go with her on a western trip, ending at San Francisco. I wrote to decline, but, fortunately, could not post my letter, and now—"

"It would be nice for you to go with Mrs. Burt," said Joyce, with her voice full of tears, and then there fell another silence. It was she who broke it, saying, with an odd little nervous laugh,

"But you have no shoes to wear to San Fraincsco, mamma."

"Yours fit me, baby, and if you are to have an entire new outfit, I will inherit your old shoes."

"Besides, next month, you will have all the money over, that would have paid my board," said Joyce, and then she threw herself down on the floor, and broke into a passion of tears and sobs.

Her mother saw that the victory was won, and lay back in her chair, very pale and tired.

It was not many minutes, however, before the girl sat upright, proudly wiped her eyes, put back the thick waves of hair from her forehead, and resumed her seat upon the hassock at her mother's feet. Mrs. Houghton was waiting only for this, and laying her hand tenderly upon the bowed head, she whispered,

"Poor child! But it is the mildest of the evils we have to choose among. Now, listen to me, for I have something very important to say to you; a secret to tell you."

"Yes, mamma," replied Joyce, submissively. What secret could interest her, what news astound her, now?

"Look at this." And Mrs. Houghton unfolded the yellow and fretted paper in her hand, and gave it to Joyce, who took it, mechanically, opened and turned it this way and that, her interest roused, in spite of herself, by the crabbed form, and unfamiliar look of the lines, which were written upon what she now perceived to be not paper, but a piece of thin parchment.

"I can't read it at all, if it is intended for writing," said she, at last.

"It is writing, and it is in old Latin," replied her mother, smiling a little triumphantly. "I wanted to see if you could make anything of it, for you were a fair Latin scholar, once, at Mr. Emerson's."

"Yes. I could make out Virgil, passably, but this—in the first place I can't read the letters." And Joyce got up to approach the gas, flaring in an uncovered jet beside the dressing-case. But her mother hastily interfered.

"Stop, dear," she said. "Don't go near the gas yet. I made out those words, years ago, and verified my translation, by asking a few words at a time, of scholars learned in the Latin tongue. This is what it means." And Mrs. Houghton handed her daughter a bit of paper, on which was penciled, in her own hand,

"When God shall snatch the Norman's land
From out the Roundhead's godless hand,
And Norman seek his ruined hall
Beggared in crypt, and bower, and stall;
A blazing fire then let him heap,
And close behind, his station keep,
Conning the while, with curious eyes,
The meaning that within me lies."

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"Well, what is the meaning?" asked Joyce, with a sorely puzzled face, as she laid down the translation, and once more studied the bit of parchment.

"You shall see," replied her mother, taking it from her hand. "But first, I must tell you about Lady Amabel."

"Lady Amabel what? Who was she?" asked Joyce, feeling as if she had suddenly slipped out of the commonplace life of a modern boarding-house, and into the domain of old romance and tradition.

Mrs. Houghton leaned forward in her chair, with an air of animation and strength, such as she had not shown for months, and proudly replied,

"Lady Amabel Norman, your ancestress."

## CHAPTER IV.

### TWELVE GREAT DIAMONDS.

"LADY AMABEL NORMAN, my ancestress," echoed Joyce. "Well, that sounds nicely, to begin with, mamma. What next?"

"Lady Amabel was an earl's daughter, and also an heiress, inheriting an enormous fortune in her own right, and setting the Norman estate free from a load of debt. She also restored the Abbey, which had been pillaged and injured by the Reformers, in Queen Elizabeth's time, and secretly adhered to the Pope, although outwardly conforming to the Established Church."

"How do you know so much about her, mamma?"

"From her own diary, fragments of which I found, among a mass of old papers, in the library at Norman Abbey. I was always curious, and always fond of quiet research into out-of-the-way corners, and matters; and nobody hindered, or cared for my investigations in that old library; so that, whatever of family history has been preserved among the Normans, is at my fingers' ends, although it is twenty years and more, since I saw Norman Abbey.

"Well, this wealthy, devout, generous Lady Amabel, amused herself by accumulating all sorts of rare and valuable jewels, meaning, as she set down in her diary, to have, some day, a shrine of solid silver made, thickly ornamented with gems, if ever the law would permit the public observance of the banished ritual. That she bought the jewels of various foreign merchants, at various times, I know from entries in the diary. She seems to have spent vast sums of money upon them, especially for twelve great diamonds, bought of the Jew Issacher, of Amsterdam. It was to complete this purchase, that she sold several farms. Her husband, I suppose, was dead, for the property seems to have been altogether in her own hands.

"And now, my dear, here is the remarkable point of all this story. Those jewels are nowhere to be found."

"That's not surprising, after two hundred years, is it, mamma? I suppose somebody sold them, or gave them away, or somebody was married, and took them away, or—"

"My dear, the jewels of great families are not scattered about in that reckless fashion, leaving no trace behind, but are carefully catalogued, and looked after. Besides, I have seen, in an old muniment chest at Norman Abeby, where many curious and valuable things are still preserved, a catalogue, at the end of which is noted in Lady Amabel's hand, '*These where they can be found.*' Now, I am sure this refers to the twelve great missing jewels."

"She died, then, without being able to build the shrine?"

"Yes. And afterwards, in the Great Rebellion, the whole estate was confiscated, and made over to one of Cromwell's soldiers, General Ireton, I believe. But he never lived there, having other houses of his own; and the house, furniture, the books, pictures, tapestries and such matters, were left almost undisturbed. A few visits of inspection were made, however, by Ireton's people, who carried away whatever they chose. But at the Restoration, Reginald Norman, the son of Lady Amabel, was reinstated in his rights by Charles II., whose fortunes he had followed to Holland. The family plate and jewels went abroad, too, I suppose, or were pledged to the Jews, or hidden; at any rate, Sir Reginald, for he was a baronet, made out a new catalogue after his return, of such valuables as then remained in his possession, and at the end, added, '*There be others, somewhere, but where I wot not, for my honored mother was already in her agony, when I reached her, before the late wicked Rebellion, and could but gasp broken phrases of the twelve diamonds, and such like. Her maid gave me the slip of parchment herewith, but if there be meaning to it, I cannot tell, and so leave all for those who may come after, to consider.*' Those were the exact words."

"How well you remember all about it, mamma," said Joyce, admiringly.

"I well may," replied her mother, "for I studied, and pored over this secret for years. Many an hour, in the bright summer weather, when my aunt supposed me to be walking, or riding, or rowing upon the lake, I have spent, shut up in the little turret chamber, where stood that chest, and several other relics of the old

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time, no longer of living interest to anybody but myself. Among the papers, carelessly heaped into the bottom of the chest, were these old catalogues, and the scattered leaves of Lady Amabel's journal, and the slip of parchment, for which I hunted diligently, after reading Sir Reginald's allusion to it. Of course, the jewels and plate themselves, were well looked after in another place, most of them at my aunt's bankers, in London, and the careful list of them was among the family papers, in my aunt's immediate possession. She showed it to me, once, when I was in high favor, and told me to read the description of what would, one day, be mine. For although the estates had been carefully entailed, at the time of the Restoration, the entail had run out with my grandfather's life, so that his daughter, my aunt Joyce, could inherit everything, and leave it to whom she would. Meantime, I was her natural heir, and after me, a half-nephew of my grandfather's, and so first cousin to us, Harold Gresham by name."

"But didn't you ask your aunt, about Lady Amabel's jewels?" interrupted Joyce, in a tone of some surprise.

"No," replied her mother, almost defiantly. "If I had theories and surmises, based on my own researches among matters, thrown aside by the owners as useless, I was not bound to communicate them to those owners, especially before I knew whether they were true or false. I discovered, easily, that my aunt had never heard of any such jewels, although she knew well enough the tradition, of how Lady Amabel had restored the Abbey church, and how a chapel added to it, is still called Lady Amabel's chapel. By the way—"

And putting her bent forefinger to her mouth, as was her habit when in deep thought, Mrs. Houghton remained silent for several moments, without interruption from Joyce, who was trying, in her candid and fearless young heart, to accept what seemed her mother's crooked policy as the right and true course.

Suddenly, Mrs. Houghton rose, and approaching the gas-jet, held the piece of parchment close to the flame, moving it slowly, so that every portion should feel the effect of the heat. Joyce watched her in silence.

"Come here and look at the parchment now," said the mother, at length; and the girl, taking the thing into her hand, perceived, with a sort of terror, that between the wide lines of the Latin verse she had first seen, now appeared other lines, smaller in character, but in the same handwriting, and of a different color, the first being black as jet, the new ones of a faint greenish hue. These also appeared to be in Latin, and after scrutinizing them for a moment, Joyce looked up with puzzled eyes, and whispered her inquiry:

"What does it all mean, mamma?"

Mrs. Houghton smiled, in her triumphant fashion.

"Sympathetic ink, my dear," said she, briefly, and then warming into enthusiasm, she caught the parchment from Joyce's hand, and striking it with her forefinger, exclaimed:

"The woman who contrived all this, and the woman who discovered it, were of one blood, and I am proud to say it. Lady Amabel, at the last, finding that there was no chance for the restoration of Catholicism, and the consequent construction of her shrine, determined on another destination for the jewels. She was always eccentric, you see. She resolved to bury them, and to leave a clue, so faint and so difficult to trace, that none but a mind, cast in the same mould with her own, should be able to follow it. To that mind, too, she designed to leave the jewels, as a reward for his, or her, sagacity. Oh! Joyce, it is twenty years that I have studied this secret, and hoped and waited for the day that it should become available; and waited, too, for the day when you should be old enough and steady enough to share it with me. I always meant to bequeath it to you, but I did not think the time would come so suddenly."

Joyce looked at her mother, and forgot to reply. The thin, dark face, ordinarily so subdued of expression, so weary and still, so reserved, and often repellant, was transformed into life and beauty by the blazing up of the fires within. It was like throwing off a mask.

Mrs. Houghton, meeting that wondering gaze, demanded, curiously:

"What is it? Why do you look at me so?"

"I was thinking," answered Joyce, simply, "how handsome you are, when you are animated, mamma."

"It is the light of Lady Amabel's jewels that irradiates my face, child," said the mother, laughing gaily as a girl; and then resuming her seat, and drawing Joyce back to her hassock, she continued:

"Years of study it cost me, my Joy, before I could decipher and understand these two bits of Latin, the visible and the invisible; and long before I did so, I was bound and tied so fast, in the lot I had chosen, with its poverty and its restrictions, that it was absolutely impossible for me to verify my discovery. Now, Providence has opened the path to you, and very willingly I send you in my stead, to reap what you have not sowed, indeed, but—well, you finger the parchment im-

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patiently, and I must dally no longer, although, in very truth, Joyce, it is no easy matter for me to tell, even to you, this secret."

"Don't tell it, even now, mamma, unless you quite want to," said Joyce. "Wait until we see if my aunt wishes me to stay with her, and—"

"If you only stay a week at Norman Abbey," interrupted her mother, vehemently, "you must use that week to advantage in this matter. You must begin the very first day. Of course, I shall tell you now."

"Just as you please, mamma," replied Joyce, meekly.

Pointing with a finger, tremulous with excitement, along the dim, green lines, already fading in spots, Mrs. Houghton read aloud:

"If you be of the Norman's blood,
I charge you, by the Holy Rood,
To look and find the jewels fair,
Hidden beneath my Lady's chair.
With bell, and book, and sacred spell,
The priest and lady hid them well.
And since they may not deck a shrine,
And cannot ever now be mine,
Then, be you woman, be you man,
They shall be yours—that's if you can."

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Joy, turning pale, "I don't want to meddle with them."

"Why not, pray? They are left, you see, to any one of her blood, who can find them. Even if you miss your aunt's inheritance, these jewels will be a fortune for us."

"But it all sounds so dreadfully creepy and ghostly. And is it quite fair to accept hospitality, and rob your host?"

"Nonsense, Joyce. Don't talk like a perfect idiot. It is no robbery. The jewels are as much yours as hers. In fact, they are bequeathed to whoever can find them, as I have already said."

"What do you suppose 'my lady's chair,' under which the jewels are hid, refers to, mamma?" said Joyce, after a pause, only half reconciled to her mother's views.

"I have a dozen theories. I dimly remember a gnarled old oak, in the park at Norman Abbey, whose lower branches were twisted into the form of a rude arm-chair, and how the keeper, one day, when he passed and found me sitting in it, said something about its being 'my lady's chair;' but whether it had always been called so, or whether old Roberts invented the phrase, I do not know, and at that time did not care. Then, there is a great old chair in the picture gallery, a sort of throne, which was called 'Lady Amabel's chair.' But I am more inclined to connect the idea with the church. As I have mentioned to you, Lady Amabel added a chapel to the abbey, which was called by her name. Now, what is more likely, than that she should have had some special seat, some chair of state, on which she sat during the service? You see, it was a private chapel, and her own affair. Ten to one, deep in the ground beneath it, she and her priest buried the twelve great diamonds, and the other 'fair and cewrious stones,' as she calls them, of which she makes such tender mention in that old journal. But now, dear, I am utterly worn out, and must rest. Kiss me and go to bed. To-morrow we will talk more on this subject."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "STAY THOU NEAR."

BY NELLIE J. PALMER.

The ev'ning light is fading,
The crimson and gold is dim,
The winds of summer stir the air—
The western star is shining fair—
A snowy sail on the broad bay glides,
The silv'ry moon 'neath a white cloud hides,
The evening light is fading;
The sound of the ev'ning hymn
Over the waters now I hear,
"Holy Father stay Thou near."

The shades of night are deeper,
The silence of night o'er all,
Rests like a sorrow, deep and still,
The moonlight's gone from field and hill,
The winds are wildly moaning,
And a gloom o'er-shadows all—
Ever the words I seem to hear,
"Holy Father stay Thou near."

The dawn of day approaches,
And gently the breezes sigh;
Bright are the fields with drops of dew,
Fair are the skies—a field of blue;
The sun shines down on sea, and land,
The white-capped waves break on the strand,
Fair is the summer morning,
The birds of song pass by;
Above all sounds a song I hear,
"Holy Father stay Thou near."

Stay Thou with us thro' the shadow,
Stay Thou, when the starlight fails,
Stay Thou when the morn is breaking,
Guide our footsteps thro' the vales.
When life's storm-clouds round us lower
And the waves roll fierce and high,
We are safe, if, mid the tempest,
"Holy Father Thou art nigh."

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# JOSIAH GOES SERENADIN'.

BY "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

ELIAL GANSEY, or E. Wellington Gansey, as he has wrote his name for years, has been here to Janesville on a visit. He lives to the Ohio. He is just about Josiah's age, and used to be a neighbor of his'n. He was born here, and lived round here till he got to be a young man. But he went to the Ohio to live when he was quite a young chap, and made money fast, and got high in station. Why, some say he got as high as clerk to town meetin'. I don't know about that; but we do know he got to be a real big man, anyway, and come home here on a visit, fore-handed, and weighin' over three hundred. He was slim as a lucifer match, when he went away, or a darnin'-needle.

Wall, his comin' back as he did, made a real commotion and stir in the neighborhood. The neighbors all wanted to do somethin' to honor him, and make him happy; and we all sort a clubbed together, and got up a party for him—got as good a dinner as ever Janesville afforded—and held it in old Squire Gansey's dinin'-room, (he was cousin to Lial, on his father's side, and had a big house, and lived alone, and urged us to have the party there.)

Wall, I approved of that dinner, and did all I could to help it along—talked encouragin' about it to all the neighborin' wimmen, and cooked two chicken pies, and roasted a duck, and other vittles accordin'.

And it was a great success. Lial seemed to enjoy himself dreadfully, and eat more than was for his good, and so did Josiah. I told Josiah so afterwards.

Wall, we had that dinner for him, all together, (as it were.) And then we all of us invited him to our own homes, separate, to take dinner or supper, as the case might be. We used him first-rate, and he appreciated it, that man did; and he would have gone home feelin' perfectly delighted with our treatment of him, and leavin' us feelin' first-rate, if he had been willin' to take my advice, and let well enough alone.

And what a happyfyin' thing that is, if folks would only realize it—happyfyin' to the folks that let well enough alone, and happyfyin' to them that are let. But some are bound to overdo, and go beyond all sense and reason. And Josiah was not contented with what he had done for Lial, but wanted to do more. He was bound to serenade him. I argued, and argued with him, and tried to get the idee out of his head. But the more I argued against the idee, the more firm he was sot onto it. He said it stood Janesville in hand to treat that man to all the honors they could heap onto him. And then he told me somethin' that I hadn't heard on before, that Lial talked some of movin' back here; he was so pleased with his old neighbors, they had all used him so well, and seemed to think so much of him.

"And," says Josiah, "it will be the makin' of Janesville, if he comes back, and of me too, for he talks of buyin' my west lot, for a house lot, and he has offered me four times what it is worth, of his own accord, that is, if he makes up his mind to come back."

"Wall," says I, "you wouldn't take advantage of him, and take four times what it is worth, would you?" says I, sternly. "If you do, you won't never prosper in your undertakin's."

"He offered it himself," says Josiah. "I didn't set no price; he sot it himself. And it wouldn't be no cheatin', nor nothin' out of the way to take it, and I would take it with a easy conscience and a willin' mind. But the sticle is," says he, dreamily, "the sticle is to get him to come back. He likes us now, and if we can only endeer ourselves to him a little mite more, he will come. And I am goin' to work for it—I am bound to serenade him."

Says I, coldly, "If you want to endeer yourself to him, you are goin' to work the wrong way." And says I, more frigidly, "Was you a layin' out to sing yourself, Josiah Allen?"

"Yes," says he, in a animeted way. "The way I thought of workin' it, was to have about eight of us old men, who used to be boys with him, get together and sing some affectin' piece under his winder; make up a piece a purpose for him. And I don't know but we might let some wimmen take a hand in it. Mebbe you would want to, Samantha?"

"No, sir;" says I, coldly. "You needn't make no calculations on me. I shall have no hand in it, at all. And," says I, firmly, "if you know what is best for yourself, Josiah Allen, you will give up the idee. You will see trouble, if you don't."

"Wall, I s'pose it will be some trouble to us.



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But I am willin' to take trouble to please Lial, as I know it will. Why, if I can carry it out, as I think I can, it will tickle that man most to death. Why, I'll bet, after hearin' us sing as we shall sing, you couldn't drag him from Janesville. And it will be the makin' of the place, if we can only keep him here. And will put more money into my pocket than I have seen for one spell. And I know we can sing perfectly beautiful, if we only set out to. I can speak for myself, anyway. I am a creation good singer, one of the best there is, if I only set out to do my best."

Oh, what a deep streak of vanity runs through the naturs of human men! So many times as it had been proved right out to his face that he couldn't sing, no more than a Ginny hen, or a fannin'-mill, that man still kep a calm and perennial idee that he was a sweet singer.

Yes, it is a deep scientific fact, as I have often remarked to Josiah Allen. That spring of vanity that gushes up in men's naturs can't be clogged up and choked. It is a gushin' fountain, that forever bubbles over the brink with perennial and joyful freshness. No matter how many impediments you may put in its way, no matter how many hard stuns of disappointment, and revilin', and agony you may throw into that fountain, it won't do no more than to check the foamin' current for a moment. But presently, or sometimes even before that, the waters will begin to trickle again, and will, 'ere long, flow as foamin'ly as ever. As many times, and times again, as Josiah's vanity had been trampled on, and bent down, and stunned, yet how constant and cleer it was a bubblin' up, and meanderin' right before my sight. And before I had got through allegories in my own mind about the curius and scientific subject, he gave me another proof of it.

Says he, "I don't want you to think, Samantha, because I said I didn't know but we would let wimmen have a hand in it, I don't want you to think that we want any help in the singin'; we don't want any help in the singin', and don't need any; but I didn't know but you would want to help compose some poetry on Elial. Not but what we could do it, first-rate, but it is a kind o' busy time o' year, and a little help might come good on that account."

Says I, (in a very dry tone, very,) "What a lucky thing it is for Tennyson, and Longfellow, that you and old Bobbet are so cramped for time. There wouldn't probably be no call for this book at all, if you two only had time to write poetry. It is dredful lucky for them."

But I didn't keep up that dry, sarcastical tone long. No, I felt too solemn to; I felt that I must get his mind off of the idee, if I possibly could. I knew it would be putting the wrong foot forward to come right out plain and tell him the truth, that he couldn't sing no more than a steam whistle, or a gong; no, I knew that would be the wrong way to manage; but I says, in a warnin', awful sort of a tone, and a look just solemn and onpressive enough to go with it:

"Remember, Josiah Allen, how many times your pardner has told you to let well enough alone. You had better not try to go into any such doin's, Josiah Allen. You'll sup sorrow, if you do."

But he argued back again, "But I tell you, Samantha, that I love Lial, and want to happyfy him; I want to make his visit pleasant and agreeable."

"Wall," says I, in a deeper and solemner tone than I had heretofore used, "if you want to make it agreeable to Elial Gansey, don't you sing to him, or what you call singin'."

Says he, bitterly, "I believe you are envius of me, Samantha; I believe my soul you be. You never encourage me a showin' off my voice, nor never did."

"No," says I, "I am your friend, Josiah Allen, and your well-wisher."

But it was no use. In spite of all my entreaties, and arguments, they got it up amongst 'em. Composed some poetry, (or what they called poetry,) and went and sung it over (or what they called singin') night after night, to the schoolhouse, practicin' it over secret, so Lial shouldn't heer of it, for they was a lookin' on givin' him such a joyful surprise.

Wall, they practiced it over, night after night, for over a week. And Josiah would praise it up to me so, and boast over it so, that I fairly hated the word serenade.

"Why," says he, "it is perfectly beautiful, 'specially the piece we have made up about him, and awful affectin'." Says he, "I shouldn't wonder a mite if Lial should shed tears when he heers it."

And I'd tell him "I presumed it was enough to bring tears from anybody."

And that would mad him again. He would get mad as a hen at me. But I didn't care; I knew I was a talkin' on principle, and I wasn't goin' to give in an inch, and I didn't.

Wall, at last the night came that they had sot to serenade him. I felt like cryin' all the time he was a fixin' to go. For next to bein' a fool yourself, it is gaulin' to have a pardner make a fool of himself. But never, never did I see Josiah Allen so highlarious in his most highlarious times. He acted almost perfectly happy. Why, you would have thought he was a young man, to



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see his actions; I was fairly sickish, and I told him so.

Wall, says he, as he started out, "You can make light of me, all you are a mind to, Samantha, but as long as Josiah Allen has the chance to make another fellow-mortal perfectly happy, and put money in his pocket at the same time, he hain't the feller to let the chance slip,"

"Wall," says I, coldly, "shet the gate after you."

I knew there wuzn't no use in arguin' any more with him about it. And I think it is a great thing to know when to stop arguin', as well as preachin', or anything. It is a *great* thing to know enough to stop talkin' when you have got through sayin' anything. But this is a deep subject, one I might allegore hours on, and still leave ample room for allegory. And to resoom, and continue on. He started off, and I wound up the clock, and went to bed, leavin' the back kitchen door unlocked.

Wall, that wus in the neighborhood of ten o'clock. And I declare for't, and I hain't afraid to own it, that I felt afraid. There I wus all alone in the house, somethin' that hardly ever happened to me, for Josiah Allen wus always one that you couldn't get away from home nights, if he could possibly help it; and if he did go, I most always went with him. Yes, Josiah Allen is nearly always near me, and though he hain't probably so much protection as he would be if he weighed more by the steelyards,.yet such is my love for him, that I feel safe when he is by my side.

I had heerd, only a day or two before, about several houses bein' broken open and plundered, besides several cases of rapine; and though I hain't, I persume, so afraid of burglers as I would be if I had ever been burgled, and though I tried to put my best foot forwerd, and to be calm, still the solemn thought would come to me, and I couldn't drive it away, "Who knows but what this is the time that I shall be rapined and burgled?"

Oh, what a fearful time I did have on my mind, as I lay there on my usually peaceful feather bed! Wall, I got wider and wider awake every minute, and thinks es I, "I will get up and light the lamp and read a little, and mebby that will quiet me down." So, I got up and sot down by the buro, and took up the paper, and the very first piece I read was a account of a house bein' broke open somewhere between ten o'clock and midnight, and four wimmen massicreed in their beds. I laid down the paper, and groaned loud; and then I sithed hard, several times, and right there, while I was a-sithin', something come kerslap aginst the winder, right by my side. And though I hain't no doubt but what it was a May bug; still, if it had been a burgler, all saddled and bridled, that had rode up aginst my winder, it couldn't have skairt me no more, and I couldn't have jumped no higher, I was that wrought up and excited. Wall, thinks es I, it is the light that is a-drawin' them May bugs, and mebby it will draw nothin' worse, and I believe I will blow out the light and get into bed agin; I believe I will feel safer. So, I blowed the light out and got into bed agin. Wall, I had laid there, mebby, ten minutes, a-tremblin' and a-quakin', growin' skairter and skairter every minute, when, all of a sudden, I heerd a rappin' aginst my winder, and a hoarse sort of a whisper, sayin':

"Josiah Allen! Josiah Allen! Miss Allen!"

It didn't sound like no voice that I ever heerd, and I jist covered my head up and lay there with my heart a-beatin' so you could have heerd it under the bed. I *knew* it was a burgler; I knew my time had come to be burgled.

Wall, the whisperin' and the rappin' kep up for quite a spell, and then it kinder died off, and I got up and peeped through the winder, and then I see a long white figger, a-moving off round the corner of the house towards the back kitchen. And then I was skairter still, for I knew it wus a ghost, that was a-appearin' to me. And I had always said, and say still, that I had ruther be burgled than appeared to.

And I lay there, a-tremblin' and a-listenin'; and pretty soon I heerd steps a-comin' into the back kitchen, and so along through the house, up to my room door. And then there come a rap right onto my door. And though cold shivers wus a-runnin' down my back, and goose pimples wus present with me, I knew sunthin' had got to be done. There I was alone in the house with a ghost. And thinks es I, I must try to use it well, so's to get rid of it; for I thought mebby, if I madded it, it would stick right by me. And so I says, in as near the words as I could remember, as I have hearn tell that they talked to spirits.

"Are you a good spirit?" says I. "If you are a good spirit, raise up and rap three times."

I s'pose my voice sounded low and tremblin', down under the bed-clothes, and my teeth chattered so loud that they probably drownded the words, some. But the rappin' kep up.

And says I, again, "If you are a likely spirit, raise up and rap three times, and then leave." And then says I—for I happened to think what I had heerd they done to get 'em away, for I wus that flustrated and horror-struck that I couldn't think of nothin', hardly—says I:

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"I will you away; I will you off, out of this house—if you please," I added, for I wus so afraid of maddin' it. Thinks I to myself, I would ruther mad a burgler, or a rapiner, ten times over, than to get a apparition out with me. I s'pose I had spoke up louder this time, for the ghost answered back to me, and says:

"I am Miss Moony."

Says I, "Not she that was Lucinda Gansey?"

"Yes, I be."

Says I, in a stern tone—for truth and rectitude is my theme, even in talkin' with a apparition; and, skairt as I was, I felt that it would be better to impune a ghost than to not be a doin' anything in the cause of right—says I, firmly:

"Do you stop tellin' such stuff to me;" says I, "You are a lyin' spirit; Lucinda Moony is alive, and enjoyin' middlin' good health, if she wasn't so nervous. Elial Gansey is a visitin' of her now. She never was a ghost, nor nothin' like it; and apparition or not, you shan't stand there and lie to me."

Says the voice, "Let me in, Miss Allen; I am Miss Moony, and I am most dead; I am skairt most to death. And," says she, "I want Josiah Allen to go over to our house right off. Oh, I am most dead!" says she.

I begun to grow calmer; I see it wasn't no ghost, and says I, "Wait one minute, Miss Moony," and I ketched up the first weepon I could get hold of, to defend myself, if she should prove to be a imposter. It was Fox's book of Martyrs, and I calculated, in case of need, to just throw them old martyrs at her in a way she would remember. But it didn't prove to be no imposter. When I opened the door, there stood Lucinda Moony, a tremblin' in her night-gown, without a sign of a shoe nor a stockin' on her feet, nor a bonnet on, nor nothin'.

But I hear Josiah a stampin' the mud off his boots, at the kitchen door-step, and if I don't hurry and get him his supper, he'll growl out, as he did once before, "Literatoor and literatoor wives is all very fine; but a woman, after all, had better be a makin' a man's coffee than be makin' a fool o' herself in maggyzines."

So I must put off to another time a tellin' what Lucinda said.

## A CAPE JASMINE.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

One heavy blossom like a silver star—
White, waxen, perfumed; perfect as a dream.
One folded creamy bud, 'mid dusk-green leaves
Polished and thick—a bloom to whitely gleam
In Southern gardens under moonlight rare—
This starry blossom and this matchless bud;
A bloom to tremble at a lover's vow
When moon and beauty stirred the swift hot blood.

A perfume as of fruit and buds and flowers
Subtly combined, floats from its eager lips;
O odorous Alabama starlight-bloom
What musk and spice and balm didst thou eclipse
And make thine own—the incense of thy heart?
What glades of moon and song didst hold thee sweet?
What midnight tresses didst thou droop among?
What lovers didst thou see at Maud's fair feet?

Red lips have pressed thee passionate and warm;
A white and throbbing bosom was thy throne;
A small white hand caressed thee tenderly—
All this an hour before thou wert mine own—
O odorous bud, die here before my eyes!
Fade silver star! Droop folded waxen bud!
No more thy perfume or Maud's slumbrous eyes
Can wake a tremor in my Northern blood!

## OVER ALL.

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

There are blossoming meads where the soft winds sweep,
And the dews of the twilight fall;
Where the odorous cups in their hearts so deep,
Hold the honey-dews that the summers steep,
For the sunlight falls over all.

There are caverns dark where the death damps cling,
Where weird, and gaunt, and tall,
The spectres of gloom thick phantoms bring;
And the hollow arches with wailings ring,
Yet the sunlight hangs over all.

There are human lives like a placid stream,
Who never a pain recall;
Who rest in the joy of the heavenly beam,
And in blessed content live their happy dream,
In the sunlight's radiant fall.

There are lonely graves where the ivys creep,
To shroud with a tender pall;
There are hearts that moan, there are hearts that weep,
There are hearts that the vigil of death must keep,
But the sunlight falls over all.

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# A COMEDY IN A GARDEN.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

ROBERT BEDLOE was always a solitary man. What he might have been, if he had had the usual influences of home, in boyhood—parents, brothers, sisters—to draw out his sympathies, and affections, it is impossible to say. But he was an orphan, kept from starvation by a bachelor uncle, and turned adrift into the world to earn his own living at sixteen. Bedloe succeeded very well; he was a steady, silent, accurate young man; he rose, from one position of trust to another, until, at twenty-two, he was given a position as cashier of a small bank in Philadelphia. He rented a chamber in a quiet house, on the western side of the Schuylkill, where he could have a glimpse of the river, and of green trees; and this chamber he furnished neatly. It was always neat: his slippers always stood on the same rose of the carpet; not a particle of dust ever reached his rows of well-bound books; and if Bedloe had an extravagant taste, it was for fine editions. He took his meals at the same restaurant, came to them at the exact moment every day, occupied the same chair by the window, ordered the same dishes.

"I have not a fault to find with Bedloe, as far as his work is concerned," said Mr. Gilley, the president of the bank, a portly, genial old man. "But he has been with us a year, and I know him no better than I did the day that Way and Black recommended him to us. Wood, sir; all wood! a mere machine! Down to the bank, back to his books; no taste for society; not even a glance for the pretty girls on Chestnut street! It's not natural, in a lad of his age; it's not human! It makes me suspect—I know not what."

"You would rather see him driving a fast horse, out the Wissahickon, on Sundays, and coming to his desk with his nose red and raped?" said Mr. Jarrett, one of the directors.

One of the clerks overheard this conversation, and ventured to repeat it to Bedloe, who, with all his silent shyness, was a favorite with the men under him. He gave one of his queer, questioning smiles, but said nothing. The idea of a holiday on Sunday was the only point in the matter that lingered in his mind.

"A holiday. Why not? I leave the bank on Saturday at three, and return at nine on Monday. I could go to the country, somewhere, and see the fields."

He meditated on this slowly. He had lived always in towns. The opening of the leaf, the growth of crops, the habits of birds, insects, beasts, all were an unknown, wonderful world to him. He would explore the neighboring country, beginning next Saturday. It was quite in keeping with Bedloe's habits of thought, that he should begin the list of neighboring railroad stations, alphabetically.

"B.; Bethlehem. I will go to Bethlehem," he said, and proceeded to inform himself respecting the old Moravian town. When he had finished reading the history of the little band, settled in an unbroken wilderness, among the savages whom they came to convert; when he had realized their poverty, their self-negation, their endurance, a new light came into his cold, gray eye. He put the book carefully in its place, and, instead of going to bed, as usual, sat looking out of the window, until late in the night. Evidently, heroism and self-sacrifice were not strangers, in Robert Bedloe's mind, though he would have put them into words, if needs were, methodically as the rule of three.

The next day was Saturday. With his shining new satchel, neatly packed, in hand, and his gloves and shirt-front spotless, after the dusty ride, he stepped down into the steep, quiet street of the old German Pennsylvania village It was long before the founding of the great polytechnic school, or of the steel and iron manufactories, which, in recent years, have modernized and enriched the town. Bedloe saw only the quaint old houses, set back from the hilly streets, which Zeisberger and his companions and their descendants had built: the windows, stoops, and gardens, all brilliant with roses. These streets ran down to the narrow, glancing river, on the other side of which rose the hills, heavily wooded, and silent as when the Moravian Indians had their lodges among them. There was a quiet little inn, the Sun. Bedloe chose a room in it, bathed, dressed, and seated himself on the high stoop. The sun was setting behind the melancholy hills. Now and then some men passed, going home from their work, and talking German together. They were the descendants of the first Moravians, and their dress yet bore some of the quaint peculiarities of that early time. Frau Mayo, Bedloe's landlady, with her high cap, crossed white ker-



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chief, and knitting, came out to sit with him. Strangers were a rarity there. She showed him the flat, green field, in which the brethren lie, in rows, poor and rich, white, red, and black, side by side, in the order of their death.

A chill passed over Bedloe. It was not in this way that he would wish to lie some day, but alone, in the solitary hills, with some one friend beside him—man or woman—the one who had loved him. If such a friend ever came to him!

Then she took him in to see her Putz, a landscape of cities, valleys, and mountain heights, made, with infinite patience, out of moss, rocks, and bits of glass, assuring him that there was one in almost every house in the village. After this, she led him in to supper, and gave him a number of strange, German dishes—zweiback, and apple-cake, and others—whose names he could not remember. But they were all delicious to his taste. "It is like going to Europe," thought poor Bedloe, to whom Europe was the hopeless dream which it was to most Americans at that time. When supper was over, his friendly landlady followed him again to the stoop. Soft, sweet strains of music rose through the evening air.

"It is the children, who sing hosannas, in the church," she said. "And the trombone players go out to serenade brother Ebers. It is his eightieth birthday. We keep the record of every birthday, even of the children, and greet them with music."

Bedloe listened with delight. Surely he had strayed back into primeval days. How far removed he was from busy Chestnut street, the bank, the hot, dusty restaurant! This was a cool, calm nook in Arcadia!

"What are those massive stone houses, which I see yonder?" he asked.

"They are the houses of the first Moravians. Ach, sir! They built for hundreds of years to come. And they lived together, and had all things in common. There was a separate house for the brethren, and one for the sisters, and another one for the married people. They are all solidly built, as you see. They are empty now, except for a few poor sisters and widows."

Bedloe remembered Longfellow's poem on these Moravian nuns. He was so convinced, that these great stone houses were convents, that he scarcely listened to the good woman's explanation, that they were a retreat for a few good women, who occupied separate apartments in the corridors, and lived at their own cost.

"And very little suffices for them," she added, wagging her fat cheeks compassionately. "There is old Frauelin Huhn, now, who was put into the sister house, when she was a child of ten, and has never left it since. Now she is seventy. I'll warrant she lives, for a year, on what a young gentleman like you would spend in a week; though I do not think you are one of the spendthrift kind, either. For ten years, too, she has had her little niece, Ruth Siemerling, with her. The Moravian folk are all thrifty enough; but the good God only knows how that pair live!"

Bedloe wanted to stroll down the darkening street; but he was too courteous to even look the wish, as long as the old German woman cared to talk. At last she went in, and he threw on his cap, and startled himself by running down the steep steps, like a boy. Had he ever run when he was a boy? He doubted it; running had been ruled out of him.

Indeed he had never felt exactly as he did, tonight. The gray houses, mossy with age the distant, soft music; the fading twilight; the simplicity, the sincerity of these people, the fervor which pervaded the very air—it all seemed to him as something which had been lost, until now, out of his own life, and never missed before.

He went down the hilly street, until he reached a great, green quadrangle, about which rose the massive walls of the old sister and other houses. The quadrangle was laid out, with beds of herbs and flowers, and shaded by alleys of trees, which ran down to the road. In the centre was the huge rocky mound of an old spring-house, in whose cool depths the community had once stored their provisions. It was overlaid now with ferns and tangled vines. At the great stone, which served as a door, gurgled a dripping, crystal spring. Near by, stood a settle against an oak, both green with age. If some of the ancient sisterhood would only appear! Bedloe dropped into the seat, and taking out his note-book, began to draw some crooked lines, which might serve as a sketch, chuckling to himself at this subtle trick. He was growing shrewd as well as boyish.

A step, soft and quick; the brush of a gray skirt against his foot. He did not look up, until the woman, with her pitcher, had passed him and reached the well.

Not an old crone, not some forgotten relic of the days of Zeisberger, as he had half expected to see; but a slight, delicate child, raising her pitcher, to catch the trickling drops. The uplifted arm was white and rounded; the curly rings of hair, which escaped from her cap, were pale brown; her eyes were blue. The whole figure, airy, fresh, inexpressibly youthful and pure, was in harmony with the soft music, the waving fern, the soothing drip, drip, of the water, with all the cheerful, tender calm of the

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evening. When she had filled her pitcher, she turned, to go on.

Bedloe began hastily again to draw meaningless lines across his sheet of paper. As she passed him, she bowed with the usual "good-day" of the Moravians. Then she disappeared within the great doors of the sister house.

Those doors stood open. Presently, Bedloe summoned courage to look in. Long, stone corridors were visible, broken here and there, by a door leading into the old women's rooms, or by a high clock, or by a great carved chest. The unpainted wood of the lintels and windows was speckless and white. The panes shone like crystal.

Bedloe went to the Moravian church the next day. But he came back to the inn, with a look of disappointment. Whatever he had sought there, he had not found. In the evening, he saw the upper windows of one wing of the sister house lighted, and heard a faint, far music.

"It is the chapel," said his hostess. "If you were within the walls you could hear little Ruth Siemerling's voice. She is the only young person in the house. The old women have but feeble pipes, but Ruth always sang like a thrush. Well, well, she is almost a woman now, sixteen or older."

Bedloe moved hastily away. It jarred on his mood, that this woman should name Ruth. She was not a woman, nor a child, to him. She was only part of a picture—sunset, dripping water, waving fern. But the picture had moved, and touched him strangely.

B. Bristol and Bridesburg came next on the list, but Bedloe pursued the alphabet no further. The next Saturday, and the next, and the next, found him in his chamber at the old Sun Inn, which now was made ready for him without orders, always with fresh, fragrant sheets. Frau Mayo baked the zweiback for him, with her own hands.

"You like the place? Some of your folks were Moravians, in the old times?" she ventured, one day.

"Perhaps they were. I feel as if I had sometime belonged here," said Bedloe, to himself, laughing, as he went out. He always took his place on the old settle, and drew again the crooked lines in his book.

After awhile, little Ruth came out, and filled her pitcher, and going in, said "good-day," to him, gravely looking him full in the face, with her innocent, blue eyes. Bedloe bowed, and his lips moved. But he said nothing.

That was all. It was not much to repay him for the long railway journey, and the three days' stay. But his life had been exceptionally hard and business-like. This little, weekly drama, was the first break. It was his first glimpse into the inner world of beauty in Nature. He did not care to speak to Ruth. He was afraid. What if he should waken, to find the picture coarse and common, as was all the world that he knew outside of it?

The man, who sat, every Saturday evening, sketching the spring, with much of the stiff primness of a wax figure about him, naturally became an enormous event in little Ruth Siemerling's life. There were absolutely no other events in it. There never had been. She had come to the sister house a mere baby, from another quiet Moravian village. Since then she had lived in the three rooms occupied by her aunt Hester—quaint, silent rooms, but alive with a grave cheerfulness, with no atmosphere of a nun's cell about them. Square, rag carpets covered the middle of the floors, showing the white boards at the sides. The deep windows were full of pots of flowers. On the gray, stained walls, hung samplers, and embroidery on satin, yellow with age, done by the sisters, a century ago, when they worked the famous banner for Pulaski. For the rest, there was a sleepy cat, a case full of books, a bright fire in the neat little kitchen beyond, and Ruth and her aunt, each at her own sunny window, with her basket of work. It never occurred to the little maiden to tire of this endless routine, or the stillness and calm. She knew no other life. She had never ventured, more than a dozen times, out of the quadrangle, into the streets of the village. It never occurred to her that they were poor. She had never worn any other gown than one of gray homespun. She knew no better fare than potatoes and milk, with meat as a luxury on Sundays. Her aunt's life was Ruth's: only one was seventy years, the other, seventeen! She knew nothing outside of the sister house, in which her whole life had been passed. The old woman was well nigh as innocent and unworldly as the child. In lives so vacant of incident, this artist, who was making a picture of the sister house, became an object of constant interest.

"If one of the directors meet him, doubtless he will ask to see the picture; and so an account of it may come around to us, in time, Ruth," said aunt Hester, with a patient sigh.

Fate came in the shape of Gotlieb Mayer, the butcher, to bring matters to a crisis.

On the succeeding Saturday, Gotlieb was drunk. Rum gave him courage, for the first time in his life, to enter the quadrangle. Bedloe,

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coming down the vacant street, to his work of Arcadia, saw the fat, red face of the burly ruffian, as he sat among the trees; saw him leer at Ruth, as she came to the well; stretch out his hand toward her. Now, Bedloe had never fought, in his life. He had been called milk-sop, as boy and man. But, in a breath, his hands were about the throat of the gigantic brute, and he shook the fellow like a reed in his passion of fury.

Mayer, sobered by astonishment, looked down at the pale, slight town-man; and then, with a chuckle, he hurled him from him, and strode off, whistling. Bedloe fell against the rocks. He did not rise when Ruth came up to him, trembling, for she knew very well why he had done this thing. She found him motionless, with the blood trickling out of a wound in his forehead.

That he was dead, was her first thought. The second, oddly enough, was that the dead man was not so prim, nor stiff, as she had supposed. The high hat had been knocked off, the smooth hair was tossed about the face, the collar was wrenched open. It was a boyish, sensitive, picturesque countenance; and little Ruth, though she gave none of these qualities a name, felt their power.

Old Joseph Straus, who lived in the brother's house, and had seen the whole affair, now hurried up to the scene of action, and, after freeing his mind by a few curses, hurled after Gotlieb, proceeded to examine whether Bedloe was a corpse, or not.

"He's alive, child. I'll carry him in, and go for the doctor. It was this bit of rock that cut his head." Joseph, as he spoke, lifted Bedloe, as if he had been a barrel of flour, and deposited him on a bench in the corridor. "Wet his head," he ordered. "Don't be scared, and silly, now. He'll not die, likely: at least, till I get back, with Munter."

Bedloe opened his eyes, presently. He was in the cool, clean corridor. The sun streamed in from a square window at his feet. In it was perched a tame canary, singing. Ruth's innocent face was close to his, and her wet hand was on his forehead.

For a moment he was sick and giddy. He closed his eyes. Then reason and consciousness fully returned. What he thought, in that brief moment, he never told, even to himself. The face, on which Ruth's little hand rested, burned hot, as with a sudden fire. She drew hastily back, blushing, she knew not why. When he opened his eyes, they avoided hers.

"Go in," he said, hurriedly. "There are men coming. You are very kind, but do not let them see you here."

He would have liked to put his picture in a case, in the dark—anywhere out of sight of the world. It would be soiled, if the public daylight touched it.

Ruth obeyed, without a word. She ran up, frightened and breathless, to tell her strange story to her aunt, who petted and quieted her, making her lie down at once, as if she had been ill, while she herself stole to the window, to see Bedloe, in the garden below, taking leave of Joseph and the doctor, and walking off, stiffly erect, down the street.

On the next Saturday evening, the artist did not appear in the quadrangle.

"He was badly wounded. Very probably he is dead," said little Ruth, calmly, to her aunt. But her heart was sick within her with fear.

The next week, and the next passed, but he did not come. The fact was, Bedloe was neither dead, nor ill; but he had a terrible conviction that he had taken part in a scene, had furnished a subject for gossip in the village. He, Robert Bedloe, playing the hero of a melo-drama, to be gossipped about in the butcher's shops and taverns! He would never go back to the place. His picture, his dream, was shattered forever.

Besides, he had not been able to hide the blackened lump about the wound on his forehead. Curious glances had been directed to it in the office The president, Mr. Gilley, who always suspected this model young man, had eyed it keenly.

"You look as if you had been among the wicked, and evil-doers, Mr. Bedloe," he said, smiling.

What could Bedloe answer? It would hardly make the matter better, to say that he had been squabbling with a drunken butcher.

Mr. Bedloe remained at home, therefore; read his books; ate his regular meals; patted himself complacently on the back, for his renunciation of his foolish fancy. He did this, for three Saturdays. On the fourth, he packed his satchel, with hands that shook, he knew not why, and, as the sun was going down, waited on the settle for Ruth, his hat in his hand.

No more pretence, now, of sketching; he was waiting for Ruth. When she came out of the wide, dark doorway, he stood up to meet her. She did not see him, at first; then she came to him, running, with a little cry.

"Ah, it is you!" holding out both her hands.

He took them in his. Her eyes were full of tears, though she laughed.

"I thought he had killed you," she said, almost in a whisper.

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"Would you have cared?" asked Bedloe.

"It was for me, that you did it. Oh, I know!"

She drew her hands from his, took out a little handkerchief from her apron, and wiped her eyes. Then she gravely stood, waiting for him to speak.

Bedloe laughed aloud. There was something wild in the mood that possessed him. How precise and prim she was, the little nun! As innocent and ignorant of the world as the just-fledged bird in the tree yonder. While he—he felt the strength, the knowledge, the passion of all men, within him, just then. He would keep her sheltered from harm! He would stand between her and the world!

"Will you sit down here, a moment?" he said. "I have been thinking, for a long time, of some things I wanted to say to you."

There really would not have seemed to an outsider, any necessity for saying these things. But to Ruth, and Bedloe, they appeared of imminent importance. The young man, coming, for the first time, out of his solitary life of books, and fancies, was as ingenious and eager as Ruth herself. Before the trombones on the hill began to play the evening hymn, he had told her his name, and his story; how he had first happened to come to Bethlehem; and how he actually did not know a woman in the world, and had not a single friend; unless—

He stopped, abruptly, and looked at her, not having the courage to go on; while Ruth's cheeks warmed, until her very eyes so filled with heat that she could not raise them.

"My aunt will be waiting for the water for her tea," she said, jumping up, hastily.

Bedloe filled the pitcher, and carried it to the door.

"Good-night," he said. "I will come again, next Saturday evening."

But he had not to wait so long. The very next night, being Sunday, and all the village asleep, at its usual early hour, he went restlessly down to the quadrangle, for a drink of the spring water, he told himself. How still and calm it was! The very moonlight lay more quietly here than elsewhere. Not a light shone in the silent, gray pile of buildings. Not a breath of wind stirred the thick trees. He would go and look at the settle, he said to himself, where she sat yesterday, pulling at the ivy which clung to it.

Lo! as he came near, there was—was there not?—a little white figure, crouched in the very corner! Yes! it was Ruth. She rose, frightened.

"I came out, for a drink of spring water," she said.

"But ought not good girls to be asleep by this time?" he said, laughing merrily. Then they sat down, on the settle. It was an hour before Ruth went in. But the talk, to-night, was very grave. Perhaps, because it was late, and the child was unprotected. Bedloe did not once mention himself; he spoke to her of weighty matters, which might have interested a woman of sixty. Indeed, the next day, Ruth repeated the conversation to her aunt, to that good woman's profound satisfaction.

"He is a very thoughtful youth," said aunt Hester. "Such teaching as that can do you no harm. I would not have you ungrateful for what he has done, Ruth. Still, these meetings are not seemly. See him once more, if he comes, and then kindly and civilly bid him farewell."

Ruth told Bedloe of this injunction, when he came again. "So I must bid you farewell," she said, beginning the little speech, which she had been conning all the week. "But I will see you from the window, when you come to finish the picture, though you will not see me; and I will never forget how very, very kind you have been to me."

When the gentle, chirping little voice had ceased, Bedloe stood shocked and stunned.

"Not seemly?" he said, "Not seemly?" Could any human being think that he could injure this child, or compromise her in the world's eye? Why, it was he that was to protect her, to stand between her and harm. "You are not to see me again?" he said. "I see; your aunt has little faith in the world's people, and I am one of them."

"She does not know you," said Ruth, faintly. She did not go in, and shut herself up with her aunt and the cat and the work, as she felt she ought to do. She would go, in a little while, and shut the door, and live there always. But, one moment more—one moment!

Bedloe was dull and grave. He faced the facts as she could not. The child was in the charge of her aunt and of the society, which held supervision of all orphans. They had the right to forbid him even to speak to her again.

And then? What then? What was it that he wanted, or had planned? Brought face to face with his dream, he could not give it shape. But for the first time, it filled, shook him, with unnameable hopes and longings.

A wife? *His* wife? This pure creature? Her purity and childlike beauty set into his dull, commonplace life!

"Have I offended you, sir?" timidly said Ruth, breaking the long silence. "Why do you look at me so gloomily? Will you not speak to me? It is the last time, you know."

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"It is not the last time," said Bedloe, passionately. "What a man wills, he will. I shall find the future for us both."

But, after all, it was little Ruth, who found the future for them both.

It was ten o'clock, when Bedloe left her. He was too excited to go quietly to sleep. He returned to the inn, took his valise, and boarded the midnight train for the city, arriving in his own apartment, long before daylight.

Now, a weekly paper was the only breath of the outer world, which was admitted to Ruth and her aunt. Ruth, a few days later, opened it to read aloud.

What was this? She got up quietly, and left the room. Her aunt called to her, but she did not hear. Alone, she read:

"The robbery of the banking-house of Gilley & Co. still holds public attention. Robert Bedloe, the cashier, has been arrested. Proof is strong against him. He alone knew the combination of the locks. Sharp, the watchman, who was found gagged and bound, testifies that the robber was a man of Bedloe's height and build, though, as he was masked, Sharp will not swear to him. The principal proof against the cashier is, however, that the robbery was committed between nine and ten o'clock, on Saturday night. Bedloe left his lodging-house at five P. M., and was not there again until two the next morning, when he came home, stealthily admitting himself with a latch-key. He positively refuses to state where he was in the meantime, although an alibi is all that can save him from the penitentiary.

"Mr. Gilley stated to our reporter, that Bedloe had the confidence of the officers; his conduct had always been irreproachable; although lately some peculiarities had been noticed, which told against him."

"On Saturday night? From eight until ten? Why, he was with me—*me!*" cried Ruth, starting up. "I can prove the alibi! I can save him!"

But how? To go to Philadelphia? To a public court-room? To swear that she had talked to him, through all of those hours—she, little Ruth, who scarcely knew her way down the street of the village? "The people will ask me why I kept him so long with me; and what shall I say?" She covered her white cheeks with her hands. "I will be on my oath. I must tell them all that he is to me. I must say it before the whole crowd of people."

This probably seems childish to some women, women who would start for California as calmly as they would go out to shop. But to Ruth the journey was as full of unknown terrors, as if it were to the North Pole. Yet what else could she do? "Nothing but an alibi would save him from the penitentiary." She alone could prove it.

Childish as she was, and secluded as her life had been, she had a clear head, and a firm will. Whatever the horror, the disgrace, the exposure, it must be borne. She understood why Bedloe had refused to give any account of his whereabouts, during that evening; he would not bring her name before the public, not even to save himself the fate of a felon.

Ruth went back to her room, made ready the tea for her aunt, and placed it on the table.

"I am not hungry," she said, standing back of her chair, that her face could not be seen. "I will be back, after a little while," stooping to kiss the wrinkled forehead. "If I am longer than usual, do not worry."

What would her aunt do when she found her gone? If they kept her in the court, as a witness, for days, what would become of her? But she would not think of that. She would think of nothing except that she must go—go now.

She had three or four dollars, which she had earned, and had saved to buy a winter gown. She took them out, pinned her gray shawl over her gray dress, and tied on the little brown scoop bonnet. Then she ran quickly down the corridor, out of the quadrangle, and down the street, towards the railway station. The child's lips moved all the time. She was praying to God to help her.

Once on the train, she sat, leaning forward, planning what she should do on reaching Philadelphia, and what she would say to the judge.

Two hours passed. The train was nearing the city, when a new, sudden terror appalled her. It was evening. If the court did not sit at night, if she could not give her evidence at once, what would be done with her? Where was she to find shelter for the night? Her one thought had been to come to Bedloe's rescue, without the delay of an hour. But now—

The terrors of night, alone in a great city, overwhelmed her. The train rolled, at last, through the vast net-work of lighted streets. A political procession was passing through Kensington; the subdued sound of thousands of voices filled the air. Ruth crouched, terrified, in her seat, and remained motionless, after the train stopped, and the passengers all had left the car.

At last she rose, and crept out to the platform. A couple of policemen were sauntering up and down. Ruth's odd attire, her strange, frightened manner, arrested them.

"Hey! What d'ye want, girl?" said one.

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"I want the court, sir. The judge, where the trial is going on. I have something to say to him."

"He'll have something to say to you, more likely!" with a laugh. "Drunk, Jem?"

"No; she's only a child," looking at her, closely. "Come to the light, young woman," and he dragged her along, the two commenting loudly, as they went, on her beauty.

"What trial, eh? Look up; speak out!"

A group of men were entering the station, to take the out-going train. One of them sprang forward, to the shrinking girl, as the policeman dragged her along.

"Good God, Ruth!" he cried. "What are you doing here?"

"I came—for—you! To save you!"

"I will take charge of the lady, sir," said the new-comer. He led her, hurriedly, out to the platform, and seated her in a car.

"Now, you are going home. Be quiet, my child. Or take your cry out, if you like. I understand. You were going to prove an alibi. You were coming into a court, to save me! Oh, little Ruth!"

"But how are you here, out of prison?"

"The burglar was arrested, in Pottsville, with the bonds and money upon him, and I was released. I was on my way to tell you all about it. I thought I had one friend, who would be glad to know that I was free. But you were coming! You were going to face a court-room—for me!"

She did not answer, but by a happy little laugh. Very soon, being exhausted, she fell asleep, like a tired child, while Bedloe watched her.

When they entered the quadrangle again, he held her by the sleeve, a moment, at the old place. The moon shone whitely on the waving ferns, and the water dripped, dripped, slowly into the basin.

"You are but a foolish, headstrong child, Ruth," he said. There was a strange change in his voice, which startled her. "You know nothing of the world. You need some one to protect you, in it—to teach you its ways."

"Yes; I know that," said Ruth, gravely.

"Will you let me do it?"

"You! How could you? I do not see you often—"

Bedloe colored, repressing a smile.

"There is but one way—"

She started, turned her wide eyes on his, and then hurried, without a word, frightened and trembling, into the sister's house.

A few evenings later, Bedloe sat by the fire, in aunt Hester's room, watching Ruth, who fluttered busily about, singing softly to herself. The old woman laid her wrinkled hand, gently, on his.

"I knew that this would come," she said. "That very first day, when she returned, with her breathless story of her new friend. When I missed her, the other day, I found the paper that she had been reading, and I knew that she had gone to you. It was a terrible risk; but it was the right thing for her to do."

Bedloe looked at the speaker, with unaffected surprise.

"How did you learn wisdom in such things?" he said. "Twenty-five years' imprisonment in this silent house could not teach it to you."

A faint color stole over the aged face.

"Ah, my friend, all women learn the same lesson! Stone walls, and a lonely life, cannot shut it out. Go, now, and take little Ruth to walk, in the sun."

## A MOTHER'S VISION.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

She sat in the lonesome twilight,
With empty arms on her breast,
And her heart was stony with sorrow,
Yet mad with a wild unrest.

She knelt by the empty cradle,
And thought of her baby's grave,
And cried, "Oh, God! you were cruél
To take back the child you gave!"

She thought of him, out in the darkness,
With the rain on his little bed,
With no arms to fold about him,
Or pillow his sunny head.

She fancied he woke from slumber,
Frightened, and calling her,
And the grief of the stricken mother
The hardest heart would stir.

A voice that was sweet with pity,
Said tenderly, "Peace, poor heart,"
And she saw, in a swift, sweet vision,
Heaven's gates swung wide apart.

And for all her bitter sorrow
That one swift glimpse sufficed,
For she saw her blue-eyed baby
Asleep in the arms of Christ!

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# THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

## CHAPTER I.

"MOTHER, are you so cold?"

"Cold—yes, dear, a little."

A little cold! Why, the poor woman could hardly speak; her blue lips were like marble. She could no longer hold the thin woolen shawl around her shadowy person with those stiff fingers, but let it drop from their grasp, while a shudder, she had been struggling to suppress, swept her like a blast of wind.

A look of infinite pity came to that young girl's face. She leaned forward and took those numbed hands between her own.

"Oh, mother! and you so ill; these poor little hands—let me warm them."

The girl was shivering from head to foot as she said this, partly from the intense cold that pervaded the room, and partly from a sudden dread that turned her lips white, while she pressed them on those cold hands with passionate kisses, hoping, by the very fervor of love, to draw the blood back to them.

But the woman seemed chilled through and through. She did not tremble like the young creature who strove so hard to warm her, though her own teeth were chattering; but sat there cold and stiff like one who was frozen. The girl looked, despairingly, toward the window, against which the sleet rattled and the wind blew furiously.

"Oh, if father would only come!" she moaned, and kissing her mother's cold face, she folded the shawl tenderly about her, "I might, perhaps, find a few sticks at the woodpile," she said, looking at the few embers on the hearth. "This wind may have drifted the snow somewhere else."

"No, no," faltered the mother. "You will be wet through, and catch your death of cold. See, I am quite—quite comfortable, now. Don't—don't go out, child."

"But I must, mother; father will be coming home, wet and frozen."

"Ah," moaned the woman, "he has no overcoat, and his boots are giving way. Yes, sure, go; we will both go." But alas! when she attempted to rise, some unknown power seemed to seize upon and drag her back to the seat.

Lucy knelt by her, struck with sudden alarm.

"Mother, dear—mother, speak to me—"

The woman made a great effort, but the words she uttered were scarcely more than a wail.

"Your father—in the storm—in the storm! and I am dying!" she seemed to say.

"No, no, mother! You are cold; you suffer, you fear for him; but you are not dying."

The girl's voice was sharp with terror. She shook from head to foot.

All at once the mother moved, and a shadowy smile crept across her face.

"He is coming," she whispered. "God will keep me till then."

"Oh, mother, mother," cried the girl, "how you have frightened me! Of course he is coming; and then you will brighten up like anything. Now, just sit here, like a dear angel, as you are, and I will have a good fire before he comes."

With this she hurried from the room, out into the storm, until she reached what had been a woodpile, but was now scarcely more than a snow heap. She thrust her hands down into this, and dragged up a black, crooked branch. Another and another. She was still adding to the pile, when a voice close by her made her start.

"Oh, father, is it you?" she said, dropping the stick. "How could I be so frightened?"

"Go in, go in, my child; this is no work for you. I feared that the wood might give out, and hurried back; but the wind was against me, and the snow is drifting fearfully."

Lucy did not answer, but looked at him wistfully, as if some anxiety was on her mind which she could not find the heart to express. At last she spoke, but very faintly:

"You have brought nothing, father?"

"No, child. My credit is gone, up yonder. They would not trust me with a pound of flour or an ounce of tea."

"How cruel! What shall we do—what shall we do?" cried the girl, wringing her hands.

"No, they do not mean to be cruel. They have been very patient with me, and do not know to what extremity we are driven. I could not tell them that."

"How could you, father, how could you? But I, perhaps, might, if no one were by. Such things are not so hard for women." She tried to speak bravely.



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"No, my child; that must never be. So long as there is food enough for your mother, we can wait for God's help. It will come in good time."

Lucy looked quickly towards the house. Through the clouded glass she saw a figure by the dim light of the candle, and, still more distinctly, a face white as the snow.

"I put the candle in the window there, to keep mother in sight. She was so strange, a little while ago, that it frightened me," said Lucy.

The man turned his face to the window, and saw his wife, sitting in the dim light beyond.

"Ah!" he said, with a look of sad tenderness, "she is listening—she hears my voice—she is coming to the window."

"No, no, father, she cannot do that. The cold has struck to her heart, I fear," answered the girl. But, shocked by the effect of her words, she cried, "Father, don't let me frighten you so! It will go off. Don't you see? It is not as if she had suffered a long time. A good, warm fire will bring her to. This is the first real hardship. Ah, you and I have learned to cheat her, nicely, into believing we had plenty, and only served her meals on the little tray before we went to ours. Dear me, father, who would ever have thought we could be such hypocrites?"

The girl laughed, hysterically, at the end of this speech, and ended in a sob.

"For one more night we must look to her comfort, and see that the bitterness of our want is kept from her. To-morrow, I will trample down this miserable pride, and ask help from the brethren." said the father.

"And she never need know," said Lucy. "But just now, when the wood gave out, I was frightened. She seemed, all at once, to feel the desolation, and gave way under it. Oh, father, for a little time she seemed to be dying."

"Dying! My wife—my poor, long-suffering wife," cried the man, with an outburst of grief. "No, no, no—she has not been brought to that!"

"But she is better, now, waiting for you, and wondering what keeps me back with the wood. Let us drag up all that we can, and go in. She will not rest while we are out in the storm. It is you she was anxious about."

Hastings stooped down, and gathered up the wood, with which he waded, with a weak, staggering step, through the deep snow, that lay between him and the house. Lucy followed him, opened the door, and closed it with both hands, shutting out the frost. Her father laid his burden of wood on the hearth, and turned to his wife.

"Eunice, you are not really ill?" he said. "It was only because you were anxious about me. There, now, you see that the storm has done me no great harm. So, cheer up, cheer up, my love. I cannot bear to see you look so white.'

The poor woman made an effort to smile, and speak, but her lips refused to move, and the words she uttered came painfully, "I—I—have—" She could not go on.

Hastings took her in his arms, close to his heart, and laid his cold face to hers.

The woman gasped for breath, and lay heavily on her husband's breast. He placed her tenderly in her chair, on the hearth, and began to heap wood on the fire.

"She is chilled through. Hold her, Lucy, while I kindle the fire. There; rest her head upon your bosom. Warm her in your arm."

The man was trembling, even to the tones of his voice. Now and then he looked up, in mortal trepidation; for the beating of his own heart had felt no return, when his wife was pressed to his bosom, and the lips he had kissed were colder than the snow upon his garments.

At last the fire blazed up, went crackling through the branches, and filled the room with light. Then the poor man lifted his face, and looked upon his wife. Her head was resting on Lucy's breast. The girl's cheek, now flushed by the wind, rested against hers, increasing its pallor. Her soft, brown eyes were open, and looked at her husband, full of solemn tenderness. All the life in that frail body seemed to have centred in that gaze. Hastings' heart gave way.

"Eunice! Eunice, why do you look at me so? The storm is terrible; but you see that I have come home safe," he cried.

The woman made a great effort, but she spoke with difficulty.

"Yes, David; I knew that God would remember how we had loved each other, and would keep me till you came."

Hastings reached out his arms, took the mother from her child, and gazed down into her face, with such yearning tenderness, that Lucy turned her face away. She could not bear it.

"This is not real; you are tired, my wife—frightened by the storm. It is because the fire has burned down, and chilled you. See, it is burning cheerfully, now. Lucy will make a warm cup of tea, and you will feel better, directly."

The woman did not answer, though her lips moved faintly. Then her eyes closed. The very heat, from which so much had been expected, made her faint.

"Is there a drop of brandy, wine—anything—in the house, that will bring her to?" cried her husband, as he carried her, in terror, to the bed.

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A sad shake of the head was all the answer Lucy could give.

He bent down, and kissed his wife's lips.

"If I could give her my life," he said; "my life for hers. But, oh, God help me! how little that would count against a soul like this, in heaven, how little!"

"It is not death, father. She is ill—but not dead. Oh, if a doctor were only here!"

Hastings took his drenched hat from the table, put it on, and buttoned his coat around him.

"Stay here, Lucy; watch her; hold her hand, till I come with the doctor," he cried. The door opened, and he was gone.

Thus, alone, desolate, and haunted by terrible fears, that young soul was left, in the dreary solitude, to watch, and wait for death, or help. She did not know which might come first.

The fire, that had brightened the poverty of the room, for a time, was burning down, and cast weird shadows around the bed. The storm raged with increased fury. The snow, piled on the window-sills, looked ghostly against the panes, while the naked tree-boughs swayed together, with fierce noises, and beat upon the sloping roof. The blood curdled in Lucy's heart, as she listened. It seemed to her that hours had passed, before the hand in her's quivered a little. When she saw those large, brown eyes slowly unclose, a glad cry broke from her lips.

"Mother, mother, you know me! You are better? It was only a fainting fit," she said, "tell me that it was nothing more!"

Poor Lucy felt the hand in hers move, and directly heard her mother's voice, low and faint, but distinct enough to be recognized:

"Lucy,"

"Yes, yes, I am here,"

"Your father!"

"He has gone for the doctor. Oh, mother, you frightened us so."

"What is that noise?"

"It is the storm—the great branches of the elm trees beating on the roof."

"The storm, and David out?"

The woman struggled to rise in her bed, but fell back again. She lay awhile, still and silent, then seemed to arouse herself.

"My child."

"You want to say something, mother; what is it?"

"The doctor need not come; I shall die."

"Oh, mother!"

"Child, I am dying—slowly, but dying. Don't cry; your tears hurt me."

Lucy wiped her eyes, and struggled bravely against the sobs that swelled into her throat.

"There is a woman I must see. At daylight, go for her."

"Where?—who?" The poor girl could not conquer her anguish long enough to say more.

"Go to the old Wheeler mansion; tell the lady who lives there that Eunice Wheeler, her cousin, is dying, and wants to see her."

"I will go, mother."

"Tell her to come at once. I cannot wait."

"I will, I will."

The woman attempted to lift her hand and lay it on Lucy's head, which was bowed down in utter misery; but all power of motion had left her, so she lay with her great, piteous eyes turned on the girl, who had dropped on her knees, and, with her face upon the bed, strove to stifle her moans.

A loud stamping on the door-step, a smothered tinkling of bells, and a great rush of wind, broke the sad monotony of this scene.

It was the doctor, coming in with Hastings—fresh, healthy, full of intelligence and pity.

With his coat buttoned to the chin, but devoid of an outer garment, that he had forced upon Hastings during their ride through the storm, he approached the bed and looked at the patient, carefully.

Lucy arose from her knees and stood back, watching the doctor with the wild, earnest look that a criminal, expecting a verdict of death, might give his jurors.

The doctor bent over the woman, whose eyes were lifted to his face with a look of wonder that he should be there.

"My husband?" she said, with difficulty, as if her spirit were in some way trammeled. "Where is he?"

"He is here, waiting; but—"

"It is useless. Let him come."

The doctor turned away. Then Lucy came toward him, with wild pleading in her eyes.

"It is, indeed, useless," he said. "I can do nothing but grieve with you."

## CHAPTER II.

DAYLIGHT found David Hastings watching by his wife; so still, so locked in with sorrow, that, from the very force of his anguish, he scarcely seemed to feel. The woman was no worse. That numb half death, that at first had seemed only a chill from the cold, progressed slowly, but was fastening upon her like a vice all the time. Still, her eyes kept their vivid expression, and broken words came, now and then, from her lips.

As the sun rose and poured its bright, wintry radiance into the room, a jarring sentence distorted that pale mouth:

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"Lucy—child—go!"

David Hastings looked up, questioningly.

"She wishes me to bring some one—her cousin—from the old Wheeler place," she said.

"Do anything she wishes," said the father.

The woman thanked him with her eyes; she had no life for more than that.

Lucy put on her bonnet and the shawl that had failed to keep her mother warm. Then she came to the bed, and kissed those motionless hands, and the lips that were almost dumb.

"Mother, bless me before I go."

"I do—I do!"

These words were uttered distinctly; the force of great love had wrested them from death.

Then Lucy went to her father, wound her arms about his neck, and laid her cheek to his. He raised his hand, touching her face gently, and dropped it again.

The morning was full of beauty. The great elms were drooping beneath a coat of ice, that turned every branch and twig into sprigs of glittering crystal, which gave out a soft, bell-like music as they rustled and swept against each other. But the beauty, that, at another time, would have won Lucy's admiration, now only wounded her. How could everything look so bright when her mother lay dying?

Sometimes her feet sank into the snow, and her walk became wearisome enough. She took no heed of this, but hurried on with breathless haste, urged by an awful fear that she might never see her mother again.

The house she sought was an old brick mansion, like those we often find in ancient villages throughout New England, with a roof that would seem to be intended for a gable, but was cut across the whole length, half-way up, as if by some architectural after-thought, and rounded off with a sort of bird-cage effect. A row of dormer windows broke the lower part of this roof. A porch was at the front door, which was in two parts, an upper and lower one, and a huge iron knocker was on the upper half.

Certainly, this old building was gloomy enough, spite of the sunlight, and the snow. Stalks of dead hollyhocks, flox, and leafless rose bushes protruded through the snow, on either side of a long, bricked walk, that ran from the gate of a picket fence, to the front door. The front door yard, cleft in twain by this walk, was crowded with dark, Norway spruce trees, to which a huge old pine, at one end of the house, added the gloom of its shadows; while two naked Lombardy poplars, half-dead with age, stood at the gate, like poverty-stricken sentinels, shivering.

Lucy went straight up this path, and knocked, hastily.

After a time, she heard footsteps in the hall; half the door was swung open; and a small, keen-faced man leaned over the lower part, and, folding his arms on the edge, examined her from head to foot.

"What on arth has brought a gal like you out, and the snow more'n two feet deep?" he said, at last.

"I wish to see Mrs. Farnsworth. Say that I am in great haste, please."

"Miss Farnsworth! You want to see her, do ye? Well, now, I reckon you'll have ter wait!"

"No, no; I cannot wait! I must see her now; let me in!"

She spoke, with something like authority, which had its effect. The man stepped back, and swung the lower half of the door open.

"Wall, now, if you're in such a tarnaceous hurry, walk right straight in, and I'll see if the marm's up yit."

Lucy entered a wide, deep hall, that ran through the house, from front to rear, where there was an old-fashioned garden.

Once under shelter, the poor girl began to feel the great tax that had been put upon her strength; and, observing two or three wooden chairs, with backs woven out of slender ash stems, such as the foresters of England used for their strong bows in olden times, she sunk into one of them, weary, and so faint that she almost ceased to suffer. Thus, in a state bordering on double consciousness, she became aware of some strange objects on the opposite wall, while she was still thinking of the mother she had left.

Those objects were a line of grim old pictures, grotesque enough to drag a mind, naturally artistic, into a state of mental revolt. Those old, leather-faced men, peering out from rusty backgrounds of canvas, seemed to look at her sideways, with solemn, but covertly enticing glances, as if almost tempted to glide out of their gorgeously new frames, and be sociable.

In their midst, a lean female, in faded velvet, waspish in countenance and in the shape of her long waist, eyed her from under a pent house of powdered hair, in sneering wonder that anything so young, and exquisitely lovely, should have found courage to sit down in her presence.

Lucy's attention was drawn vaguely from this upright female to the semblance of a great tree, branching out luxuriously in all directions; a tree without leaves; but, instead, it bore a wonderful fruitage of names, engrossed on a patchwork of red, green, yellow and purple colors; altogether a wonderful production, whose roots

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must have struck deep into innumerable cemeteries, before it reached that glory of ancestral growth.

The poor girl could hardly wonder what that gorgeous outgrowth of color meant. Her eyes wandered wearily back to the pictures, and from them down the hall. How cruelly those precious minutes were drifting away! She could not endure the agony of waiting longer. Would no one come? Oh, if the lady only knew how terrible all this was!

Tortured with these thoughts, the girl arose, wild with impatience, and was about to leave the house, for suspense was becoming agony; but a slight sound held her back, and, leaning heavily on the chair, she waited.

Yes, it was a footstep; but not the soft tread of a woman. That strange man was returning. She saw him coming slowly down the hall.

"Tired of waiting, I reckon," he said, jerking his thumb toward the chair she had left. "Set down, set down; she'll be on hand afore long; has to titivate afore the looking-glass considerably afore she'll see anybody. Now, don't get out of patience, but set down, and get acquainted with her annsisters; they're ales on hand."

Lucy sat down, turning her eyes upon the man with a look of piteous pleading.

"Couldn't you persuade her to come at once? Oh, do—do! I must get back."

"I might ask her, in course; but what good would it do? A feller might jest as well whistle, with both hands in his pocket, as ask her to do anything she don't want ter. Now, take my advice, and make yerself sociable with the annsisters. They're good as pie, when you once get acquainted. She sets a lot by them old codgers, I can tell you."

"But will she come soon?"

"In course she will. She didn't want ter, jest at fust; but I took a sort of notion to you, right off, and sez I: 'There's a gal down stairs,' sez I, 'just as purty as a pink, and wants to see you, right off,' sez I. Sez she, 'Who is it, Nathan?' a sort of uneasy, as if she didn't want to see anybody. Sez I, 'Miss Farnsworth—' 'Madam Farnsworth!' sez she, with a lift of the head that she has got when she isn't over-satisfied. 'Wal, madum,' sez I, 'it seems to me as if it was the Methodist minister's dorter, from Wheeler's Holler. Any way, she's as much like the lady a-hanging up in the hall, among all those old drawins, as two peas in a pod.'"

Lucy looked up at the lady in velvet, and a smile quivered about her mouth, at which Nathan broke into a crackling laugh.

"Had to do it," he said, with a quizzical look at the picture. "That was the only way to fetch her."

"'Nathan,' sez she, lifting her chin in the air—it's a way she has when them picters is mentioned—'Nathan,' sez she, 'you take liberties with a great and proud family when you say that. There is no one who has a right to look like that picter but myself. In no other person can a noble race have represented itself. The minister's dorter wants my name to head a mission fund, or donation party, I dare say. I'll see her, if it's only to show how mistook you are in thinking that she could look like me.' 'It was not like you, madum,' ses I; 'but the picter.' 'What is like me?' ses she, a goin' up to the lookin'-glass, and a tossin' her head, like a skittish hoss, afore it. 'No one ever looked more like an ancestoress than I do.'"

After that one smile, in which the mischevous spirit of youth overcame her great misery, for the moment, Lucy scarcely heard anything that the man was saying, but sat there, with her eyes on his face, listening for some sound that might denote the coming of the lady. But Nathan went on, pleased with her apparent attention.

"If you do want to git up a mission fund, or to have her donate, come with a clean sheet of paper, without a name on it. If she don't start off with her name, as large as life, she won't do a darned thing. Now, remember, I tell you. Then, agin, if you could see a likeness, between hers and that stuck-up female on the wall, and say it, without larfin', the figgers might run up, consederbly."

"Will she never come!" cried the girl, starting from her chair. "Oh, this is cruel!"

"What is the matter with this young person?" said a voice, from the lower end of the hall.

Lucy turned, and saw a lady, dressed in dark silk, and with a small, French cap on her head, coming towards her; certainly, a finer, and more interesting person, than that antique female, on the wall, had ever been.

"Oh, madam, madam! I am so grateful that you have come. Pray, listen to me, one moment, that I may go back to my mother, who is—oh, madam, we fear that she is dying!"

The girl clasped her hands, as she spoke; tears gushed into her eyes; and she looked into the woman's face, imploringly.

There was something almost tragic in the sudden outburst, that appealed to a vein of romance in the woman's character, which had led her into many eccentricities, and might, in a more generous nature, have been moulded into a virtue. For the moment, she was intensely sympathetic.

"Who is your mother?" she questioned, tak-

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ing the girl's hand, with an air of kindness, that would have touched the young heart, but for a shade of condescension, that went with it. "If it is possible, I shall be glad to help her; the poor have never appealed to me in vain."

"My mother—who is she? Eunice Wheeler; that was what I was to tell you. If your relatives ever lived in this house, she is one of them."

"If my relatives ever lived in this house," broke in the lady, crimson with indignation; "where else should they live?"

"I do not know. She thought herself the last of the family, till the old place was sold. Now, thinking that you may be some relative, that she never heard of, she wishes to see you, before she dies."

"A relative she never heard of. Very likely. The branch of the Wheeler family, to which this house belonged, left the old country, while the head, represented by myself, was a nobleman at court."

The lady erected her person, proudly, as she said this, and turned a reverential glance on one of the grim, old gentlemen, that looked down upon her from the wall.

"I do not know—I never heard; but, oh, madam, forgive me; I must not remain here a minute longer. My poor mother—you will come to her?"

"Yes, I will come. As the head of the family, it is my duty.'

"But, now—now! Dear lady, there is no time for delay. Even now, she may be beyond the power of speech."

This pathetic eagerness had its influence. The woman, answered, but with impatience:

"I have said that it was my duty. I think no one ever has accused me of hesitation, or delay, where that is concerned. Nathan, see that the horses are harnessed, at once. The double sleigh, my black horses, three rows of bells, and plenty of furs, with my seal-skin robe, and a foot-warmer."

"Thank you—thank you; I will go, now," said Lucy, folding the shawl around her.

Mrs. Farnsworth scanned her dress, a moment, then, slightly lifting her eyebrows, answered:

"Perhaps it would be better. Being used to walking, you may prefer it."

"Oh, yes; I could not wait! But you will surely come?"

"Have I not promised?"

The lady drew herself up, with great dignity, as she said this, but graciously waved her hand, as Lucy hurried into the porch, and through the gloomy shadows thrown across the path by the dark spruce trees.

The road was still untrodden, and her walk wearisome. But she struggled forward, with desperate energy, despite the blinding dazzle of sunlight upon snow, or the keen air, that froze the tears on her cheeks.

## CHAPTER III.

Half-way home, she came to a piece of woodland, crowded with cedars, and ragged, yellow pines, that had caught the snow, on their sharp needles, and were sifting it down through the branches, in showers. Here the drifts lay heaped across the road, breast high, and the cold shadows fell upon her like a pall. She paused, to gather breath for the toil that lay before her, and was looking desperately around, for some shallow place in the drifts, when the sound of sleigh bells, close behind her, and a sudden cry of warning made her stagger on one side, so swiftly, that she would have fallen, but for a young man, who leaped from the cutter, in which he was driving, and, grasping the reins in one hand, caught her with his free arm.

Without a word, he lifted her into the cutter, wrapped a buffalo robe about her, and placed himself by her side. It was the young doctor.

"Were you going home?" he said, urging his horse on, but looking down into her face, with great compassion in his eyes. "How did you get so far away, on such a road like this? I hope your mother is not so much worse, that you were coming for me."

"I cannot tell. It seems years since I have seen her," answered the girl, with a timid, but grateful glance upward. "She wanted to see a lady, who lives at the old Wheeler place, and I went for her. But they kept me so long, and the deep snow held me back. She may be dead, and I not there. Oh, doctor, doctor! would she die so soon?"

"I hope not—I think not. Don't be frightened; she may live many days yet."

"But she will never—never get well."

The girl said this with a low wail of pain, that went to the young man's heart. He did not answer, but turned away his head.

"It is kind, not to tell me. I could not bear to hear it, in words. Oh, doctor, doctor, you don't know how we love her!" she pleaded.

The young man closed his eyelids, quickly, and the lashes were wet, when he opened them again. Leaning gently toward her, he gathered the robe up close, and put her cold hands under it, only saying:

"We are almost home, now."

Ah! but it was a dreary home, for that poor girl to enter. Mrs. Hastings lay upon the bed,

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much as Lucy had left her, utterly helpless; but keenly conscious of all that was going on about her. A gleam of disappointment came into her eyes, when she saw the doctor; but they brightened, as Lucy came forward, and whispered:

"I have seen the lady, and she is coming."

The sick woman did not attempt to speak, but Lucy fancied that those cold fingers closed, gratefully, around hers; and she will think so to her dying day.

"Oh, doctor! she moves a little!" she cried out, with a swift rush of hope, that was almost exultant; then a glance in that grave face chilled her, and, covering her eyes with both hands, she turned away, dreading to look at him again.

The mother was attempting to speak, but stopped, and seemed to listen; for a rush of hoofs, and a confused ringing of sleigh bells, broke the stillness; and these sounds were directly followed by a female voice, rather sharp, finding fault because no path had been cleared from the gate to the door-stone.

"They knew that I was coming. The girl had plenty of time to get home, and make preparation; but here is the snow, over my ankles, and the knocker frozen fast. Nathan, see if you can make yourself heard. Ah!"

The door was opened for Mrs. Farnsworth, and Dr. Gould stood before her.

"The family are in great distress," he said; "but they expect you. Pray, pass in."

The lady's displeasure subsided, at once, for she recognized the courtesy of this reception, and raised her eyes, approvingly.

"Dr. Gould, I believe," she said, lifting her fur-lined cloak high enough to display a pair of dainty, French boots, as she made a pretense of shaking the snow away. "I am happy to find the invalid under such care."

Doctor Gould only bent his head. With him, this was no time, or place, for society compliments.

"I think you will find Mrs. Hastings in here," he said, opening a door of the room in which the minister was sitting.

Mrs. Farnsworth entered the room, laid her sable muff on a chair, and unwound the boa from her throat. Then, with the air of a sister of charity, she drew close to the poor man, who sat, with his arms resting on a table, so lost in the apathy of grief, that he was scarcely aware of her presence. When she laid her gloved hand on his arm, he started, and looked up, like one in a dream.

Those dry, haggard eyes, would have touched another heart to genuine sympathy; but no feeling ever disturbed this woman, until her own self-importance was established. Even in comforting a forlorn fellow-creature, she glorified her vanity in doing it. Just then, she felt herself endowed, as an angel of mercy.

"My dear sir, as a minister of the gospel, you must arouse yourself. This is an affliction we must all come to, sooner or later. I do not speak of myself. But to others, who require examples of fortitude, this depth of grief might be a reproach."

"It may be, it may be!" answered the unhappy man. "But we have lived together for twenty-five years. So many joys and sorrows have linked our lives, that it is worse than death to part with her."

Mrs. Farnsworth drew a chair close to the minister, and turned her face to his, feeling that the mere expression of her eyes must have an exalting effect upon him.

"Still," she said, "it is your duty to be resigned. In the inspirations that possess me, I sometimes look into the human heart more deeply than others, and am thus prepared to give both sympathy and advice."

Mr. Hastings lifted his weary eyes, and gazed at the woman, vaguely.

"I am almost broken down," he said. "In a calamity like this, one feels too deeply for calm reasoning."

"Yet you call yourself a teacher of the gospel," said the woman, with prim severity.

"I call myself nothing but a weary man, whom God has smitten sorely to the heart."

"But, from you, more fortitude is expected."

"God knows how weak is the creature he has made, and does not look upon suffering as a crime."

The haggard misery, in those deep, gray eyes, would have rebuked the officious kindness, that was only intensifying pain, such as this woman could neither feel nor comprehend; but she was bent on her own course of consolation, and took the hand, that had dropped on this poor man's knee, between both her gloved palms, pressing it softly.

"I did hope to bring you into a right frame of mind, and lead you up to the throne of grace for consolation," she said.

"My soul is already there," answered the minister, withdrawing his hand from her clasp, with instinctive repulsion, at this hollow kindness. Then the abrupt act was rebuked by his own gentle nature, and he added, "Still I thank you."

"It may be that you will have something to thank me for. Of course, I should not come to this place, only to offer unacceptable consolation."

Here the lady cast a distasteful glance around



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the poverty-stricken room, allowing it to rest on the antique andirons in the fireplace. "I am told, and, something that I see here, confirms it, that your wife is a member of my family."

A gleam of surprise crossed the minister's face, as he turned it toward this persistent visitor.

"I did not know that."

"She was a Wheeler. She once lived in the old mansion."

"Yes; it was from that house we were married. She was the last of a ruined family."

"I beg your pardon—of one ruined branch of the Wheelers. The trunk itself, the sap and life of the family-tree, is still represented in me."

Mrs. Farnsworth arose, as she made this announcement, and drew the sable-lined cloak around her, as a Roman empress might carry her mantle of state; but this unconscious assumption made no impression, whatever, on the minister, who merely shook his head, and dropped his eyes, murmuring:

"I do not know; I do not know."

"But I must learn something of this person, before I grant the interview she asks—something of yourself, too."

"Of me? Well, well!" was the vague answer, for the man's heart was far away, in the old house he had left, with a fair, gentle bride, twenty-five years before, and he hardly recalled what the woman was talking about.

"They tell me that you are a minister—a Methodist minister; is that so?"

"I was a minister, and traveled the circuit many years of my life, till my voice failed, my strength gave way, and God had no further need of me there."

"Then, as all that is over, you are nothing now?"

"Not much—not much of anything. I preach, now and then, in the red school-house up yonder, and the brethren are good enough to consider me as a local preacher."

"Ah! and this is all you get for it?" said Mrs. Farnsworth, casting a scornful look around.

A faint flush came over the minister's face.

"The Methodist brethren in these parts are not rich, as other denominations, but they like to have me stay with them; and she was happier near her old home," he said, in a sad, deprecating voice, glancing toward his wife.

She paused, for a moment, uncertain. But she reflected that clergymen were always considered gentlemen, though she regarded the threadbare and mended garment worn by this one with distrust. "I will, at any rate, see this woman, and make up my mind afterwards," she said to herself. "It will be expected of me."

Mrs. Farnsworth was looking out of the window as these thoughts left her mind, and saw the doctor going down the path, on his way to the cutter. She saw him leap to his seat, and drive away, before the presence of Lucy, who had entered the room, became known to her. The girl was bending over her father, whispering some words of comfort or endearment. When the lady turned, she lifted her head, and came forward, saying:

"Will you come, now? Mother expects you."

Mrs. Farnsworth gathered up her garments, and swept through the door, which Lucy held open for her. Then the father and child were left alone with their sorrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# NO REST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

In the long ago, when no man knew it,
I dug a grave in the silent night,
And I led Love down, and there I slew it,
And buried it out of the whole world's sight.
And I said, "Lie there, in the dark forever—
Lie with the sods piled over your breast,
And I will go forth in the world, and never
Suffer again with the old unrest."

But, lo! to-day, with the great sun o'er me,
Shining down in its summer prime,
I saw in the noontide, standing before me,
The murdered love of the olden time.
It came—and the sere cloth wrapped and bound it—
No flesh on its fingers, and mold on its hair.
And the damp, dank smell of the grave was around it,
And its eyes were the eyes of a great despair.

I walk abroad, when the sun is shining,
I cry aloud, but it will not flee.
Closer and closer its arms are twining,
Nearer and nearer it clings to me.
Heavy the sods, but they could not crush it,
Deep the grave, but it would not lie.
Strong is my heart, but it cannot hush it,
It is greater than death, and it will not die.

O! mad is he, who, in vaunting fashion,
By the might of his pride, or the force of his will,
Deems he can strip from the heart a passion,
That is higher than heaven, and deeper than hell.
We may hush it to sleep, but it will awaken—
It will break away from the grave's control.
There is no peace for a heart love-shaken,
For after death, it will claim the soul.

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a French ulster, of which we give the back and front view. The material is of fine waterproof tweed, and the ulster consists of a skirt, mounted to the edge of a double-breasted, close-fitting casaque, which has three collars. The sides of the skirt are united to the back breadth with a double plait, on the top of which there are large buttons. Below the waist there are two straps, fastened with a large buckle. A pocket on the right side, and deep cuffs at the wrist. The collars are made separate from the ulster, so that they can be worn at pleasure.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume of bronze-colored ladies' cloth, or camel's hair, trimmed with either velvet, or plush of a darker shade, or to match, as may be preferred. The skirt has a

No. 1.

kilt-plaited front, which is made upon a foundation. The sides are fulled across, and trimmed with revers of velvet, or plush, opening from the waist, and widening to the bottom of the skirt. The back breadths are straight, and the fullness is laid in three large double box-plaits at the waist. The edge of these breadths is trimmed with a box, or side-plaiting six inches deep, of the material. The under foundation of the skirt is quite narrow, only a trifle over two yards in width. The back breadths sweep in a slight demi-train. The casaque is long, and fitted to the figure, with the fullness at the back, laid in two box-plaits from the waist line, finished with two buttons. A rolling collar, deep cuffs, and a deep band of the plush, or velvet on the edge, is



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all the trimming, except the bows of satin ribbon which ornament the front, and finish the cuffs. This costume having a slight demi-train, is most suitable for receptions and visiting. For an ex-

No. 2.

clusive walking-suit, we recommend the back, shortened to correspond with the front and sides. Ten to twelve yards of double-fold goods. One and a-half yards of velvet or plush, required.

No. 3—Is a costume of plain and brocaded cashmere, faced with velvet. The skirt is made upon a foundation of silesia. Face the edge of the skirt on the right side with the plain cashmere; then arrange the front. This is done by taking one width of the plain cashmere, cut the required length, and allow an half-yard extra for the fullness just above the flounce. Make three or four bows of gaging, in the middle of the breadth, to gather in this half-yard. Arrange it as seen in illustration, plain from the waist down, and plaiting up the fullness at the sides. The trimming for the bottom of the skirt is a box-plaited flounce, nine inches deep, put on with a heading. This is continued all around the skirt. The over-skirt is of the brocade cashmere, and has turned-back revers of velvet. It opens in front, and is slightly draped in the back. The casaque is of the brocade, and has the coat-skirt put on below the waist, opening at the back seam, where it is laid in a hollow plait. Velvet cuffs, and a plastron of velvet trims the front of the casaque. This will be a good model by which to renovate a last winter's costume. Adding the brocade tunic, and casaque to the old skirt, of

No. 3.

either cashmere or silk. Eight yards of brocade; one and a-quarter yards of velvet; six yards of plain cashmere will be required. Fancy buttons.

No. 4—Is a pretty and stylish dress for either house or walking. Our model is in black cashmere, or mousseline de laine combined with black satin, and passementerie trimming of silk

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and jet. The skirt is of the cashmere, and trimmed on the bottom with four narrow knife-plaitings of satin; the lower one, and the third nearly covered by the second and fourth plaitings.

No. 4.

Above these, the passementerie trimming is arranged. A scarf-like drapery is put on across the front, which is done by taking three yards of the material. Begin at the left side, and arrange the plaits as seen in illustration, taking them up again on the right side, and the end that is left, loop in irregular pouffs at the back, and trim the edge with a narrow knife-plaiting of the satin, which arrange to fall in a sort of jabot, tacking it here and there to keep it in place. The close, round basque is cut double-breasted, but the front seam is continued as seen. Part of this double-breasted piece is cut away, and the bodice from this point is buttoned on the front seam. Here, the passementerie trimming is laid to simulate a square neck, terminated by three loops of inch and a-half wide satin ribbon. A bow and ends of the same, is placed on a line with the loops at the neck. Cuffs, covered with passementerie, and finished with bow of ribbon, same as those on the bodice. When the passementerie trimming cannot be procured, or when something else must be substituted, we suggest a band of satin, for the skirt above the plaitings, or it would do very nicely without any other heading, than that already made by the knife-plaiting, and some black lace, Spanish, or French lace for the bodice, or else put a plaiting of the satin to match the skirt. Twelve yards of cashmere, six yards satin will be required.

No. 5—Is a model for the front of a dress-skirt. Two narrow knife-plaitings edge the entire skirt. The front, has, first a plain panel of the figured material, upon which is arranged

No. 5.

three groups of the same material, as seen in illustration, each being fastened down in the centre by passementerie rosettes. Rosettes of satin ribbon, or loops of ribbon may be substituted for the passementerie ornaments. The back and sides of the skirt are of plain material, fulled on a with ruffle heading on the right side, and on the left the fullness is disposed in irregular pouffs and loopings. Suitable for either silk or woolen goods.

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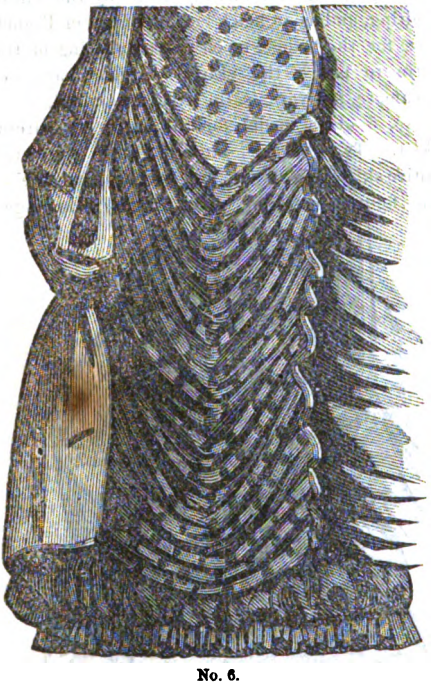
No. 6—Is another design, showing also the front, and part of right side of a trimmed dress-skirt. Here, there is, first, a narrow knife-plaiting all round the edge of the skirt, and above it a puff of the plain material. The front is festooned in regular plaits on the foundation; back and sides looped and pouffed; the right side with one end hanging, as may be seen.



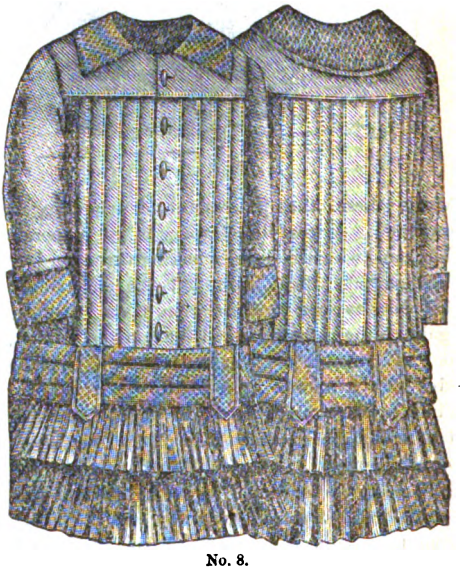
No. 6.

Both these models contain good suggestions for remodeling old skirts, by combining figured, or polka-dotted silk with plain. Both are more suitable for silk, than for heavy woolen goods, although cashmere with silk, may be used.

No. 7—Is a stylish costume, for a little girl of eight to ten years. It is made of camel's hair cashmere, and brocaded wool, and silk mixed goods. The skirt has a box-plaited flounce of the brocade on the edge, and the over-skirt is bordered all round with a band of the brocade, four inches wide, put on above the hem. The front is slightly wrinkled, and the back has one or two loopings, only enough to break the straight lines of the skirt. The vest, which is of brocade, is made separate, and buttons underneath on the left side. The over-jacket is a long casque, fitting closely to the figure, turned back on the front of the skirt, and fastened by a button at the point. Cuffs of brocade. The collar is square in the back, ending in long points in front. The edge of collar, cuffs, and jacket as far as the waist, is finished with a narrow torchon edge. A thick cording of silk

No. 7.

may be substituted for a finish if preferred. A belt of the material, fastened in front with an oxydized clasp.



No. 8.

No. 8—Shows the back and front of a pretty little dress, for a little girl of from two to four

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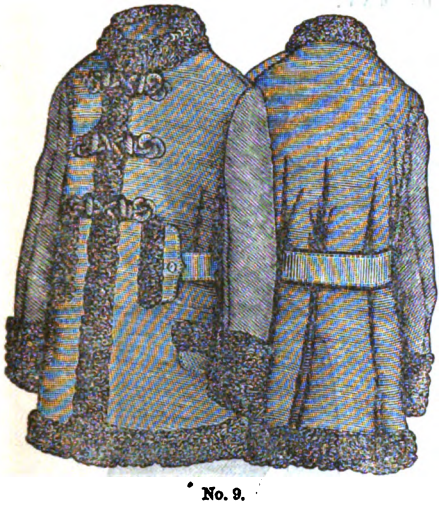
years. The material is cashmere, or fine flannel, plaited into a square yoke. The skirt is set on this long waist, and trimmed with two knife-plaitings. The sash, collar and cuffs are of some



No. 9.

soft silk, or woolen goods, either brocaded, or plaid, and the sash is arranged permanently upon the skirt, being laid in plaits, and fastened down at intervals by straps of the same, piped on the edge. A bow and ends ornament the left side, almost under the arms. This model would be equally suitable for a boy of the same age.

No. 9—Gives the front and back of a paletot, for a boy of six to eight years, made of cloth, and trimmed with fur. It is simply a loose sacque, elted in across the back.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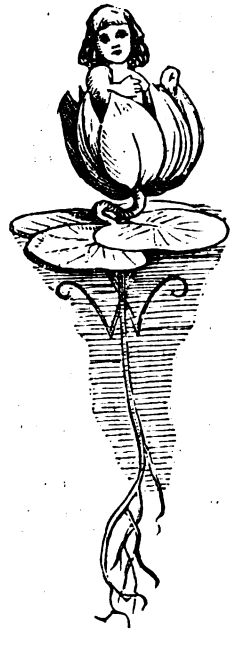
In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.


## FANCY FIGURES: IN OUTLINE STITCH.



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# GERTRUDE CORSAGE REDINGOTE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, on the opposite column, an engraving of a new CORSAGE REDINGOTE, called the "Gertrude." Folded in, with this number, is a SUPPLEMENT, containing full-size patterns of the different parts of this fashionable affair.

By the aid of the patterns, on this diagram, any lady, no matter how remote from a dressmaker, can cut out and make up the garment for herself. These full-size patterns render "Peterson," in this way, indispensable in a household. By their aid, and at no additional expense, any lady can dress as stylishly, as if she lived in Philadelphia, New York, or Paris.

The Redingote, it will be seen, is double-breasted, buttoning up to the neck, with a rather wide collar, which is turned down all round. The pattern (see the SUPPLEMENT) consists of seven pieces, viz:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF BACK.
III.—HALF OF SIDE BACK.
IV.—HALF OF SKIRT.
V.—POCKET.
VI.—COLLAR.
VII.—SLEEVE.

We have marked, on the front, the middle line of the front, by dots, with a notch top and bottom. The notch in the waist seam of the skirt, corresponds to the notch in the waist seam of fore-part, at the bottom of the dots. The letters show how the pieces are put together. The dotted line, on the front of the skirt piece, is where the pattern turns over; the dots at the back, show where the buttons are to be placed.

# COLORED PATTERN FOR CHAIR-SEAT, SCREEN, ETC.

We give, in the front of the number, printed in colors, one of those beautiful and costly patterns, which appear in "Peterson," and in "Peterson" only. We offer it, as a NEW YEAR'S GIFT to our subscribers for 1881, with our best wishes for their health, prosperity and happiness. The pattern may be used, not only for a chair-seat, or screen, but for various other purposes. The style of embroidery is the "Henri III."

The design is to be worked in cross-stitch, with either single or double zephyr, on canvas. If ordinary canvas is used, work the pattern, and fill in the ground-work with ivory-white, pale maize, maroon, or a cool gray, any neutral tint that will bring out the colors of the design. Those above mentioned will be the best.

This pattern may also be worked on Java canvas, which comes in cotton, and wool; and may be had in ecru, gray, maroon, crimson and black. Or the pattern may even be used for a rug, or mat; but in this case, we would advise working on the ordinary coarse canvas, and filling in the ground-work, and then using the double wool for both the design and the filling-in.



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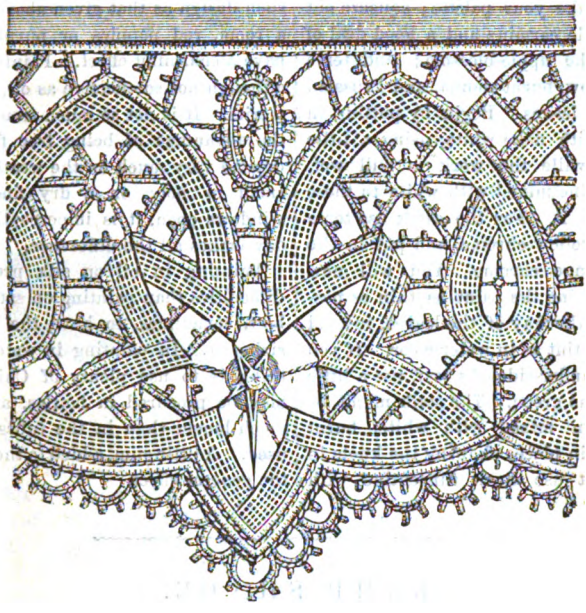
# TRIMMING: MODERN POINT LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The braid used for this lace is called point lace braid, and, after copying the design on tracing cloth, and tacking down the braid, the connecting bars are buttonholed, and ornamented with small picots. The scollops at the edge are buttonholed over soft embroidery cotton.

# PAINTING ON SATIN AND SILK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a very beautiful design for a screen, to be painted on satin. With the revival of art in the present day, painting on satin and silk has become deservedly popular. It goes hand in hand, in fact, with art-embroidery.

Painting on satin and silk is very effective, is not difficult, and it can be utilized in a variety of ways. It is especially suitable for large folding-screens, hand-screens, table borders, dress trimmings, etc., etc. We have seen several ball-dresses, recently, with sprays of flowers painted on them; and long kid gloves are now often painted with little bouquets to match the dress. We give, hence, a design, which may be used for a screen, or other purposes. In our February number, for 1880, we gave several Japanese designs in embroidery, which our old subscribers will find equally good for painting on satin, or silk. We shall, during the coming year, give other designs.

Now as to a few simple instructions in the art. To begin with colors:

Transparent: Carmine, Prussian blue, purple lake.

Semi-transparent: Burnt sienna, terre verte, Vandyke brown.

Opaque: Flake white, Venetian red, cobalt, vermilion, chrome yellow, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

These are sufficient to make a beginning with. They are prepared in tubes at any colorman's. A bottle of turpentine will also be required, a wooden palette, a palette knife, and some sable brushes, Nos. 4 and 5.

The satin may be cotton-backed, but the finer the grain the better. Now for the design. If



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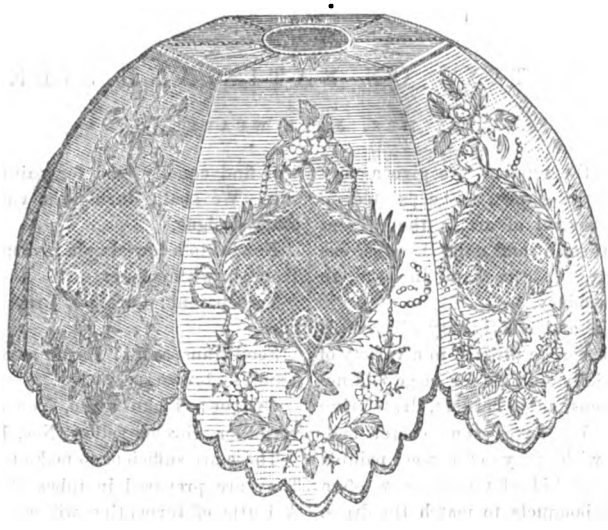
you can draw, take a flower and copy it. If you cannot draw, utilize old crewel patterns. Honeysuckle, jasmine, ox-eyed daisies, apple-blossom, and any other flowers, with a good deal of white or yellow in them, always come out well on black satin. Suppose you are going to paint a bit of apple-blossom. Take your palette; squeeze out of your tubes a little carmine and a good deal of flake white for the apple-blossom; and terre verte, chrome yellow, burnt sienna, and Prussian blue for the green leaves. Begin by putting in the high lights with flake white, using a little turpentine, and while the work is still wet, apply a little carmine mixed with white to those petals that require it. For the calyx use terre verte mixed with yellow chrome, and put in the stamens with orange chrome. You will now begin the leaves, using the paint as thin as possible and working the way of the leaves, instead of putting on a flat tint as in water-color. If you wish to show the under-side of a leaf, use a little flake white with the green. The stalk might be of Vandyke brown mixed with white, burnt sienna b[illegible] used in places showing the knots in the wo[illegible]o not use much turpentine with your colors, but be very careful to wash your brushes well in it after using them. This is of the utmost importance, for if they are left dirty, the paint will stick to them and loosen the hairs of the brushes.

For decorating a screen, you might have some such design as that given above. For a dado to a room, red poppies or purple clematis would have a charming effect. Painting in water-color, although not so effective as oil, is not without its merits. It is not so much trouble as oil, and has the advantage of being free from smell. Oils depend very much on the weather, whether they smell or not: on a dry fine day, with the windows open, it is imperceptible; but a damp day makes all the difference.

Painting in oil on silk presents no further difficulties than painting on satin, although it is best, sometimes, to have the silk prepared by sizing it. In painting in water-color, the chief thing is to use plenty of Chinese white: this may be procured in bottles, and will then last much longer than in the tubes, that are usually used. A little gum, added to the colors, brightens the general effect.

## LAMP SHADE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a pretty design for a lamp shade; and in the front of the number, we give the detail. The detail shows one leaf, full working size, ornamented with embroidery and an application of net. This design could also be utilized for a necktie, if it is wished. The shade, when completed, should be mounted on colored sarsanet.

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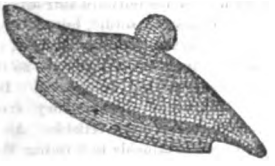
# TAM O' SHANTER CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials, five ounces of yarn or wool. Bone crochet hook, middle size, say No. 8 to 10. The cap is worked throughout in single crochet into the stitch, not into the loop of the chain. When the ninth round has been reached, it is a good plan to tie a piece of white cotton into a stitch; it will be of great use in marking the commence-

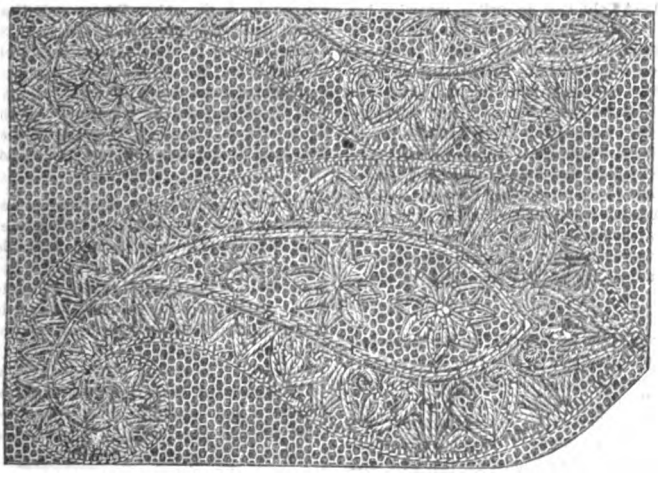


ment of each round, and save trouble. Make a ring of six chain.—First round. Work ten stitches into the ring.—Second round. Work round, two stitches in each stitch.—Third round. Work round, two stitches in every third stitch.—Fourth to seventh round. Work round, two stitches in every fourth stitch.—Eighth to twelfth round. Work round, two stitches in every twelfth stitch.—Thirteenth to twenty-third round. Work round, two stitches in every sixteenth stitch.—Twenty-fourth to twenty-ninth round. Work round, two stitches in every twenty-eighth stitch.—Thirtieth round. Work round, without increasing.—Thirty-first to thirty-sixth round. Work round, decreasing by omitting every twenty-eighth stitch.—Thirty-seventh to forty-seventh round. Work round, decreasing by omitting every sixteenth stitch.—Forty-eighth round. Work round, increasing by working two in every sixth stitch.—Fourty-ninth to fifty-sixth round. Work round, without increasing or decreasing. These last seven rows should be worked tighter than the rest of the cap.

To make the tuft, wind a sufficient quantity of yarn on a piece of cardboard about two inches wide, withdraw the cardboard, and then bind the centre of the yarn with five or six turns of carpet thread, tying it tightly, then cut the ends of each loop of the yarn, and trim the ball or tuft to shape.

# PALM-LEAF DESIGN FOR DARNING ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Use the widest footing, if an insertion is desired, and darn in the pattern with linen floss. For the ends of cravat, use either black or white net. For border of curtains, use mosquito netting, or coarse bobinette. There are few patterns, ever designed, that are so artistic as this.



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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1881! GREATER INDUCEMENTS THAN EVER! We call attention to the Prospectus for 1881, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book* in the world.

We claim also that "Peterson" *combines more desirable qualities* than any other magazine. Its steel-engravings are the finest, and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent: its styles are the newest and most elegant; its superb, colored plates have no rivals. The pattern-sheets, given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-day" department, make it, moreover, indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy.* When but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine; and every family should take, at least, one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind the premium is our unrivalled engraving: "Gran'father Tells Of Yorktown," or our Illustrated Album, Quarto, Gilt. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1881. For still another kind, there are two premiums: the engraving or Album, and also a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine and both the engraving and Album are given, *three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements.

*Now is the time to get up clubs.* Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

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A TRIBUTE TO '80.—A California subscriber, renewing her subscription, says: "And this reminds me, not to forget to mention the delightful evenings we had 'round the wood-fire—which glows on a Californian's hearth, through summer, as well as winter, evenings—following the fortunes of the beautiful American, in Mrs Stephens' 'Lost.' Another favorite story was the 'Talisman of Montezuma.' Among the minor stories, I believe none gave us more pleasure than the 'Marble Queen,' which was, indeed, the very type of a fireside tale. It would be a curious study," she adds, "if all the readers of a magazine could compare notes, as to their individual tastes, and choice, in reading." We, the editors, may add that our experience is "many minds, many tastes," and so, in "Peterson," we try to have something to please everyone.

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OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING is received, by the press and public, with unbounded popularity. The Blue Valley (Neb.) Blade says: "It is equally appropriate and beautiful: such mezzotints, at retail, are sold for five dollars: only the enormous circulation of 'Peterson' can explain why the proprietor can afford such premiums." It adds, as hundreds of others do, "Peterson is, undoubtedly, the best and cheapest of the lady's books."

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A PLEASANT WORD costs nothing, and never does harm; but a harsh one often makes an enemy for life.

WHAT IS "THE BEST SOCIETY?"—Lowell, the poet, now the American Minister to England, in a recent address in London, said that it was easy to get into good society, in fact into the very best, *if we would only read.* To be in intellectual society, which he truly called the highest, it was only necessary to go to a library. He was right. Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Byron, Wordsworth, Addison, Goldsmith, all the illustrious galaxy of English literature, need no letters of introduction; they are ours to converse with, if we will only listen. Whatever may be the outward surroundings of one's life, no matter how coarse, or sordid, one still has it within one's power, to spend part of each day, at least, in this high society. Nothing else furnishes companions so refined. Nowhere can such true culture be gained. Books never deceive, never betray, never slander: they are, above all other friends, the truest, and most reliable. An intercourse with the best writers is invaluable in forming the mind, the heart, and through them, even the manners. There is nothing you can read, no matter how trivial, that is not better than idleness. A home, in which reading prevails, is always a home of refinement.

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THE WORSHIP OF TITLES.—In a recent lecture, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, with her accustomed eloquence, animadverted on the folly of those American girls who are ambitious of marrying foreigners with titles. She pointed out how ignoble the ambition was; how, as a rule, the girls were sought only for their money; and how very rarely these unions resulted in happiness. The increasing worship of rank, which may be noticed among so many wealthy families, especially in our eastern cities, can be called by no other name than "snobbishness." To hear some of these people talk, one would think this was no longer a republic.

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THE KENSINGTON STITCH, about which some new subscribers enquire, is the old, well-known outline stitch, or stem-stitch, under another name. We give, on another page, a description of it, with illustrations, showing how to hold the needle, etc., etc. We think we have made this description plain, but for those who desire it, we will send a leaf with the outline-stitch begun upon it, showing how to place the needle, on the receipt of twenty-five cents, directed to Mrs. Jane Weaver, care of Peterson's Magazine.

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OUR NEW YEAR'S GIFT to the hundred and fifty thousand subscribers for "Peterson" for 1881 is the most beautiful affair of the kind ever published. It is a design, as will be seen, in the style of Henry the Third, in art-embroidery. Every color, in this exquisite affair, had to be printed separately. Hence the cost of the whole is something almost marvellous. But "Peterson" spares no expense to "lead the field."

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"ELEGANCE AND LOVELINESS."—The Boston (Mass.) Home Journal, a high authority, says: "Peterson's magazine always comes freighted with an atmosphere of elegance and loveliness. The fashions, particularly, are as beautiful as they are sensible."

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SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS IS THE WORST foible that a young girl can have. Never think of yourself, if you would be at ease in society.



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OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1881. Our new premium engraving, to be presented to persons getting up clubs, for this year, is from an original picture, by that distinguished American artist, Edward L. Henry. It is particularly appropriate, considering that 1881 is the "Yorktown Centennial Year." The engraving is in line and stipple, in the highest style of art, by Illman & Brothers, of the size of 24 inches by 20, and is entitled, "GRAN'FATHER TELLS OF YORKTOWN." It represents a veteran of '76, in his old age, with his little granddaughter between his knees, rehearsing the story of the Surrender of Cornwallis. The picture is painted with all that skill, and that truth in detail, which distinguishes this celebrated artist, *and ought to be on the walls of every house in America.*

*In addition to this* superb engraving, there will be given, for the larger clubs, a handsomely bound and ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, in which friends, or acquaintances can write their autographs, or inscribe verses. Or the Album will be sent, instead of the engraving, if preferred. But see the terms, on the last page of cover, for information,

For many clubs, as will be seen on the same page, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent to the getter up of the club. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or Album: and for some, all three. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great.

*Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1881, If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Specimens are sent gratis, if written for, with which to get up clubs.

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"ALWAYS GETTING BETTER."—The Spencer (Iowa) Reporter says of Peterson's Magazine: "It is a wonder how this unrivalled lady's book can be published at so low a price, yet always be getting better; but the secret, we suppose, lies in its enormous circulation." Yes, that is it. A small profit on a large list, is *our* motto. That of others is a large profit on a small list. The result is that "Peterson" had, for 1880, more subscribers than *all the rest of the lady's books put together*; and already, for 1881, we have received so many accessions, that we shall leave even 1880 behind.

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"THEY DECEIVED ME."—A lady writes to us: "I took another magazine, in 1880, that promised ever so much; but it deceived me, as plenty of others, have; and now I want to come back to 'Peterson,' that *always keeps its promises.*" We receive hundreds of such letters. Why will people allow themselves to be "taken in" by these mushroom, irresponsible affairs?

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COMPARE OUR COLORED FASHIONS with those in any other magazine. Ours are works of art, as mere pictures; besides being the most reliable and stylish of fashion plates. This is the only magazine that prints its fashions from steel plates, and has them afterwards colored by hand.

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THE STEEL PLATES, COLORED FASHIONS, colored patterns, and other embellishments, that appear in "Peterson," every year, cost more than those of all the other lady's books in the United States, together.

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THE RISE OF PAPER, within the last year, has been very great, as, we suppose, is known to our subscribers. Yet "Peterson" continues to club as low as ever.

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OUR PARIS LETTERS, on the newest fashions, written by a correspondent who has special facilities, are begun in this number. No other lady's magazine has such letters.

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LIVE FOR OTHERS, not for yourself alone. Wealth may go; health depart; but affection, once won, remains; and in trouble, or sorrow, affection is worth everything else.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS for whom we are responsible. Either remit direct to us; join a club; or subscribe through some local news agent. *Trust no stranger.*

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HAVE YOU A WIFE, sweetheart, or sister? You can give them no gift, at New Year, so acceptable as would be this magazine for 1881.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Drifting. By Thomas Buchanan Read. Illustrated From Designs By Miss L. B. Humphrey.* 1 *vol., small 4to. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.* One of the most perfect poems of its kind ever written, is "Drifting," descriptive of the Bay of Naples, by the late Thomas Buchanan Read. We have it here, at last, in a style worthy of its merits: printed in a small quarto, on vellum-like paper, with each stanzas illustrated. It may seem extravagant to say that the illustrations are entirely worthy of the verses; but this is really so; and the result is a volume that has hardly an equal. To select any one illustration may seem invidious, but though all are fine, the best, we think, is the last. Several are bits of scenery about Naples: Ischia, Vesuvius, Sorrento: we even recognize the Hotel of the Siren, at the latter place, beetling over its cliff. The book would make a charming New Year's gift.

*New Bed-Time Stories. With Illustrations.* 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.* A collection of a dozen, or more, stories for children, written in that thoroughly artistic manner, that characterises everything that comes from Mrs. Moulton's pen. Those persons, who know her poetry, know that she has all the imaginative powers, that are requisite for tales like these; but it is only those, who are familiar with her prose, and with her skill in fiction, that can realize how excellent these stories are.

*Japanese Fairy World. By William Elliot Griffis.* 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Schnectady: James H. Barbyte.*—This pretty little volume is from the pen of Mr. Griffis, author of "The Mikado's Empire." The tales are selections from the Japanese, and open up quite a new field, especially to those persons who are interested in folk-lore. Some of the stories are as charming as anything of the kind ever written, The illustrations are by a Japanese artist, Ozano, of Tokio.

*Jack And Jill: A Village Story. By Louisa M. Alcott.* 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.* Very few writers, can rival Miss Alcott; at least when she writes for children: though even people of "larger growth" find both amusement and instruction in her stories. We can fancy the delight with which this little volume will be welcomed.

*Dick Cheveley. By W. H. Kingston.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This, a posthumous work, is better, we think, than any which preceded it from the same pen. No young lad, hardly any grown man, even, can read it without feeling the thrill of its rapid action and exciting adventures.

*Roy and Viola. By Mrs. Forrester.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The author of this new novel is already favorably known for her "Mignon," "Dolores," &c., &c. The present story is full of incidents, and ends happily, two very important requisites for popularity.

*The Wellfields. By Jessie Forthergill.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—This is much better, even, than the "First Violin," by the same author, though that was a story quite above the usual average. "The Wellfields," for instance, is as original, and much more skillfully handled.

*My Marriage.* 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—A story of newly married life, well told, and full of wholesome truths. The volume is most daintily served up by the publishers. The binding, especially, is a proof of that taste, which always distinguishes this firm.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

It Is The Claim of this magazine that it *combines more merits* than any other. Its stories are the best, its fashions the most stylish, its steel engravings unequalled, its patterns in embroidery, &c., &c., more elegant and numerous. The newspaper press confirms all these claims. Says the Newark (N. J.) Courier: "The most popular fashion monthly in the country." Says the Norristown (Pa.) Herald: "The only lady's magazine worthy of the name." Says the Reading (Pa.) Times: "Will always rank high as a literary magazine." Says the Falls (Iowa) Sentinel: "Has some new and special attractions every month." Says the Princeton (Wis.) Republic: "The first magazine of its class." Says the Lynn (Mass.) Record: "Indispensable to everybody who desires to keep thoroughly posted in regard to the fashions." Says the Salem (N. J.) Standard: "The cheapest, as well as the best, of the ladies' magazines." There are hundreds of such notices, every month; or, to put it all in five words, "Peterson" is, as the Central Falls (R. I.) Visitor says, "indispensable in every household."

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Mayor Beatty comes to the front with another offer of 15-stop organs, $58. Beatty's organs, with 4 full set reeds, 15 stops, stool, book and music, are now offered for only $58. New and beautiful style, as low as $30, up to $1,000, 2 to 32 stops. Piano's for $125 to $1,600. These instruments are shipped on test trial. No money required until they are examined and found just as represented. An endless variety of new styles are now being offered for the holiday season. Read Mr. Beatty's new advertisement, and send to Washington, N. J., for his latest illustrated catalogue, just issued; sent free to all. Mayor Beatty claims that, at the present time, he leads all other manufactories in the number of organs manufactured monthly.

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The Penman's Gazette.—Professor Gaskell, who continues his series of "ads," in this issue, offers to mail, free of charge, to each of our subscribers who will send him their address, plainly written on a postal card, within ten days from this date, a copy of the Penman's Gazette, giving full particulars of Gaskell's Compendium. The last issue is a very beautiful one; it gives many handsome engravings of penmanship by those who have learned from the Compendium, and portraits of the most famous of these writers throughout the country.

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Horsford's Acid Phosphate is particularly recommended for wakefulness, hysteria, and other diseases of the nervous system.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

### No. I.—Burdock—Lappa Major or Officinalis.

[Greek, *labein*, to lay hold of; from its hooked, tenacious involucres, or burs.]

Botanical Characters.—Stem two to four feet high, very stout, paniculately branching, roughish-pubescent. *Leaves* alternate, very large; radical or lower ones one to two feet long, cordate oblong, upper ones ovate; *petioles* nine to eighteen inches in length. *Heads* panicled, roundish-ovate, one-half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter, pink-purple, very adhesive by the hooks. Habitat.—Though a native of Europe, it is abundant in the United States, growing in waste places, among rubbish, around old buildings, roadsides, and in cultivated grounds. Anyone who has been once in contact with its *burs*, well remembers this coarse, rank, homely weed, and but little care is manifested, seemingly, to keep it in due subjection. Farmers, even though often much annoyed by the *burs* clinging to their sheep, do not seem to resort to any energetic measures to rid themselves of the nuisance.

The *burdock* is a biennial plant, with a spindle-shaped root, a foot or more in length, brown externally, white and spongy within, furnished with thread-like fibres, and having withered scales near the summit. The odor of the root is faint and unpleasant, its taste mucilaginous and sweetish.

Medical Uses.—All the properties claimed for the burdock in the United States Dispensatory, are of little account. Nevertheless, it is an efficacious drug in obstinate *eruptions* of the skin which have frequently proved unyielding to other remedies. Professor Graves, of Dublin, had under his care a case of chronic *impetigo*, attended with varicose veins, and a purulent, ichorous discharge. Poultices, astringent washes, and all ordinary appliances were in vain. The discharge increased, while the heat and itching were almost intolerable.

Four ounces of burdock root, in a quart of water, boiled to a pint, and the whole to be taken daily, was then ordered. In three or four days he was much better, and the burdock was discontinued. The man soon became worse, and suffered as before. The strong decoction was again resumed, and continued for a time, and the patient was completely cured.

Dr. Barton, of South Carolina, put the burdock to the test in an old case of skin disease, and with entire success.

Professor Mitchell knew a most obstinate case of *scrofulous ophthalmia*, that had been under various treatment to no good purpose, to yield in a few weeks to teaspoonful doses of the expressed juice from the leaves of the burdock.

In using it, the fluid extracts, a pint of which contains the virtues of a pound of the crude root, should be preferred.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, Marblehead, Mass. All communications are to be headed: "For Peterson's." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

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### No. 91.—Square Remainders.

Behead and curtail words, having the following significations, and get a complete word-square: 1. A woven fabric. 2. Pierced. 3. Vapor.

The following form the square: 1. Fortune. 2. Mineral. 3. A common beverage.

*Marblehead, Mass.* Gersek.

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### No. 92.—Double Cross-Words.

In fearing, in glaring, and hearing.
In giraffe, but not in mink.
In braying, and fraying, and praying.
In mustard, but not in pink.
In gushing, in hushing, and rushing.
In raccoon, but not in male.
In foaming, in loaming, and roaming.
In spaniel, but not in vale,
In carting, in darting, and parting.
In quahaug, but not in hind.
In seaming, in scheming, and seeming.
Only two plants, bear in mind.

*Dunkirk, N. Y.* My Dot.

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### No. 93.—Diamond.

1. A consonant. 2. A nickname. 3. Heads. 4. A road. 5. An iron pipe. 6. A nickname. 7. A letter.

Twill.

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*Answers Next Month.*

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

No. 89.

JORAMOLAR
MADIDAL
GADOR
DAMARAI
XERESAPOR

No. 90.

C P
HYENA
R S
YEARS
S I
ACCHO
N N
THIEF
H L
ERATO
M W
USAGE
M R

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### MEATS AND POULTRY.

*To Prepare a Turkey.*—The turkey should be well singed and freed from "pin-feathers," and thoroughly drawn by opening one side just below the breast-bone. Be sure to take everything out that is inside, not forgetting the parts lying between the ribs or the "soul." Wipe dry, after washing well in cold water. Then dip the turkey two seconds into boiling water, and immediately two seconds into ice-water. This will give it a very plump appearance. Cut the neck off close to the body, leave the skin longer, draw it over the neck, and tie; also tie the legs close to the sides, having cut off the first joint. Fasten the wings to the sides with fine skewers, having cut off the pinions. Put the gizzard, liver, heart and neck to boil in a quart of water; allow two and a-quarter hours to roast a turkey weighing ten pounds. If the specimen happen to be one of many summers, boil it one hour or so before roasting. Baste with salt and water once, then cover with lumps of butter and afterwards baste with the drippings. When nearly done, dredge well with flour and baste with butter.

*The Dressing.*—Take three pints of bread crumbs for a medium-sized turkey; chop finely, with one-quarter pound of salt pork, a good lump of butter, salt, pepper-sauce and savory or marjorum, and break in two or three eggs to make it of the right consistency. Fill both the breast and body, and sew up. Riched mashed potatoes also make a good stuffing.

*Oyster Dressing.*—Use oysters with their liquor, and just bread crumbs enough to make of proper consistency; a blade of mace, a little pepper and salt.

*The Gravy.*—Having boiled the giblets in a quart of water till tender, strain the broth thus obtained into a dripping-pan, having removed the turkey. Take the liver and mash it very fine with the back of a spoon and return to the gravy. Then chop very fine the heart and gizzard, and add to the gravy, and thicken with browned flour; stir and season well; boil five minutes.

*Boiled Rabbit With Onion Sauce.*—Peel five or six medium-sized onions and put them into cold water; boil them till tender; cut up the rabbit into joints and put it into a sauce-pan with sufficient cold water to cover it, and simmer gently for an hour and a-half. Chop the onions and season them with a saltspoonful of salt, the same of white pepper, and put them into a small saucepan, with an ounce of butter and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Stir and boil up, lay the rabbit neatly on a hot dish, pour the sauce over it, and serve at once.

*To Use Up the Remains of Cold Joints.*—Chop the meat very fine, with fat bacon or ham, add a little salt, cayenne, grated lemon peel, nutmeg, parsley, a few bread crumbs and two eggs, to one pound meat. Put all into a saucepan, with two tablespoonfuls of cream and two ounces butter. This is the proportions to one pound chopped meat. Stir over the fire for five minutes. Let the mixture get cold, and then put it into light paste to bake, in the shape of rolls.

### VEGETABLES.

*Parsnips.*—With a vegetable scoop, cut them out raw to any shape preferred. Drop them in fast boiling water, add salt and a small quantity of white pepper; when done drain thoroughly, toss them in a saucepan with a little butter, and some parsley finely chopped. Serve as a garnish, or they may be served alone.

*Parsnips (Mashed.)*—Boil them in plenty of fast-boiling salted water; when done pass them through a sieve, then work a piece of butter and a little milk in them in a saucepan, over the fire, adding pepper and salt to taste.

### DESSERTS.

*Apple Pudding* (1.)—Make a paste with equal quantities of sifted flour and finely chopped suet, a pinch of salt and a little water. Roll it out thin into a large piece, place this over a well-buttered basin, and push it in so as to line the basin with it, cut it off all round so as to leave enough to fold up; roll out the trimmings to such a size as to cover the top of the basin. Pare, core, and slice a quantity of good, sound apples. Put them in the basin with brown sugar to taste, and either some chopped lemon peel, two or three cloves, or a little grated nutmeg; add a piece of fresh butter, pack the apples tightly in, put on the cover of paste, turn up the edges and press them down, tie a floured pudding cloth over, and put the basin into a saucepan full of boiling water, which should come well over the pudding. Boil from two to three hours according to size.

*Apple Pudding* (2.)—Proceed as above, putting the apples in layers, with a little orange or quince marmalade between each.

### CAKES.

*Pound Cakes.*—Beat to cream one pound butter, and work it smoothly with one pound sifted loaf-sugar, and nine well-beaten eggs, and mix in lightly one pound flour, half a nutmeg grated, and a little pounded cinnamon or mace; beat together half-an-hour and bake about one hour in a brisk oven. Candied lemon peel cut thin, and blanched and chopped sweet almonds, are sometimes added; and half-pound currants will make the cake much richer. Half the above proportions will make a moderately-sized cake.

*Simple Cake.*—Six ounces of Oswego flour, seven ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, five ounces of fresh butter, beaten to a cream, three fresh eggs beaten, and a tablespoonful of new milk; mix these together, and beat for ten minutes. Butter a tin, half fill it with the mixture, and bake in a quick oven for eight or ten minutes. Currants, chopped candied peel, or caraway seeds may be added.

*Children's Cake.*—One pound of flour, quarter-pound sugar, quarter-pound currants, quarter-pound sultana raisins, one ounce candied peel, one teaspoonful of spice, one teaspoonful ground ginger, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix well, and make into a soft dough with a large cupful of buttermilk. Bake in a quick oven about an hour and a-quarter. [Currants are best left out of children's cakes.—ED.]

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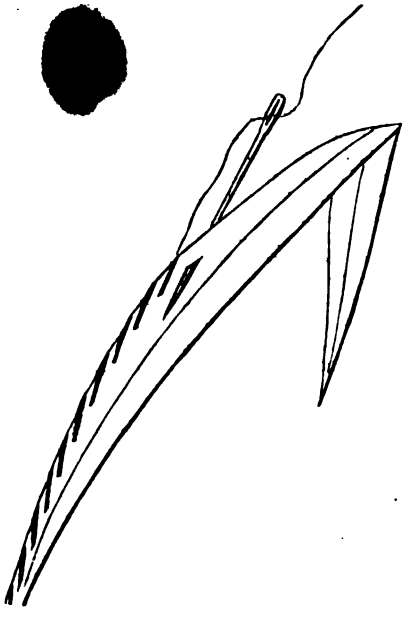
## ART-EMBROIDERY.

THE KENSINGTON, OR OUTLINE STITCH.—To make the Kensington, otherwise called the outline-stitch, or stem-stitch, a knot is first made in the crewel, and the thread is brought from the under side of the work to the surface. Next, the needle is passed back again, from the upper side, at about a quarter of an inch distance, more or less, according to the fineness of the design to be worked. It is again brought up, at about half-way from the first point, and carried on to about as far beyond the second, and repeated. See the illustration given here.

In working a pattern in purely outline-stitch, by hand, hold the work firmly between the first finger and thumb of the left hand, holding the thread under the thumb, before placing the needle in, as seen in our next illustration.



Always begin to work from the lower end first; and work upwards. We will add, that, for small d'oylies, or very fine objects, the stitch should be much shorter, than that which we have given in our illustration, which was made intentionally large, in order that it might be easily followed—although, however, the size is one used for many objects.

LEAVES AND STALKS are treated somewhat differently. For stalks, begin, (using the stem-stitch) from the lower end first, and work on the outline until it is crossed by a leaf or flower, then pass the needle to the other side, and work back again on the opposite outline, to the lower end; then work another line of stitches inside the outline. and so on until the stalk is filled up. When leaves are to be all of one color, they are done in the same way, and the veins put in last. Often the veins are put in with silks, when all the rest of embroidery is done in crewels.

Sometimes the work when done, (particularly filled-in work,) is found to be very much drawn, or puckered. This is easily remedied. Stretch the work tight, and smooth, face downward on the ironing-table, and lay a damp cloth over it. Press the cloth with a hot iron, and when the work has been in this way steamed, run the iron over it until it is quite dry, when it will be found perfectly smooth and even. Felt and crash as foundations, more easily pucker in working than cloth. In washing crewel work, use a lather of best Castile soap, and wash in the suds, but do not rub the soap upon the crewels. Rinse in warm water, and squeeze without wringing. Also be careful to stretch while drying.

When the leaves are to be shaded, or the petals of flowers, still use the same stitch, but work the outer edge of color first, beginning on the outline, and going towards the centre. Be careful not to take all the stitches right up to the inner edge of color. First make the termination of the stitches of different lengths, so that a hard defined line of color is avoided, and instead, the colors blend, and shade into each other.

It is quite easy to make curves, and angles in this stitch, taking care that the lines of stitches follow the direction of the fibre of the leaf, or flower to be imitated. Thus the stalk

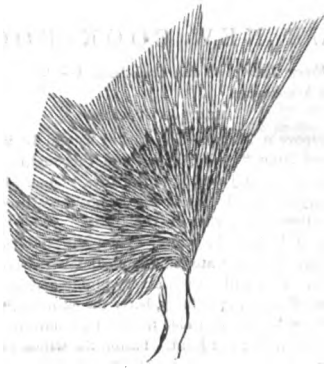


ILLUSTRATION FOR SHADING A LEAF OR THE PETALS OF A FLOWER.

of a flower should never be worked across, but always lengthwise. A good artist in needle-work will carefully study nature, and work her design conscientiously according to its rules. When thin places in this kind of embroidery are seen, it is necessary to fill such places up without appearance of patching; but carefully supply the stitches which seem to be lost.

## FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS OF YELLOW SILK.—The front is made plain, and trimmed with two knife-plaited ruffles. The waist and back of the dress are cut in one piece, and trimmed with white lace and bows of yellow satin ribbon. The half-short sleeves and open corsage, are also trimmed with lace. White roses at the breast, and in the hair.

FIG. II.—RECEPTION OR EVENING-DRESS OF BLUE SILK, for a young lady. The short skirt is edged with a deep knife-plaiting. The front of the draped over-skirt is trimmed with white lace, and the skirt is looped with blue satin ribbon, faced with white satin. The high square waist is trimmed with a bead netting over the shoulders, and down the front, and with blue satin bows, and a white rose.

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FIG. III.—DINNER OR EVENING-DRESS OF BLACK SATIN DE LYONS.—The train is untrimmed. The front is ornamented with a silk scarf in the richest Oriental colors, and trimmed with a chenille fringe to match. Tassels of the same fringe, trim the bottom of the skirt. The entire waist is made of the Oriental material. The sleeves have a black cuff, and a black bow is placed on the left side of the square neck. Red rose in the hair.

FIG. IV.—BALL-DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED SATIN.—The train is richly trimmed with a flounce, edged with a knife-plaiting, and lined with mauve satin. This trimming extends up the sides of the dress, and is fastened down with bunches of violets. The front of the dress is of mauve silk, plaited lengthwise, and finished with a deep flounce, edged with a knife-plaiting, and headed by a puffing. The cuirass-waist is buttoned diagonally, and trimmed with a *bérhe* of violets.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK CAMEL'S HAIR.—The bottom is trimmed with a plaiting of dull black silk. The front is a good deal draped, and edged with a border of figured velvet; the back is also draped in a puff, and the bottom, which is square, is also edged with the figured velvet. The close-fitting jacket is also trimmed with the velvet. Small black velvet toque, with a black feather.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN WOOLEN, with red and cream-colored spots. The skirt is kilted all the way down the front, and near the bottom crossed with folds of brown silk. The princess tunic has a gathered waistcoat of plain brown silk, and turns back with revers. The drapery is held in place with ribbon loops. Brown bonnet, with shaded red and cream-colored feathers.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BÈGE, trimmed with bands of striped violet silk, or Pekin. Skirt with two deep kiltings in front, and with a drapery at the back, bordered with Pekin, and which falls on a still deeper kilting, reaching to the centre of the skirt. The tablier, formed of upright folds, is bordered with Pekin; coat-bodice, with basques ornamented with triangular pieces of Pekin, and with two large buttons. Sleeves with Pekin revers; pockets ornamented with Pekin, and Pekin collar. (Pekin is a variety of striped silk.) This dress is very beautiful when made of cream-colored nun's cloth, or camel's hair, and trimmed with any light-colored striped silk, or with silver braid; or if made of some black material, and trimmed with gold braid.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SATIN, or of black Sicilienne, lightly wadded. It is made slightly gathered in at the waist, and sufficiently large to allow of thick under-waist. The sleeves have a "cap" at the top, and are gathered in at the wrist. The waistband is fastened with bows in front. The pocket is laid in box-plaits, and ornamented with a bow of ribbon, and large crochet buttons fasten the garment down the front. The garment reaches nearly to the bottom of the black silk flounce of the dress. Bonnet of black velvet.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN SATIN, AND BROWN AND GOLD BROCHÉ.—The front is composed of four plaited ruffles of the satin, edged with a band of the broché. The straight panels at the sides are of the broché, and the brown satin back is puffed. The deep bodice has broché, revers and cuffs. Brown velvet bonnet, with feather shaded from brown to old gold.

FIG. X.—DOLMAN-CLOAK OF GRAY BEAVER CLOTH, trimmed with broad bands of seal fur. The wide sleeves are cut in the cloak. Gray plush bonnet, with gray plumes.

FIGS. XI. AND XII.—PELERINE AND MUFF OF BLACK AND GOLD LACE, that is the lace is black, outlined with a gold thread. These articles make a most dressy finish for a plain black toilette, and add very much to a visiting or reception-dress. For house wear also, the pelerine is very beautiful. Though in that case it need not be quite so large, and could be made of black lace only. Fancy muffs of all kinds are very fashionable, and are often made up of the satin, velvet, or silk of which the costume is composed, ornamented with lace, bows of ribbon, or flowers.

FIG. XIII.—MANTLE OF FIGURED VELVET, much trimmed with a rich jet fringe. Bonnet of cream-colored felt, trimmed with shirrings, and cream surah silk; the strings edged with lace.

FIG. XIV.—HEAD-DRESS OF WHITE LACE, trimmed with rosettes, composed of loops of violet ribbon.

FIG. XV.—FICHU COLLAR. The collar is of white linen, and the fichu is composed of white crêpe, edged with lace, and fastened in front with a flower.

FIG. XVI.—VELVET BONNET OF THE RESTORATION SHAPE.—It is of claret-colored velvet, and the feathers are shaded from claret to cardinal-red. The crown is low, with puffings of dark satin. Wide satin strings.

FIG. XVII.—LIGHT BROWN BEAVER BONNET, ornamented with steel and flame-colored beetles. The strings are golden brown, and the feathers are shaded from brown to gold.

FIGS. XVIII. AND XIX.—COLLAR AND CUFF OF SPOTTED MUSLIN.—Claret and blue spots on a cream-colored ground. The hem of both collar and cuffs are of the same material, with the spots closer together.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Woolen dresses are simply made; brown, red mahogany, dark gray, and purple are the colors, and they are trimmed with bands of seal or gray rabbit from the Scilly Isles, a pretty fur, which will have a certain vogue. The bodices are sometimes ornamented with collars and cuffs, embroidered with gold, and called "officers' and prefects' collars;" they are high and straight, and a thick ruche of sulphur or coffee-brown lace is worn with them. Velvet or velveteen skirts are much used. The German velvet, which is much cheaper than the Lyons, is generally employed for under-skirts, and even trimmings. One of the prettiest that we have seen is of iris-color, and was worn under a cream-colored camel's hair polonaise.

OUR LETTER FROM PARIS, printed below, gives full details of the *very latest* fashions. The combinations are followed out in all cheaper materials, and when silks, satins, and silver and gold brocades, are combined in the richest dresses, cheaper brocades, silks, cashmeres, etc., are made up in the same way, in more common materials.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE NEUVE DES PETITS.

I cannot remember a season, when there has been such a total change in important points in fashions as in this. Dull silks have been replaced by satin; warm, rich colors have taken the place of the dull, faded tints, so long popular: nor are ladies' skirts strapped back so as to hinder their movements. The low-necked corsage is less and less worn, indeed, except at large parties, or balls, the square corsage and lace sleeves are in favor. The corsage, in this case, is made dressy with lace, tulle, etc. Trains, too, are now almost wholly confined to full dress, even reception toilettes being made with round skirts. Ball-dresses, intended for young girls, are made with a half-train only, to the great comfort of the youthful wearers, especially in dancing.

For driving, or demi-toilette dresses, the favorite style is the Princesse, or Gabrielle, cut in two materials, the front differing from the back. Velvet and satin blend well for these toilettes, as do also brocade and satin. The back and train of the dress (for the Princesse shape requires a train,) are made of either velvet or brocade, the front being of satin, either shirred or embroidered. Sometimes the juncture



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of the front with the train is concealed by revers of a third material, or of contrasting color. Thus Worth shows a dress in pale lilac brocade, the front in pale lilac satin, embroidered with silver and seed pearls, while up either side of the skirt is placed a revers of violet velvet, broad at the hem and tapering to a point at the waist. The same style is also shown in white brocade and white satin, the revers being in dark crimson velvet. This combination of dark red velvet, with white materials, is one of Worth's latest and happiest innovations; and it is almost invariably becoming. Gold and silver, either in the form of embroideries, braiding, or very heavy passementeries, are amongst the most popular rimmings for ball-dresses.

Striped gauzes are coming largely into vogue for evening dresses for young ladies. They are in solid colors, the stripes being in satin. The corsage is usually composed of plain gauzes, or satin, and the skirt is draped with a broad scarf-draping, either in satin, or watered silk, of a hue to match the dress. These scarf-draperies are placed around the hips, and are either knotted at one side, or directly in front. This latter style is only becoming to a very slender figure.

Cloaks are now made immensely long, and of the paletot shape, which is, in fact, nothing more or less than the old-fashioned sacque revived. They are shirred in the back, from the collar to the waist, to give the necessary fullness to the skirts. They are shown in stamped velvets; in corded silk, intermixed with velvet; and in small patterned brocades. These long cloaks are invariably made of black materials; they would be too showy in any colored stuffs.

Worth lines them throughout with watered silks, in rich hues, such as garnet, caroubier, violet, or a deep brilliant blue. One cloak, shown at his establishment, lately, was in black stamped velvet. The collar was of dark crimson velvet, and the wide sleeves were bordered with bands of the same. Down the front went a broad band of black marabout trimming, and the hem was edged with a corresponding band. The whole garment was lined with dark blue watered silk.

For opera and carriage wear, short dolmans, richly trimmed, and drawn in with a ribbon at the waist, are much in vogue. The most splendid opera-cloak of the season is, however, of the long paletot shape. It is of white stamped velvet, with collar and sleeve-bands in white satin, embroidered with gold, and with flowers in their natural hues in sewing silk. The lining is of white watered silk.

The polonaise has been revived to a limited extent, but only for ordinary wear. Visiting, or reception-dresses, are made with short, draped, single skirts, and with corsages, that slope up at the hips, and are rounded in front, and at the back. Velvet and satin are employed in these toilettes, either matching, or in contrasting colors. Dark blue velvet, with caroubier satin; plum-colored velvet, with rose-pink satin; and emerald-green velvet, with apple-green satin, are amongst the favorite combinations. These toilettes are, of course, only for carriage, or reception wear; but certainly an amount of magnificence is now displayed in the matter of short dresses, which heretofore has been considered only appropriate for ball, or dinner-costume. But the fact of the matter is simply this—the suit for out-door winter dress has gone wholly out of fashion. These elegant short dresses are therefore adapted to be worn at small parties, or informal dinners, as well as for receiving, or paying afternoon calls. In the latter case, they are hidden in the carriage, beneath a long paletot, or a fur-lined circular, or are fully displayed under a short dolman of rich white-grounded cashmere patterned cloth, trimmed with bands of marabout trimming, and with wide sewing-silk fringe. It is no longer essential to have a wrap to match the costume.

Morning-dresses are extremely stylish and pretty. The latest made are in the matinée form; that is to say, they are made with a long loose sacque, worn over a separate skirt. They are in all delicate shades of cashmere, and are a good deal trimmed with ruffles of lace, the richest style having a vest of white plush, with revers of satin at either side matching the hue of the cashmere. The loose Princesse form retains its popularity, as it is at once graceful and convenient. Velvet gores are sometimes let in at the two side-seams, on either side of the skirt, and are bordered with white lace ruffles. A pale blue cashmere, with the gores in dark red velvet, is very tasteful and stylish.

For hair-dressing, the severely simple style is more the rage than ever; the hair parted plainly, arranged in a braided knot at the back; and with a row of soft flat frizzed curls over the brow, kept close to the forehead by an invisible net. This style is so exquisitely becoming, that it is sure to last long, though it drives all the hair-dressers to despair; for being so simple and so easy of achievement, ladies can arrange their hair for themselves. Diamond combs, either real or imitation, are worn in full dress; but as a usual thing, the well-shaped heads of the Parisian belles show forth in undisguised beauty, without a single ornament.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S OVER-COAT OF DRAB CLOTH. It is double-breasted, fastened with large horn buttons, and has three capes and a collar of the cloth, bound with fine braid. Drab hat, with brown velvet trimming.

FIG. II.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF DARK GREEN CAMEL'S HAIR. The skirt is edged with a deep kilt-plaiting, above which is laid a scarf of the camel's hair, which ties at the back. The basque-coat is cut away in front, has a small cape, and is finished with a row of machine stitching. Soft green plush bonnet.

FIGS. III AND IV.—GIRL'S PALETOT (FRONT AND BACK) MADE OF CHECKED CLOTH. It fastens down the centre with square horn buttons, and is quite close-fitting. The cape and hood are lined with dark blue plush, and plaitings of the plush are inserted in the back of the coat. Satin or silk may be used in the place of the plush, if desired. The muff is of the same cloth, and edged with seal-skin to match the toque, which has a stiff wing in it at the side.


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# THE LATTER DAY OPINIONS.

EVER since Solomon chose to announce, that there was "nothing new under the sun," there has been a tacit acquiescence on the part of to many, that any assertion to the contrary has aroused a deep feeling of curiosity if not of incredulity, and evoked a strong purpose to investigate the "new thing." For the sake of reconciling the "wise man's" notions with this latter day experience, we would suggest that the new and wonderful application of "old fashioned" ideas certainly justifies our boasting of this age of progress. These thoughts were induced by a contemplation of the record of that famous Old German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. And certainly we know not, or have we ever heard of any curative which has accomplished so much good. Its past has been one long period of triumph over painful disease, its present is the period of yet wider usefulness in the relief and cure of human ailments, and its future based upon such a record,—what limit can be set to it? The following statements in support of the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil, form the basis for the proper assertion that, all things considered, the Old German Remedy is the most remarkable one ever discovered for the relief and cure of rheumatism and all painful diseases.

### A Chicago Broker's Happy Investment.

Lewis H. O'Conor, Esq., whose office is at 93 Washington street this city, lately related the following in the hearing of one of our reporters as an evidence of special good fortune: I have been suffering, said Mr. O'Conor, for a number of weeks with a very severe pain in my back, contracted while on the lakes. I had been prescribed for by several of our physicians and used various remedies. Three days ago I abandoned them all, and bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, applied it at night before retiring, and to-day I feel like a new man. I experienced almost instant relief, and now feel no pain whatever. I must express my thankfulness for the invention and manufacture of such a splendid medicine, and shall esteem it a duty, privilege and pleasure to recommend it in the future for similar ailments.—*Chicago, (Ill.) Journal.*

### A BUILDER'S TESTIMONY.

Chas. S. Strickland, Esq., Builder, No. 9 Boylston street and 106 Harrison Avenue, Boston, thus speaks: The pleasure which I hereby attempt to express, can only be half conveyed by words. Physicians of very high character and notoriety have heretofore declared my rheumatism to be incurable. Specifics, almost numberless, have failed to cure or even alleviate the intensity of the pain, which has frequently confined me to my room for three months at a time. One week ago I was seized with an attack of acute rheumatism of the knee. In a few hours the entire knee joint became swollen to enormous proportions and walking rendered impossible. Nothing remained for me, and I intended to resign myself, as best I might, to another month's agonies. By chance, I learned of the wonderful curative properties of St. Jacobs Oil. I clutched it as a straw, and in a few hours was free from pain in knee, arm and shoulder. As before stated, I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this king of rheumatism.

### AN EDITOR IN LUCK.

St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism; of this I am convinced. For two years I suffered with Rheumatism in my left shoulder and right arm, and last fall I was incapable of attending to my duties, and lay many a night unable to sleep on account of terrible pains. A few weeks ago a severe attack of this trouble struck me, and this time I concluded to try the St. Jacobs Oil, I must acknowledge, with but little confidence in its merits. I freely confess that the result has completely astonished me. The first application relieved the pain very materially, and the continued use of only two bottles has completely cured me of this chronic evil, and that, after the most eminent physicians and their prescriptions had been of no avail. I therefore consider it a duty to publish the above for the benefit of all sufferers with Rheumatism and kindred complaints.

G. A. HEILMAN,
*Editor Republican, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Amos James, Esq., proprietor of the Huron House, Port Huron, Mich., writes as follows: I suffered so badly with rheumatism that I was unable to raise my arm for three months. Five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me entirely.

[Chicago Western Catholic.]

### A WONDERFUL SUBSTANCE.

It is endorsed by Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, and by some of our most honored and respected priests throughout the country who have used it for rheumatics with success where all other remedies failed. We refer here to St. Jacobs Oil. We know of several persons in our own circle who were suffering with that dreadful disease, rheumatism, who tried everything and spent hundreds of dollars for medicine which proved of no benefit. We advised them to try St. Jacobs Oil. Some of them laughed at us for our faith in the "patent stuff," [illegible]ose to call it. However, we induced them to g[illegible]l, and it accomplished its work with such ma[illegible]ity that they are now its strongest advocates, [illegible]e without it in their houses on any account.

Mr. Joel D. Harvey, U. S. Collector o[illegible]evenue, of this city, has spent over two thousand [illegible] medicine for his wife, who was suffering dreadfully f[illegible]eumatism, and without deriving any benefit whatever, yet two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what the most skillful medical men failed in doing. We could give the names of hundreds who have been cured by this wonderful remedy, did space permit us. The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan. Librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's indorsement:

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
204 DEARBORN STREET,
CHICAGO, Sept. 16, 1880.

I wish to add my testimony as to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but thanks to the remedy, I am cured. This statement is unsolicited by anyone in its interest.

JAMES A. CONLAN, Librarian.

### WEATHER WISDOM.

Under the title of Old Probabilities, one of the most useful and valuable officers of the U. S. Government is most widely known. But quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteorologist of the Mississippi Valley, whose contributions to his favorite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent lecture tour through the Northwest, the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness, the particulars of which he thus refers to: The day after concluding my course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, on 21st December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain, and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 35; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me; after suffering for three hours, I thought, as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil with good effect for rheumatic pains, I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel large enough to cover my chest with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was instantaneous. In one hour, I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment in a neighboring town, had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the nights train for my home, St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.

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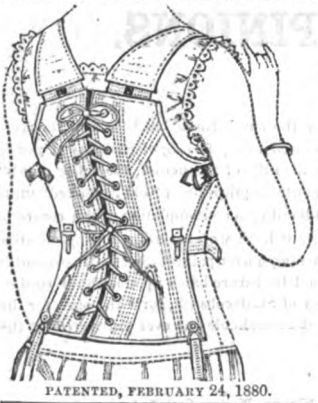

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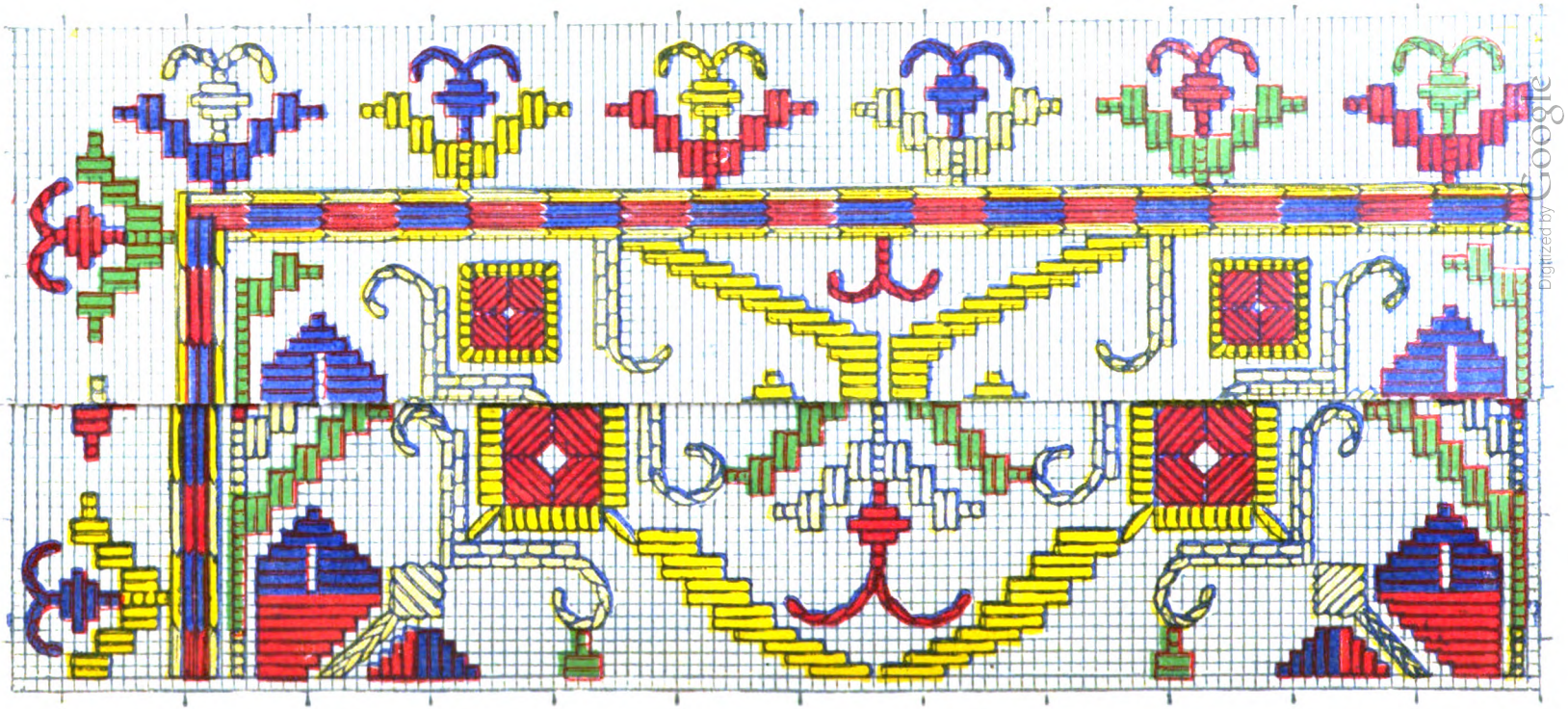

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"BENEATH THE HARVEST MOON." [*See the Poem.*]

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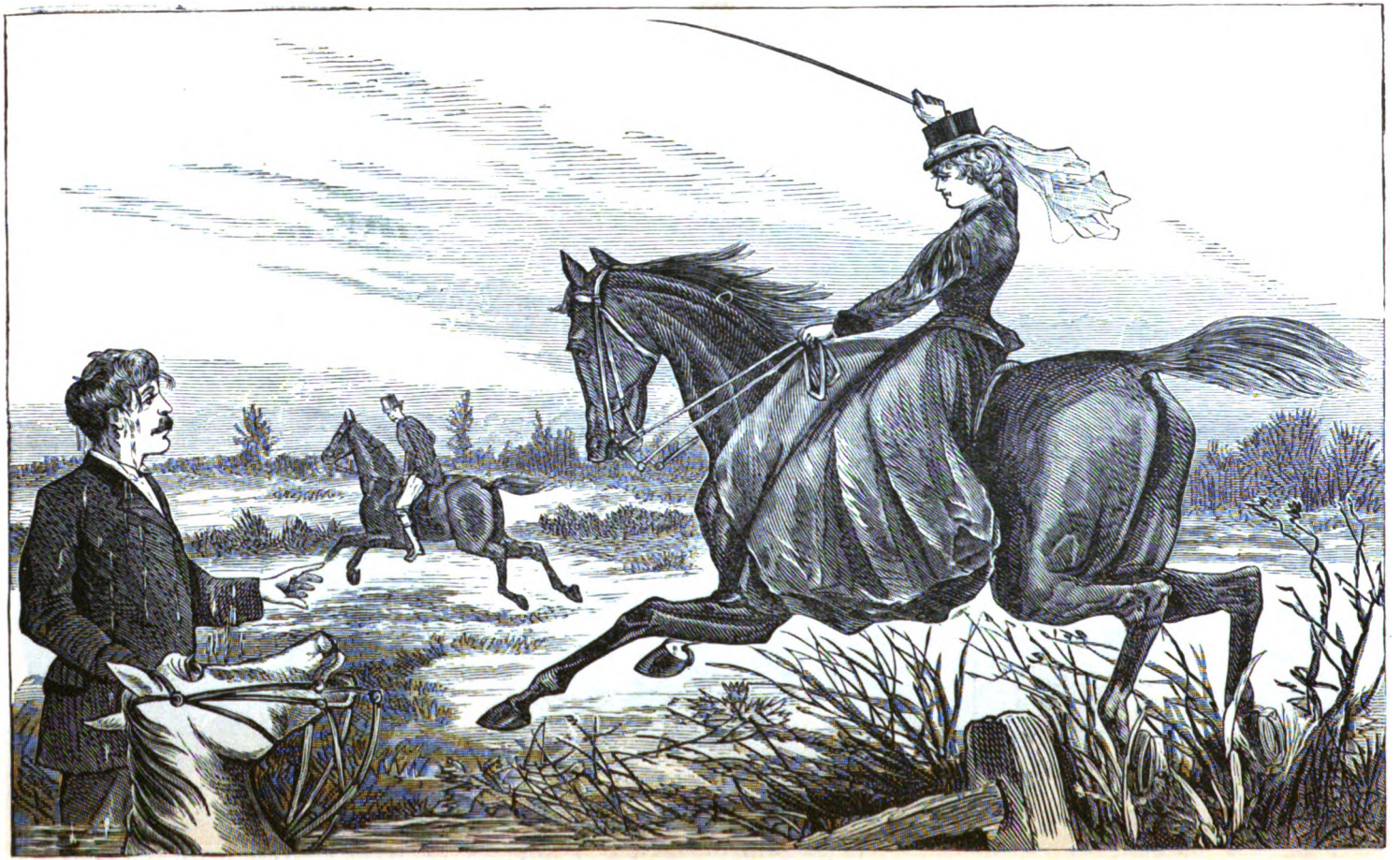

THE DUKE "COMES TO GRIEF."

[See the Story, "Beyond His Reach."]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY. TAM O' SHANTER CAP. DA VINCI CAP.

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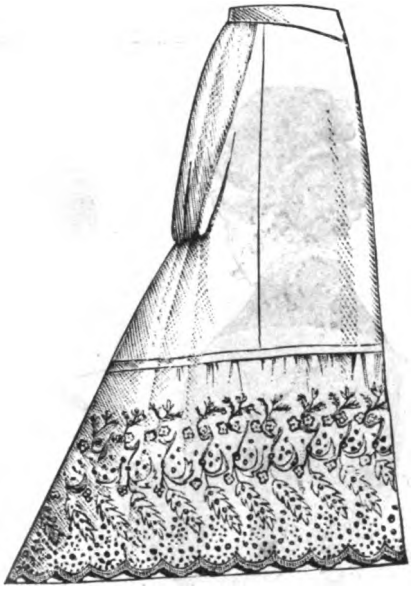

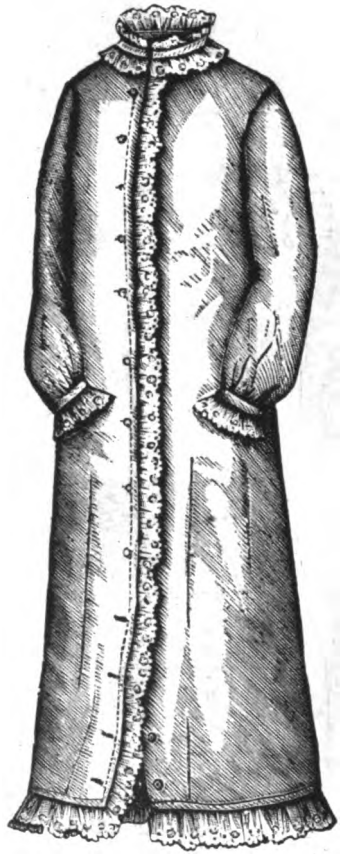

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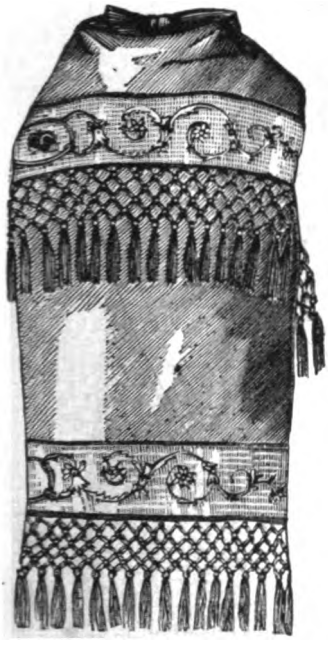

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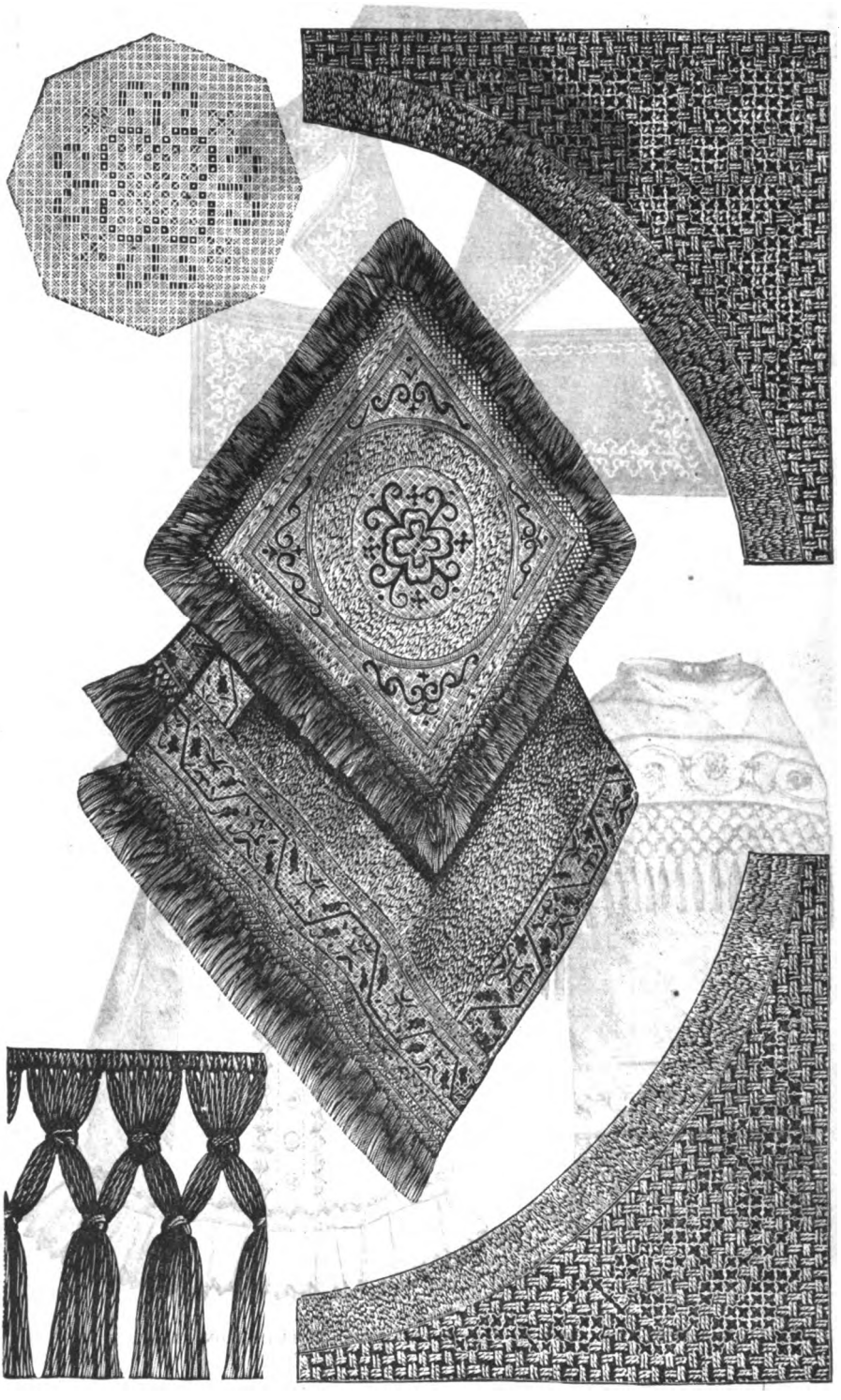

COVERS IN JAVA CANVAS; WITH DETAILS.

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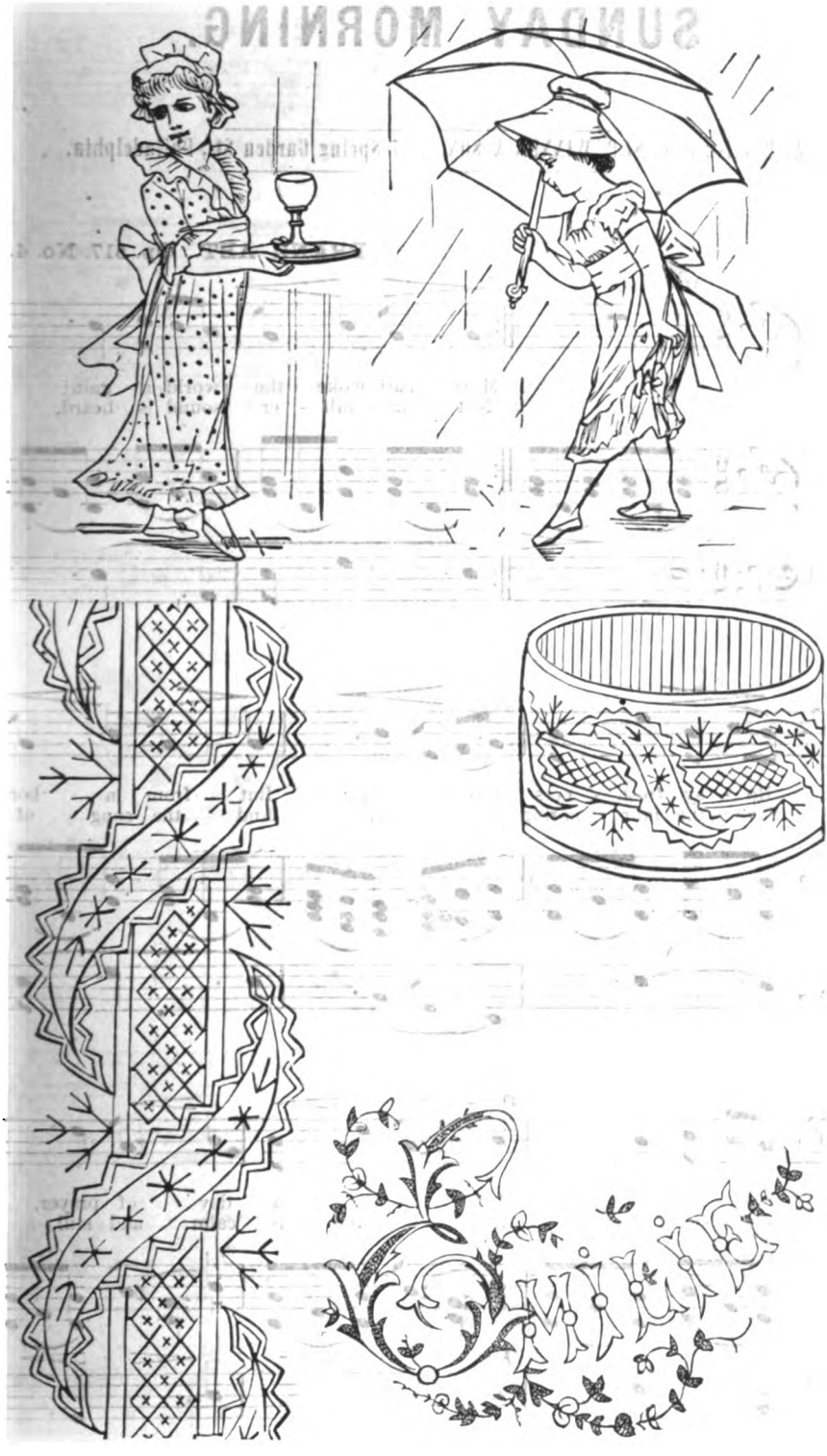

**DESIGNS IN OUTLINE STITCH. NAPKIN RING IN EMBROIDERY. NAME FOR MARKING.**

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# SUNDAY MORNING.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

FRANZ ABT. Op. 517. No. 4.

*Moderato.*

1. Morn hath woke the world a - gain;
2. Not an - oth - er sound is heard,

*mf*

Ro - sy fresh - ness fills the air; But from la - bor
Save the mur - m'ring of the rill And the song of

*p*

we re - frain, For this is a day of prayer.
some sweet bird; All a - round is calm and still.

*p*

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*mf*

And the church bells seem to say, . . . "Sun - day, Sun - day,
While the church bells seem to say, . . . "Sun - day, Sun - day,

*mf*

*cres.* *dim.*

ho - ly day!" And the church bells seem to say, "Sun - day, Sun - day,
ho - ly day!" White the church bells seem to say, "Sun - day, Sun - day,

*cres.* *dim.*

1 2

ho - ly day!"
ho - ly day!"

1 2

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LATEST STYLES FOR IN-DOOR DRESSES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1881. No. 2.

# BEYOND HIS REACH.

BY GEORGE C. MAXWELL.

WHEN I was in England, a year ago, I went down to Warwickshire, with Jack Aimslie. His sister had married one of the county magnates, there, and we had been invited for the hunting.

I had known Jack, in the United States, which we had visited, to try and forget a hopeless, love affair. "You see she's beyond my reach," he said, after we had become intimate. "I might as well aspire to the moon." And then he went on to say how the lady in question was the only child and heiress of the Earl of Eskdale, who had a rent-roll that mounted into the hundreds of thousands, while he himself had nothing but his commission in the Guards. "I don't mean to say that my family isn't as good as his, at least, as we count those things in England," he added; "but for all that, as I'm absolutely a beggar, she's beyond my reach."

So, then, I was in England, and the train was rushing towards Cromlie Hall. I could hardly believe it, till I saw Jack, sitting so woe-begone, in the opposite corner.

"She's to be there, you know—Lady Alice, I mean," he said, dolorously. "Only it's no good. Gwendoline," that, as I knew, was his sister, "has made me promise to behave myself. 'You're a detrimental, Jack,' she says; and heaven knows that's all I am. I wish I was a cattle-driver in Texas."

Then, in a little while, the poor fellow began again.

"When I first knew Alice," he said, "I thought she cared for me, at least, a little. We were down at Cromlie Hall, alone, together. But just as I began to hope, she grew distant; they'd been talking to her, and bullying her; and that drove me to the States."

Cromlie Hall was a fine old place, built about two hundred years ago. The great hall, sixty feet square, and as many high, was in the centre; two spacious drawing-rooms being on one side, while the dining-room and reception-room were on the other. I found the ladies, and some of the gentlemen, drinking five o'clock tea in this hall, when we arrived. Lady Alice was not there, however: she was not yet in from the hunting field, it was said. But at dinner she appeared, lovely enough to justify even Jack's eulogies, a very miracle of beauty. In the evening she sang, and sang divinely. Later, I was presented to her, and found her charming, full of archness. We had quite a chat, in a corner, and I fancied she blushed a little, when I mentioned Jack, which I did purposely, to see what she would do, or say.

I told this to Jack, when we were alone in the smoking-room, after everybody else had retired. "Perhaps she likes you, even yet, Jack," I said, "Go in, and try. Never mind what they say. In my country, you know, we don't consider anybody beyond our reach."



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"Ah, but it's different here," sighed Jack; "and then I've partly given my word. Did you see that young fellow, a bit of a dandy, who took her in to dinner? Well, he's the new Duke of Grosslands: just came into his title, with a million a year. They're going to marry her to his Grace. He's dead in love, as you see, and I," savagely, "I'm going to the devil."

"Gwendoline has been at me again," he said, after a pause. "She made me promise not to go near Alice, on hunting days: his Grace, it seems, is always to be her escort: I wish I had the fellow," emphatically, "out on one of your western plains; I'd pound his sheep's face for him, confound him."

A day passed. Jack, loyally, avoided Lady Alice, though his eyes were constantly following her. More than once I thought I detected her, on her part, watching him. On the third morning, I was up early, for I hadn't slept well, and going out on the terrace, was surprised to see Lady Alice, dressed in her hunting-habit, feeding the peacocks, in front of me. I was about to advance, and address her, when I saw Jack coming around the further end of the house. "Poor fellow," I said, "let him have his chance: perhaps she has come out, at this early hour, hoping to meet him: I trust she has." With these words, I turned, and went noiselessly in at a side door.

I saw no more of either until we mounted for the meet, when Jack came out, and rode by my side. Lady Alice had gone ahead, attended by the duke. We dropped a little behind. Then Jack said, excitedly,

"Congratulate me, old fellow. After all, I half believe she cares for me. You saw our meeting, this morning. I kept my word with

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Gwendoline: I didn't seek Alice: it was pure accident; but I wasn't going to refuse what fortune threw in my way. Still, it's no use: they'll never let me have her. But it's hard lines." He took off his cap, as he spoke, and wiped away great drops of perspiration, which had started out on his forehead.

We found a fox at Beechy Hollow. The run, that followed, will be talked of, for many a year; and one of the foremost, in that run, was Lady Alice. I have seen scores of fine horsewomen, but never one her equal: she sat firm, yet supple; and went like a Diana. The chase led us first to Cross-cut lane; then by Alder copse; and so across the country, for miles, as straight as the crow flies. It soon threw out all, except the most daring; but among these was Alice; and, of course, the duke had to follow her.

"Hang the fellow," said Jack, "he rides like a cad; but then he's superbly mounted. On such a horse as his, any fellow could keep up with Alice."

The huntsman and two others were in front; Alice and the duke close after; and Jack and I some distance behind. Suddenly the huntsman came to a stiff fence, with a hedge, and a bit of water beyond. It was worth a month out of one's life to see him take that fence, followed by the two other red coats. The duke, as he and his fair companion approached it, was a trifle in advance.

But his horse, somehow, as he took the leap, caught its foot in the top rail, and came down, the fence crashing after, his Grace being pitched, head-foremost, into the water beyond. Lady Alice, following close behind, went over like a bird. For just one instant, she seemed about to pull up. But seeing that the duke had already recovered his feet, and was unhurt, she gave a gay nod, and dashed on.

"By Jove, he's had a spill. Don't he look like a drowned water-rat?" laughed Jack, grimly, as the duke, dripping, and woe-begone, stood looking, disconsolately, after his rapidly receding mistress. "They can't blame me, now, for joining Alice: it would never do to let her go unattended; good-bye, old boy."

He gave his mare her head, as he spoke, and was off like a rifle shot. The powerful animal had been restrained with difficulty, all along, and now rushed on, as if knowing exactly what his master wished. Jack reached the stream, while the duke was still struggling to pull his horse out of the ditch. With a careless nod, Jack was over. I thought I saw Lady Alice look back, and slacken her pace, when she recognized Jack. At any rate, Jack was soon up with her. The last I beheld of them, they were taking a tremendous fence, at the top of a hill, far off, side by side.

I had made a detour, so as to avoid the water, for I was not particularly well mounted, and now I glanced behind me. The field was quite deserted. Most of the hunters had taken what they thought would prove a short cut to where the fox would probably be killed. Even the

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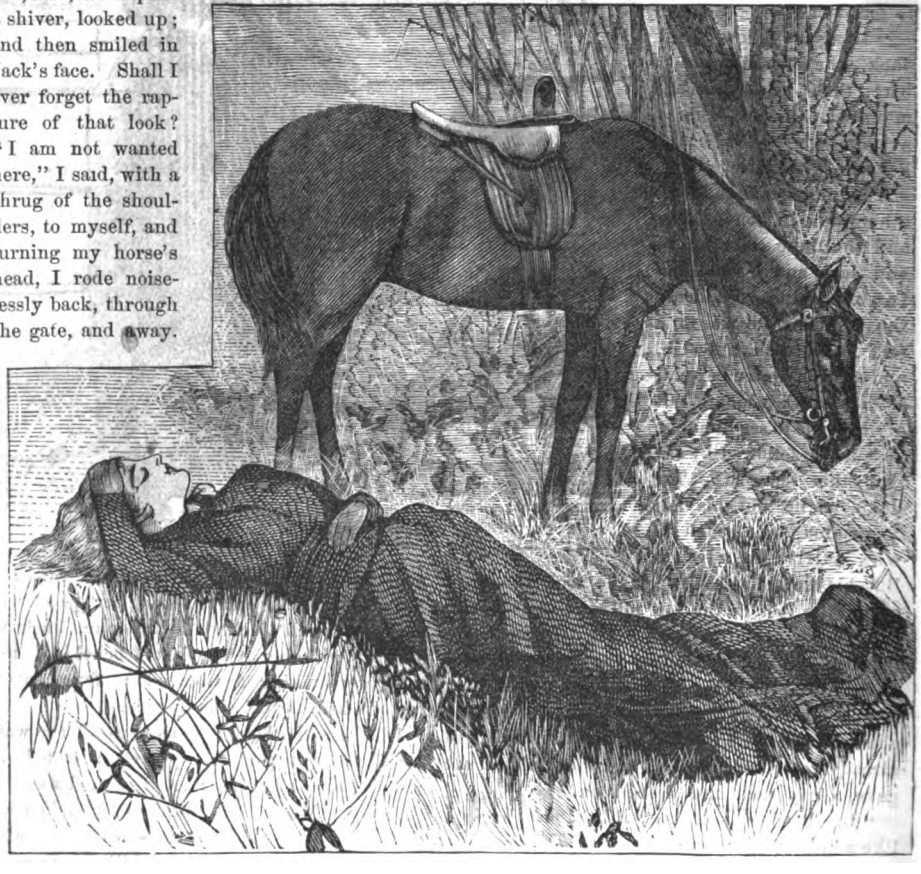
duke, who had now got his horse out of the ditch, had turned off, apparently satisfied that Lady Alice was too far ahead to be overtaken, and was obviously going home. I resolved, however, to keep on. Jack and Lady Alice had long been out of sight, but I pounded steadily ahead, and so came, at last, to the huge fence, which I had seen them take together. As my horse was quite unequal to the leap, I turned aside for a gateway, which I observed to the left. I had just passed through, however, when, to my horror, I beheld Lady Alice, a little to the right, lying at full length, on the turf, alone, and seemingly lifeless, her hair all loose.

I was about to hurry up, when I noticed Jack, running, with his hat full of water. Evidently he had been to a spring somewhere near. He fell on his knees by Lady Alice, sprinkled the water on her face, and chafed her hands at intervals: all the time imploring her, in the most passionate accents, to look up, to speak, "only to let him know she wasn't dead." A dozen times he kissed her, as he addressed this imploring language to her. At last, she began to stir, and, with quite a shiver, looked up; and then smiled in Jack's face. Shall I ever forget the rapture of that look? "I am not wanted here," I said, with a shrug of the shoulders, to myself, and turning my horse's head, I rode noiselessly back, through the gate, and away.

That evening, as I was dressing for dinner, Jack burst into my room.

"By Jove, old boy," he cried, "you're a trump. I saw you, at the gate, just as you stole off. Alice don't know you were there. Give me your hand. Any other fellow would have blundered in, to ask what he could do to help. You've made me the happiest man alive. Alice won't marry the duke: she's loved me, all the time, she says: she'll wait for me, if necessary, for years; yes, till doomsday. Something, you know, must turn up—bonanzas you call 'em, in your country, that make poor devils rich in a day?

"You know how I caught up to her," he went on, after he had taken breath. "She had smiled at me, over her shoulder, with a saucy, meaning look, as much as to say she'd been riding purposely to spill the duke. But she didn't say a word. We kept on, thud, thud, up the hill—I never knew horses go so before—till we reached the fence at the top. My old mare went over, all right, but hers stumbled somehow, and great heavens, there the beast was, rolling over and over, and Alice senseless!"



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"You know the rest. I tried to rouse her, and then ran for water, and just as she was coming to, I saw you—"

He broke off. Then began again.

"I don't care now," he said, "for all of them. I didn't break my word. Good luck, or Providence, rather did it. Perhaps, if Alice had had time to think, she wouldn't have betrayed herself. They've bullied her beyond words. But she was surprised, you see; she says, with blushes, she hardly knew what she said, or did: only, thank God, the truth has come out! Now that I know that she loves me—I'll defy the whole crowd. We'll trust to heaven. There are clerkships, aren't there, in the gift of this stupid old government of ours? Places at Somerset House, and other beastly holes? I know fellows, who belong to my club, who live in that way. I'll write to my uncle, this very night, and see if he can't get me a clerkship; and then I'll cut the service; and we'll marry, and live in a two-pair-back. My lord has influence—"

"Your uncle? My lord?" I interrupted, with some surprise, for though I had known Jack so well, I had never heard him talk of such a relative. The fact is, thorough-bred Englishmen, so far as my experience goes, never do.

"Oh! yes. Lord Arlington. Didn't you know? One of the best old boys going. But you see he has two sons, and any quantity of daughters, and so no money to spare; and I wouldn't ask him to help me, except in some way like this; and I never thought of a clerkship before—"

Just then one of the most extraordinary things happened, so extraordinary that it altogether cut short Jack's sentence. So extraordinary, that, if I had not witnessed it, I would not have believed it. There was a knock at the door, and a telegram was handed to Jack.

"Great heavens," he cried, as he read it. He was pale as a corpse. The paper rattled in his shaking hand. "The poor, fatherless, girls! Who will console them? I must be off—to-night—at once—"

"What is it?" I asked.

"Read it," he answered. "No, I can tell you, quicker. My uncle, and his two sons—think of it—have been lost, in a gale, in his yacht, off Spezzia. All three bodies were washed ashore. The girls, his daughters, are at Nice, alone; for their mother is dead, you know. It will kill them."

"Are you their nearest relation? Can nobody else, but you, go?" I asked this, with a sudden thrill.

"Why, of course: there's none nearer; but I'd go, all the same, if I wasn't: poor dears!"

"Then you are Lord Arlington," I said.

He stared at me, in a dazed way, for a moment. Evidently, up to this instant, he had not remembered that he was the heir. His entire sympathies, big-hearted fellow that he was, had been enlisted for his cousins.

"Why, good God, so I am," he cried, and sank into a chair, shaking all over.

After a few minutes he rallied.

"I take heaven to witness," he said, "that I never thought of this. I'd go back to yesterday's despair, and you know what that was, sooner than that my happiness should be bought at such a price. Yes! I must start, to-night. But I must see Alice. She promised to meet me in the conservatory. Oh! my poor cousins."

I have not much more to tell. Of course, in due time, there was a wedding. Of course, too, it was a very splendid one, as became that of so great an heiress as Lady Alice. There were eight bridesmaids, and among the guests were six dukes, though, alas! his Grace of Grosslands was not one of them.

Jack, with the liberality that had always distinguished him, generous-hearted fellow that he was, even when poor, settled a competent income on each of the orphaned daughters of his uncle.

Only the other day I had a letter, dated Arlington castle. It was from Lady Alice.

"Jack has hurt his right hand, by a bad fall, in the hunting field," she wrote, "and asks me to be his amanuensis. He says you must come over, this winter; he will take no denial; and I also lay my commands on you. We are as happy, Jack bids me say, as it is possible for any two poor idiots to be: in all which I coneur, except the idiots. Do come! I shall never forget that you had the good sense to tell him—foolish fellow—that nothing could be BEYOND HIS REACH."

# A REVERSION.

BY CHARLES KELLOGG FARLEY.

IF Etta's love were only giv'n,
How strange all things would be,
Instead of going up to heav'n,
Why, heav'n would come to me!



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# THE EGYPTIAN AMULET.

BY MRS. M. SHEPPEY PETERS.

## CHAPTER I.

THROUGH that greatest of all mysteries—the mystery of Death—the life of Berenice Labordie was ushered in, for her mother perished in giving birth to her.

"Poor chile!" said the old nurse, Marian Hagar, as she took the infant in her arms. But later, when the babe throve and grew more beautiful, and sprightly, daily, she exclaimed, "dis chile's goin' to be a most uncommon one."

Her father, prostrated by grief at first, and then immersed in the scientific studies of which he was so fond, awoke, after some years, to find that he had a daughter who was almost a young woman, and who had grown, like all the women of his race, richly, darkly beautiful.

There was a legend of an Egyptian ancestress, who had been won from the banks of the Nile, by his grandfather, one of the French *savans*, who accompanied Napoleon to Egypt. Now when he saw Berenice's warm coloring, the unfathomable depths of darkness in her eyes, her southern exuberance of vitality, and her glowing beauty, the idea occurred to him, persistently, that she must have inherited her tropical type of beauty from that mythical, great-grand-dame, rather than from her Creole parentage on the Louisiana bayou.

On the young girl herself, the legend exercised an irresistable fascination. She read every book to be found in her father's library, on the customs and antiquities, the creeds and religious ceremonials, of the ancient Egyptians. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls, especially, attracted her, while it filled her with horror.

"What if my soul is the soul of Cleopatra, or even of one of her maidens, dwarfed and distorted by its passage of two thousand years through reptile, bird, and beast, into poor, little me," she said, one day, to her father, who listened aghast. For the first time, he had a glimpse of the odd ideas, developing in his daughter's brain, in their isolated life on the bayou plantation. "What was to be done with her?" was the question, which now began to perplex him.

A visit from his sister, Madame Dejarnette, at this juncture, answered the query. The fashionable lady listened to the story, and answered, briskly:

"I will take her to New Orleans. A winter there, and plenty of beaux, will cure her." Two months later, she wrote to her brother, "It has been a great success: your daughter is the toast of the town. My husband's nephew, and heir, with many others, is mad in love with her; and sometimes I think she is not indifferent to him; yet she is so wayward, no one can tell. It would be an excellent match for both. We have quite set our heart on it."

Berenice's [illegible], as well as her affections, puzzled her aunt. [illegible] day the girl was bending over a case of antiquities in madame's cabinet.

"Oh! where did you get this, aunt Marie?" suddenly exclaimed Berenice. "It is Cleopatra's veritable asp, I declare."

Madame Dejarnette's brow contracted, ominously, as she looked at the antique ring, which her niece held up to the light. The design was common enough, a serpent, wound into a coil, with its head slightly erect. There was, however, it seemed to Berenice, a peculiar glitter in the green enamel of the scales, and a strange glow in the emerald eyes, which appeared to watch her, as she turned it about.

"Where did it come from, aunt Marie?"

"It is uncertain," returned madame, in her iciest tone. "It is said to be a family relic."

"I thought so," triumphantly. "Cousin Allyn, what will you wager, that it did not once grace the finger of my Egyptian grand-dame. Or, who knows," with a significant shrug, "perhaps my grand-sire may have robbed some mummy of it, for his bridal offering."

"When will you tire of that Egyptian nonsense, Berenice?" cried madame, irritated.

"In my next two thousand years probation, perhaps," returned Berenice, smiling. "But aunt Marie, do give this ring to me. I will be absolutely miserable, if you do not."

"I shall give it to Allyn, to present to his betrothed," replied madame, playing a bold card. "If it is an Egyptian amulet, it will make an appropriate *gage d'amour*. Don't you think so, Allyn?"

Young Dejarnette looked quickly at Berenice. But her face was bent over the casket, into which she had tossed the ring again. Allyn quickly picked it up.

"I shall never give this to anyone, unless you will accept it, Berenice," he whispered, holding it out towards her.



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"Thanks," she answered, without glancing up. "But the virtues of the amulet would be annulled, for me, I fear, by the conditions of the transfer."

"There need be no conditions," he answered. "I think the ring should be yours, as it is a family relic. Anyhow, I quit my claim of it in your behalf."

Still she would not meet his eyes, or stretch forth her hand to take the ring.

"When you know that I am finally conquered, you can send it to me, *a la Cleopatra*, in a basket of figs," she said, with a nervous laugh.

"Very well," and he pocketed the jewel. "I will patiently bide my time. But, in the interim, I shall wear the ring about me, Berenice, as an amulet, or charm, to prevent any other than myself being your conqueror, dear."

She flashed at him a laughing glance of defiance; but abruptly changed the conversation; and nothing more was said about the ring for months.

When winter was over, madame proposed a summer in Europe. "It will not only perfect Berenice's manners and education," she wrote to her brother, "but by throwing her and Allyn more continually together than ever here, it will further our joint views." The father assented, and the party of four set sail, monsieur and madame, Berenice and Allyn. After some months spent in visiting London and Paris, they settled down in Dresden.

Here Berenice was as great a "success" as in New Orleans. Her admirers were counted by the score, and madame began to fear she had made a mistake; for they monopolized the girl's time, and even thrust Allyn into the back-ground, or rather he withdrew of his own volition. He was a proud man, and said:

"If others can win her from me, let them. I will, at least, give them a fair field. But if her heart and soul have need of me, she will recognize it, when the time comes."

One morning, at breakfast, Berenice said:

"I am going, to-day, did you know it, with a party, to visit the Museum of Antiquities?"

"Who is to chaperone the party?" enquired madame.

"Oh! Madame DeSelden," Berenice answered, with a laugh, "and she is a regular grimalkin of a chaperone, you know."

"But about your escort, my dear?"

Berenice turned a swift, half-mocking glance towards Allyn. "Mr. Alfriend offered his services, but I declined making an engagement. Indeed, I told both him and Mr. DeSelden, that I had reserved this special occasion for you, cousin Allyn—if you choose to avail yourself of the honor."

Madame looked gratified; monsieur smiled, Allyn glanced up enquiringly, for of late she had rather snubbed him.

Her merry eyes faltered a trifle, and she blushed.

"To tell the truth, I have a selfish reason. They tell me that one of the mummies has a serpent ring, that, from the description, must be exactly like yours. I want you to come, so that I may compare them."

"But the ring is at your service."

Berenice blushed again, for she remembered what he had said about it, months before. She drew back.

"Oh! no, I couldn't take it, you know—"

She broke off embarrassed. Her uncle, at this moment, interposed.

"But I'm afraid, dear, if you don't borrow it, you can't make the comparison, for I want Allyn to go to Berlin, this afternoon. I've had a telegram about some business there—"

"Nay, nay," interrupted Allyn, seeing how the face of the girl fell, "the train doesn't start till late, and I'll have time to go, for awhile, to the museum. You shan't be disappointed, Berenice." The smile, with which she repaid him, more than compensated for the equivocal reason she had given for asking his escort.

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## CHAPTER II.

An hour or two later, they were going through the *Grüberseal*, where the mummies were kept. Miss Labordie felt a thrill, half of horror, as they walked on past monuments, and sarcophagi, with their ghastly inmates. This feeling deepened, when she left behind the ram-headed sphinxes, with the emblematic suns betwixt the horns, the colossi of porphyry, and the lotus and papyrus symbols of Upper and Lower Egypt, and began to approach the gravestones, and all the other accompaniments of Egyptian burial. Before a sarcophagus of granite, the party stopped at last, to hear the eminent antiquarian, who went with them, decipher the hieroglyphics carved within. These, he explained, described the appearance of a departed soul, at the judgment, before Osiris, and the goddesses Isis and Neptiti.

"What is this?" asked Miss Labordie, putting her finger upon a phonetic representation of a sacrificial offering.

"That," said the antiquarian, "is a steer, being offered for the repose of the soul."

"I suppose no one offered a steer for the repose of my soul then," whispered Berenice, over her shoulder, to Allyn Dejarnette.

"And I am glad none was offered, as your

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spirit and mine are wandering together, at this time," he replied, in the same tone.

Berenice turned her face quickly away, and followed their guide to the next sarcophagus.

This was a large one, also of granite, only it was covered with painted hieroglyphics. These were deciphered, as representing the dead, watched over by Anubis and Amente, and the inscription was a prayer to Anubis for a delightful burial, and repose for the kingly Rechs, etc. Just beyond, in a curtained alcove, on two pedestals of porphyry, was an ornate grave-chamber of alabaster; and within lay a hideous, swathed mummy, the one wearing the serpent ring!

"Let me have the relic," whispered Berenice excitedly to Allyn, as they bent forward to behold the ghastly sight.

Dejarnette gave her his ring, and as soon as she could, without attracting attention, Berenice laid the ring close against the one worn by the mummy. Directly she stepped back to Dejarnette's side.

"They are exact counterparts," she whispered. "How very strange!"

"Why strange? Thousands of diamond crosses are made, after the same model, in this age. The serpent, you know, was an object of worship, with the old Egyptians, and its emblem was as common as the cross is with us."

Nevertheless, even he could not altogether reason down a thrill of superstitious wonder, as he heard the savant's rendition of the hieroglyphics and *bas reliefs* on the alabaster burial chamber.

"The characters," affirmed the antiquarian, "represent the mummy to be that of a beautiful maiden of the court of Ptolemy Anletes. The first syllable of her name, you see, is represented by a basket—(*Bir*) in an oval shield—the other characters are, many of them, the same as those for the name, Cleopatra, to whom there is an allusion, lower down. Hence, the maiden's name was Berenice, and her connection with the daughter of Ptolemy was an intimate one."

Berenice looked at Allyn, with wide open, startled eyes.

"Perchance," she whispered, only half-jestingly, "the maiden was grieved to death, by the loss of her beautiful queen, and so was invested with that sacred emblem of the asp. I wonder if the mummy, in the British museum, supposed to be Cleopatra, wears a ring like this. Maybe not. Perhaps your ring is Cleopatra's, after all; and that ring, and that mummy maybe me and my ring. Who knows?" With a shiver, half-affected, half-earnest.

"Settle the point, dear, by making this your ring," urged Allyn, in a whisper.

She glanced shyly towards him, but there was an excited look in her eyes, which he did not like to see. "No," she said, and laughed nervously. "I am this Berenice, you see; and can wear no other ring but hers."

A sudden resolve compressed his lips.

"All's fair in love and war," he quoted, bending over the mummy.

The antiquarian, and the rest of the party, led by the guide, had passed on to a group of monuments, at the entrance of the astronomical hall. The sarcophagus of alabaster, was, as we have said, in a curtained alcove. Allyn and Berenice, for the moment, were alone in the recess.

"What are you doing?" the girl asked, suddenly, and an exclamation of fright and horror burst from her lips, as she saw that Allyn had slipped the mummy's ring off, and was fitting his in its place. "Don't, oh! don't," she protested, vehemently. "The penalty must be something awful."

"Therefore, the reward should be in proportion," he said, offering her the ring. "You will not surely refuse that, for which I have dared so much."

But Berenice shrunk from the ring, shivering.

"If," he said, smiling, "your spirit is a wandering one, from this beautiful Berenice, let mine be united with it, by this symbol deemed sacred in her day."

"A horrible fatality would rest upon such a betrothal," the girl said, shuddering again. "The ring would be a deadlier asp than that of Cleopatra, for I would die a daily death, with my finger encircled by a trophy won as from the dead. How could you be guilty of such sacrilege? Give me the other ring back again."

He smiled triumphantly.

"You will take the other ring then, and acknowledge yourself conquered?"

But Berenice was not yet prepared for unconditional surrender. "I will never accept this one," she said. "Replace it, and we will talk, some other time, of what is to be done with yours."

Seeing her resolved, he was about to obey, when they observed the guide returning to seek for them. Berenice was at once nervously anxious, lest their fraud should be discovered.

"Let us go forward to meet him," she urged, setting the example.

"But," protested Dejarnette, following her, "I will—I must recover the ring."

"Another day, we may have a better chance," she said, hurriedly, as the guide joined them.

They were thus constrained to rejoin the rest of the party; and awhile later, Allyn was

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compelled to make his way to the train. Meantime, he had been unable to re-exchange the rings. But in making his adieux to Miss Labordie, he managed to transfer the one, taken from the mummy, to her hand. "It will be safer with you," he whispered. "But for heaven's sake do not try to make the exchange till I return. The attempt is more than hazardous."

Berenice felt strangely dejected and forlorn, when he had finally departed; and her adorers, Alfriend and DeSelden, found her so uncompromisingly perverse, that they were at last constrained, in self-defence, to attach themselves to other ladies of the party. The ring, all this while, weighed heavily on her conscience; and despite Allyn's warning, she determined to try to replace it.

No opportunity presented itself, however, until the entire party, grown weary of sight-seeing, were returning through the *Gräbersaal*, on their way out from the museum. Loitering behind the others, on pretence of examining some curious *bas reliefs*, Berenice found herself alone, as she reached the alcove, where the alabaster sarcophagus reposed. Slipping behind one of the pedestals, she stood quietly until all the party had passed into the next apartment. Then she emerged from her hiding place; and though the mere idea of touching the hideously shriveled beauty was horribly repugnant to her, yet the desire to recover the amulet of her Egyptian ancestress was so strong, that it overcame this emotion.

It was but the work of a moment to lift the blackened, parchment-like fingers, and draw off the bauble she coveted. But as she hurriedly tried to restore the other ring, she was suddenly startled by the slamming of a distant door. The echoes, resounding about the arched galleries and rooms, made her spring to her feet in nervous trepidation. Both the rings slipped from her grasp, and falling to the floor, vanished together into a remote corner. The sound she had heard warned her that her friends were leaving the museum; nevertheless she resisted the impulse to fly in pursuit; and kneeling down, groped about in search of the rings. She recovered both, but with difficulty, after a prolonged search, for the evening shades were gathering, and in the shadowy alcove, only the sense of touch was left to guide her. But which was hers, and which the mummy's? For the life of her she could make no distinction. With a hap-hazard guess, she slipped one upon the dead finger, and, determined not to risk again the loss of the other, she thrust that on her own finger. But as the circlet grasped the flesh, she felt a sharp, stinging sensation. The pricking was so sharp, that she looked for the cause, and was surprised to perceive that the serpent's head, usually erect, was bent down towards the finger. Moreover, the mouth was slightly open, while a slender, pointed tongue protruded, and pressed against the delicate cuticle beneath. A pain, simultaneously, crept up her arm.

"What can this mean?" she said, with a queer tremor. She took a pin, and lifted the head of the serpent, which sprang into place, with a click, showing that it had been hinged on a hidden spring. Not the tiniest puncture, however, could she perceive. The skin appeared but slightly reddened; and laughing at her momentary fear, she rapidly pursued her friends.

Through the *Gräbersaal*, and the next division leading into it, she hurried, but only, when she reached the hither entrance, to find the great door fastened.

A shiver of horror quivered through every nerve at this discovery. Was she, indeed, shut in alone, with all those awful surroundings, this dead and resurrected past? She shook the bolt vigorously, calling aloud in desperation. Only the reverberations answered, echoing and echoing down the hall, dying in shrill, sepulchral whispers among the tombs and sarcophagi of the *Gräbersaal*. In vain she made effort after effort to be heard. "Will nothing," she cried, "make them hear, without?"

At last, she desisted, and crept away from the barred door, feeling faint and sick in the oppressive air of the closed vaults. Virtually, she was buried alive.

"But surely," she said to herself, "it cannot be for long. The rest of the party will miss me presently, and will return to search for me. Or Monsieur, or Madame Dejarnette will wonder at my absence. Ah! I forget," she exclaimed, wringing her hands. "I told madame that I would spend the night with Rose DeSelden. If only Allyn was at home! He would be sure to find me. Great heavens! if all those people should conclude that I have returned, in my drosche, to my hotel, and never stop to ask about me."

But after awhile she rallied, for she was naturally courageous. She was not one to fear insensate stones, neither the equally insensate mummies. The vaults were dusky, though, and the hideous monsters of marble and granite, looked ghastly enough in their uncertain outlines.

Berenice remembered to have observed a bench, in the *Gräbersaal*, where she might rest awhile, for she was beginning to feel faint and sick, and thither she went. She now began to feel a numbness in the left arm, and remembered to

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have read that such was the effect of a sting of the asp. She recalled, too, what she had read of the poisoned serpent-rings, so often exhumed with mummies from Egyptian tombs. Had she received a deadly wound from the ring? A train of the wildest fancies passed through her brain, which appeared to her to be illuminated with flashes of light. She seemed to be growing conscious of a sort of affinity with the disembodied spirits of the encoffined dead about her; it was, indeed, as if her spirit was endued with the faculty of holding converse with those, which had once been enshrined in the mummies, and buried in the sarcophagi of those around her.

Her feeling of languor deepened. Bodily she was lulled into a repose of infinite depths and delightsomeness. Mentally she was conscious of new faculties of enjoyment awaking within her. Phantoms, like vague dreams of lands and people unknown, but familiar; phantom-like processions; strange and awful rites of religious ceremonial; songs without words; birds of brilliant plumage; a flora and fauna of another age, and another world than hers, all these passed confusedly before her. There was a land of cloudless skies, and a blazing sun; vast cities, with odd and splendid temples, having shrines to terrible gods; wastes of tideless waters bordering stretches of glistening, desolate sands. All was a blending of indistinct outlines. Yet she could not mistake the huge pyramidal shapes, nor the quarried cliffs teeming with the tombs of Egypt's dead: these were as landmarks in that realm of vagary. She knew herself to be one of the vast multitude of souls, who, their spell of embalmment broken, had returned to the Nile Valley of Unrest, there to begin anew the pilgrimage of centuries.

"I am dead," she whispered to herself, with stiff, pallid lips. "The sting of the asp has stolen away my life, and now another shall have possession of the spirit, which this body prized so much. Will Allyn love her as he has loved me? Will he, oh, Sphinx—thou who canst read the riddle of the Universe." For she had thrown herself, in her vision, prone between the forefeet of the majestic guardian of the Nile, and was gazing up into the calm, unmoved face, upon which the storms of ages might beat in vain.

"Ask of thyself," syllabled the stony lips, in reply.

Then came a change of vision.

The *Gräbersaal* was before her, once more; but she was dead upon the settle. The serpent ring was on her finger, and its poison was coloring the marble hand, with its cyanotic tint. So Allyn would find her she knew, when he returned from Dresden. Yet, her spirit seemed to be in no sort of bondage to Death, as it floated among the phantom groups, gathering in the *Gräbersaal*. With Rechs, to whom the gods had given a peaceful sepulture; with Hathor, the beloved of Osiris; with Sesostris and Rameses, her kings, she held free converse. They spoke to her of the judgment to come, and the sacrificial offering made for the repose of her soul, in the yielding of her life to the fangs of the sacred serpent.

And more distinct than all, there hovered about her the aerial form of Berenice, the Ptolemaic beauty. Together they paused beside the still, white figure on the settle.

"I am thyself," said the phantom beauty, smiling. "Thy beloved didst release me from the bonds of Death in withdrawing the ring, and now shalt thou wear it, and repose for more than two thousand years, while I shall stay my pilgrimage with him, whom thou hast loved. Behold the swathes and spices, guarded by the asp. On the couch of alabaster shalt thou dream thy dream; for now I wake to joy."

Then it was that the aerial Berenice enveloped the pulseless maiden on the settle, who stirred, as in a pleasant dream, while a horror of great darkness fell upon the bodiless spirit of the luckless Berenice Labordie, for whom thought and feeling were alike involved in a coma of supreme unconsciousness.

She knew nothing—felt nothing more!

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## CHAPTER III.

The tides of life, without, ceased not to flow against the walls of the museum. But the flux and reflux may have gone on for hours, days or weeks, for all the reckoning kept, by the mute inmates of the vaults. At last, however, the shadows of the night, that deepened to impenetrable gloom in the *Gräbersaal*, were suddenly illumined by a glare of lamp light, flashing through a wide door, suddenly flung open.

"Here she is, asleep on this bench," said the guide, in a voice, which, breaking upon the profound hush, might have been mistaken for a trump of Doom, by Rechs, or Rameses.

"Ah, yes, here she is, poor, tired, frightened darling," whispered Allyn Dejarnette, who, fortunately, had missed his train, found that Berenice had not come home, and had been in search of her everywhere. "Berenice," he called, softly, laying his hand on the dark braids. "Berenice. Oh! what does it mean?"

For though the heavily fringed lids trembled, and were then lifted, and Berenice fastened a pair of bewildered, questioning eyes upon him, there was no joyful recognition in the gaze, no

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surprise, not even a pleased anticipation of release from her dreadful imprisonment,

He tried to assume a cheerfulness he did not feel.

"Why, Berenice," he said, in a tone of jest, "you look as if you have had a vision. Your eyes have such a far-seeing gaze."

She shivered, rising to her feet. A second later, she glanced down at her finger, and at the fatal ring. Dejarnette's look followed hers, and his face grew radiant, for he supposed it was his ring, and that she had put it on, voluntarily.

"My darling," he whispered, as the guide moved off on a tour of inspection; and he bent, and kissed the hand, wearing what he supposed was his betrothal gift. "My own Berenice. My life shall be bound with yours, now, in this same emblem of Eternity."

For the first time, she smiled at him, but in an odd sort of way.

"Yes," she said, "the ring has bound our lives together, though the asp stung your Berenice to death. See, where the poison entered, to steal her from you."

The finger she extended towards him showed only a tiny blue splotch close to the ring. There was no puncture, not even the cicatrice of a wound. He looked anxiously at her face. The change in its expression was certainly peculiar. Had her awful surroundings turned her brain, in the few hours of her imprisonment in the *Gräbersaal?*

"Berenice," he said, tenderly, "you have only been dreaming, dear. Forget these horrid visions, and let us go hence."

She passed her hand over her eyes and forehead in a dazed kind of way, but walked beside him obediently, almost as a somnambulist would. Not even the sight of the mummies, by which they were passing, seemed to arouse any feeling in her, until just as they came alongside of the alcove, and the light of the guide's lantern flared, for an instant, on the ghastly face of Ptolemy's court beauty. Then, as by a sort of awful fascination, Berenice's gaze was turned upon the alcove. She saw the blackened, swathed figure, and the parchment-like fingers; and the rays of light seemed to inform, with venemous life, the sinuous contortions of the asp, and its glittering emerald eyes.

Uttering a shrill, sharp cry of terror, the girl turned swiftly, and clung to Allyn, shivering and trembling.

"What is it, dear? What is it?" he cried, shielding her on his breast.

"I know not," she panted, urging him on. "Only the serpent charms me. And that fearful mummy seems horribly familiar, as though it had, at some time, been to me a prison house of doom. Take me away. What power is it—what—"

She faltered, in her rapid gait, and leaned against him heavily. Then he saw that she had fainted.

Lifting her in his arms, he bore her from the building, called the carriage, and drove rapidly to the hotel. Her terrified aunt summoned, immediately, the best medical attendance the city afforded. But, alas! the vagaries of that night in the *Gräbersaal* were but the beginning of a seemingly interminable train of wild fancies, all turning on Egypt, and Cleopatra, and ghosts of the dead Past. For many weeks, indeed, Berenice hovered close upon the confines of insanity.

Brain fever, the doctors called her disease, at first. Yet when the fever-thirst was slaked, the fountain of memory, almost the well-spring of youth and life itself, seemed to have been lapped up by its tongues of fire. Things the most familiar had grown unreal to her. Remembrances of places and people, even the dearest, came to her only as ghostly shapes. And it was long before this passed away.

She grew more richly beautiful day by day, it is true; and her fresh charms, and graces of both body and mind, enthralled anew her lover. And to the fervor of his affection, she gave an answering ardor of devotion. But no hue of health returned to the cheek, and the lovely form grew daily more attenuated, nay, etherealized. Even when Allyn Dejarnette had made her his bride, not the tenderest care his love could lavish upon her, neither the balmy skies of Italy, nor the health-giving Spas of Germany, could win her back to strength, or subdue the unnatural lustre of her eyes.

"Her native air, and the quiet and good nursing of her own home, might effect a change," decided the baffled physicians, at last.

So they bore her back to the Louisiana bayou, and she was placed once more in the care of the faithful Marian Hagar.

"She's been bewitched," said the superstitious Hagar, watching the languor and debility of her charge. "She's seen onnateral sights, or she's got a charm workin' in her veins."

"Whar did she git her snake?" she asked, suspiciously, of madame, one day. "It 'minds me ob dese Voudoo sarpints; 'clar to gracious, ole miss, ef it don't."

Madame Dejarnette started, then smiled at the folly of her own superstition, but still she took the trouble to explain to Hagar the legend of the Egyptian relic.

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Old Hagar nodded her head.

"Egypt's in Afica, aren't it, ole miss?"

Madame assented.

"Then there's Aficans in Egypt; an' whar Aficans is, thar is Voudoos; an' whar Voudoos is, thar is snakes, an' pisen and sich. She shan't wear dat ring more'n twenty-four hours longer, sure's you're born!"

Madame may have found herself infected by Hagar's superstition after all: at least she did not open her lips to betray the contemplated robbery.

Hence, that very evening, while Berenice slept her sleep of utter exhaustion, the Egyptian amulet vanished from her hand. Madame expected her to be inconsolable at the loss of the ring; but it was Allyn, who made the only lamentation. If his bride regretted it, she made no allusion to the fact, beyond an occasional uneasy touching of the blue circle, that marked her now empty finger.

Marian Hagar nodded her head, well pleased, for Berenice's restlessness vanished, and her rare smiles grew more and more frequent. Allyn was jubilant at the change, without knowing the origin of it; while madame herself, if sceptical, was discreetly silent. One day, Hagar said, earnestly:

"'Twere dat ring, ole misses, 'twere de miserbul snake, what had done put a charm on de chile. What wid de sarpint, dem Egypters, and de Voudoos and Aficans, 'twere de debbils own work we had to fight agin for her."

Be this as it may, health and strength returned to Berenice. Moreover, as the lapses of memory were filled in with more pleasing reminiscences, the recollections of the vision of the *Gräbersaal* faded into indistinctness, or were crowded back among the brighter vagaries of her fevered brain.

So the fateful period of her life was safely bridged, and Berenice Dejarnette blossomed into a lovely realization of Berenice Labordie's beauteous maidenhood.

## RETURNED.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Yes! here is the house—and you have the key;
We are home once more—but wait, I say.
I am suddenly cold, and I cannot see—
Let me sit, and so rally my strength, I pray.

You tho't I was stronger? Well, so did I,
Strength seemed to come in the great sea's roar.
But I faint and tremble and almost die,
When I think what is waiting inside that door.

I almost forgot as I walked by the sea,
I seemed so small, and the sea so grand.
But the same old sorrow is waiting for me
There on the threshhold with out-stretched hand.

The same old sorrow I left behind,
Sadder from being shut up so long,
Crueler, may be, and more unkind.
How weak we are when we think we are strong!

How foolish one is to run away,
To dream by flight he will cease to remember.
For the sorrow we leave behind in May
Is always awaiting us in December.

It is better to walk with it day by day,
To wander with it from room to room,
Until its terrors shall wear away,
And we grow used to its face of gloom.

Well, turn the key—I am ready now;
I will not be cowed by the eyes of pain,
And strength will be given to me somehow
To fight my battle all over again.

## "BENEATH THE HARVEST MOON."

BY MARGARET FRANCIS.

I HEAR her sweet voice in the hall;
I see her bright form on the stair;
Her subtle presence, too, I feel
In grace and blessing everywhere.

Ah! happy nights when, by the sea,
Beneath the harvest moon we strolled.
Ah! happier yet, that night of nights,
When first our mutual love was told.

How sped ye, summers once of yore,
That knew not of her look or smile?
How winters, without charms like hers
The weary hours to beguile?

Is it a year, but one short year,
Since first I won her for my own?
Oh! Death! though other homes you waste,
Spare mine. Oh! leave me not alone!

Soft eyes, that answer to my gaze,
Dear little hand that now I hold.
You're mine, yes, wholly mine, to-day,
What e'er the future may unfold.

Let sorrows come, let tempests break—
I'll think still of that moonlit sea,
When, hand in hand, we strolled; and first,
Your dear, dear love was told to me.

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# WHAT HAPPENED AT THE SERENADE.

BY "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

WELL, as I wus a-tellin', Lucinda Moony stood there, a-tremblin' in her nightgown, without a sign of a shoe, nor a stockin' on her feet, nor a bonnet on, nor nuthin'.

"Why, for the land's sake, Lucinda Moony," says I, "what is the matter? Why are you here at this time of night, and in this condition?"

"Why," says she, a-tremblin' like a popple leaf, "there is the awfulest goin's on up to our house that you ever see. There is murderin' a-goin' on. Lial has been murdered in cold blood," says she, a-wringin' her hands, and groanin', and rithin' like a wild woman.

"What makes you think so?" says I. "What have you seen? Have you been hurt? Where is Mandance?" says I.

"Oh, Mandy has gone over to Duggets, to roust them up! Oh! oh! them awful words! They are a-ringin' through my ears yet!" says she, a-ringin' her hands, and growin' wilder.

Says I firmly, but kindly, "Lucinda Moony, try to be calm, and compose yourself down—tell me jest what you have seen," says I, "and heerd, and how it begun."

"Wall, in the first place, Mandance and I, was rousted up out of sleep, by hearin' a noise down in the yard, and we got up, and peeked through the winder, and we see seven or eight men, wild, savage-lookin' men, a-prowlin' along through the yard, and some of 'em walked with canes—I persume they had swords in 'em, Mandy thought she see the swords, bloody swords—and as we stood there a-peekin' through the blinds, we see 'em prowl their way along round the house, towards Lial's winder. And then a minute or two after, we heerd the awfulest sounds we ever heerd, the most fearful and agonizin'; I spose it was Lial a-groanin', and screechin' when they killed him.

"And then they seemed," says she, after a-catchin' her breath, "to all screech out, and yell the most harrowin' and blood-curdlin' sounds ever heerd. Mandy said she knew they was Injuns, no other race could have made such hideous and unearthly noises. She said she had heerd that Injuns gin jest such awful and melancholy yells, when they wus on the war-path. Wall, them awful sounds took every mite of our strength away; we stood there tremblin' like two leaves, till finally we made out to totter down the back stairs, and she run to Duggets'es, and I started acrost the lots here, for we thought the hull neighborhood ought to be rousted up. I am most dead! Oh, poor Lial! poor Lial! And his wife and children happy to home! Who will carry the awful news to 'em? He was probably killed, before I got out of the house. I thought I suffered, when I lost my husband and four children within a year. But this goes ahead of anything I ever see, so harrowin' and awful. To have Lial, my only brother, killed right under my ruff, and I couldn't help it! Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

I see she wus jest a-tumblin' over into a historical fit, and I laid her down on my bed, and broke it to her gradual, what the trouble wus. And then she had the historicks harder than ever. She broke out into a laugh, so loud that you could hear her cleer to the road, and then she broke out a-cryin', so you could hear her, cteetery, and the same. And then she would claw right into me, and tear, and rip round. Why, she tore my nightgown from top to bottom, and ripped off two-thirds of the border of my nightcap, and tore at the sheets. I happened to have on a pair of fine ones, some worn, but good and sound, and she yanked at them sheets, and tore 'em, as if they wus gauze.

But, good land! she didn't know what she was a-doin', she was so full of the historicks. She was jest a-pullin', and teerin' at the bottom sheet, when Josiah Allen come a-meachin' in; a meachin'er-lookin' creeter I never beheld. And from what I learned afterwards, well he might meach. And as bad as he looked, he looked worse when I says to him, says I,

"I told you, Josiah Allen, to let well enough alone, but you wouldn't, and you can see what you have done with your serenadin', and foolery, you have killed Miss Moony for what I know, and," says I, in still sterner axents, "a hull piece of factery cloth won't make our loss good."

Then Josiah groaned awful, and says I, "What more effects have followed on after your serenadin', I don't know."

Josiah kep' on a-groanin' pitifuler, and pitifuler, and I see then that his head was all bruised up—it looked as if he had been pelted with somthin' hard, there was a hunch riz up over his left eye, as big as a banty's egg, and it was a-swellin' all the time, stiddy, and constant.



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Well, from that night for five nights right along, I kep' bread and milk poultices on it, changin' from lobelia to catnip, as I see the swellin' growed, or diminished. His sufferins was awful, and so was mine, for the first three days and nights, I thought it would mortify, do the best I could, it looked that black and angry. His agony with it was intense, and also with his mind, his mind bein' near the swellin', made it worse mebby, his mortification, and disopointment was that overwhelmin,' and terrible. It was the water-pitcher, as I heern afterwards, that Lial had pelted him with.

I spose from what I heerd afterwards, that they had the awfulest time that was ever heerd in Janesville, or the world. Lial jest throwed everything at 'em he could lay his hands on. Why, them old men was jest about killed. He pretended to think they wus burglers, and tramps, but I never believed it for a minute. I believe it maddened him to be waked up out of a sound sleep, and to see them eight old creeters, makin' perfect fools of themselves.

Some think that he had been kinder sot up by somebody, and made to think that the Janesvillians wanted to make money out of him, and cheat him. And he was always dreadful quick-tempered, everybody knows. And some think that he thought it was a lot of young fellers dressed in disguise, a-tryin' to make fun of him, callin' him Elial, he always hated the name of Elial, and had felt above it for years, and wrote his name E. Wellington Gansey. But as he left on the first train in the mornin', I don't spose we shall ever know the hull truth of the matter.

But, anyway, whatever was the cause, he bruised up them old men fearful. Elial was strong and perseverin', and a good calculator, or he never could have laid up the property he had. Every blow hit jest where it would hurt the worst; he pelted them old men perfectly awful.

They had composed a lot of verses—over twenty they say, there was of 'em—that they was a-layin' out to sing to him. They didn't sing but three, I believe, when the first boot hit 'em; but they say they kep' on singin' the next verse, bein' determined to molify him down, till they got so bruised and battered up, that they had to flee for their very lives. The verses run like this:

Who did from the Ohio come?
To visit round in his old home?
And make the neighbors happy, some;
Elial.

With melody we him will cheer,
And keep Elial Gansey here.
Who is this man we love so dear?
Elial.

If music sweet as can be had
Can soothe thee, make thee blest and glad,
Then never more shalt thou be sad
Elial.

I spose it was jest at this very time that the wash-bowl flew, and struck old Bobbet in the small of the back, and crumpled him right down, he was sort o' bent over the accordeun. They didn't play the accordeun all the time they was singin', as I have been told, but between the verses, jest after they would sing "Elial," they would play a few notes sort o' lively.

It was Josiah's idea, as I heerd afterwards, their taken the accerdeun, they couldn't one of 'em play a tune; but he insisted it would look more stylish to have some instrument, and so they took that old accordeun, that used to belong to Shakespeare Bobbet.

They had planned it all out—they had boasted that they had got up something in their own heads, that hadn't never been heerd of in Janesville, and well they might say so.

Well, there wusn't one of them old fellers that was good for anything for the next month.

Elial's folks try to make the best of it, they say now that Elial always did when he was first rousted up out of a sound sleep, act kinder lost and crazy. They tell that now, to kind o' mouth it over; but I think, and I always shall think, that he knew jest who he was a-hittin', and what he was a hittin' 'em with. It was the glass soap-dish that struck old Dugget's nose. And I wish you could have seen that nose for the next three weeks, it used to be a Roman, but after that night it didn't look much like a Roman.

Elial's boots was the very best of leather, and they had a new fashioned kind o' heels, some sort o' metal or other, and Cornelius Cork says they hit as powerful as any cannon balls would; he goes lame yet. You know the shin-bone is one of the tenderest bones in the hull body to be hit.

It was the boot-jack that hit the editor of the Angor'ses head. His wife was skairt most to death about him, and she says to me, she had come over to see if she could get some wormwood.

"He never will get over that boot-jack in the world, I don't believe. His head is swelled up as big as two heads ort to be," she says, says she.

And says I, "It always happens so, don't it; the weakest spot is the one that always gets hit."

I was sorry for her as I could be. And I gave her the wormwood, and recommended her to use about half-and-half smartweed. Says I, "smartweed is good, for the outside of his head, and if it strikes in, it won't hurt him none."

But as bad as it wus for all the rest, it wus the worst for Josiah Allen, as bad agin.

It wusn't so much the hurt he got that night,

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though I thought for quite a spell that it would have to be opperated on, and didn't know but it would prove to be his death blow. And it wusn't so much our sufferings with Miss Moony, though them was fearful, bein' up with her all that night, and workin' over her to keep the breath of life in her, and she a-clawin' at us, and a-ketchin' holt of us, and a-laughin' and a-cryin'. We had to send for the neighbors, we wus that skairt about her; and Josiah had to go after the doctor right in the dead of night, with his head a-achin' as if it would split open.

And it wusn't so much the thought of losin' Elial, and money, though Josiah was dretfully attached to both on 'em, more deeply than tongue can ever tell. But that wusn't where the deepest piece of iron entered his soul. It was to think his singin' had got called so all to nort. He thought he wus such a sweet, dulcet harmonist. He had gloated and busted so over his lovely, melodious voice, and thought he wus goin' to be admired so for it, and then to think his singin' had skairt two wimmen most to death, had skairt one into fits anyway, for if ever a woman had a historical fit, Lucinda Moony had one that night. And instead of his serenade winnin' Lial's love and money, it had disgusted him so, that he had pelted him most to death.

Oh! it was a fearfully humiliatin' blow to his vanity. The blow on his forward wusn't to be compared to the severeness of the blow unto his vanity, though the swellin' on his forward swelled up bigger than a but'nut.

Yes, I have seen Josiah Allen in tryin' places, time and agin, and in places calculated to make a man meach. But never, never did I see him in a place of such deep meachin'ness and gloom, as he wus that night after he come home with Dr. Bombas. There he wus, at the very time, the very night, when he had lotted on bein' covered with admiration and glory, like a mantilla, there he wuz, lookin', oh! so pitiful, and meek, bowed down by pain, contumely and water pitchers. And he happened to pass by the bed where Miss Moony lay, and she bein' blind with historicks, laid holt of him, and called him "Mandance." She clutched right into his vest, and held him tight, and says she:

"Oh, Mandance! Oh! them awful voices! Oh! them terrible, screechin' yells. I can't forget 'em," says she: "they are ringin' through my ears yet."

And there, Dr. Bombas and the neighbors knew all about, what it wuz that had skairt her so—there they stood, a-laughin' in their sleeves (as it were). And Josiah standing there, lookin' as if he would sink.

Yes, Josiah Allen was in a hard place. But he couldn't get away from her, so he had to grin, and bear it. For we couldn't onelench her hands, she had a sort of a spazzum right there a-holdin' him tight. And every time she would come to a little, she would call him "Mandance," and yell about them "awful, blood-curdlin' screeches." It was a curious time, very.

Well, she got better, after a while. Dr. Bombas give her powerful doses of morpheen, and that quieted her down.

But morpheen couldn't quiet down Josiah Allen's feelin's, nor ease the sore spot in his vanity. No, all the poppies that ever grew in earthly gardens couldn't do it. He never will stand out a-serenadin' agin, I don't believe.

I haint one to be a-twittin' about things. But something happened to bring the subject up the other mornin', jest after breakfast, and I says this—I merely observed this to him,

"Wall, you wanted to make a excitement, Josiah Allen, and you did make one."

"Wall! wall! who said I didn't?"

Says I, "You have most probable done your last serenadin'."

I said this in a mild, and almost amiable axent. But you out to heerd how that man yelled up at me.

Says he, "If I wus a women, and couldn't keep from talkin' so agrivatin', I'd tie my tongue to my teeth. And if you are a-goin' to skim the milk for that calf, why don't you *skim* it?"

"Wall," says I, mildly, "I haint deef."

And that wus all that wus said on either side.

## A WINTER NIGHT.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

The lights burn blue; the red flames writhe and twist,
Behind the grate, like snakes; the room is dim
With shadows. To my frighted eyes
Each corner holds a spectre, wan and grim.

"A truce to fears!" you say, with laughing eyes;
And lo! like sun-kissed mists my boding flies.

Hark! how the wind keens all about the eaves,
Eerie, and wild, and bleak; how the sad rain
Beats down; and all the pale, cold stars
Are hid like lover's smiles 'neath winter pain.

"Let sorrow go, and shadows all!" you say;
And lo! 'tis June, and sweet, rose-haunted day.

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# THE TWELVE GREAT DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.

## CHAPTER V.

### WOMAN PROPOSES, MAN DISPOSES.

THE Parthia's steam was up; the last pieces of luggage were rushed on board; the last passengers were tearing down to the wharf in overdriven hacks; fussy old women, male and female, were insisting upon ventilators, sky-lights, furnaces, gas, and the daily paper in their state-rooms; sentimental passengers were exchanging rose-buds, ribbons, gloves, and kisses, in situations more or less retired, as the sentiment was more or less authorized; practical passengers were carefully storing their hand-luggage in their state-rooms, and exchanging their fine go-abroad clothes for the weather proof sea-suit; seasoned passengers were fondly enquiring when dinner would be ready, and if any Southdown mutton remained in the refrigerator; and inexperienced and unseasoned travellers were either already pallid and tremulous, in view of their approaching agonies, or frisked about like young bears just come into the hands of the trainer, with an appreciation of the sorrows in store for them.

Among the passengers was Joyce. She had come on board with a most respectable *cortége*, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Wellman, a nice, drony, quiet, well-to-do couple, acquaintances of the Houghtons, who had undertaken to protect and care for the girl as far as London, where her aunt would send somebody to meet her at the Clarendon. Mrs. Houghton, of course, was there, and so was Mr. Hohenfels, who had transferred his attentions from the daughter to the mother, treating the former as a child to be noticed or not, as he might fancy at the moment, Joyce meekly accepting the position as a sort of penance for her want of appreciation of the musician's devotion.

Harry Thomas was there, also, a valise in his hand, with a shawl and rug strapped neatly on the side of it, and an air of departure pervading his appearance, down to the last hair of his regulation whiskers; for he was going, too, having quietly waited over the steamer he ought to have taken, for the pleasure, the cruel pleasure, of sharing Joyce's voyage.

He has resumed his usual manner to the young girl, however: he has not conquered his love; but he has brought it under control. He has resumed precisely his old tone, nor has he, since that day on the mall, made any allusion to his disappointment.

Mrs. Houghton, who knows men pretty thoroughly, has watched and trusted this man, and sometimes half wondered if Norman Abbey, and what might come of it, was really a surer chance of happiness for Joyce, than to marry an honest, faithful, high-minded gentleman, with the prospect of ample comfort and a show of luxury for the rest of her quiet life.

Thoughts of this sort were passing through the mother's mind, as she sat talking with Mrs. Wellman, and watching Joyce and Thomas, as they peered about the engine, he explaining and pointing out its wonders, and she asking her eager, artless questions, and looking up in his face for the answer, his grave eyes meeting the dancing brilliancy of hers, as quietly as if that dull ache at his heart, and stinging in his brain, were not.

As the two came strolling back to the sheltered seat, where the elder ladies sat and watched them, a gentleman, just come aboard, passed near Mrs. Houghton, to speak with a porter, who had followed him on deck, and to whom he finally gave some money and a direction.

As he took out his note-book and pencil, to write the letter, a card dropped unheeded from the book, and lay close to Mrs. Houghton's foot. Joyce, arising just then, stooped to pick it up, and, looking after the stranger, as he slowly walked aft, softly enquired:

"Why did that gentleman offer you his card, mamma?"

"His card! He didn't, it must have dropped from his pocket-book, as he stood here." And Mrs. Houghton, mechanically taking the card, glanced at the face of it, then flushed deeply, looked after the stranger, and opened her lips, but closed them again without speaking. At the same moment, the whistle sounded shrilly, and the steward gave the warning cry,

"All ashore! All those going ashore, please leave!"

"Mamma!" cried Joyce, turning and clinging around her mother's neck, and realizing for the first time, as it seemed to her, that this journey really meant separation, loss, the rending of a life's habit.



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Mrs. Houghton, too, for a little moment, showed herself all woman and mother. Clasping her child close and closer to her heart, she murmured fond blessings and caresses. In that moment, had the power been hers, she would have resigned all her ambitions and intrigues, and kept her child close at her own side. But it was only for a moment, and then putting her aside, she said:

"My own darling, it is for the best, and this only unfits us both for what lies before us. Sit there by Mrs. Wellman, and I will stay upon the wharf and see you start; not watch you out of sight, for that is bad luck, you know; but see you well started. One more—oh, my darling, my baby, my girlie, God bless and keep you—good-bye—good-bye!"

She pulled down her heavy veil, and turned away. Hohenfels offered his arm, but waving him aside, she made a gesture to Thomas, who hovered near, ready to offer her his services, yet dreading to intrude.

"Give me your arm," murmured she, "I have something to say to you."

"I shall look well after Joyce, and I shall never speak of—of what is past," said Thomas, as he led her tenderly down the stairs, and through the crowd upon the lower deck.

Just before passing the gang-plank, she paused, and throwing back her veil, looked up in his face, with eyes that pierced his own like daggers.

"I trust you, Henry Thomas," said she, solemnly. "I do not wish my girl to marry you, for it would ruin her prospects with her aunt. I do not wish her to love you, or to remember that you love her, lest it should work upon her gratitude, pity, love. But I am glad that you do love her, dear as it costs you (see the selfishness of a mother's heart) for you will watch and guard her as nobody else could, and especially in this voyage, from a danger just revealed."

"What then?"

"See!" And from the pocket, where she had thrust it, Mrs. Houghton drew the card, which had been dropped by the stranger. She put it in Harry's hand. He glanced at it in surprise.

"Harold Gresham," he said, aloud. "Why this is the card, which that man dropped, is it not?"

"Yes. And he will be Joyce's rival and enemy, if he is, and he must be the son of my cousin, Harold Gresham, who—"

"All ashore, there, ma'am; please pass right over! Going to draw the plank in, ma'am," exclaimed an impatient voice; and at the same time, Mr. Hohenfels, darting on board again, offered his arm, saying, in a tone of authority,

"Really, you must come at once, madame."

"Yes, yes,—one word—"

"I will take Mrs. Houghton ashore, Mr. Hohenfels," said Thomas, haughtily, and as he led her across the plank, he whispered,

"Shall Joyce know this man—shall I tell her what you have told me?"

"No, no; yet—oh, I am so bewildered at this new complication, that I cannot tell—I wish there was time to give you the story—Joyce does not know—I must leave all to you. She had better not be acquainted with him—"

"Haul in that gangway," roared the captain, furiously; and Harry Thomas had barely time to spring across the trembling bridge, before it was run ashore, and all communications cut off.

"'She had better not be acquainted with him,' were the last words, anyhow," he murmured to himself, as he slowly mounted the brass-rimmed stairs. "I'll abide by them."

Reaching the promenade deck, he saw Joyce, the tears streaming unheeded down her white cheeks, clinging to one of the awning posts, and gazing down at the crowd; while Mrs. Wellman, crying from sympathy, held her own bonnet on with one hand, and with the other dried her eyes, and waved her handkerchief alternately, all the time talking commonplace of the comforting sort to Joyce, who, without listening to a word, exclaimed:

"Oh, where is she—where is mamma? I can't find her any more."

"Over that way. Look along my arm, please," said a voice; and without turning to the speaker, Joyce looked, and saw her mother staring at her with an air of dismay and annoyance, too marked to be mistaken, even at that distance.

At the same moment, Mr. Wellman, one of those good-natured, unceremonious people, who are constantly making trouble for others, and never knowing it, came up behind his wife, and said,

"This gentleman tells me, my dear, that we came near a serious accident, just now. In getting off, the hawser got tangled—the hawser, you said, didn't you, Mr.—"

"Gresham, sir. Harold Gresham, at your service," replied the stranger; and as Henry Thomas joined the group, it was just in time to hear good-natured Mr. Wellman say,

"This is my wife, Mrs. Wellman; and this young lady, Miss Houghton, is going out with us. My name is John Wellman, cotton broker, down State street. So we're all comfortable, and acquainted, as fellow passengers ought to be, aint we?"

He laughed, in his comfortable fashion; Mrs.

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Wellman smiled *en suite;* Joyce bowed, and turned away; and Mr. Thomas experienced an amiable desire to seize the round, ruddy little cotton broker by the scruff of his neck, and pitch him overboard. As for Mr. Harold Gresham, he bowed elaborately, in answer to each introduction, and stationing himself beside Joyce, made some remark in a sympathetic voice, to which she vouchsafed no reply.

Thus it was, that Mrs. Houghton's last glimpse of her daughter, showed Joyce standing beside the man, whom, of all others, she should have dreaded and distrusted, and Thomas stalking moodily away from her.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE SERPENT AND THE DOVE.

The Parthia made a long passage. When the eleventh day arrived, she had not yet sighted the shores of Ireland. Every one, who has made this voyage, or indeed any voyage, knows how acquaintances, that, on land, would have required months to form, spring into full maturity in a few days.

Joyce and Mr. Harold Gresham were now comparatively intimate. Leaning lightly on his arm, she was pacing briskly up and down the deck, in the first edge of the twilight; for the sun had but just set, and all the west was full of glory in gold, and crimson, and tender green, and sombre streaks of purple. Harry Thomas, with folded arms and troubled brow, watched them, furtively, as he stood beside the weather taffrail, apparently studying the play of the waves; but actually studying the man whom he instinctively disliked and distrusted, and to whom Joyce seemed to have taken such a perverse and unaccountable fancy.

Was it Gresham's looks? For the first time, Harry turned, and made a critical survey of the man's personal appearance. Tall and shapely enough, except that the chest was neither broad nor deep, and the shoulders sloped like a woman's. A dark, weather-bronzed complexion; thick-set, dark hair, and beard, trimmed closely; dark eyes, too near together, and too restless of movement, gathering the expression of his companion's face by quick and furtive glances, and never meeting other eyes with the calm steadiness of courage and integrity, not nice eyes, as Harry Thomas told himself, with a sort of satisfaction unusual to his generous nature; an aquiline nose, and thin, hard mouth, just a little one-sided, as so many mouths unfortunately are. No, not nice eyes, not a nice mouth, not a nice face, said Harry Thomas again, and just then, as the promenaders passed him, on the other side of the deck, he heard Gresham say:

"I should like to tell you my story, if you care to hear it."

"What a mean, underhanded sort of voice; just the voice to tell a lie," added Thomas to his criticism. "And what impertinence to offer to tell Joyce his story. What is it to her, I wonder? And that, moreover, would be just what Mrs. Houghton wished me to avoid."

So strolling up the deck, Mr. Thomas met the couple, on their return, and carelessly said:

"If you are tired of promenading, Miss Houghton, I should be very glad to finish that game of chess, we began after dinner."

"But you are not tired of promenading, I trust, Miss Houghton, and with all due deference to Mr. Thomas, I would suggest that just now you are engaged with me," replied Gresham, with an insolent smile.

"I presume Miss Houghton will choose her own occupations and companions, as best suit her own taste," said Thomas, haughtily.

Joyce, annoyed at his dictatorial tone, and with all a woman's perversity in the ascendant, replied, airily:

"I am not in the least tired, thank you, Mr. Thomas, and the chess will be better, in the cabin, a little later. I think I will promenade, for a while yet, since Mr. Gresham is so kind as to invite me."

"Oh, certainly," replied Thomas, in an offended tone, and pulling out his cigar-case, he descended to the lower deck.

"Your friend rather assumes the airs of a Mentor," said Gresham, as he offered his arm again, and led Joyce triumphantly away.

"He is a friend of my mother, as well as mine, and she asked him to look after me on the voyage," replied Joyce, gravely; for although she had rather resented Harry's interference herself, her loyal nature would not allow her to listen to the lightest slur upon him. She considered him, at least, the truest friend she possessed in the world, with the one exception of her mother, and already felt a little remorse for her conduct:

Whatever good quality Harold Gresham lacked, it was not tact, and so now, he said, cordially.

"And a very trustworthy guardian he seems to be. But still, I could not let him take you away, just now; for I have so much to say, if you will listen."

"Yes, indeed, although my advice can be of no value."

"I don't know that. The Ithuriel spear of truth and innocence, carried by such as you, often seems to be more potent than all the wordly wis-

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dom and experience, which we men gain in battling with the world. I would trust your instincts, sooner than my own judgment, in some matters."

Joyce was flattered, as who among us is not, when credited with powers we are most unlikely to possess, and which are denied to us by general opinion? So she blushed, very prettily, and gravely said:

"Well, I shall be most happy to advise you, if I can, Mr. Gresham."

"You can, if you will, I am sure. But I must begin, by telling you, and I need not say, in strictest confidence, a piece of family history. My father was named, like myself, Harold Gresham, and was half-nephew to a wealthy maiden lady in England, Miss Norman, of Norman Abbey, in Kent."

Joyce felt her heart collapse, with a convulsive pain, and then begin to thump, tumultuously. She knew, now, where she had seen this name of Harold Gresham, which always fell so familiarly, and yet so disagreeably, upon her ear. Yes, she remembered the very line, in her aunt's letter, "He also sorely displeased me in his marriage," and now, as if in corollary of that statement, the smooth, quiet voice of Harold Gresham's son continued:

"He was recognized as her heir, and lived in her house for several years; but at last mortally offended her by marrying a farmer's daughter upon the estate, that is, by refusing to say he was not married to her, for it was a very irregular affair, and concealed from even the girl's own family, lest it should come to the old lady's ears, and ruin my father's prospects."

"Your mother's own family, you mean," suggested Joyce, quietly.

"Yes, of course. You see, I am telling the story, as it would sound to an impartial third party, and setting aside my own feelings altogether."

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, it was discovered, and some mischief-maker brought the news, at once, to Miss Norman. She had been already deeply exasperated, by the untoward marriage of her daughter—adopted daughter, of course—who also married in some dubious manner, or didn't marry at all, I never heard the story fully—"

Joyce dropped the arm she held, and walked on in the deepening dusk, with head proudly erect, and eyes glaring like coals with suppressed wrath.

"Won't you have my arm? Don't I keep step? Well, this reserve of wrath was added to the legitimate indignation of an English aristocrat, at finding her destined heir and successor following the dictates of his heart, rather than the traditions of the family tree, and there was a terrible collision. My father was as hot-tempered and peremptory as his aunt, and when attacked with virulent abuse and accusation, refused all explanation, or apology, simply saying that his heart was his own to give where he would, and if he chose to bestow his hand, and his name along with it, he should do so without consulting anybody.

"The aunt pounced like a hawk upon this intimation, and demanded implicit information, as to whether a marriage had, or had not taken place; for, as she frankly informed him, she could pardon a young man's folly, and would even see that the girl was protected from the consequences of her fault—"

"This is a remarkable story for you to tell me, Mr. Gresham, and a remarkable manner for you to allude to your own mother," interrupted Joyce, haughtily.

"Oh, pardon, if I have offended," exclaimed Gresham, in a voice of terrified respect. "But to one so pure as yourself, all things must be pure, and I do so long for your counsel and opinion."

The wisdom of the serpent stirred in the young girl's heart, combatting the wounded innocence of the dove; it might be well to know this man's entire story and scheme, and she could consult Harry as to what use to make of the knowledge when gained. So she coldly said:

"Well, go on, please."

"My father declined all explanation, and the interview ended in his aunt's ordering him out of her house, as if he had been a homeless dog, rather than her own flesh and blood, her own nephew—"

"Half-nephew, I think you said," interrupted Joyce.

"Yes; son of her father's half-sister," reluctantly amended Gresham. "Still, he was the only relation left to the old lady; for the disobedient, adopted daughter, died without children."

"What was her name?"

"I don't know. I don't think my father was acquainted with her. Stay; I believe he once called her Clara; but she is out of the question, anyway, for my father distinctly said she died childless.

"After the esclandre with his aunt, my father left England, taking his wife with him, and passing over into the Low Countries, where he remained several years. I was born there, and my mother died there. I was left to grow up in a peasant's family until about fifteen, when my

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father reclaimed me. After that, we lived here, there, and everywhere, until last year, when he died in California. It was only on his death-bed, that he told me all this. Hence, my ignorance of a great many details, and even of the names of my own relatives, is not to be wondered at."

"No, I suppose not," murmured Joyce. "And you are going now to see Miss Norman?"

"That is the point on which I want your opinion. My father dictated a letter to her, with his latest strength, and I have several proofs of identity to show her from him. She cannot doubt that I am the son of the nephew she once held in such love and esteem; and I can hardly doubt she will give me his place in her love—"

"And in her will," interrupted Joyce.

"Oh, that may, or may not, be," replied Gresham, carelessly. "But I shall have found a relative. I shall no longer be alone, and friendless, and forlorn, as since my father's death I have always felt myself. And now, Miss Houghton, give me your advice. Shall I go at once to my aunt, strong in the truth of my story, and in the disinterestedness of my motives, or shall I prepare the ground first, by writing to her from London, that her penitent nephew, on his death-bed, left a message, and a letter for her; and that I am the confidant of his story, and of his dying wishes. Then, when I have discovered her state of mind, you see, I can gradually disclose the rest, and present myself in my real character. Now, which is the best policy?"

"'Honesty is the best policy,' now, and always, in my poor opinion," replied Joyce, in a tone of weary disgust, which she vainly tried to make cordial. "But, really, Mr. Gresham, these matters are too important for an inexperienced girl like myself to decide; at least, immediately, and I am so very tired. I will say good-night, now, and perhaps, to-morrow—good-night."

"Good-night," said Harold Gresham, in a tone of discomfiture; and as he strolled forward alone, he muttered:

"She knows now that I have the best right. She will be glad to marry me, whenever I ask her."

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## CHAPTER VII.

### JOYCE MEETS A ROARING LION.

"So this is London!" exclaimed Joyce, in delight, as the carriage, that bore her from the station to the hotel, rolled through the brilliant streets.

Then she fell into silence, for she thought of the dear mother far away, and not to be seen again for who could tell how long; and she already missed Harry Thomas, with his constant protective care, for he had stayed behind for a day in Liverpool, and might not reach London before she left it; and then she wondered what had become of Harold Gresham, whom she had successfully avoided, during the two days they had remained on board together, after his confidence toward her, and who had disappeared in the bustle of arrival. Then she wondered what perversity, after all, had kept her from consulting Harry upon this subject; for now that the opportunity was gone, she suddenly felt helpless and puzzled, as to what course, if any, she was called upon to take in the matter. At this point, they reached the hotel, and Mrs. Wellman's bustling voice exclaimed:

"Here we are! How well I remember the dear, dingy old place! Now, Joyce dear, are you quite ready?"

"There is a person from Miss Norman, waiting to see Miss Houghton," announced the silken-voiced, and velvet-footed official, who escorted the party to the apartments secured by telegraph from Liverpool.

Joyce, turning pale all at once, looked helplessly at Mrs. Wellman, and said:

"You see her for me, dear, won't you?"

"I'll see her with you, my child; but, of course, it is you whom she wishes to see. Show her into Miss Houghton's bedroom, a—a—"

"James, mum."

"James. Show the person into the bedroom."

"Yes, mum." And as Joyce and her chaperon entered that cosy, but stuffy bower, they were confronted by one of those decorous, quick, respectful, and respectable, middle-aged ladies-maids, never to be found out of England. She curtseyed and smiled, first to the young lady, to whom she owed service, then to the elder, to whom she owed only civility, and said:

"I am Miss Norman's own woman, miss—ma'am, and she sent me on with one of the men, to take charge of Miss Houghton, and fetch her down to the Abbey, ma'am."

"Oh, yes, and I shall feel quite safe in giving her up to you—what is your name?"

"Harris, ma'am, at your service, Martha Harris."

"Well, Harris, if you will be so kind as to help your young lady dress for dinner, I will leave you."

So Mrs. Wellman bustled away, and Harris began those intelligent, quiet, and yet assured operations, which are the hall-mark of her class, talking all the time to Joyce, who never, in all her life, having been in the hands of a lady's

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maid, regarded Harris with mingled astonishment, admiration, and awe.

"My mistress has engaged a maid for you, Miss Houghton, a young woman on the estate she is, Ruth Saunders by name, and a very promising person, my mistress thinks; she has been at the Abbey, ever since we had your message that you were coming, and I have had her in training, Miss Norman even allowing her to stand by, and see me dress her several times, and I think you will find her apt at learning your wishes, ma'am, although young and inexperienced, of course. But my mistress objects to foreign servants, and every one on the place is home-bred, or, at least, English-born and bred, from Mr. Seymour down to the scullion, and the gardener's boys."

"Who is Mr. Seymour?" asked Joyce, curiously.

"The chaplain, ma' am, and maybe I did wrong to mention him in that way, in connection with the servants; but I was merely wishing to point out that my mistress chooses English folk to be about her."

"But I am not English," said Joyce, merrily.

"Begging your pardon, miss, I quite forgot you were not born this side the water; but as it is all the same family, it seems more as if you and your mamma—if you'll excuse me—had been away on a visit to foreign parts, and you had come back home again."

"Did you know my mamma?" asked Joyce, impulsively.

"I have seen her, miss," answered Harris, very coldly.

"There, I think I am ready," said Joyce, with a tinge of hauteur in her voice, as she took the handkerchief and fan offered her by Harris, and left the room.

The lady's maid looked after her, with a smile.

"High-stepping and quick, like most of us, but kind and reasonable, too. Well, the sooner she finds out that her ma isn't talked about, down at the Abbey, the better for her. I just spoke of her to get that chance. My mistress won't mince matters, and she'd better get an inkling beforehand."

Waking early, the next morning, Joyce's first thought was, "I am in London, I must begin to see it," and she sprang out of bed, and began to dress herself, with all the gay impatience of a child, who cannot wait for his holiday, when once it has dawned. But as she put the last pin in the shining hair, coiled upon the top of her head, her eyes fell upon the watch lying on her dressing table, and paused in dismay, for the hands marked five minutes before seven, and Joyce knew very well that nothing would bring Mrs. Wellman to the surface before nine o'clock at earliest, and Harris was to appear at eight.

"Never mind, I will go out by myself," said Joyce, with a little, defiant nod at her own reflection in the mirror. "I can find the way, somewhere, I dare say; and one way is as good as another. London can't be so very different from Boston."

Strong in this sage conclusion, at which you may smile, if you like, our heroine put on the same jaunty little hat, in which we first met her, and ran quietly down stairs, passing the astonished hall-porter, with a blithe nod of good-morning, and letting herself out, before he could open the door.

Up one street, and down another; revelling in the sweet breath of the June morning; pausing to look and smile at the crowd around a coffee-stall, or listen to the cry of a coster-monger; gazing curiously at every novel sight; and all unaware that others gazed curiously at her, and that no sight to London eyes is more peculiar than a lady strolling alone, through London streets, at seven o'clock in the morning. Thus our poor, innocent, little girl rambled on, until, as she stood still to look over the railings, into the little park, forming the centre of a certain very grand square, two young men came out of a club-house opposite, and, after a few remarks, separated, one walking unsteadily away, and the other crossing over to Joyce's side.

"Good-morning, my dear. Have you waited long?" he asked, raising his hat.

The girl stared at him in bewilderment. Yes, he was a gentleman. Besides, his manner was so quiet and assured, that he could not mean an insult. His eyes met hers, too, steadily and smilingly. So she said, politely:

"I am not waiting for anybody, sir. I am taking a walk."

The titled profligate stared in his turn. Was she really so fresh a daisy, as her look and tone implied? Or was she acting? He would take a little pains to find out. So he said:

"Ah, yes. A lovely morning for town; but one should see it in the country. It must be still finer there."

"I dare say. I have not been in the country yet," replied Joyce, walking on uneasily.

Lord John walked on, also, and finding himself becoming really interested in this piquant little Una, who was wandering so fearlessly among the wild beasts, whom she did not even recognize, he grew rapidly more and more impressive, proceeding to express his admiration and wishes so



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openly, that Joyce turned, at bay, her cheeks blazing, her eyes burning with angry tears.

"What right," she cried, "have you, or anyone, to speak so to me? Leave me, this moment. I thought you were a gentleman."

"Not until you have paid for my trouble, with a kiss," exclaimed Lord John, throwing his arm around the girl's waist; but a hand seized him by the collar, and hurled him violently backward.

Recovering himself, with an oath, Lord John turned upon his assailant with clenched fists; but suddenly dropped his hands, saying, scornfully, as he saw a clergyman:

"You take advantage of your cloth. I leave the prize to you, warning her, all the same, that she had been safer with me."

He raised his hat, in much courtesy, to Joyce, and walked off. The new-comer hesitated, moved away a few steps, then returning, coldly said:

"Do you need any assistance? Is your home near?"

"I don't know—I don't remember the way—how silly I was to come out," sobbed Joyce, angrily wiping away the tears, that would flow so childishly; and then rising, she added, with an effort at dignity:

"If you will be so kind as to direct me to the Clarendon Hotel, I shall be much obliged."

"I am going there, myself, and will show you," replied the cold, stern voice; and Joyce, not daring to raise her eyes to the face appropriate to such a voice, penitently replied:

"Thank you. I shall be very glad."

"This way then." And without another word, the stranger led the way, through street after street, until, just before arriving at the hotel-door, he said:

"Are your parents at the Clarendon? Shall I see anybody, for you, to make explanations, or—"

"Oh, no, if I can get in quietly, and up to my own room, nobody need be told at all," said Joyce, eagerly, now, for the first time, raising her eyes to the face of her companion. What she beheld was a very severe face, in spite of its wonderful dark beauty, and comparative youth, for the man was not over thirty. It was a face, also, to which her reply had brought an added severity, not unmixed with scorn. The keen, hazel eyes, too, were steadfastly regarding her.

"Pardon the liberty, if I suggest," said her companion, "that it is always easier to retrace one false step than two, and that concealment is the most dangerous possible resort for error. This is the door. Good-morning."

"What error? What false step?" demanded Joyce, breathlessly: for the reproof, both of word and manner cut her proud spirit to the quick.

But her mentor was already gone, and with a head throbbing with excitement, and cheeks burning with mortification, Joyce hastened to her own room, where Harris sat waiting, with wondering and disapproving face. But Joyce was in no mood to be twice reproved for a misfortune, that she told herself was not a fault, but an ignorance, and coldly explaining to the maid, that she had been for a short walk, before breakfast, she preserved so cold and dignified a silence, that Harris found herself quite unable to ask the questions and explanations, or to administer the counsel and warnings, that she had intended. When, at length, Joyce left the room, Harris' comment was:

"Headstrong and sly—just like her mamma—I doubt if she'll suit—Norman Abbey may go to poor Mr. Harold, or his children, yet. Where is the poor, dear gentleman, now, I wonder?"

Breakfast was already on the table, when Joyce entered the sitting-room. The meal was just finished, when a servant entered, with a card upon his salver, and presented it to Mrs. Wellman, who read:

"Rev. Jerome Seymour."

Underneath was pencilled, "*from Norman Abbey.*"

"Why, who is that, Joyce?" asked she, staring over the tops of her glasses at Joyce, who languidly replied:

"The chaplain, I believe. Harris spoke of him."

"Well, show him in, James. My dear," turning to her husband, "you must do the honors, as Joyce's guardian, *pro tem.*"

"Rev. Mr. Seymour," announced James. Joyce looked up, with the rest, and heard a voice, whose severe accents still rung in her ears, saying:

"Miss Norman requested me, as I was in town, Mrs. Wellman, to call and thank you for your kindness to her niece, Miss Houghton, and to offer my escort to the young lady in travelling down into Kent."

"Oh, yes, that is very nice, and I am quite relieved, although, of course, that good Harris would do everything proper; but it seemed so lonely for the poor child. Joyce, dear, you hear—this is Miss Houghton; Mr. Seymour, Joyce, and—dear me, child!"

No wonder the good old soul was startled at the flood of crimson sweeping up over Joyce's pale face, even to the roots of her hair, or at the impatient, almost angry glance shot from her

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beautiful eyes, as she very slightly acknowledged Mr. Seymour's formal bow; but it was all explained to her satisfaction by the young girl's first remark, in reply to Mr. Seymour's renewed offer of escort and protection.

"Thank you, sir; but I am accustomed to taking care of myself. In America, it is safe and proper for ladies to go everywhere, alone. And I have Miss Harris."

"As I am returning to the Abbey, to-morrow, or next day, it will be better for you and Harris to travel under my protection," replied the chaplain, very coldly; and then he turned to Mr. Wellman, and talked brightly and pleasantly of the voyage, of America, and of England, while Joyce, sitting sullenly in the window, looked not at the sights outside, but watched and listened to this man, who presumed to criticize and disapprove of her, and told herself she detested him; yes, detested his close-cut dark hair, his olive skin, his hazel eyes, his square, smooth chin, his firm, classically-cut mouth, his tall, broad-chested figure, his voice, so deep and stern, yet so full of melody, and subtle in its intonations. Yes, she detested all, and every thing about him, and she always would, and she didn't care what he thought of her, and she never would explain how she came to be alone with that bad man—how strong he was to hurl that tall fellow away so easily—pshaw! any coal-heaver is strong, if that is all. And so the girl's busy brain ran on; and Jerome Seymour, only glancing at her now and then, with a careless turn of those long, narrow eyes of his, studied and comprehended her, as some men would not in a year; and when he rose to go, he came and held out his hand to her, for the first time, saying, not unkindly:

"You must let me know if I can help you in any way, Miss Houghton. Strangers in London do not always quite understand its ways, and I am most happy to be of use to Miss Norman's niece."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE QUEEN UPON HER THRONE.

"THAT is Norman Abbey," said Seymour, quietly, as the train whistled shrilly in, crossing the brawling river, just before entering Normanton.

Joyce, looking up from the book she had not been reading, glanced coldly out of the window, and saw, about a mile from the railway, a stately building, set upon the southern shoulder of a great, green Kentish hill, bosomed in wide ancestral woods, and gleaming fair and regal in the sweet afterglow of sunset. It was a far more important place than Joyce had imagined, and for the first time, a little sense of awe crept into her mind, mingling presently with a feeling of pride as she remembered that she was of the Norman blood, and very possibly the future possessor of those stately woods and towers.

A handsome carriage, with servants in livery, waited outside the little station, and Joyce seated in it, Mr. Seymour beside her, murmured half-aloud, as they rolled rapidly over the perfect English road, and in among the oaks and beeches of the Abbey woods:

"Now, if this be I, as I think it cannot be—"

"You took one of my warnings so ill, Miss Houghton," said the cold voice of the chaplain, interrupting her half-comic reverie, "that I hardly can venture upon another, still, I think it charitable to warn you, that Miss Norman is very eccentric, in both dress and manner, and it is impossible to judge how she may receive you. I hope you will not be startled."

"Thanks!" replied Joyce, her voice far colder than his own. "It is not probable that my aunt would take so much trouble to bring me here, unless she wished to see me; and I should suppose two persons, so nearly related, would understand each other better than any stranger could interpret them to each other."

"It seems my hesitation in warning you was well founded. I won't do it again," replied the chaplain, good-humoredly, and not another word was spoken, as the carriage, after sweeping through two miles of private avenue, drew up at the foot of the long flight of granite steps, leading to the principal door of Norman Abbey. A gray haired man, in the severe black dress of a steward or major domo, came down the steps, bareheaded, and bowed profoundly to the young lady, whom Mr. Seymour handed from the carriage.

"Miss Norman will see Miss Houghton in the picture gallery, and requests Mr. Seymour, kindly, to escort her there," announced this functionary, solemnly, and the chaplain, offering his arm, said, "Shall I have the pleasure, Miss Houghton?"

Without reply, Joyce laid her hand upon the offered arm, and suffered herself to be led up the steps, and through a grand but gloomy hall, hung with banners and armorial trophies, to a great, black, oaken stair-case, upon whose shallow and polished steps she would have slipped and fallen, had not Mr. Seymour supported her. At the head of the stairs, lay a great upper hall, lighted at the front by an oriel window, which was filled with richly painted glass in scriptural subjects, for this was one of the relics of the Abbey's earlier days, and, in fact, the whole house preserved a mysterious and half-monastic

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aspect, at once attractive and repellant. A narrower gallery crossed this hall at right angles, and turning down this, Mr. Seymour pushed open a green baize door, and ushered his charge into the picture gallery. This was an apartment so long, that one could barely recognize a person standing at the other end. It was very lofty, lighted only at one side, and hung upon the opposite wall, with a large collection of those dry-as-dust old family portraits, whose only merit often consists in their antiquity, and in the flattery they bestow upon the position of the owners. But Joyce did not pause to look at the pictures, the gallery, or the knights in armor guarding the entrance in solemn effigy, for her eyes were at once attracted to a figure, seated upon a sort of throne, at the upper end of the hall, the figure of a diminutive old lady, with a profusion of snow-white hair, built up into a crown upon the top of her head. Her dress, carefully arranged in sweeping folds at either side her chair, was of old-fashioned brocade, trimmed with cloth of gold, and softened at the throat and sleeves by masses of old Venetian point lace. Innumerable jewels flashed and glittered from every part of the dress and person of this wonderful old lady, and in her hand she held an enormous jewelled fan, which she waved like a sceptre toward Joyce, slowly approaching up the gallery, saying:

"Draw near, and fear not, daughter of a noble race. You are welcome."

"Take no notice of her peculiarities; answer her as you would any other lady," murmured Seymour; and Joyce replying in the same tone, "Of course I shall," dropped his arm, and going forward, took her aunt's withered and sparkling fingers, into her firm, warm, young hand, and kissing it, said:

"Thanks for the welcome; but I was not afraid. I never am."

Yet at the word, as if to give the lie to her boast, she started, convulsively, and turned as pale as death, for, stepping from out of the shadow of the great chair, Lady Amabel's chair, as she afterward knew it to be, appeared the figure of a man, wearing a sarcastic and triumphant smile upon his handsome, bad face, and bowing profoundly to the young lady, who shrank back in undefined repulsion and fear. Miss Norman laughed aloud, a shrill, elfish laugh, whose echoes rang back in ghostly merriment from the vaulted roof.

"Ha-ha, my little heroine," cried she. "You never are afraid, and yet you start, and turn pale, at the sudden sight of a simple gentleman, one of your own kinsmen, too; for this is Harold Gresham, the son of my nephew of that name, whom being dead, I now forgive, and restore to his place in my heart."

"What did you call this gentleman, Miss Norman?" enquired a low voice, close behind Joyce, a voice so changed and tremulous with suppressed emotion, and that of no ordinary nature, that Joyce turned and stared in astonishment at the chaplain, whose dark eyes, glowing like live coals, fixed themselves upon Gresham's face, which turned livid beneath their gaze, as he demanded again:

"What name does this gentleman bear?"

"Harold Gresham," replied Miss Norman.

"Oh! Indeed," said Mr. Seymour, and turning slowly, he left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "A LION'S HEAD."

BY G. WEATHERLY.

Upon the wall it hung where all might see:
A living picture—so the people said—
A type of grandeur, strength and majesty—
"A lion's head."

Yet, if you gazed awhile, you seemed to see
The eyes grow strangely sad, that should have raged;
And, lo! your thoughts took shape unconsciously—
"A lion caged!"

You saw the living type behind his bars,
His eyes so sad with mute reproach, but still
A very king, as when beneath the stars
He roved at will.

And then your thoughts took further ground, and ran
From real to ideal, till at length
The lion caged seemed but the type of man
In his best strength;

Man grand, majestic in both word and deed,
A giant in both intellect and will,
Yet trammelled by some force he can but heed
And cannot still;

Man in his highest attributes, but bound
By chains of circumstance around him cast,
Yet nobly living out life's daily round,
Till work be past.

So musing, shadows fall all silently
And swift recall the thoughts that wandering fled:
The dream has ended and you can but see
"A lion's head."

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# MY BEST FRIEND.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

One evening, a note came for mamma, from our rich neighbor, Mr. Ogilvie.

"Can I see you," it said, "on a matter of importance? If I can, would to-morrow be convenient?"

Mamma replied, in the affirmative, and named two o'clock: and then we fell to wondering, as women will, what he wanted.

"Perhaps it is about Miss Perkins," I said, finally, after hazarding a dozen other conjectures. "The principal of the academy, they tell me, wishes to get rid of her. He has a sister-in-law, for whom he covets the place; and he has accused Miss Perkins of inefficiency; and has brought some of the trustees over to his way of thinking."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said mamma; but she seemed pre-occupied; and so the subject dropped.

When we parted, for the night, I went to my chamber window, and began wondering again about Mr. Ogilvie and his letter. The full moon was in the sky. It looked just as it had, on the night when the tragedy of my life culminated; and I soon forgot my conjectures, and Mr. Ogilvie, in recalling the suffering of that time. This had been two years ago, when I was eighteen. All my troubles had come together: my father's death, the loss of our fortune, the wreck of my girlish dream. I had loved Leonard Balliol my whole life. We had been children together. To give him up, implied the overthrow and rooting out of nearly every association of the past. Oh! the unworthy, selfish motives, which had actuated him. I had made him a hero; he was but clay, after all, and the coarsest of clay. For it was my father's pecuniary reverses that had caused him to abandon me. Nor had he had the poor courage to come and tell me the truth himself. He was absent from New York, when my father died, and I received, at first, a tender, affectionate letter from him. He wrote that he would return as soon as he possibly could; his presence might prove, perhaps, a comfort in my grief. So I counted the days, till his arrival. But the time he had set went by; he neither came, nor wrote. Then I learned that he was in town; had been there several days; then he had gone away again—gone without so much as sending me a single word! You comprehend. He had been met, on his return, by the news that my father had died insolvent, and that we were ruined!

My mother had known almost as little about my father's affairs as I did. My father had been a large ship-owner, and we had lived surrounded by every luxury that wealth could afford. In one of the few lucid intervals, during his brief illness, papa had chosen old Mr. Balliol, Leonard's uncle, as his executor. In certain ways, Mr. Balliol had been connected with him in business; but I do not understand how. Papa told us that though just then his matters were in a complicated state, there would be enough left to make us all comfortable, even rich; but before he had been a fortnight in his grave, we learned that we had nothing left, save the income of a small property, which belonged to my mother.

Mr. Balliol himself told us, in his hard, cold fashion. He did not even affect sympathy, or commiseration; he flung off completely the veil of pretence he had worn, during my father's life. Mamma told me that she had always known he hated us, in his heart. When she was a girl, he had wanted to marry her, and she had refused him. My father had been ignorant of this, and had believed in his friendship.

It was Mr. Balliol, too, who came to tell me that Leonard desired to be released from his engagement. It was the very morning I had heard that Leonard had been for several days in town. In the prostration of my grief for my father, this new blow seemed only to stun and paralyze me. I knew what such conduct on Leonard's part must mean. I realized it fully; and if I had doubted, Mr Balliol came, that very day, to confirm it.

He did not try for delicate phrases; he did not even show the courtesy of asking after my mother, who had been ill in bed ever since the funeral. He rose, when I appeared, and frowned blackly at me, from under his heavy eyebrows. This was my second interview with him; the first he had requested, in order to inform me that we were utterly ruined. He had attempted no circumlocution then; he did not now.

"I have come to you, on a painful errand, Miss Osgood," he said; "but you have so much good sense, that I am sure you will meet me half-way. Leonard has been in town, and gone away again."



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"So I heard, this morning," I answered, seating myself opposite him.

"Ah, you had heard—well, then I dare say you have a pretty clear idea what my business is."

"Something in regard to him, I suppose, from what you have just said," I replied. I can recollect how calm and cold my voice sounded.

"Why, yes! I'm a plain man, Miss Osgood—I can't beat about the bush—I don't believe it ever does any good," he continued, eyeing me savagely, as if my composure disappointed and vexed him.

"I agree with you," I answered. "Please tell me plainly what your business is with me."

"Ah, that's right! You're a sensible young woman. Well, my nephew tells me there was a sort of—a sort of boy and girl attachment between you and him—"

He paused, not from embarrassment, but in the hope that now I would show some trace of feeling.

"Your nephew and I were engaged," I said; "the fact is no more a secret to you than to my own family."

"Well, no—no—I never regarded it as a serious engagement—girl and boy fancies are slight things, Miss Osgood—they seldom come to anything," he said, quickly. "Now Leonard was quite upset—quite so—but, you see, under the circumstances, of course, all that youthful—what shall I call it—romance—yes, romance, must be put aside! I am sure you see this—so clear-headed as you are."

And now he stared more keenly at me; but I went on with my work, some embroidery I had taken up, as I said.

"You are not speaking plainly yet, Mr. Balliol! Have you come to tell me that your nephew wishes to be released from his engagement?"

"Well, well, that is a harsh way to put it!"

"Yes, or no?" said I, rising.

"Yes!" he said, snappishly.

"Then, tell your nephew, he is free."

"That's right—that's wise! You see, Leonard is dependent on me—new in his profession—"

"These are family details, which do not concern me," I interrupted, quietly. "You have my answer, Mr. Balliol."

"Yes—yes—but I want you to understand that Leonard—"

Again I interrupted him.

"I understand everything—I understand you both," I said. "I need not detain you any longer."

He looked fairly murderous, with baffled rage. I stood, waiting for him to go. He got up heavily, muttering to himself, and crossed the room.

"Good-day," he muttered, barely turning his head towards me.

I only bowed in response; and he went out, closing the door with a bang. In a moment he opened it again, and called in a harsh, triumphant tone:

"I forgot to tell you—you will have to move, next week—the creditors won't wait any longer—there's to be an auction in the house."

I only bowed again. He disappeared.

The stony lethargy, which locked my senses, did not yield for weeks. I went quietly about my duties, for everything devolved on me; and nothing was neglected. As soon as my mother could travel, we removed to a little cottage, which she owned, in the outskirts of a pretty village, among the Berkshire hills, taking with us such relics from our old home, as we were permitted to claim. Fortunately, my mother's little fund was settled on herself and children: it could not be touched; nor could she give it up from any mistaken womanly scruples.

The ensuing two years had passed very quietly. I think my mother would have been content, if she could have been at ease about the future of the boys. That troubled her, for we were very, very poor. The neighbors were kind to us. Neither my mother nor I were women to be morbid. We made the best of things, as bravely as we could.

The Mr. Ogilvie, who had written the note, owned a fine country-seat, in the neighborhood, and spent the greater portion of his time there. He was growing elderly; but his genial spirits, and cultivated mind, made him a most agreeable companion; and though a bachelor, his house was always the headquarters of every plan for the amusement of the young folk.

He soon became a frequent visitor, at our cottage; grew, indeed, the most intimate friend we possessed; and his thoughtful kindness to us was beyond all praise.

He appeared, on the succeeding afternoon, at the hour my mother had appointed. I was busy in the schoolroom, with the children's lessons. The interview lasted so long, that I had sent the little ones out to play, a good while before mamma came up. She was so pale and agitated, that I feared Mr. Ogilvie had brought evil tidings.

"What is it?" I cried, in dismay.

"Good news, at least, to me, darling," she said. "But I do not know what you will think." She looked at me, hesitatingly; then added: "My dear, Mr. Ogilvie wants to marry you."

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Mr. Ogilvie want to marry me! I was so surprised, that, for a time, my mind had no room for any other sensation. Then I knew that it could never be; knew it as well as if I had spent months in earnest deliberation. I suppose I looked white and troubled, for I saw mamma's face change; but she only said:

"He will come and see you, to-morrow. You cannot talk about it now. One thing! I shall not try to influence you, my darling; You must decide what will be for your own happiness."

Mr. Ogilvie came, the next day; and my mother left me to see him alone. I was nervous, when he first entered the room; but his gentleness and composure soon caused that to pass; though the sharp, bitter pain remained at my heart. I saw and appreciated, thoroughly, his noble qualities; and the thought of the disappointment I must bring to his hopes, hurt me cruelly; made me feel hard and wicked, too, though I knew that was morbid and unmerited.

I thought, as I looked at him, that he was a man, of whose affection any woman might be proud and grateful; it was the face of a man, who had never in his life committed an action, for which he need blush. The bold, regular features were not so striking, because they were unusually handsome, though they were that, as from the evidences of intellect in the broad forehead, the strength of purpose and will in every line; but the countenance owned a higher attraction still, that of purity and goodness, so beautiful a smile I never saw on any other human lips.

I should be wrong to say that the worldly advantages he could offer did not weigh with me. They had great weight, and they ought to have had, not from mere selfish motives, but on account of my mother and the children. I had spent nearly the whole night in earnest reflection, but my mental combat ended, where it began. I could not marry him; it was not only that I had no love to give; it was that I loved another man!

He sat down, beside me, and said:

"Your mother has told you why I have come. I did not want you to be taken completely by surprise! I knew you had never thought of this —I have tried hard to keep my secret; because I feared that to speak earlier, would interfere with your really learning to know me. I am forty-five years old. For me to talk to you about love, in the way a young man might, would make me absurd. But, believe me, Elinor, no man ever had a sincerer respect and admiration, or a warmer affection for a woman, than I have for you."

"Please, please!" I exclaimed. I was suddenly so near a burst of tears, that I could only utter these pleading words.

He grew a little pale, but his voice was steady, as he asked:

"Then it seems to you, that it cannot be?"

I shook my head. He sat silent, looking at me, thoughtfully, kindly, till I had mastered my agitation enough to speak.

"I am so grateful to you," I answered; "I feel honored, knowing the man that you are—but I cannot—I cannot!"

Then I broke down, and wept a little, and he soothed me, as patiently as if he had been my brother.

"Don't make me think that I distress you," he said; "I would not do that for the world! Elinor, perhaps it is too soon for you to decide—you have not had time to reflect."

"No reflection could change anything," I replied, sadly. "Wait—I want to tell you the whole."

I had to stop again. It was so difficult to explain!

"Perhaps I can help you," he said. "Your mother told me, yesterday, that you had had a girlish attachment; but she believed that it was over."

"No," I answered, "it is not—I am ashamed to own it—but it is as strong as ever! I know the man was mercenary. I know he did not possess the noble qualities, with which I fancied him endowed; but that has changed nothing! I feel that I am lacking in womanly dignity and self-respect. But even that does not enable me to call my heart back."

He was so good and kind, that having got over the worst, it was easy now to continue. I told him the whole story. His sympathy for me was as great as the generosity which enabled him to put by his own pain, and strive to comfort me. I could not have believed it would be so; but sorry as I felt for him, the being able, for the first time in these two weary years, to speak freely, was an inexpressible relief; for in order to spare my poor mother, I had shut my secret so carefully from her eyes, that she honestly thought I had outlived both my love and my suffering.

We talked for a long while, and at last he said:

"Will you try to forget, that I am the man, who has asked you to marry him—to remember only that I am your friend—anxious for your peace and happiness?"

"You are too good to me—too good," I sighed.

"I could not be," he answered, with his beau-

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tiful smile. "Elinor, you are a very brave, honest woman. Much as I esteemed you, I never really did you justice, till now."

"Oh, I am a poor, weak creature," I cried, impatiently. "I despise myself—yes, I do—nothing can be more contemptible than to love a man, whom I cannot respect."

"Nor do I think you will long," he said. "I believe that even now it is the wasted affection, not the man, whom you regret."

"I do not regret him," I cried. "If he were to come back, to-day, I should bid him go! My trust is dead—my respect is dead—but the love stays—forgive me, I must show you all the truth!"

He promised to tell my mother. It was selfish of me, I knew, to let him do this for me. But he offered, and I was so shaken, that I could not bring myself to talk with her yet.

On the following morning, I received a long letter from him; and I think a more beautiful one was never written. It put the whole case very clearly before me. His arguments were so conclusive, that it seemed to me he must be right. He told me that he could be content with esteem and affection. I felt that those I could give most heartily already. He believed—and for the time almost made me believe—that my solitary life had caused the old love to keep its hold; that it was, in reality, a sentiment totally separated from the man, who had primarily been its object. He believed that if I knew there was a person, in whom I could trust, whose dearest care in life was my happiness, it might give me new sources of thought, and that gradually new hopes and aims might grow up in my mind.

He entreated me to leave matters as they were for six months; to come to no decision; to confide all to time. At the expiration of that period, I could give an answer, free and unbiased, as if he had not already spoken. I was to be bound in no way. I could regard him as my friend—that and nothing more.

So much, at least, I could grant; so much I owed in return, for his kindness; and I hoped, oh! so heartily, that time might prove he was right. He held a long conversation with my mother. She was, as ever, goodness itself, from first to last! It was not till after many weeks, and then by accident, that she allowed me to learn that Mr. Ogilvie had gained one promise from her, which was, that however I might decide, the fortune of the two boys was to be his care—and this he wanted kept from me.

That was a very pleasant summer, and not to me alone, for the whole neighborhood united in saying the same, and all admitted that it was chiefly owing to Mr. Ogilvie's exertions. He had a succession of visitors at his house, all of them persons worth knowing—the nicest class of what are called society people—and, besides, a number of noted men and women from among the artistic and literary professions.

Mr. Ogilvie found occupation enough. One of the first matters he attended to was the settlement of Agnes Perkins's difficulties. They had resulted in her triumph, and Agnes was now one of the principals of the establishment. She became a frequent guest at Mr. Ogilvie's house, where she was treated with as much deference, as if she had been an heiress.

And I was happy—yes, I was. Sometimes I roused up enough to be astonished at the fact. I cannot say that I thought much, when the most important thing in my future was concerned. I saw this, occasionally, and grew remorseful. But Mr. Ogilvie seemed always to understand, when one of these moods came upon me, and invariably took means to make me forget it.

I made one really intimate female friend, Agnes Perkins. I learned to love and respect her, next to my mother. Such a union of gentleness and decision, of womanly softness and masculine courage, I have never seen. She was a good deal older than I—almost thirty, though she did not look it; and life had been far from gracious to her; yet she was invariably cheerful; and I used to tell mamma, that to spend an hour in her company was like breathing mountain air.

My poor words can give no idea of what Mr Ogilvie was to me, during this season; how perfect his behavior; what a mingling of respectful admiration and brotherly tenderness. I cannot write even this poor, bald sentence, without staining the page with grateful tears.

Never but once did he do a thing, which caused me even to wish he had not, as out of keeping with his character. One day, at a pic-nic, when I had got away into the wood by myself, for a little, and paused near the place, where he and Agnes were standing, I heard him ask her:

"Did you know Leonard Balliol, then?"

"Oh, yes—well," she replied, "I was his little sister's governess for two years."

I hurried away, without their discovering me. For a time, I was somewhat annoyed. Mr. Ogilvie had been talking of me. That he should do so, even with Agnes, disturbed me. But after awhile, I saw the injustice of my rather harsh reflections; it did not follow, from those words, that he had discussed my affairs. He had a perfect right—indeed he was wise, under the circumstances—to learn everything he could, in

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regard to the man who stood between him and his hopes—an unworthy man, from every thought of whom it was his duty to try and wean me, if he desired to be faithful to the friendship he had promised.

The summer passed. The autumn followed. I woke up, suddenly, to the fact that the appointed season of probation had almost elapsed. Soon Mr. Ogilvie would come to me for my answer. And I? For weeks and weeks, I had not reflected. I really believed, that, when the time came, I should lay my hand in his, and trust myself to his guidance. But when I was roused to reflection, ah, then I knew I was as far from being able, conscientiously, to grant what he wanted, as on the day when he first surprised me by his demand.

Mr. Ogilvie was absent. He had gone to New York on business, and would remain there for a month: when he came back, I should have to decide. Only a month.

Just after his departure, the newspaper brought the announcement of old Mr. Balliol's death, and the memories aroused thereby proved to me just where I stood.

It seemed very hard. But I saw plainly what I must do. I could not marry him—I could not. The old love was just as strong as ever. Argue, struggle as I might, there it was. No human being could more heartily have upbraided my weakness, my despicable weakness, than I; but self-reproaches changed nothing—I loved Leonard Balliol still.

The days and the weeks went by—oh, how fast they flew. As the hard moment drew nearer and nearer, I grew more afraid. It wrung my heart, with a pang as bitter as it had ever known, to think of the pain I must give my good, generous friend. But there was no escape. I dared not marry him—it would be a sin.

Every kind, cheerful epistle I received from him, left me more miserable, and answering them became more and more difficult. One afternoon, I was sitting in my room, when a servant entered, and told me that Mr. Ogilvie was down stairs. I had not expected him for nearly a week yet; and the surprise and shock turned me absolutely faint and blind.

He had come to repeat his question—oh, how was I to answer it?

I will admit, that I longed to go to him, and say yes, without giving myself time to think. The worldly advantages weighed with me. It seemed madness to lead a life of actual privation in many ways, considering the manner in which I had been reared, when affluence, position, all the good that the world most prizes was offered me. It was harder still to deprive myself of the counsels and companionship, which were so sweet to me, were such a rest and support. But I could not—I could not. Even if after telling him the whole truth, he still pleaded—declared himself not afraid—I dared not accept his hand—I dared not.

It was worse than useless to stop there in solitude, raging over my own folly, frightened by my own thoughts. Each instant's delay rendered my task more difficult. I hurried down stairs. I reached the door of the room, where he was waiting. With my hand on the lock, I paused. I had a mind to run away, and send him word that I could not appear, or to write, and so avoid an interview.

But he had heard my step. He opened the door suddenly, took my two hands, and drew me into the room. I could not speak, at first. I shook from head to foot. I think I should have fallen, if I had not chanced to see a chair, close beside me, and sunk blindly into it.

"What, not a word?" he said, pleasantly. "I surprised you. I am sorry. It was wrong of me. Your mother wrote to me, that you had not seemed well of late."

"I—I think I have not been," I faltered.

He looked somewhat pale and worn; but, oh, the heavenly smile that softened his lips—the angelic sweetness which brightened and transfigured his whole face.

"Elinor," he said, abruptly, "I have come—"

I put up my hands, in eager pleading.

"Not to talk of myself, just yet," he said. "I have something to tell you. Elinor, I bring you blessed news. Oh, believe me, I am thankful that I am permitted to be the bearer. You were right to love on—against reason—against proofs—Leonard Balliol was worthy."

I grew so white and weak, that I nearly fell from the chair.

"Tell me," I said, clutching his arm, eagerly.

"He hurried back to New York to see you—to console you. But his uncle met him with a terrible story. He showed, what seemed indisputable proofs, that your father had been dishonest—"

"It is false, false—I will not listen."

"Wait, Elinor. Of course it was false; but then the proofs were so carefully prepared, that they seemed indisputable. He agreed to be silent, on one condition, that his nephew would end his engagement with you. Leonard consented. He knew that it would not break your heart to lose a man, who showed himself unworthy of your affection; but not all his love could save you from the effects of shame and disgrace."

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"Oh, my God!" I moaned.

"He gave you up, to screen your father's memory—gave you up for your own sake and your mother's, and for those little children, whose whole future would have been wrecked, by the disclosures the ruthless old man swore to make. You were lost to Leonard in any case. He knew you would never consent to marry him, if your father's name were tarnished. So, to save that, to spare you, he did an act worthy of the noblest martyr, who ever lived. He let his own honor be darkened, in your eyes; allowed you to believe him a perjured, despicable man; and went away, to bear his burthen, as best he might."

"You have seen him—you—"

"Yes. We have been in correspondence, for a good while. Agnes Perkins knew the reason he left you. Mr. Balliol had given her some papers to copy, and by accident he had left a letter among them, which told the story. She had begun to copy it, before she discovered that it must have been put there by mistake. She told me—she knew the secret was safe—I wrote at once to Leonard."

"But my father," I cried. "Oh, can't it be set right now?"

"It is," he answered. "Leonard and I have gone over his uncle's books. Mr. Balliol died so suddenly, that he had no time to destroy them. We found the proofs that it was he, who had played the villain—had been systematically cheating your father.

"So it is all clear, Elinor," he went on, as I sat speechless. "I have watched you carefully. Weeks ago, I knew that you were right. There was no room for my hopes. See, dear child, don't weep—believe me, I have grown used to the disappointment. To-day, I am so happy, over the good news I bring, that I could not have a selfish thought, if I tried."

He moved quickly across the room. I heard him open the door, which led into the dining-room. I could not speak, could not look up.

Then I heard steps again, and a voice called: "Elinor, Elinor!"

And I saw Leonard Balliol kneeling at my feet. I heard Mr. Ogilvie say:

"The night has passed—lo, the new morning."

Then he went softly out, leaving us two, alone with our happiness.

What shall I tell you more? I have been a happy wife, for more than two years. Yesterday there came to me a new joy. I had long believed that my friend Agnes cared for Mr. Ogilvie. I used to tell Leonard, that, if I could see them married, I should have nothing left to wish for, in this world.

So, yesterday, as I was writing in my morning-room, I heard Agnes, who has been visiting me for a week, open the door.

"Come in," I said, without turning round. "I shall have finished this letter, in a few minutes."

Presently, I felt her shake my chair. I looked up. She and Mr. Ogilvie were bending over me—oh, I knew what their faces meant.

"Is it?" I cried, clapping my hands like a mad woman. "Is it?"

"Only that, and nothing more," quoted my husband, whom I now saw standing, a little behind the pair; and he laughed, gleefully.

Then Mr. Ogilvie put out his hand, and drew Agnes gently towards him; and I threw my arms about them both, and cried from sheer happiness; and Agnes cried a little too; and then mamma came in; and we were all happy together.

## THE FESTAL HOUR.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

"Fear ye the festal hour,"
The hour of mirth and wine,
When music lends her pow'r,
And pleasure's haunts are thine.

Know ye the tempter's wiles,
Are hidden from you there,
Beneath those honied smiles
Behind that brilliant glare.

Mark ye the lessons given,
O'er which so many weep,
Those lessons seen in heaven
By "eyes that never sleep."

Oh! woe to those who tread
The gleaming banquet hall,
Where goblets "foaming, red,"
With wondrous pow'r enthrall.

Beneath that crimson flow,
'Mid those companions gay,
There lurks a deadly foe,
Whose vengeance none can stay.

Oh! loving hearts are slain,
And strewed along the road,
Where wine has left its stain,
And revelers have trod.

Then "fear the festal hour,"
The hour of mirth and wine,
When music lends her pow'r,
And pleasure's haunts are thine.

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# THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74.

## CHAPTER IV.

THEY were together—those two strange women—gazing at each other, for the first time. It was a picture of vivid contrasts. That poor invalid, prostrated and struggling forward to her death, in poverty and desolation, with her great, brown eyes lifted, with piteous wistfulness, to the proud visitor, who leant over her bed, till the fur of her cloak swept the bare floor, and lifted the scant veil of dotted lace back to her forehead with one hand, that she might scan those thin, locked features at her leisure.

After a long, curious gaze, the woman drew back, and slowly shook her head.

"They should have called me earlier, I might have seen more resemblance then," she murmured, discontentedly. "Still your name was Wheeler. I suppose there is no mistake about that?"

"Eunice Wheeler," answered the sick woman, faintly.

"You were born in the old homestead?"

"Yes!"

"And married there?"

"Oh, yes!"

The woman's eyes brightened, and she spoke more clearly, as if that one happy event in her life was throwing some brightness around her still.

"This marriage has proved unfortunate," said the visitor, coldly.

Now the invalid's eyes kindled, and her lips moved.

"No—no. It was my happiness—my glory!"

The last words were spoken faintly. All the force of her strength had been exhausted in the first disclosure.

Mrs. Farnsworth allowed a sharp "ah" to escape her.

"That, of course, must be a matter of opinion," she said, casting a cruel glance around the room. "We must judge of things by their results. But you are a Wheeler, and you sent for me. Being the head of the house, I could not refuse to come. What is it that you want of me?"

"In a little while, my child will have no mother. You live in the old home. You have the name. When I am gone, will you take care of her?"

Mrs. Hastings had gathered all her force to say this, and the look of appeal that went with the words, might have won sympathy from marble; but Mrs. Farnsworth took some moments for thought before she answered, and in this way her mind ran:

"The girl is beautiful. I have never seen more lovely eyes. Young, deferential, and can be easily managed. She will acknowledge my supremacy, as that daughter of mine never would. In many ways, I can make her useful, as a check upon Octavia. A creature of my bounty, she will become an object of interest with my friends. I will promise the poor woman, if it is only to take those begging eyes from me."

These thoughts flashed swiftly through the woman's brain, without once reaching her heart; but her voice was sweet, and her manner caressing, when she spoke:

"Yes, I will take care of your daughter."

"And be a mother to her, as I have been."

"I shall be something better than that," answered the woman, glaring around the room, half indignant that the comparison should be made; but when her attention turned once more upon the invalid, she saw that two great tears had gathered in her eyes, and were rolling down those pale cheeks, like rain on marble, leaving behind them a look of ineffable pain.

"I tried to do my best," moaned the invalid.

The humble pathos of these hardly spoken words moved even that selfish woman into something like compassion.

"I had no idea of disputing that," she said, "but I can give her great advantages."

"I only ask that you shall be kind to her and him."

"Him—is there a son?"

"My husband, David. Lucy would take no kindness, if he did not share it."

"Oh, yes—from his conversation, I should take him for a man of letters. In that field I have influence, indeed, may find him useful. Have no anxiety about him. In me your husband shall find a friend and benefactor."



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Still a look of keen anxiety rested upon the sick woman's face. Perhaps there was something in Mrs. Farnsworth's voice, or manner, that failed to satisfy her. Perhaps the soul grew clear and keen in its perceptions, as the coarser part of her nature perished in setting it free. Certain it is, her eyes turned, with painful intensity, on this woman, who claimed to be of her own blood, and promised to become the benefactor of all that she must leave. Under that searching look, Mrs. Farnsworth's gaze faltered, and, unconsciously, she lifted her hand to pull down the veil, still clouding her forehead.

"You are of my own blood, tell me that," said the invalid.

Mrs. Farnsworth hesitated. She knew that there might be found breaks in that family tree, that all her ingenuity had failed to connect, and when thus solemnly questioned, shrank from answering. But with this woman, equivocation often took the place of truth. She did not falter long.

"I am a Wheeler—yes, and of the same blood with yourself."

"The Wheelers always helped each other, so I have been told. Born, no matter how far apart, they stood side by side in trouble or great need. That is why you were sent for."

Mrs. Hastings spoke slowly, and with effort; but every word fell distinctly from her lips.

"And being of that name, I have promised aid and care for those you love."

Still that anxious look shadowed the sick woman's face. Even through her veil Mrs. Farnsworth felt the keen questioning of those eyes.

"Kneel!"

This one word was uttered in a tone of solemn command, that seemed to awake whispered echoes in the room. Incapable of resistance, the woman fell upon her knees.

"Lay your hand on mine."

Mrs. Farnsworth touched the hands folded over the sick woman's bosom with her gloved fingers.

"See, I do!"

"Now, when God listens, and death is close by, you promise to be to my child, Lucy Hastings, a kind and good friend—to surround her with womanly care, and give her some little of the love that she is used to!"

Mrs. Farnsworth turned her head away to avoid the solemn appeal of those eyes.

"I have already promised," she said

"But now. Here!"

"Now and here, I repeat

"And my husband?"

"For him I have promised also."

"A promise given before God, and in the presence of death, cannot be broken. With my last breath, I shall bless you for it,"

The last smile that ever stirred Eunice Hastings' lips passed over them now. Mrs. Farnsworth accepted it as a homage to her own great benevolence, and rising from her knees, gathered the cloak about her—for she was shivering—and thus left the house.

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## CHAPTER V.

An old woman, who had been occupied with her morning work in the kitchen of the Wheeler mansion, was growing impatient, as the upright old clock, in one corner of the room, gave out nine wheezy strokes, and finished the hour with a buzz of the internal machinery, that indicated derangement of some kind.

"I awful sure, if our Nat hasn't let that ere clock run down for the fust time in ten years, I do believe. I wonder what old Mr. Wheeler would a said, if he'd been living yet, to know about it? He sot everything by that clock, and used to wind and tend it hisself, as if it had been a baby, which it is e'en a most, ticking away for dear life when you are alone, and telling the hours out cheerful and cackly, as if a live rooster was crowing inside of it. Something more 'en common must have possessed Nat, when he let it run down. Shouldn't wonder if it comes of fretting about Miss Eunice. He alers sot store by her, and thought everything of the minester, if he did preach doctrins that we wasn't brought up to. Here he comes now, with his trowsers tucked into the tops of his boots, and the flaps of his fur cap tied down over his ears. Shouldn't wonder if he's been clear down to the holler, to see about them. Just like him, to say nothing about it, but go."

Here the old woman went to the window, and looked out, with some show of anxiety, but turned back directly, shaking her head.

"No better! I can tell by the way he kicks the snow about. Poor gal—poor Miss Eunice. It don't seem no time since she came in here with her wedding-dress on, to bid me good-bye, and now."

Here the old woman lifted a corner of her apron, and drew it across her eyes, but dropped it, guiltily, when Nathan was heard at the kitchen door, stamping the snow from his feet.

"So you've got back, at last," she said, lifting a tin coffee-pot from the hearth, and pouring a muddy stream into a blue and white cup, placed ready for him on the table. "Just lift that dish from the hath, and set to. Been gone long enough, I reckon, to want something to eat."

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Nathan took off his overcoat, flung his cap down, and went to the table. The room was warmed by a bright, hickory wood fire; an aroma of hot coffee floated on the warm air; on a dish before him, lay some slices of ham, crisp and ruddy, each surmounted by a fried egg, browned a little from its original whiteness, and with a dash of yellow, where the yolk gleamed up from the centre—an appetizing dish, and one that Nathan loved, as his mother knew well, when she took it hissing from the frying-pan. But she watched in vain for some token of approval. Nathan stirred his coffee absently with a teaspoon, for a full minute, gazing on the ham and eggs, without appearing to see them, and without lifting the spoon to his mouth, or touching the knife and fork, laid temptingly before him. At last, he pushed his plate away, and stood up.

"I don't feel like eating, just now," he said, curtly.

The old lady lifted up both hands.

"Why, Nathan! Ham and eggs?"

"What have we been a doing with ham and eggs, and other people without a mouthful of vittles in the house? Don't make a fuss about my eating; but pour a lot of that hot coffee inter a tin pale, and pack the rest of that ham in a basket; tuck in some doughnuts and jumbles, if you've got any—a mince pie, and—and anything else that's lying about loose."

"Nathan—Nathan, what do you mean?"

"I mean what you musn't never tell anybody of, as long as you live. It's enough to disgrace the hull neighborhood. They haven't had firewood to keep warm with, nor enough to eat, down in the holler, all this winter. Not a chicken on the place—nothing but one live critter, and that's a half-starved cat, which come a-mewing after me clear to the gate, as if it wanted to tell me that there wasn't a mouse about the place. Now, can you make out why it is that a feller hasn't got no apetite to eat?"

The old woman stared at her son, till her cap borders began to quiver from the tremor of grief and surprise, that his words had brought upon her. Then she lifted her apron, this time, without fear of discovery, and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Old Mr. Wheeler's dorter come to that," she said, "and I here? I wouldn't have believed it—I wouldn't have believed it!"

"Don't stand crying there—fretting never did a mite of good to anybody," retorted Nathan, indignant with the sensation that was rising in his own throat. "I'm going out to kill a chicken—a turkey—one of your full-breasted ducks. The whole kit and boodle of 'em, if I take a notion to. I'll wring the necks of madam's canard birds for the cat, if I choose to, darn me if I don't."

The old woman looked out from behind her apron, with a short, hysterical laugh.

"I wish you would, Nat—I wish you would. It's enough to make one sick, to see her with 'em, and that little long-haired dog, that she cossets and kisses, like a month-old baby; if you can throw that in, without swearing afore your own mother a second time, I wont say one word about the ducks."

As Nathan was half-way to the barn-yard, when this wicked permission was given, he did not act upon it, certainly, not at once. But directly there was heard a cackling and screaming from that direction, that struck the old woman with alarm, and brought Mrs. Farnsworth to her chamber window, in a blue silk morning-gown, bordered with swansdown, white and feathery as the snow, that had drifted across the window-sill.

"What on earth is the matter?" she cried, knocking furiously on the door with her ivory hair-brush, for the old Wheeler mansion had no bell. "Mrs. Drum—Nathan, will no one come."

No one did come, during the next ten minutes, so she hurried back to the window, through which she saw Nathan, dragging an immense turkey and two chickens across the barn-yard, while their wings were flapping furiously, though their heads were gaping in a little pool of blood, that dyed the snow just behind him to a vivid crimson.

This sight astonished Mrs. Farnsworth, who had given no orders for a raid upon the poultry. She lifted the sash, and leaned out.

"Nathan—Nathan Drum, what does this mean?"

Her voice rang out sharp and clear, but Nathan did not seem to hear it, but looked to the right and left, first on the turkey in one hand, then on the chickens, with grim satisfaction.

"Nathan, I say!"

The man had approached too near the window for any pretence at deafness now, so he lifted his head with a look of innocent inquiry.

"Wer you speakin', marm?"

"What does all this noise mean? What are you doing?"

"What am I a-doing. Wal, nothing in perticler; only the doctor has took it inter his head, that chicken tea would be jest the thing for that sick lady, down in the holler, and I made sartin, that a lady like you, generous as the day is long, ed be awfully hurt, if some of these critters that are gobblin' their tarnal heads off in corn and meal, wasn't sent down to once—with some other little notions, that must her been in your mind."

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"So, without saying a word to me, you have been killing half the poultry on the place."

"How could I ask about it," said Nathan, looking demurely downward, "when there wasn't a soul out of bed but the old woman and me? All I could do, was to set these critters a-squalling, which they did like all creation."

This adroit explanation quite exceeded Mrs. Farnsworth's ideas of benevolence. She looked down on the turkey, which Nathan still grasped by the legs, while it half-rested with spread wings on the snow, and a portentious frown gathered on her forehead.

"Do the people in this neighborhood feed the sick with soup, made of turkeys like that," she said; "and do servants give them away without asking?"

Nathan had been the most innocent-looking person in the world, till that obnoxious word servant touched his New England pride; but now a quick, angry red flashed over his face, and his small eyes blazed.

"Servants!" he said. "Servants! If anybody in these parts keeps that sort of cattle, I never heard on 'em. Who may you be a-speaking to, marm?"

Mrs. Farnsworth laughed, shrilly. She rather liked this swift passion in her dependent; for her soul was always on the alert for contention of any kind; and when the parlor grew peacefully monotonous, she was ready for conflict in the kitchen.

"Who am I speaking to? My own servant," she said, rejoiced to find one vulnerable spot in a character she had never been able to move to approval or resentment before. "What else am I to call you?"

"Wal, I ain't perticler—anything you take a notion to—only jest remember this, I ain't no man's servant, nor woman's, nuther. So you'll obleege me by not naming that word in my hearing agin, while I am on these premises. It riles me!"

Nathan was deeply in earnest now. He dragged his poultry along the snow, till Mrs. Farnsworth could read every line of his sharp, angry face, from her window. This sign of revolt aroused a power of antagonism in the woman, and gave a subtle insult to her voice, that would have stung a saint, while it claimed to be merriment. She laughed again, and looked down into the gleaming eyes uplifted to hers, with malicious delight.

"Well, as you are not my servant, and have chosen to kill my poultry without leave, the price shall be taken from your wages this month."

For one moment Nathan was silent. This heavy drain on his pocket came unexpectedly, and the spirit of New England thrift stirred unpleasantly within him; but the fellow, after all, had a heart in his bosom, that might have shamed that of the rich woman, looking down upon his discomposure from her window, from which she was drawn away by the sharp, frosty air, feeling wronged that this amateur skirmish with her hired man, had thus been rendered incomplete.

When she was gone, Nathan dropped the turkey, and touched it reproachfully with his boot.

"The biggest gobbler of the hull flock," he muttered—"fifteen pounds, if it weighs an ounce. His comb eenamost sot the snow afire, when I flung his head down. Wal, anyhow, I reckon the old feller has gobbled up about his own worth in her corn, if I do have ter pay for him; besides—"

Here, Nathan brightened into a glow of benevolence; for the thought of that mammoth bird, nicely baked, and sending its aroma through the dreary old house at Wheeler's Hollow, awoke all that was generous in his quaint character.

"Pay for it out of my wages, must I? Wal, I'm glad if it makes a feller feel warm in the busem, to give a whopper like that out of his own arnings. Wonder how the minister 'ell look, when he sees it? I vum now it makes me feel like Thanksgiving Day all over."

While these feelings were expressed, half in thought, half in words, Nathan made his way to the kitchen, and flung his poultry on the floor. A large iron kettle was hanging over the fire, filled with water, which was just on the point of boiling.

"That's the time o' day, old woman? Had an idea that you'd have things ready. Now, it won't be ten minutes afore we'll have the feathers off. Get out your chopping tray, and sage and summer savory, while I pick the critters. We'll send 'em down scrumptious, stuffed out, ready for baking. This old fellow, with his legs tied and his wings twisted back, except the tip, and Miss Lucy shall have them, to dust the hath with."

While he was saying this, Nathan had taken the pot of boiling water from the fire, plunged the turkey into it, and was tearing off the feathers in handsful, while his mother had seized a wooden tray, half-full of bread into her lap, and was filling the kitchen with the vigorous noise of her chopping knife, regarding her son now and then through the cloud of steam that enveloped him, with benign admiration.

"How did she come to let you kill so many of

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'em?" she questioned, as Nathan laid the denuded gobler on the table, and fell to work on the chickens. "Do you know, Nat, I sometimes think she's close!"

"Close as the bark on a tree, and mean as pusley," answered Nat, flinging a handful of wet feathers into the basket with a dash; "but who cares? We can afford to give a meal to the minister, if she can't."

"We?" questioned the mother, holding her chopping-knife suspended in utter astonishment.

"Just that. The madame made a touse about my killing the old feller, and I'm going to pay for him out of my own pocket."

Mrs. Drum turned the edge of her knife upwards, gazed on it half a minute, then reversed it, and began to chop at the head furiously; but all the comment she made was:

"Wal, now, I never did!"

Sometime before noon, that day, Nat drove up to the minister's house in a one-horse sled, laden with a miscellaneous donation of eatables, that seemed enough to break the famine of that household for half a month, at least.

The house was very still—a little curl of smoke came out of the old chimney, and that was all. There had been no clearing of the path since the storm. The doctor's feet had trodden it down a little, but there was no other evidence of movement. Nathan loaded himself, and went up to the front door, which he pushed open, softly, with his foot, for some strange feeling of awe kept him from raising the knocker. The least noise seemed like sacrilege, even to this uncultivated man.

The room nearest the door was empty. A few embers glowed far back in the fire-place, and across them some damp sticks, from which flakes of ice were still melting, smouldered into a faint blaze.

Nathan laid his offering on the table, and went out for the rest of his load, on tiptoe, and almost holding his breath. Something in the stillness oppressed him.

Again he entered the house, and placed other eatables on the table, then waited awhile, listening. All was still, so still, that Nathan felt a strange sensations stealing over him, as if this act of kindness were akin to burglary. Obeying this strong impulse, he was about to steal from the house, when a door opened, and Mr. Hastings came into the room; his face pallid with woe, his eyes downcast, and his step noiseless.

Nathan drew back with an instinct of pitiful reverence. The minister did not see him, but dropped into a chair, rested his elbows on one knee, and leaned his forehead down on a hand that seemed hardly able to support it. Thus the two men remained during half a minute; then Nathan moved a little toward the door. The minister raised his face, turned two heavy eyes upon him, and spoke:

"Hush—she is dead!"

Nathan did not answer, but left the house, closing the door, softly, after him. When he reached the Wheeler mansion, old Mrs. Drum was at the kitchen window, watching for his return. She opened the door, impatient for news.

"Why, Nathan, what ails you? It seems as if you'd been a-crying!" she exclaimed.

"Nothing of the sort," answered the son, wiping his eyes with the woolen mitten, her own hands had knitted for him. "This sharp wind is hard on the eyes, and its been right in my face, all the way."

## CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Farnsworth was wonderfully busy during the next three days; for, assuming her position at once as the head of the Wheeler family, she was disposed to impress the neighborhood with the magnificent liberality that she had brought into it. This opportunity to establish herself as the lady-bountiful of the neighborhood, aroused her into prompt action. The news of Mrs. Hastings' death had scarcely had time to spread into the village, before the great double sleigh, crowded with furs, was on the road, this time driven by the coachman she had brought from the city; for she reflected that the minister's friends would be gathering about him, and this grandeur of her appointments must be maintained, in order to impress her importance upon them.

When she drove up to that lonely house, with a crash of bells and a curveting sweep of the horses, this woman did, indeed, make a sensation among the group of neighbors who had already invaded it with their kindness; but it was not, perhaps, exactly of the class she had expected. To the hard-working, serious, Methodist women, who lived too remotely from fashionable churches, for much change from the primitive habits of olden piety, the tumult and dash of this display was almost a religious offence. When this strange lady came into the comfortless sitting room, sweeping the warm home-made carpet with the richness of her garments, and overwhelming them with the benign patronage of her superior wisdom, the spirit of pious discipline arose within them, all the more warmly because a little female envy might have mingled with it. Love itself is not half so blind as vanity. Mrs. Farnsworth only saw in the hushed, and rather awk-

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ward way in which her presence was received, the kind of homage that flattered her self-love most, and descended upon the little crowd like an empress from her throne.

"So kind of you," she said—"so very kind to have things arranged a little, before I came."

Here her eyes fell upon the provisions that Nathan had left upon the table. An unpleasant sense of meanness might have checked the arrogance of a better woman; but she only paused for an instant, then waved her gloved hand to one of the women who was hasteuing to clear the table.

"That is thoughtful; put them aside. My man had orders to stow them away out of sight, but one never can depend on obedience in such delicate matters."

Having thus given a graceful impression of her bounty, Mrs. Farnsworth seemed rather at a loss what te do next.

"I hope," she said, at last, addressing one of the women, "I really hope that proper persons have been sent for. I would not, for the world, have any token of respect omitted. No such thing ever happened to any member of my family, and never must, so long as I am at the head of it. I hope there has been no want of respect to the remains of a lady I have recognized as my relative."

Swift, if not angry, glances passed among the women who listened to this, and one of the eldest raised her voice rather abruptly in reply:

"She was our minister's wife, and we loved her better than you, a stranger, ever could. If you think she has not been properly taken care of, go in and see."

The woman moved forward, as if to open the door of the room, but Mrs. Farnsworth shrank from entering.

"No, no, I am sure that nothing that I could desire has been omitted," she said; "but you must not oonsider me as a stranger. I have come to live among you. That is, some months, certainly weeks, in the year."

"We have heard so," answered the elderly female, whose husband, being a class-leader of long standing, gave her some authority for speaking plainly.

This dry acceptance of what Mrs. Farnsworth considered important information, discomposed the lady a little.

"Perhaps I had better see Mr. Hastings. He will desire to know my wishes," she said.

Again the class-leader's wife interposed:

"He is in there, with the two souls that he loved better than anything on earth; so close to the throne of God, that any one of us would be afraid to break in upon him. Go in, if you are lady enough for such company."

Mrs. Farnsworth turned pale under the stern, searching glance with which this woman seemed to fathom her nature through and through; but she held herself erect, and, after a moment, the color came back to her cheeks. Stung with the insinuation that she was not holy enough for any place, she was about to launch some haughty reply on the woman, when the toll of a bell, low, broken, and faint, came wailing across the snow-plain like a moan of distress. This took the breath from her lips.

The women around her heard the tolling, and dropped upon their knees, burying their faces and hushed in prayer, as the years of the minister's dead wife were counted out, by the passing bell, to the world she had left.

Once more the color forsook Mrs. Farnsworth's cheeks. She counted, one by one, those weird notes, till her own age was measured to a year, with awful exactness. When the devout women lifted their faces to the light, Mrs. Farnsworth was gone, and the merry jingling of her sleigh bells came back to them, after that solemn tolling, like a dancing tune.

The class-leader's wife had acted up to her religious vocation, and taken up her cross, when she rebuked the mammon of unrighteousness in the person of that richly-dressed woman, who kept her feet, while better persons were upon their knees; and came into a house of mourning, as if she owned the whole earth, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

This the good woman explained to her husband that night, as he raked up the fire, with a triumphant feeling, as if taking up the cross, as a rebuker, had been rather satisfactory than otherwise. The husband, however, said nothing.

To Mrs. Farnsworth, it certainly was not a pleasant remembrance. Having undertaken to arrange the funeral of her new-found relative, after the most approved fashion, she discovered impediments in her path, the first of which had been manifest in the little band of old-fashioned Methodists, that had preceded her in bringing aid and honest sympathy into the house of mourning. Then all her fine sensibilities had been shocked, by the knowledge that the funeral bell, that had thrilled her with such awe, belonged to the old red school house, in which the village children were taught on week days, and minister Hastings sometimes preached on Sundays.

That a Wheeler, whom she had recognized as a relative, should be ushered out of life by a paltry school-house bell, made the patrician

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blood burn in my lady's cheek. All this—lacking a better audience—she expressed, feelingly, to her French maid, of pure Canadian birth and speech, in the privacy of an old-fashioned bedroom, which she had converted into a boudoir, by some fragments of shabby antique tapestry, and a faded prayer carpet, expelled, as unfit for use, from some abandoned mosque in the Orient, which supplied the place of a respectable rag-carpet. A pair of hideous Chinese jars, well cracked and crackled, after some original monstrosity—all of which she gravely informed that patient female, had been heirlooms in the Wheeler family for centuries, completed the *bric-a-brac* of this renovated apartment.

Of course the maid, according to her kind, received all this with implicit faith, though she knew that a half-worn, but rather respectable rag-carpet, lay in an ignominious heap in a corner of the garret, where it had been hustled, to make room for the rug, and that two plaster images, displaced for the jars, lay broken and debased among the ashes, in a rusty coal-scuttle, in the cellar.

Still, as I have said, the maid listened, with full belief in her well-regulated countenance, when all the glories of the family were dwelt upon, in this unique apartment, and, with touching sympathy, to this agony of shame, that one of that august race should have her approach to the gates of heaven announced by a miserable school-house bell.

Still, the maid knew that outside of this lay unlimited resources of consolation. There was deep mourning for the whole household; a coffin plate with the Wheeler arms upon it; jet black blankets for the horses; and—this the maid failed to enumerate—plenty of colored dresses, that could be of no earthly use to a mourner, when once clad in the deepest black.

Mrs. Farnsworth found great relief in these suggestions. All the pomp of a funeral, without a particle of grief thrown in, was a luxury that permitted unusual enjoyment. A more splendid inauguration for the head of the family in that neighborhood, could hardly have been imagined. The whole country would know that it was her liberality and artistic taste that arranged everything. The poverty of the minister's family was too apparent for any doubt on this point. She would reap all the glory.

During the next two days, there was great activity in the Wheeler mansion. Mrs. Farnsworth sat in her tapestried boudoir, writing letters, and sending telegrams, to milliners, modistes, undertakers and newspapers. It is a breach of sacred confidence to mention the latter establishments; for not even her maid was admitted to the lady's privacy regarding them; but, somehow, it arose that all the city papers, that week, grew poetical over the grief of that distinguished member of society, Mrs. Farnsworth, who had just came into possession of the family seat in Wheelerville, only to be cast into the deepest affliction, by the death of her nearest relative, the wife of the celebrated divine, the Rev. David Hastings.

Then followed long and wonderfully minute particulars regarding the grandeur and antiquity of that distinguished race, that ended with a glowing picture of the old mansion, and of the talent, beauty, and unprecedented attractions of the lady, whose exaltation to the estate of her forefathers was to be rejoiced over; but whose sudden bereavement, could not fail to be a subject of commiseration to a world-wide circle of that distinguished lady's friends.

When these editorials reached Mrs. Farnsworth, she was moved even to tears, and greatly puzzled to guess how her bereavement had gained such broad and general sympathy.

There was no one in that house, in Wheeler's Hollow, to gainsay Mrs. Farnsworth, for when money is to be advanced, even good, honest men like the class-leader are apt to feel it a duty to follow, rather than press too eagerly forward. In fact, there was not much of that evil root in the society; and the velvet-covered and silver-mounted coffin, that came down with a fashionable undertaker from the city, probably cost more than the houses some of these good people had lived in all their lives.

As for the minister, the helplessness of extreme poverty and utter grief was upon him, and he could only feel grateful for the strange lady's kindness, without questioning it in anyway. This was [illegible] exactly the case with Lucy. A little tender pride broke through the depths of her sorrow, when she saw how much was being done to honor the dear mother in her death. When the Canadian maid was sent down in the sleigh, which was half-filled with huge paper boxes, banded with black, she allowed them to fit the folds of bombazine and crape around her slender person with gentle patience; and, more than once, during that tedious half-hour of trial, tears of gratitude filled her eyes; but when the maid took her to a little looking-glass, hanging against the wall, and expecting that she would exhibit some feminine interest in her work, the girl gave one glance, then covered her face with both hands, and burst into a great passion of tears.

"Is it that you do not like the dress?" questioned the stolid woman.



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Lucy felt a hand upon her arm, and lifted her pale, piteous young face.

"No, no!" she sobbed; "but mother did so want me to dress like other girls, and now she is dead and cannot know."

"Shall I tell Mrs. Farnsworth that you like the dress?" asked the maid, turning away her head, for she had been so long the machine of another person's will, that the one throb of compassion that stirred her bosom, was, she felt, a thing to to be instantly suppressed.

"Oh, yes—say that she is very kind; but, oh, is breaking my heart!"

When this woman returned to the old mansion, she gave the first part of this message, but withheld, the rest, with an outgush of slight gratitude that Mrs. Farnsworth accepted with sweet complacency.

The day of the funeral was wonderfully beautiful. Rain had fallen in the evening, followed by a sharp frost, that had crusted the snow and all the trees with a splendid glitter of ice, on which the sun shone brightly. Through this winter glory, which seemed, indeed, a fitting pathway to heaven, Mrs. Hastings was borne to the red school house. A hearse, procured from the county town, which the city undertaker had surmounted with heavy black plumes, was followed by Mrs. Farnsworth's sleigh, crowded with black rugs, and driven by her city coachman, with a band of crape on his arm.

Mrs. Farnsworth looked out upon the procession, as it formed, through a cloud of black crape, in which it had been her pleasure to envelope the maid by her side. She had arranged that the minister and his daughter should occupy the sleigh with her, but in this Mr. Hastings had proved gently positive, as he had been, when some more conspicuous place of interment than the humble Methodist burying-ground had been proposed to him.

"No," he had said, "the lady is very kind, but Eunice has lived among these people all her life, and with them will we both be buried."

This was his sole answer, and no one could move him from it. Neither would he be persuaded to enter the magnificent vehicle, in which Mrs. Farnsworth sat, like a mourning queen.

"The distance was not far," he said, "and he would walk with the brethren; it was the custom with them, and being, in some sense, their pastor, he would walk as they did."

Thus the procession formed, Mrs. Farnsworth first after the hearse, then the brethren, two by two, following their minister, and the circuit preacher.

The school house was crowded, and many stood outside, in silent reverence. The sound of prayer and solemn voices uplifted in singing, was hushed at last. Then four men came out of the humble building, bearing the dead. Grave, plainly-dressed men, who appeared in striking contrast to the glow of velvet and glitter of silver that flashed from the coffin, borne on their shoulders, when it came into the sunshine.

There was no need of the hearse after this, so it drove away, with all its panoply of cut-glass and clustering feathers. The minister's wife must be carried to her grave by the neighbors who had loved her. This touching New England form may have been changed in many places; but, here it prevailed still, and God forbid that it should ever be swept wholly away.

Mrs. Farnsworth drove on in advance, and waited at the open gate of the grave-yard for the cortege to come up. Then she joined it, with her head bent, and leaning on the arm of her maid. A tall elm tree, whose branches swept downward, almost to the open grave beneath it, stood in the centre of the ground, and under this, where the snow lay untrodden in the sunshine, the four bearers set down their sacred burden. Not those who had first taken it up; for a fathom's length had hardly been measured on the road, when other friends silently claimed their share of the holy toil, and so love made constant changes all the way.

Now the lid of the coffin was unscrewed, and its gentle inmate, lying there among the cushions of white satin, with her hands folded, as if in prayer, and the dark lashes lying motionless on her marble cheeks, was once more given to the loving gaze of her friends.

It was a solemn, yet beautiful scene. The great expanse of snow out of which the white gravestones seemed chiseled, the glitter of the coffin, the elm tree drooping and swaying its branches over it, each branch and twig laden with diamonds, through which the wind chimed softly, and the sunshine was sifted, while old men, with hats held reverently, and sobbing women, took their last farewell of the neighbor they had loved.

At last, the mourners all drew back in a circle, leaving the minister and his daughter alone by the coffin, while Mrs. Farnsworth stood a little way off, with a black bordered handkerchief uplifted to her eyes, and gleaming through the folds of her veil.

A few moments of dead silence, and then a gentle hand touched the minister's arm; he drew back, uttering a faint moan.

Then all was a painful blank to him. He only knew that Lucy was trembling, till his arm shook

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under the grasp of her hand; then a shock, a dull, heavy noise.

This old man, whose white hair was lifted by the wind, had taken a shovel from his neighbor's hand, used it a moment or two, then gave it to another, until all the leaders of the society had helped to raise the little mound that rose above the snow. Then this same old man stood at the head of the grave, and, in behalf of the minister, thanked the neighbors for their kindness. It was a simple address, but even Mrs. Farnsworth felt tears come into her eyes as she listened to it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AT EVENTIDE.

BY CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

To-night the hoarse winds clash and cry,
The raindrops fall incessantly,
The low winds with a moaning sigh

Shriek out and howl without my door;
And far upon the lonely moor,
And in the aged forest hoar,

The dim, unearthly music dies,
Or in a passing gust oft tries,
To swell beneath the weeping skies.

To-night the shadows of old days
Rise up and gloom in many ways,
Self-shaping in the ghostly haze,

Then slowly fade and disappear
Into the darkness deep and drear,
Like chimes far down the aisled year.

This eve I watched the snowflakes fall
Beside my lowly cottage wall,
The beech leaves drifting over all.

Within the swaying cedar's breast
The robins sung themselves to rest,
The wind came sweeping from the west,

And moaned upon the desert land,
Pale Mem'ry with her magic wand
With Thought went backward, hand in hand.

At twilight thro' the sleeted leaves
The chill breeze sighed like autumn sheaves,
The rain fell from the dripping eaves,

The pear's rough branches tost and swayed,
And shivered like a heart dismayed;
The brown owl called from out the glade.

The dusk'ning sky was gloom'd with clouds,
The [illegible]rful eve was pall'd with shrouds,
And gloomy as death's drear abodes,

The mingled flakes of snow and rain,
With chill winds piping apt refrain,
Shot downward by my window-pane.

I saw them stoop, and sink, and rise,
And whirl beneath the sullen skies
To fall far off from human eyes.

And instantly my mind regained
The native power of thought unstained
Of the rude school wherein 'twas trained.

With eyes half-bathed in tears I said:
"We rest like them when cold and dead,
With breezy dirges overhead.

"Our primal being springs from earth—
We sing our jocund songs of mirth,
We twine around some peaceful hearth,

"We chant our hymns of life and love,
While Hope, the white-winged carrier-dove,
Brings golden legends from above,

"And pass. Our life is but a breath—
A rose within a fading wreath:
Our joys begin and end in death.

"The soul's a chalice brimmed with tears,
Filled with the woes of many years,
And mixed with bitterness and fears,

"From which at times, like sudden rain,
The waters burst and flood the plain
Till each deep cell is eased of pain.

"Yet those who are of that pure ore
Which beams tho' hid beneath the store
Of worthless sand, and filth, and lore.

"Shall never wholly pass away
And perish with that sordid clay
Which is forgotten in a day.

"But live, thro' all the rolling years,
Removed from earthly doubts and fears,
And freed of human pangs and tears."

## LACE.

BY DR. LA MOILLE.

O DAINTY filagree of frost that rests
Upon the snowiest of queenly breasts!
As on the drifted snow the frost congeals,
Her icy heart compassion never feels.
But while that snow will yield to spring's caress,
This beauty ne'er may gain love's dower of bliss.

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# THE VELVET CLOAK.

BY MATTIE D. BRITTS.

It was a bright morning in early autumn, when Hettie Camplin met her friend, Mrs. Danvers, to go shopping together. Hettie was a modest, sweet-looking, little creature, quite a contrast to the dashing woman, who now walked beside her. People, in fact, had frequently wondered how the two came to be so intimate.

Hettie's husband had expostulated often, "I don't want to interfere in your friendships, my dear, but I do wish you would see less of Mrs. Danvers," he had said, "I don't fancy her."

The two ladies directly entered Wallace & Duke's fashionable store.

"They have such beautiful cloaks," said Mrs. Danvers, "and you know we agreed, the other day, to buy cloaks exactly alike."

"I—I don't know—I'm afraid I'll have to give it up," said Hettie, hesitatingly. "Dick told me, at breakfast, he couldn't afford to give me a new cloak, at least, a velvet one, this winter. He said he was only a clerk, with not too large a salary. I've only got forty dollars, which is all he could spare."

"Bother Dick," was the reply. "Who cares what he said? My husband told me, too, only this morning, that I musn't think of such a thing; but I cooly informed the gentleman I did as I pleased. Guess he knows that pretty well, already."

"I wouldn't dare tell Dick that," says Hettie.

"You wouldn't? Poor little soul! You don't know how to manage a husband. The right way is, just to get a thing when you want it, and then, you see, when the bill comes in, why, you've got it, and they can't help themselves, so they have it to pay for. That's the way to fix 'em! And it's the very way we are going to do this time."

Hettie knew well that this was very bad advice. Her cheeks burned, and she felt very much inclined to turn and walk out of the store, leaving Mrs. Danvers to her own devices. It was a pity she did not obey the wise impulse. For the velvet cloaks were so lovely, she lingered, and looked, and longed, and at last met the fate of the woman who hesitates.

Mrs. Danvers' wily tongue and bad example prevailed. When they left the store, two cloaks were ordered to be sent home, for which each purchaser was to pay sixty dollars; and when Hettie went to bed that night, the beautiful velvet thing was locked in a drawer in her wardrobe, not ten feet from the bed.

She meant to tell Dick the very next day; but the longer she thought, the more she dreaded it.

"I'll wear it a few times, and then I won't mind it," she said, smoothing out the rich fringe, not feeling particularly happy, however, in the possession of the coveted cloak.

But it was not so easy to wear it. On Sunday, she went to church with Dick, and she would never have dared to put it on then. During the week, she went out one afternoon with Mrs. Danvers, and then the hidden treasure was put on. Mrs. Danvers was in raptures over its beauty; but Hettie could not enjoy it. She was so afraid of meeting Dick. She would nearly as soon have faced a cannon, as have met him, and seen the look of grave surprise in his eyes. When Hettie got home, she flung the cloak upon a chair, saying:

"Despicable thing! How could I ever have got myself into such a worry? The idea of being afraid to go out for fear of meeting one's own husband! And he the best fellow in the world, too! That's just the reason of it. If he was hateful, and wouldn't get me things, why I wouldn't care; but when he is so good, and works so hard, poor fellow! I just despise myself for trying to deceive him. I don't think I'll ever wear that thing again!"

However, a week or two later, Dick was obliged to go away from home, for a day or two; and then Hettie wore the velvet cloak once more. But she felt as if every eye was upon her; and she took it upstairs, when she got home, with a firm resolve to tell Dick, and never wear it again, until he knew all about it.

But when Dick came back, she turned a pitiful little coward, and could not open her mouth. She was very miserable and unhappy, and poor Dick wondered and asked in vain what the matter was. She always said "nothing," but she was very unlike her old, cheerful self.

An invitation came to them, to spend the holidays with Hettie's married sister in Boston, and Dick, thinking it would do Hettie good, accepted the invitation.



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Hettie was anxious to go. But what was she to do? It was needful she should have a new cloak of some kind to go in, or at least while she was in Boston. She couldn't get another, while that one was in the house, and how could she tell Dick now? She was in hourly fear, besides, that the bill would be sent in, and then the truth have to come out.

They were to go the day before Christmas. At supper-time, on the evening of the twenty-third, Dick came in with a bright face, and a large pasteboard box in his hand.

"Well, little woman," was his greeting, "it's a bit early for a Christmas present; but you'll want to put it in your trunk, to-morrow, and so I brought it along. See how you like it."

"What is it?" asked Hettie, as he put the box in her lap.

"Look and see!" He untied the string which fastened the box, took off the cover, and lifted out—oh, dreadful! Hettie's heart flew to her mouth, and almost choked her—for it was a rich, black velvet cloak. And one far richer, and more elegantly trimmed, than the hateful thing locked in her wardrobe-drawer, upstairs.

Hettie sat an instant, pale and still. Then she rallied, with a determined effort.

"Oh, Dick, how kind you are," she said, as quietly as if her heart was not throbbing like a trip-hammer. "I am afraid you couldn't afford this. I didn't expect it, I'm sure."

"Yes, I could afford it. I would not have bought it, otherwise. I didn't go in debt for it, mind you!"

"What did it cost?" asked Hettie, faintly, bending over the box, that Dick might not notice her flushed face.

"Seventy dollars. You remember asking for a velvet cloak a while ago."

"Yes."

"Well, I resolved, then, if I could possibly spare the money, to get you one for a Christmas present. I wouldn't tell you, for I wanted it to be a pleasant surprise. But I got the nicest one I could find."

"It is beautiful," said Hettie, "and it *is* a pleasant surprise, Dick, for I never thought of it."

"Well, you were such a good little woman, to give it up so willingly, when I asked you to, that I thought you deserved it."

Poor Hettie had to summon all her nerve, to keep from bursting into tears, and crying out that she did not deserve it. Just then the supper-bell rang, greatly to her relief, and so, telling Dick she would try on the cloak after supper, they went to the cozy little dining-room.

Before supper was over, Hettie had taken a resolution. And with the courage it gave her, she did try on the velvet cloak, after supper, and praised it enough to satisfy even Dick, who received her thanks very graciously, and was delighted with the success of his elegant present.

After breakfast, next morning, Dick went to the bank, saying he would put his work in order for a few days abscence, and be back for an early dinner. They were to start for Boston at half-past two.

As soon as he was gone, Hettie hurriedly dressed herself, took the box which contained the cloak *she* had bought, and went straight to Wallace & Duke's. She had a very humiliating task to perform; but it was her only chance; and she determined, if she could, this once, to save herself in her husband's esteem.

"I bought a cloak, here, a few weeks ago, and on taking it home, I find I shall not be able to pay for it, this winter," she said, "therefore, I concluded to bring it back. I suppose you will take it, if I pay something," she said to the clerk. She had fifteen dollars, and she offered that.

"Well, madam," says he, "we don't often take back, or exchange goods, unless they are returned immediately. But if the cloak is in good order—"

"It has never even been out of the box but twice," said Hettie, not feeling obliged to say she had worn it, "it is entirely uninjured. Please look at it, and see."

"Well, it won't sell as well as a month ago, and so we shall have to take the fifteen dollars to cover our loss."

The clerk looked at it, found it just as Hettie had represented, and consented to receive it back.

Hettie left the store with a lighter heart than she had had for weeks.

When Dick came to dinner, he was struck by her high spirits. As she put on her hat, to go to the depot, he said,

"Hettie, I'm glad you are going off so brightly. My little wife has had the dumps, this long time, and I couldn't guess why."

"Needn't try, then," laughed Hettie. "Well, she wont have them any more. And, Dick, I'll tell you one thing—I'm not going with Jenny Danvers any more."

"Glad to hear it," said Mr. Dick, dryly. Privately he wondered what Madame Jenny had been up to now; but he did not ask questions; no wise husband does.

As for Hettie, it was a bitter lesson, and a wholesome one, that of the VELVET CLOAK.

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—We give, here, the front and back view of the Beatrice costume, which is the latest novelty for a winter wrap. It is made of checked tweed, trimmed with plush. There is simply a skirt, which is bordered with a deep plaited flounce, nine inches deep, when finished. This

No. 1.

flounce is turned up on the wrong side, and has three rows of stitching, which forms the hem; it is put on the skirt with a narrow band of the tweed, stitched on both sides, covering the raw edges. The blouse-tunic is turned up in front, *en lareuse*, with plush. There is a slight fullness in the back of the garment, as may be seen, which is held in place by the tying back of the



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fronts. A thick cord and tassels of silk confines the garment around the waist. Cuffs of plush. A round cape with pointed hood, lined with plush, completes this stylish costume. Seven to eight yards of tweed, according to size, and two yards of plush will be required.

A plain, round waist, made of the tweed, may be worn with the skirt for additional warmth, when needed, and will be found most useful, if necessary to throw off the outer wrap on occasion.

No. 2

No. 2—We give the front and back view of a simple and comfortable every-day wrapper, to be made of flannel, cashmere, or chintz. If made of flannel it needs no lining; cashmere, or chintz, will require a lining of silesia, or colored cambric. It is cut with half-fitting tight back, a little below the waist line, and then the fullness of the back breadths is put in, with two double box-plaits finished at the top, and lined with the material, as seen in illustration. The fronts are loose without darts, and a sash, or cord and tassels confine the wrapper at the waist. This, however, is optional. Many ladies prefer the garment entirely loose. A flounce of the material, gathered and put on with a heading, trims the bottom of the skirt. Our model calls for the flounce to be edged with torchon lace. Collar, cuffs and pockets of the same, edged with lace. A narrow knife-plaiting may be substituted for the lace as a finish; or if the wrapper is only intended for ordinary wear, the flounce may be simply hemmed, and plain cuffs, pockets and collar simply stitched on the edge.

No. 3—(Next page,) is an evening costume for a young lady, or girl, both simple and stylish. Our model calls for a skirt of gen d'arm blue silk, and over-dress of very light gray cashmere. The skirt has a deep kilt-plaited flounce, which is bordered with an inch-wide band of the cashmere. Above the kilting, there are three pouffs, gathered on the under-side, and put on to fall over each other slightly. The last, or upper one, finishes with a tiny frill as a heading. The over-dress is made with a round waist, cut out very much in the neck, and finished with a quilling of lace; puffed sleeves, and a plain, round skirt, which is drawn up very high on the left side, and ornamented with a bow and ends of satin ribbon to match the under-skirt; belt of the same, and small bows for the sleeves. A wide sash, tied at the back, may be arranged instead of the belt, if preferred; and would be a little more dressy. Make it of one width of the silk, doubled; gather the ends, and add a large tassel, or ball of silk; otherwise fringe the ends. An old silk dress of any solid color, may be made over for the under-skirt, and with this simple and inexpensive over-dress of cashmere, a stylish costume can be arranged at but little cost. The color of the over-dress will depend upon what the skirt may be. Gray, or white, over blue. Pale pink is lovely over maroon. Ecru over a bronze-brown. Various combinations can be made, but don't make them too striking; the colors, and even shades must assimilate, even while they

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contrast. Six to seven yards of cashmere, or merino will be required. An old dress, or twelve yards of silk for the under-skirt.

No. 4—Is a short costume, for either house, or street, and is made of brocaded cashmere, and

No. 3.

trimmed with velvet. It has a plain skirt, with the fullness laid in double box-plaits at the waist at the back—no looping, or pouffing—it simply hangs straight, and the only trimming is a three or four inch band of velvet laid on flat, five or six inches from the edge of the skirt. The long basque-bodice is double-breasted, and cut coat-shape, with rolling collar. Cuffs and pockets of velvet. Fancy gilt, or gilt and steel mixed buttons are most used. This costume may have the additional plain, round waist, with tight sleeves, belted in, or tied with a sash, to be worn underneath the long basque. Brocaded goods are only to be had in single width, therefore fourteen to fifteen yards will be required. This model will serve equally well for plain cloth, or camel's hair material, with trimmings of plush, or brocade. Two yards of trimming material twenty-two inches wide, will be sufficient.

No. 5—Is an out-door costume, for a girl of four years, made of cinnamon-brown cashmere, or merino, trimmed with seal-brown plush. We give the front and back view. It is cut coat and

No. 4.

dress in one, and fastens down the back; the skirt has a three inch band of plush, put on an inch and a-half from the edge. The front has a gathered, pointed plastron of satin, finished off

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No. 5.

No. 7—Is an apron-blouse, for a little boy of three to four years, made of brown or white linen. The waist and sleeves are made like a skirt, and the skirt part is put on. The skirt is gored in front, and full in the back. It buttons down the back. The frill for the collar, sleeves and pocket flaps are made of nainsook, and the edges buttonholed. Hamburg edging may be used instead. A wide leather belt is worn with this blouse.

No. 8—Is a little sacque, cut loose, and made of flannel, or light texture cloth, for a little child of two to three years. At the waist in the back, there is an inch and a-half wide facing, through which a ribbon is run, which gathers the back, and is brought through to the outside, and ties in front. A pointed hood, lined with soft silk, is added to this sacque. A bow is placed on the point, and similar bows ornament the sleeves.

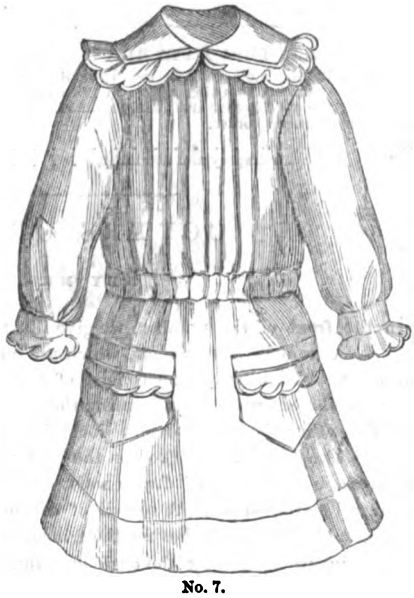
with revers, and a bow and ends of satin ribbon. Turn-over collar.

No. 6—Is a paletot, for either boy or girl of two to four years. It is made of soft, gray beaver cloth, and trimmed with several rows of worsted braid to match, and large fancy buttons.

No. 6.

The upper collar may be made of either plush or satin; also the lower edge of the cuffs. Plush we prefer, or imitation seal skin, as being warmer and more durable than either satin or silk.

No. 9—Is a model for capuchin hood, now so fashionable on all sacques, ulsters, etc. It is



No. 7.

made separate from the garment, and is put on and taken off at pleasure. Some have button-

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holes, one in the centre, and one at each end, where the hood is made to button on the garment to which it belongs; others are finished with hook and loops; others again tie under the rolling collar with ribbon strings, and only

No. 8.

buttoned in the centre. This is a useful as well as fashionable addition to an outside garment, as it adds very much to the warmth as well as to the dressy appearance which it gives to the otherwise plain wrap.

### LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked.

Patterns designed to order.

| | |
|---|---|
| Princess Dress: Plain, | .50 |
| " " with drapery and trimming, | 1.00 |
| Polonaise, | .50 |
| Combination Walking Suits, | 1.00 |
| Trimmed Skirts, | .50 |
| Wattean Wrapper, | .50 |
| Plain or Gored Wrappers, | .35 |
| Basques, | .35 |
| Coats, | .35 |
| " with vests or skirts cut off, | .50 |
| Overskirts, | .35 |
| Talmas and Dolmans, | .35 |
| Waterproofs and Circulars, | .35 |
| Ulsters, | .35 |

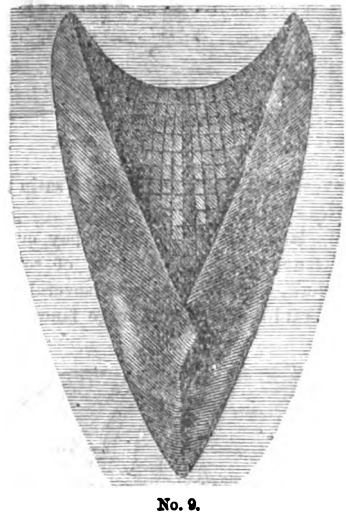
### CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dresses: Plain, | .25 | Basques and Coats, | .25 |
| Combination Suits, | .35 | Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts | .25 |
| Skirts and Overskirts, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Polonaise: Plain, | .25 | Waterproofs, Circulars and Ulsters, | .25 |
| " Fancy, | .35 | | |

### BOYS' PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jackets, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Pants, | .20 | Gents' Shirts, | .50 |
| Vests, | .20 | " Wrappers, | .30 |
| Ulsters, | .30 | | |

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.



No. 9.

## COVERS OF JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give illustrations for covers in Java canvas, which are quite a novelty. The illustrations consist of five engravings, the centre one representing the covers, and the other four the detail, including the fringe. The covers are worked on the gray flax, and are a combination of drawn work and embroidery in cross-stitch. A square of canvas is required: leave three inches for the fringe, then thirteen inches square for the cushion. Draw a circle in the centre of five and a-half inches in diameter, outside this one of six and a-half inches. Sew over the edges very carefully, and then work over in chain-stitch. You must put the horizontal threads between these two circles, when all the work is finished. In the centre you work the design, (see the left-hand, top of page,) in Holbein embroidery, the corners in double cross-stitch, so that both sides are alike, copying the corners, which we give at top and bottom of page. You draw out eight threads, then leave thirty-six; whip over the edge of the last two of the thirty-six; draw out the rest for a fringe, which you knot in the same manner as macramé fringe. Nothing has come out, recently, that is quite so pretty as this, at least of its kind.

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# PILGRIM COSTUME. (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, a very beautiful costume (THE PILGRIM,) for a young girl, say, twelve years old, or thereabouts, suitable for the season. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT sheet, with diagrams, full size, by which to cut out this elegant costume. The pattern consists of five pieces, as will be seen, by reference to the Supplement, viz:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF BACK.
III.—HALF OF CAPE.
IV.—HALF OF HOOD.
V.—SLEEVE.

The notches and letters show how the pieces are put together. Dark plush, serge, camel's hair, or cloth may be used for this costume, the *lareuse* facing; the cuffs and lining of the hood being either a contrasting color, or checked. If claret plush, serge, or cloth is used, the trimmings are fancy plaid satin; if dark blue, or green, then old gold, crimson, or red satin is used. The cord and tassels are heavy silk, to match the



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trimmings. The Tam o' Shanter hat must be of the same material as the costume, and looks well in plush, or velvet.

We give, also, on the Supplement, a beautiful design for a female figure, to be worked IN OUTLINE-STITCH, or Kensington-stitch, which is now so fashionable. We described this stitch in the January number. The figure is printed, in the centre of one of the patterns, so that it may be cut out, for the purpose of transferring, without interfering with the dress pattern. It may be worked on satin, velvet, etc., with silk. We have seen it, with most beautiful effect, worked on gold-colored satin, with maroon-colored silk.

## WORK OR SCHOOL BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

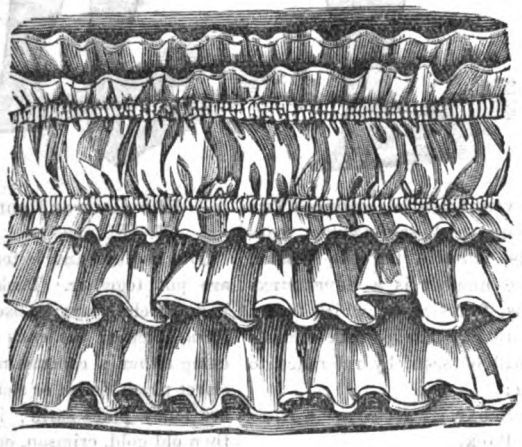
We give, opposite, a very pretty design for a work-bag, or for a school-bag, or bag for any similar purpose.

Make of knitting cotton, and work in close crochet the required size. After the crocheting is done, work any little design, in cross-stitch, in colored cottons, and add the monogram in the centre. Line the bag with colored Canton flannel, and draw it with ribbon, or braid strings.

Java canvas may be used, in place of the crocheted work, as the foundation, if preferred.

## DESIGN FOR TRIMMING DRESS SKIRT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is suitable for silk, or soft woolen goods, such as cashmere, camel's hair, soft twilled silks, or satin de Lyon. It is one of the newest patterns out, and is very fashionable indeed.

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# FANCY BOOT FOR CHILD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, a design for a boot, for a child from three to five months old. One skein of white and one of pink eider yarn are required for this boot. The shoe and sole of this boot are ribbed in two colors; the stocking is white. Use No. 14 needles, and cast on for the sole with pink wool thirty stitches; knit a plain row.—Second row. Increase one at each end, the rest plain.—Third row. Like the second.—Fourth row. Like the second. Now knit nine more rows plain, then in the next two rows decrease one at each end of the row. You now commence the top of the shoe with the white wool. Cast on six stitches after the last pink, then knit these six stitches, and the whole row in white increase one at the end of the row.—Second row. Purl.—Third row. Increase one at each end, and knit plain.—Fourth row. Knit plain with pink wool.—Fifth row. Purl with pink wool, and increase at the toe only, which is the end in which the extra stitches were *not* cast on.—Sixth row. Purl with white.—Seventh row. Knit with white.—Eighth row. Purl with white. Now take the pink wool, change the rib, and knit two rows instead of three with pink; continue in this manner three rows of white, two of pink; work until you have three whole white ribs and two of pink between; then continue for the toe on the twenty-four stitches only, and work until you have again eighteen rows or three white ribs and four pink; then cast on as many stitches as you left on the last needle, and knit three ribs of white with two of pink between, decrease at the toe in the last row of the last pink rib, and at both ends in the second row of the last white rib; cast off when this rib is finished. With the pink wool take up the sixteen stitches cast on, on the eighteen little rows take up ten stitches, and knit the last sixteen stitches; next row plain, two more rows plain.—Fourth row. * knit two, make one, knit two together, repeat from * to the end of the row.—Fifth row. Knit plain. Sixth and seventh rows knit plain. Now take the white wool and knit the leg.—First row. Knit two, * wool forward, slip one, knit two, draw the slipped stitch over the two knitted stitches,



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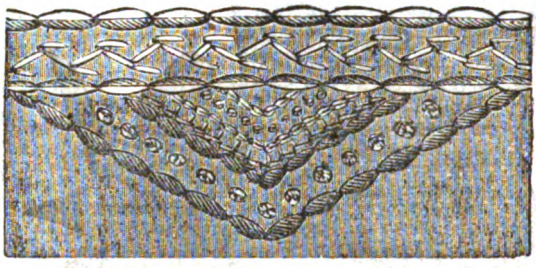
repeat from *.—Second row. Purl knitting.—Third row. Knit one, * wool forward, slip one, knit two, draw the slipped stitch over the knitted, repeat from *.—Fourth row. Purl knitting. Repeat these four rows four times more, then two rows plain with white wool. Join the pink wool, two rows plain with pink. Join the white, knit six rows of two purl stitches, two plain stitches, to form a rib, then four more rows of plain knitting with pink, and cast off. Sew up the back of the leg, and sew the twelve stitches cast on for the heel to the heel of the sole, draw up the top of the toe, and sew square to the toe of the sole.

## EMBROIDERY: IN CLARET CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is suitable for pockets, cushions, etc. The vandykes are described with blue wool, which is barred down with gold stitches, and between the rows there are French knots, likewise in gold-colored silk. Inside the vandyke there are two rows of chain-stitch in gold, the buttonhole stitches are brown, and the knots blue. The embroidery that simulates a galon consists of gold herringbone, bordered with a blue and bronze line barred with old gold.

## VENETIAN LONG-STITCH ON NET. (COLORED.)

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give another of those beautiful and costly-colored patterns, which are to be found only in this magazine. Our present one is a design for EMBROIDERY ON NET, in what is called the Venetian Long-Stitch.

Embroidery on net has always been a favorite with ladies, partly because it is so delicate and elegant, and partly because it is so easy of execution. It is now much more fashionable than Berlin wool-work, which, many think, has had its day, although, in our opinion, there are reasons why wool-work will always hold its own. Be that as it may, Embroidery on Net belongs, distinctively, to what is called Art-Needlework. It not only has a rare artistic effect, but it can be adapted to numerous purposes for decorative needlework, and hence it is much sought after. As yet, however, no American magazine, except this, has given any colored patterns for it. In fact, it was only recently revived in France, and introduced into England still more recently.

The materials required are Algerian canvas and filoselle or floss silk. The canvas, which may be black or white, is either stretched in a frame, or tacked smoothly to toile cirée, to keep the work even, otherwise the effect would be spoiled. The design is then traced on the canvas, and worked in filoselle or floss silk with darning and satin stitch, and the work when finished taken from the frame or backing, and carefully stretched over the surface which it is intended to cover. The work looks well on screens, panels, piano fronts, cushions, mats, picture frames, borders, etc., provided a suitably colored material is chosen for the background to bring out the colors.

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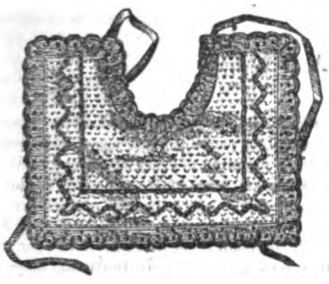
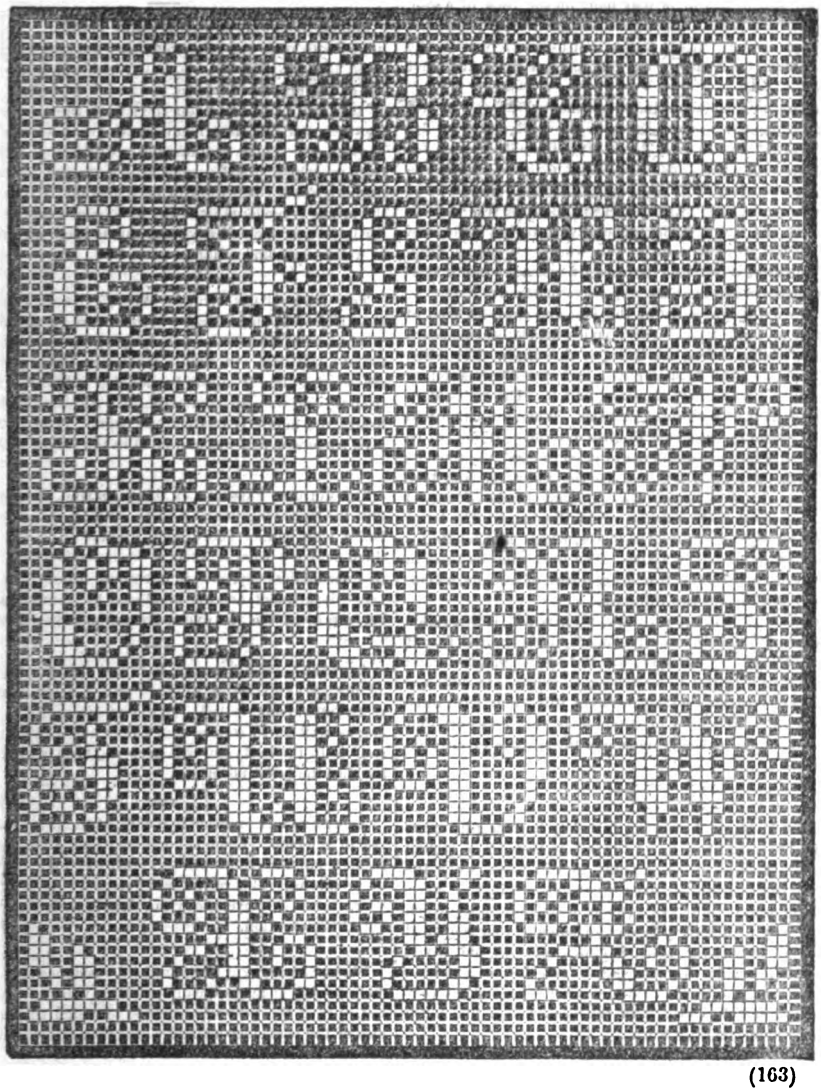
## BABY'S BIB.



Make of cotton pique, lined with lawn. The border is batiste, embroidered with either ingrain red or blue thread. The stitches used are chain, feston, satin and three-point lancés at the commencement of every scollop.

## ALPHABET FOR MARKING.





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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Outline, or Stem-Stitch Embroidery.—We give, in the front of this number, two more designs in stem-stitch embroidery, suitable for D'Oyles, similar to those given in recent numbers. Many of the newest D'Oyles, we would remark, are worked on fine linen, in fine black silk, to imitate etched work. The stitches are most minute; the design is first sketched in pencil.

We also give, in the Supplement, a figure of a Greek girl, much larger in size, which we have seen worked on gold-colored satin, with maroon-colored silk, making a very effective and beautiful affair. This may be used for a chair-seat, ottoman, or screen, or may hang on the back of a sofa, or be used as a panel. The figure is engraved and printed on the Supplement in such a way as not to interfere with the dress-pattern, for it may be cut out, and yet the pattern not injured.

Working in stem-stitch, in its various ways, is the newest and most popular kind of fancy needlework, and it is also easily learned and quickly done. It is likewise useful; for it washes well, when done on the right material, and therefore can be employed for many purposes, when other kind of embroidery would be entirely useless. Besides, it is very inexpensive, as the material generally costs but little, and requires but little of it to do the work. Of course, satin, silk, and even velvet may be used, if wished. But it does not necessarily involve these expensive materials.

First, we will give a list of the best and cheapest kind of material to work upon. For D'Oyles, tea cloths, side-board and small table covers, use linen, or fine crash. For tidies, toilet mats, etc., use Java and Aida canvas. For mantel, or table lambrequins, use cloth, serge, or felt. The embroidery may be done in silver crewel, or silks. When the article will require washing, use the English crewels. If not to be washed, and the expense is not to be considered, use the floss silks split. For table D'Oyles, use the finest red and blue French working cottons. This, and all kinds of crewel work, may be done in a frame, or in the hand. The latter is the most rapid, but for large pieces, where nice shading is required, then employ a frame. The only utensils used in crewel work besides the frame, are a pair of scissors, an embroidery needle, and two thimbles.

The stitch used in crewel work, we may add, is that called the Kensington, stem, or outline stitch, indiscriminately. It is very old, and very simple; but it requires judgment and discretion in working to produce good effects. In our January number we gave a description of this stitch, with illustrations. For this kind of stitch, it is very necessary that the work should be neatly done, and the stitches of an even length.

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A New Fashion of wearing bracelets has recently come in. It is to wear them above the elbow, instead of around the wrist; this is, of course, only in full dress, when the arms are bare. Antique silver ornaments are in high favor, and those who do not possess them, wear imitations which are not easy to detect. Russian ornaments, that is enamel plaques of Byzantine style, mounted also in old silver, are much affected; they are heavy and less conspicuous than the French ornaments of the same type, and yet they accord wonderfully well with the dark velvet and plush costumes now generally worn.

We Give No Premiums, we would say to "Lucy," *merely for subscribing*. A periodical that has to *bribe people to take it*, by giving a premium to every subscriber, cannot, even in its own estimation, have much value. "Peterson" puts all it can afford into the magazine itself: which we take to be the straight-forward way of doing business. Year after year, people complain to us, that they have been "taken in," to use their own phrase, by periodicals that offer every subscriber a premium, and they have discovered, on subscribing, that either the premium or the periodical, was worthless, and generally both. Cannot the public learn, and use, a little common sense, in such matters?

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Bodice Bouquets are still quite popular. Sweet peas, mixed with roses and mignonette, are the rage in light materials; but for dark dresses, holly, with its brilliant green leaves and bright red berries, carries off the palm. A bunch of this holly looks well on the left of the new seal cloth mantles, and on the fancy muffs that always accompany them. These seal mantles are bordered with woven feathers, which differ considerably from the feather bands formerly used. The quill of each feather is removed, and the plume is rendered light and fluffy and made to resemble fur in its extreme delicacy; and this is made up into bands, as well as cuffs and collars.

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The Lost "Babe In The Wood,"—Another one of the beautiful steel engravings which are to be found only in "Peterson." Two little girls, playing in the woods, have found a lost doll. Of course, it must be hungry; and they are feeding it. It must be lonely, without a home or friends; and they are comforting it. Already, in their little hearts, the motherly instinct has begun. The picture is by Mrs. Anderson, and was exhibited in the Royal Academy.

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The Colored Fashions, in this magazine, are designed to give the more elegant and costly costumes, so that even those ladies who cannot afford such dresses, or do not care for them, may see what is worn at fashionable receptions, parties, assemblies, etc., etc., in our great cities. The "Every-Day" department, and the wood cuts in front of each number, represent the less expensive costumes in daily use.

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Another Costly Colored Pattern, this month, and one of quite a new style of work, or rather, to speak more correctly, an old one revived. In these matters of Art-Embroidery, as well as in stories, engravings and fashions, "Peterson" is in the lead, and will keep so, always producing in advance the latest novelties.

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Additions may be made to a club, at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additions are made to fill a second club, the reader will be entitled to a second premium, or premiums. The rush for "Peterson" is so great, this year, that nearly everybody can double their club, with but very little exertion.

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When Subscribers Change their residence, and wish the address of their magazine altered, they will please notify us, not only of the post-office address to which they move, but also of the post-office address which they are leaving.



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OUR PREMIUMS FOR THIS YEAR, for getting up clubs, are unusually fine. The first is from an original picture, by that distinguished American artist, Edward L. Henry. It is particularly appropriate, considering that 1881 is the Yorktown Centennial Year. The engraving is in line and stipple, in the highest style of art, by Illman & Brothers, of the size of 24 inches by 20, and is entitled, "GRAN'FATHER TELLS OF YORKTOWN." It represents a veteran of '76, in his old age, with his little grand-daughter between his knees, rehearsing the story of the surrender of Cornwallis. The picture is painted with all that skill, and that truth in detail, which distinguishes this celebrated artist, *and ought to be on the walls of every house in America.*

*In addition to this* superb engraving, there will be given, for the larger clubs, a handsomely bound and ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, in which friends, or acquaintances can write their autographs, or inscribe verses. Or the Album will be sent, instead of the engraving, if preferred. But see the terms, on the last page of cover, for information.

For many clubs, as will be seen on the same page, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent to the getter up of the club. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or Album: and for some, all three. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great.

*Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1881. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Specimens are sent gratis, if written for, with which to get up clubs.

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OUR JANUARY NUMBER was declared, everywhere, to be the best ever issued. Not only did its embellishments receive universal praise, but its literary contents were pronounced unrivalled. The Schenectady (N. Y.) Gazette says: "It has an array of tales, novels, etc., such as is rarely seen in any magazine. Bebecca Harding Davis, for instance, has a story, one of the most beautiful prose idyls ever written. 'Josiah Allen's Wife,' gives a humorous sketch, that will make anybody laugh. There are two novelets, both powerful; one by Ann S. Stephens, the other by Jane G. Austin. Besides these, are other tales, poetry, etc. A profusely illustrated article on 'London in the Season,' will interest every fair reader. *There is no question that, in literary merit, this magazine excels all other ladies' books.* It always performs, too, all it promises, and even more. As a journal of fashion, it stands first. It is unquestionably the cheapest and best. Everybody ought to have it." Hundreds of notices equally eulogistic, are on our table.

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THE GIFT-BOOKS, this year, are unusually numerous, and most of them are very elegant. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have an especially large and fine list. Among the most charming of their issues are "Gems of Genius," being first-class wood-engravings, after celebrated pictures: "Drifting Round the World," a book for boys, with two hundred wood-cuts; "Live Boys in The Black Hills," by Arthur Morecamp; "A Strong Arm and A Mother's Blessing," by Elizabeth Kellogg; "The Danbury Boom," by G. J. M. Bartley: "How I Found It, North and South;" "Ego," by Henry M. French; and numerous others, all more or less illustrated.

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PEACOCK'S FEATHERS make very elegant screens. Or, if sewn on velvet, with the eyes over-lapping each other, they come in, quite tastefully, as frames round a velvet background for china, pictures, or glass. Or they look well, as a border, for a velvet portiere, especially if it is green. Many ladies put them in high jars, mixed with bulrushes, or grasses, and so ornament the corners of rooms. One of the most effective screens made of them is a fire-screen, using the head, heart, and feathers, and representing the bird standing with outstretched plumage.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Endymion. By the Earl of Beaconsfield.* 1 vol., 12mo. *New York: D. Appleton & Co.* Somebody has called this, not inaptly, a novel without a plot, and a romance without a hero. Readers who take it up, expecting an ordinary work of fiction, will be very much disappointed. There is almost no story; the characters crowd each other to excess; anachronisms abound; the impossible is dealt in, with all that Oriental magnificence, which has distinguished the author throughout his whole career. On the other hand, the book has this merit, that, dealing with what is called high society, it is written by one familiar with such society; for D'Israeli has not only lived with dukes, but has created dukes: he is not describing, as so many have tried to do, a social circle, into which he has never been admitted. To those who are familiar with English politics, between 1830 and 1850, "Endymion" will be especially entertaining, for such can read between the lines. There are sketches of different notabilities in politics and social life: and some of the sketches show a subtle analysis not equalled even by Balzac or Thackeray. Lord Montfort is a case in point. The late Marquis of Hertford is supposed to have furnished hints for this character. But neither this, nor any other, can be called a real portrait, though nearly every one suggests something in some remarkable individual: this the Emperor Napoleon; that, the Empress Eugenie; this, Lord Palmerston; that, Lord Melbourne; this, perhaps, Thackeray; that, Lady Normanby: this, Bismarck; that, Cardinal Manning. The opinions, put into the mouths of these actors, are not, however, always those of D'Israeli. The object of the author seems to have been to bring out the salient features of the period, and hence the great crowd of characters: hence also the freedom with which they discuss politics, religion, social science, almost everything. Here and there, we hear, however, the voice of the writer, like that of an old Greek chorus, rising warningly over all, with a running comment on the unfolding drama. The book is certainly *sui generis.* Nevertheless, it is very remarkable; is full of crisp sayings; always amusing; and if read from the right point of view, even instructive.

*My Hero. By Mrs. Forester.* 1 vol., 12mo. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.* In the dearth of really good new novels, we are glad of the re-publication of this excellent fiction. It is a love story, but not too sentimental: not more so than the "Initials" for example: and we can sincerely recommend it to anyone who wishes a delightful novel. It is printed, too, in clear, good-sized type, that will not hurt the eyes; and is published at a reduction from the original price, which is another point in its favor.

*Home Sweet Home. By John Howard Payne. With Designs by Miss L. B. Humphreys.* 1 vol., *small 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.* In many respects, this pretty little volume reminds us of "Drifting," noticed in our last number. The size of the page, the type, and the general character, are the same. Nor are its illustrations inferior. Few poems have ever been so popular as "Home Sweet Home;" and every admirer of it will be glad to see it in so beautiful a setting.

*Marco Polo. By George Makepeace Towle.* 1 vol., 12mo. *Boston: Lee & Shepard.* We have here an excellent digest of the famous book of travels and adventures of Marco Polo, the Venetian merchant, who, in the thirteenth century, travelled, and traded in India and China. The work has been compiled for young persons, but is so well done that older ones, even, can read it with profit.

*From Madge To Margaret. By Carroll Winchester.* 1 vol., 12mo. *Boston: Lee & Shepard.* A story of American life, with a good deal of local color. The characters are well discriminated, and have the fidelity of photographs. The plot is interesting. More than all, the moral is excellent, so that the book can safely be put into the hands of your daughters.



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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

NEVER WAS SUCH UNANIMITY in the praises "Peterson" receives, this year. "I intend to take it as long as I live," writes one old subscriber. Another says: "Your new number, just received, is awfully nice." Says another: "I have taken your magazine for twenty years." Still another: "I have been taking the magazine for eighteen years, and cannot do without it." A subscriber, sending us a club, writes: "One of my club is an old lady of eighty-two years: she says she cannot spare her 'Peterson.'" Another club comes, with this word from the sender: "This makes the twenty-seventh year I have sent you a club." A new subscriber in 1880, renews, and says: "The cheapest and best I have ever seen." Another writes to us: "I have taken several magazines, but like it better than any other." And an old subscriber remits, and tells us: "This makes the twenty-seventh year of my subscription." We have hundreds of such letters. And what proves the general agreement with these opinions, is the fact, we have thousands of additional subscribers. This, notwithstanding the unprecedented list we had in 1880. In fact, for 1881, everybody, that is every lady—which means the same thing—is taking "Peterson."

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PROF. GASKELL REQUESTS us to ask our subscribers to write him immediately, should they fail to get a prompt response. Among the thousand orders, he is now receiving for his Compendium, are some without the full post-office address. Of course he must wait for further informations, before he can send the Compendium.

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"SCIENCE IN AID OF THE HOUSEWIFE.—Mending of all kinds of clothing, table and bed linen, etc., and elegant embroidery, is now done on the Wilson Oscillating Shuttle Sewing Machine, without an attachment. Wonders will never cease in this age of progress."—*Scientific American.*

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE for abuse of alcohol. John P. Wheeler, M. D., of Hudson, N. Y., says: "I have given it with present decided benefit, in a case of innutrition of the brain from abuse of alcohol.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

### No. II.—BUTTERFLY WEED.—ASCLEPIAS TUBEROSA.

This plant is also known by the names of *White Root, Pile Weed* and *Pleurisy Root.*

Nat. Ord.—*Asclepiadaceæ.* Gr, Aesculapius, to whom the plant was dedicated.

This plant is one of the *Milkweed* family, but unlike all the other members, it does not emit a milky juice when injured or broken. It grows generally in bunches, *stem* about two feet high, hirsute or rough, usually oblique or leaning, with spreading branches; *leaves*, thickly scattered along the stem, softish and thickish, two to four inches long, oblong and lance-linear, on very short petioles. Umbels numerous, often forming corymbs on the curved branches: the heads of flowers presenting a beautiful bright cluster or umbel of rich orange color,—being of the same form as the other milkweeds. Found growing in old sandy fields, fence rows, old neglected orchards, road sides, etc. It is a very showy species, and worthy of a place in the flower garden.

The root is the only part used in medicine, and is somewhat large, fusiform, fleshy; brown externally, but white within. Hence one of its names, *white root.*

This species of Asclepias is a fine diaphoretic, sedative in its character, diminishing both the volume and activity of the pulse. This article manifests its curative action mainly upon the serous tissues, as the investing membranes of the lungs, heart, chest, etc., as the pleura, pericardium, peritoneum, etc. In cases of pleurisy, and pneumonia after the stomach and bowels have been cleared by an emetic and purgative; surface cleansed by a warm bath, or hot water with soap, and a hot pack applied over the seat of pain, then mothers can complete the cure very frequently by giving five to ten drops of the fluid extract of *pleurisy root*, frequently, till every vestige of the disease is removed. In some cases, where the heart's action is very strong, a few drops of aconite, or better, veratrum viride will be required in addition.

It is one of those plants that mothers can safely employ, after physic or emetic, as the case may be, to break up a cold, catarrh, or even pleurisy, by giving a simple infusion of the root freely, till it produces free perspiration.

It is more effectual in promoting the eruption in exanthematous fevers than *spice wood* and some other nauseous substances sometimes resorted to by mothers in the country. It is a tonic also, especially useful in female weakness; pains of the stomach from flatulence and indigestion. Infuse one ounce in a quart of hot water, and take half-teacupful several times during the day. Over thirty years ago, when the writer was practising medicine some fifty miles up the Delaware, he met with one of those intemperate, itinerant "Doctors," who have certain *specialties*, and thus seek to earn *whisky-money.* Such was Doctor Hull, who possessed the reputation among a certain class on the east side of the river of curing hemorrhoids or piles at an uniform fee of one dollar. His remedy was a secret of course, but as it consisted of a bunch or package of whitish roots, generally of recent gathering, it was known that he must procure them in the neighborhood. One of my friends applied to him for the "remedy," which the doctor furnished him the next morning. He thereupon "shadowed" the old fellow, and discovered him digging up the roots of the Asclepias tuberosa, Butterfly weed, or Pleurisy root.

His directions were to make a strong tea, drink freely till it proved laxative, and a cure would result. Like all other such vaunted specifics, however, the writer is constrained to say that this too will fail—that it is far from being infallible in that troublesome affection.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

### No. 94.—ALPHABETICAL DIVISION.

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C) A D B E F I (D G E B C
   A B
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     B B
     B A
     ---
       A E
       A E
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         F
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           I
           I
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*Somerset, Ohio.* W. V. HYNUS.

### No. 95.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, composed of twenty-seven letters, is found in the Ten Commandments.

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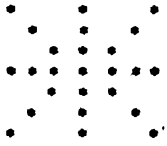
My 22, 16, 7, 14 is an officer in a ship.
My 19, 1, 6, 26, 11, 18 is used in sewing.
My 17, 23, 5, 3 is a part of speech.
My 15, 16, 10, 12 is a float.
My 21, 23, 5, 27 is a pronoun in the possessive case.
My 25, 14, 16, 6, 19, 8 is a place on which a fire is kindled.
My 22, 2, 24, 13 is an insect.
My 9, 14, 16, 15 is a number of months.
My 20, 4, 22, 14 is a place of residence.

*Marblehead, Mass.* H. M. L.

No. 96.—WHEEL PUZZLE.



The hub is a letter to be found in coke.
And is the first, not last, of every spoke.
My first, a rude and rustic man.
Ignite my second and you can
Prevent him from becoming my third.
He'll snatch my fourth from his head, I've heard,
And hurl it inside my fifth like a boy,
As with sixth, a little short curl he doth toy.
If seventh and eighth you correctly will call,
You need not with grief turn your back to the wall.
Now the fellows read, with four double ells,
And the answer to this you surely can tell.

*Whitehall, Mich.* CHARLOTTE E. PALMER.

*Answers Next Month.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

No. 91.

C — L O T — H
B — O R E — D
S — T E A — M

No. 92.

E R Y T H R O N I U M
A G N U S C A S T U S

No. 93.

P
P A T
P A T E S
P A T H W A Y
T E W E L
S A L ;
Y

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

*Irish Stew*—(1.) Cut up into cutlets about three pound of the best end of a neck of mutton, saw off the chine bone, and trim off the fat; season the cutlets well with pepper and salt, and put them with the bones into a stewpan; just covering them with cold water; stew gently for half-an-hour, remove from the fire, skim the fat from the gravy, and then return it with the chops into the stewpan; add about eight potatoes cut in halves, four onions sliced, a couple of turnips, and one and-a-half pints of either stock or water; cover the stewpan, and simmer gently for one-and-a-half to two hours. Serve with the potatoes in the centre of the dish, the cutlets arranged all round, and with the onions and gravy poured over. (2) For a more economical stew, take the scrag of mutton, together with any trimmings, bones, etc., from the best end. To one pound of meat put two pounds of old potatoes, peeled and cut in pieces, with two onions sliced, pepper and salt, cover with cold water or weak stock, and simmer gently for a couple of hours: when half done add a few whole potatoes, and when the ingredients are well amalgamated skim off superfluous fat, and serve very hot.

*Hashed Mutton.*—Fry an onion, chopped, with some butter till it is browned, add a tablespoonful of flour, and one-and-a-half or two gills of stock with a few cloves, some whole pepper, salt to taste, a teaspoonful of walnut catsup, half that quantity of Worcester sauce, and a tablespoonful of tomato sauce; stir the whole together, let it boil once or twice, and strain it into a saucepan. When cold, lay the pieces of mutton in it with this sauce, and place the saucepan by the side of the fire, so that the contents are very gradually heated; shake the saucepan occasionally, but never let the hash boil. Serve with sippets of bread fried in butter.

*Italian Pork Cheese: Supper Dish.*—Chop, not very fine, two pounds lean pork with one pound inside fat; strew over and mix thoroughly with them three teaspoonfuls of salt, nearly half as much pepper, a-half teaspoonful of mixed parsley, thyme, and sage (and sweet basil, if it can be procured), all mixed extremely small. Press the meat closely and evenly into a shallow tin, and bake it in a very gentle oven from an hour to an hour and-a-half. It is served cold, in slices. Should the proportion of fat be considered too much, it can be diminished on a second trial.

VEGETABLES.

*Rice Croquettes.*—Boil half-pound best rice in one pint and-a-half of milk and a tablespoonful of butter. Put the milk on cold; when it comes to a boil set it where it will only simmer until soft, then add quarter-pound white sugar and the grated rind of a lemon and the yolks of five eggs. Stir all the time until it thickens; do not let it boil. Spread it out on a dish, and when quite cold form into small balls or squares; dip them into beaten egg and then into bread crumbs twice; lay them one by one into a wire basket, which put in a pan of boiling lard; fry a light brown; drain well, and sift powdered sugar over them.

*Hominy.*—This should be washed, and then soaked for ten or twelve hours before cooking. Then it can either be simply boiled in milk or water for four or five hours, and served either with sugar or with salt; if boiled in water, a small piece of butter added to it after it has been well drained is an improvement. It can be used in the place of Oswego or rice to make shapes to eat with fruit or jam; and, with or without the addition of egg, can be treated like any other farinaceous food that is used to make milk puddings for children.

*To Boil Onions.*—Peel medium-sized white onions and let them stand in cold water one hour; then put them into boiling water and boil fifteen minutes, pour out this water and put in more boiling water, and cook till soft; then pour off the water and put in a little milk; season with butter and salt, and let them cook in the milk about five minutes; thicken the gravy with a little flour and water. This way of cooking will take away the strong taste of the onions, making them tender outside as well as inside.

*Potato Chips.*—Peel a raw potato as apples are peeled, let the parings be as near as possible the same thickness, and let them be as long as possible. Dry them thoroughly in a

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cloth, put them in the frying basket, and plunge it in boiling hot lard. When the chips are a golden color drain them well in front of the fire, sprinkle fine salt over them, and serve round the beef.

*Potatoes.—A la Maitre d'Hôtel.*—Knead an ounce of butter with the juice of half a lemon, white pepper and salt to taste, and a small quantity of parsley freed from moisture, and minced very finely. Put this on a hot dish, and on it place a quantity of plain boiled new potatoes.

DESSERTS.

*Batter Pudding.*—The way to ensure a batter pudding being light is not to put too much flour. Two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one of butter, and a breakfastcupful of milk. Beat the butter to a cream, beat the eggs, add a little white sugar, and for a change the grated rind of a lemon; put in the flour and milk, and beat all together. Pour the mixture into a buttered shallow dish, and bake twenty minutes in a sharp oven. It may also be baked in common saucers instead of a dish, when the puddings should be doubled up when turned out, so as to form semi-circles on the dish, and sifted sugar strewn over them. It is not universally known that putting sugar with batter before baking or boiling makes it heavy. Snow is a good substitute for eggs; buttermilk, if moderately fresh, is preferable to new milk; and making a thin batter and boiling it from seven to ten minutes in a saucepan (stirring it the whole time,) for either boiled or baked batter, makes it light, and is an equivalent for half the quantity of eggs generally used, and may be substituted for eggs when they are scarce. In cool weather batter for pancakes is better mixed the day before.

*Bread-Crumb Pudding.*—Make a quantity of bread-crumbs by rubbing the crumbs of a stale loaf through a wire sieve; put a pint of milk and one ounce fresh butter into a saucepan on the fire, with sugar to taste, and the thin rind of a lemon, cut, if possible, in one piece; when the milk boils strew bread-crumbs into it until a thick porridge is obtained; turn it out into a basin. When cold, remove the lemon-rind, and stir in one by one the yolks of four eggs, mix well, then stir in the whites of two eggs, beaten up to a stiff froth, and a small quantity of candied citron-peel, cut very thin. Have a plain mould, buttered and bread-crumbed very carefully all over, pour the composition into it, and bake it about half-an-hour. Serve cold, with fruit or wine sauce.

*Clear Pudding Sauce.*—Make a little arrowroot with water, in which a sufficient quantity of sugar and a little lemon peel has been boiled, and add a glass of sherry. The sauce may be flavored with vanilla, or anything else preferred instead of the lemon peel. A very good wine sauce for puddings may be made with good melted butter, sweetened to taste, and a glass of wine added, which should be made quite hot, but not allowed to boil.

TOILET AND SANITARY.

*For Bleeding at the Nose.*—Move the jaws vigorously as if eating very hard. In the case of a child, a wad of paper should be placed in its mouth, and the child instructed to chew it hard. It is the motion of the jaws that stops the flow of blood. This remedy is so very simple that many will feel inclined to laugh at it, but it has never been known to fail in a single instance, even in very severe cases.

*Paste for Chapped Hands*, and which will preserve them smooth by constant use. Mix quarter-pound unsalted hog's lard, which has been washed in common water, and then in rosewater, with the yolks of two new-laid eggs, and a large spoonful of honey. Add as much fine oatmeal or almond-paste as will work into a paste.

*For Whitening the Hands.*—A wineglass of eau de Cologne and one of lemon juice strained clear. Scrape two cakes of brown Windsor soap to a powder, and mix well in a mould. When hard, it is fit for use, and will be found excellent for whitening the hands.

*To Raise the Pile of Velvet When Pressed Down.*—Cover a hot smoothing-iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet firmly over it; the vapor arising will raise the pile of the velvet with the assistance of shaking it a little.

## IN-DOOR PASTIMES.

How To Grow An Acorn In Water.—A hyacinth vase, or, failing that, a pickle jar, is the best-shaped glass to use for the purpose. Choose a fine, healthy-looking acorn, and crochet with moderately coarse cotton a little network case just large enough to hold it. Take off the cup and put the acorn into this little bag point downwards, closing it at the top, and making a loop of cotton or chain stitch about two inches long (more or less according to the depth of the bottle) to hang it up by. Cut a narrow piece of wood of such a size that it will lie across the top of the jar without slipping in, pass it through the loop, and thus hang the acorn point downwards in the glass, which must have just so much water in it that the tip of the acorn scarcely touches it. Keep the bottle in a dark cupboard until the acorn has sprouted, and then put it in the light, just as you would a hyacinth, being careful to keep the water always at the same level. If properly managed, it will live for a long time.

It is very interesting to try to grow other plants in the same way. I have been successful in rearing an ordinary sweet chestnut in water, giving it occasionally, by way of manure, one drop of ammonia (sal volatile.) I cannot say whether the same stimulant would suit an acorn. It is quite two years since my chestnut was first started, and it seems quite strong and healthy, but of course very tiny, being only about six inches above the surface of the water. A potato is well worth the trouble of growing in water, and should be managed exactly like a hyacinth. From every eye will start a miniature potato plant, and even tiny tubers will form underneath. It will not last so long as either an acorn or a chestnut; as soon as the nourishment contained in the tuber is exhausted, and the new ones are formed, it will gradually wither away. This experiment is a particularly interesting one to carry out, shewing as it does, in broad daylight, the growth and development of the potato, the greater part of which takes place underground in ordinary circumstances.

A carrot grown in sand is, if well managed, a highly ornamental object. A good-sized and perfectly healthy root must be chosen, and if it has begun to shoot at the top, so much the better. Cut off quite evenly just the crown of the carrot and place it on the top of the pot full of sand, covering the outer edge of it with a little more sand, so that the leaves look as if they spring directly from it. Moisten it well, and keep it in the dark until it has begun to sprout; be careful to keep it damp, and to move it into the light directly the leaves appear. If the cultivation is successful, an ornament pretty enough for any room will be the result, and which will have, to a novice, the appearance of a pot of ferns. Another experiment, not quite so ornamental, but none the less curious, may be made with a turnip, which, like the acorn and carrot, must be as sound as possible. Clean the outside, taking care not to injure the part from whence the leaves spring. Cut a piece off the bottom, and scoop out the inside, so that you have a hollow cup. Fasten string or wire to it, so that it can be hung to a peg upside down. Fill the cavity, and keep it filled with water. In a short time the leaves will begin to sprout, and will curl up round the ball of the turnip, forming a pretty little hanging basket. Care must be taken to shift it occasionally, so that

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each side in turn is exposed to the light, or it will grow irregularly. These are only a few of the many experiments of this sort that may be made. Each and all point out their own particular botanical lesson, and no doubt much more is still to be learnt by careful and patient observation and experiment.

## FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET AND YELLOW SATIN.—The front of the dress is of black striped velvet, on a yellow ground; the train at the back is of black velvet, with a narrow black and yellow plaiting. The paniers are of yellow satin, trimmed with white lace. The corsage is of black velvet, with yellow satin vest and sleeves, and trimmed with white lace. Fichu of white net and broad *point d'esprit* lace.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF GREEN SILK, trimmed with a broad knife-plaited ruffle, above which is a wide band of embroidery. The cloak is of forest-green velvet, trimmed with fringe and lace, and a heavy gimp ornament down the back. Bonnet of green silk, trimmed with green plush and feathers.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF BÉGE-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR.—The under part has two wide side-plaited flounces; the upper part opens in front over the ruffle, is trimmed with a rich gimp, crosses to the right side, and is simply looped behind. The basque is longer at the back than in front, and has a deep pointed piece, which is shirred closely below the waist, but more loosely about the neck.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE SILK, AND BLUE AND WHITE BROCADE.—The front of the skirt is laid in kilt-plaits; the train at the back has a wide box-plaited ruffle. A scarf-like drapery of the blue and white brocade is trimmed with white lace, and tied with blue bows and ends in front. Ends of the brocade are fastened with bows of ribbon, near the bottom of the skirt. The deep coat-basque is of the brocade, low in the neck at front, but high on the shoulders, with very short sleeves. The coat-basque opens at the back, where the blue silk skirt is caught up in puffs, with bows of ribbon.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK BROCADE AND CRIMSON SATIN.—The back of the dress is in the princess form, and made entirely of the black brocade, except the narrow frills of crimson satin knife-plaiting at the bottom. The front opens over a crimson satin net, which extends down and forms revers, which turn back on the black brocade. Large crimson gimp ornaments are placed at the bottom of the revers, and one is lined with black, forming a pocket on the right side. The front of the skirt is of crimson satin, shirred down the middle. Collar and cuffs of the satin. Cap of white lace, trimmed with crimson satin ribbon.

FIGS. VI. AND VII.—WALKING-DRESS (BACK AND FRONT) OF DARK GREEN CASHMERE.—The under-skirt is of dark green and blue plaid cashmere, and is kilt-plaited. The tunic is edged with a frill, and puffed at the back, while in front there is a scarf-drapery of the green cashmere. The bodice is deep all round, made with a yoke and a waist-band; the lining of the hood and the necktie are of plaid satin of the colors of the skirt.

FIGS. VIII. AND IX.—PALETOT (FRONT AND BACK) OF BROWN CLOTH.—The basque is added below the waist, and is machine-stitched around the edge; the paletot is fastened at one side with large buttons, the same kind of which ornament the pockets and back. The collar and cuffs are of seal fur. The dress is of seal-brown camel's hair, and the bonnet of a lighter shade of brown, trimmed with seal-brown colored feathers.

FIG. X.—PETTICOAT OF WHITE MUSLIN, edged with a deep border of wide Hamburg embroidery.

FIG. XI.—SLEEVE SLASHED AT THE ELBOW, with puffings.

FIG. XII.—SLEEVE GATHERED LENGTHWISE, the gatherings separated with beaded gimp. Cuffs and bow of ribbon.

FIG. XIII.—PRINCESS CHEMISE, trimmed around the bottom with tucks and embroidered ruffle. Narrower ruffle around the neck and sleeves. These chemises are very nice for stout persons, as they do away with much superfluous material, but should not be made too tight.

FIG. XIV.—NIGHT-DRESS, trimmed with embroidery.

FIG. XV.—COLLAR, POCKET AND CUFFS OF BLACK VELVET, embroidered in gold thread. Colored satin, painted with flowers, would be equally beautiful.

FIG. XVI.—ROMAN APRON OF GRAY HOLLAND, with a pattern embroidered in cross-stitch, with red marking or darning cotton. The fringe can be made of coarse linen thread, or the apron can be of very coarse linen or crash, and the fringe made in that way.

FIG. XVII.—BABY PELISSE OF PRINCESS SHAPE, made of flannel-finished piqué. The cape, frill, cuffs and pocket are vandyked and buttonholed at the edge.

FIG. XVIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK SATIN BROCHÉ.—The design should be large, as smaller figures look insignificant. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a narrow frill of plain black satin, and the front with a jabot of lace. The train is plaited at the back, and falls plain without any draping. The cuirass-body is trimmed with lace to match the skirt. At the back the basque has small coat-skirts, which are trimmed with lace.

FIG. XIX.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE CAMEL'S HAIR, worn over a black velvet trained skirt, which is made perfectly plain. The camel's hair dress buttons down the back with silver buttons, and it is draped with a silver buckle. The bottom of the skirt, cuffs and band at the neck, are embroidered in a wild-rose pattern with crewels.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Woolen dresses are almost universally worn on the street: and the colors are so soft and beautiful, and the combinations with silk, velvet, or plush so very stylish, that they look even more elegant than costumes made entirely of silk. Black dresses are very fashionable, even for quite full dress, but, strange to say, black silk is less worn than formerly. Not so long ago, and for years previously, a black silk was regarded as an essential item in a lady's wardrobe; it was the one safe investment, about which there could be no mistake when the fear of being over-dressed, or not sufficiently "got up" was the question of the moment. The reason of its temporary disappearance, we believe, is that silk lacks that lustre or sheen which Fashion now affects in satin, and neither does it possess the dull finish of the fine woolen materials, which are likewise in vogue. But it must not be supposed that, because black silk is suffering from a partial eclipse, black costumes are not in favor; on the contrary, black camel's hair, black cashmere, and black cloth costumes are all worn, and black lustrous Bengaline, satin de Lyon, velvet (in all varieties,) brightened by iridescent beads of gay-colored plush or shawl-patterned silks, are regarded as stylish dresses. The style of making dresses has varied but little. Everything is modified to suit individual taste. Long coat-basques, with vests; postillion bodices; round waists with belts, waists pointed back and front, are all equally worn. Let the stout person avoid the round waist, with the belt, and the very slender one avoid the long, tight-fitting basque. But our many engravings of the fashions give all the newest styles.

Of course, this late in the season, there is nothing especially new to be chronicled in the fashion for mantles, cloaks, bonnets and hats: we must wait for the fine, soft days of spring for that. As yet, long cloaks and sacques are most popular; and favor is equally divided between large hats and the smaller round hats, or toque. And between the

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small cap-shaped bonnet and the fanchon, or three-cornered handkerchief shape, and the larger (though not very large) scoop bonnet, the becomingness is all that is to be considered. For, what remains to say, we refer to our Parisian letter, below.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE NEUVE DES PETITS.

For street wear, a soft silver-gray appears to be the most stylish shade. It blends well with the ever popular shades of scarlet, and is especially elegant in combinations, whereof plush forms the chief basis. Thus, a Parisian leader of fashion recently appeared in silver-gray India cashmere and plush. The waist was a long, plain, tight basque, bordered with a band of the plush, another band of the same material passing up the front to the throat, and having a row of large silk buttons set on either side. The skirt, of ordinary cashmere, was draped in full loopings behind, parting in front so as to show a plain underskirt of the plush, and trimmed up either side of the parting with three bias inch-wide folds of silver-gray satin. The bonnet, of capote form, was composed of folds of silver-gray plush, and was decorated with three small ostrich plumes of the same shade. Inside the brim was set a narrow plaiting of scarlet satin. The wide strings were of silver-gray satin, lined with scarlet. This severely simple and tasteful toilette was universally admired.

I am happy to be able to state that the gig-top bonnets (that adjective is a literal translation of the French epithet) are rapidly disappearing. The eccentric and dashing among the Parisian ladies wear in preference the Henri Deux toques, or the Reuben hats, in plush. A very odd circumstance to note this season is the almost total disappearance of artificial flowers, both from ball dresses and bonnets. Occasionally they are to be seen in shaded velvet on a very dressy bonnet; thus, for instance, I was shown, yesterday, a bonnet of the fanchon shape, composed of a network of dark peacock blue chenille, draped handkerchief, over the frame behind, and, with the long scarf strings in front, formed of the same material. In the front of this bonnet, which fitted closely around the face, was placed a row of nasturtions, in shaded velvet, the whole effect being exceedingly rich and beautiful. The capote and fanchon bonnets are much worn in modified shapes by the more elegant of the Parisian ladies.

The long cloaks that are so fashionable this winter are now seen in black satin, brocaded with leaves and flowers in old gold color, in a set pattern, that is to say, woven in a design expressly adapted to the purpose. The pattern is usually continued down the back and over the shoulders in a rich massing of foliage and flowers, smaller figures being dotted over the ground-work. The sleeves are composed of three plaited ruffles of black lace, and the white garment is trimmed with black sewing silk fringe, intermixed with old gold color. Such a warp is, however, too showy for anything but carriage wear.

In the way of jewelry, gold pigs are still very popular, and are seen sometimes of portentious size. Crabs of massed diamonds are now very fashionable for brooches, and are more worn than were the diamond spiders, which, having the misfortune to be costly and frightful at the same time, failed utterly to strike the taste of feminine fashion. A comical design for a lace-pin, is that of a gold pig leaping over a fence, while in white enamel a handpost at one side announces The Road to Good Luck. Diamonds are much more worn in demi-toilette than they used to be, and fashionable ladies now wear them to the theatre, but never on any daylight occasion; that would be considered the height of bad taste in Paris.

A new and very pretty addition to the classic coiffure consists in passing a broad, flat braid in front of the braided knot behind, so as to make it more voluminous in front. A half-circle of flat flowers of moderate size, such as crimson, or pink roses, or china-asters is then placed around this braid, so as to decorate the back part of the head. This new coiffure has, as yet, been worn only by married ladies, fashion still prescribing the severely simple style of coiffure for young girls, and, indeed, as much as possible for everyone.

The latest adjunct to a lady's demi-toilette, consists in a band composed of violets, set between two ruffles of Breton lace, and extending from the wearer's throat nearly to her waist. It will be extremely dressy and pretty for watering-place wear. The newest fans are in gold chain-stitch embroidery on black net, mounted on tortoise-shell sticks. Fans in brilliant-hued satins, embroidered with gold and silver, and colored silks, are also much in vogue for opera, or dinner wear. The satin ground-work must match the wearer's dress. The sticks are in black wood, richly carved, and set off with gilding.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S COAT OF CHECKED CLOTH, in two shades of brown. It is double-breasted, and the bows, pocket flaps, cuffs and collar, are of brown silk. Muslin cap, trimmed with brown ribbon, and worn over a brown silk quilted under-cap.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S PALETOT OF STRIPED GREY CLOTH, lined with red silk, and stitched with gray silk. It is double-breasted, and trimmed with large bone buttons. In front is a rolling collar, but at the back are three small collars. Gray plush beaver, trimmed with red plush.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT OF DARK PLUM-COLORED CLOTH.—The trousers reach to just below the knee. The blouse-jacket is trimmed with "frog" ornaments.

FIG. IV.—TAM O' SHANTER CAP.—Plush velvet, or cloth may be used.

FIG. V.—LEONARDO DA VINCI CAP.—This cap may be made of any fleecy material, or even of dark-colored satin, or silk. These caps are very fashionable for children and young people, and can readily be made at home by a person of taste.


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# THE EASY WAY.

Seated in a luxurious palace car whirling us with lightning speed toward the Pacific coast, we were fast relapsing into that dreamy condition of mind which the monotony of continuous travel induces. Nearly all our fellow passengers were similarly influenced, except a small group who were assiduous in their attention to a seemingly healthy and robust young man. The young man attracted our attention by what seemed either his indifference or helplessness, and we were resolved to "see the whole thing through." By this time we were drawing near to an express and refreshment station, and our indifferent young friend gave some sign which caused a gentleman attendant to leave the car and procure for him some fruit. On his way back toward the invalid we allowed our curiosity full liberty, and inquired concerning his charge. With rare politeness he explained that the young man was the victim of an agonizing type of rheumatism, which was always worse in the Spring and Fall, and that they were removing the patient to the Pacific coast for the benefit of climatic influence, as medicine had ceased to affect his case at all. We thanked him and fell into an easy conversation with a new comer who had boarded the train at the station, and was for a time our *compagnon de voyage*. This companion of the trip, we reasoned, must be either a very good or very wicked man, as our eyes for the first time fell upon his heavy *porte-manteau*, bearing the mystical name "ST. JACOBS." We inquired diplomatically about his destination, etc., etc., and soon we learned that the affable stranger was a public benefactor in the *role* of representative of the ST. JACOBS OIL interest. At the next station our invalid traveler and the ST. JACOBS OIL representative were transferred to a compartment of the car for an interchange of views and experiences; and we think something cheering must have been heard and felt by our invalid, for before we reached our destination—San Francisco—this same invalid was as pleasant and cheerful as any one aboard the train, free from pain and as voluble concerning the merits of that wonderful remedy for Rheumatism, ST. JACOBS OIL, as a school-girl on commencement day.—*Western Exchange.*

In this connection it may not be inappropriate to present the following statements relative to the efficacy of the Old German Remedy:

### SAVED FROM THE POORHOUSE.

For many years David Allingsworth suffered with Rheumatism, and notwithstanding the best medical attendance, could not find relief. He came to the Scioto County Poorhouse, and had to be carried into and out of bed, on account of his helpless condition. After the failure of all the remedies which had been applied, the Directors of the Poorhouse resolved to use the celebrated German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and this was a fortunate resolution; for, with the trial of one bottle, the patient was already much better, and when four bottles had been used upon him, he could again walk about without the use of a cane.

The facts, as above stated, will be vouched for by the editor of the Portsmouth (Ohio) *Correspondent.*

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Amos James, Esq., proprietor Huron House, Port Huron, Mich., writes: I suffered with Rheumatism so badly that I was unable to use my arm for three months. Nothing gave relief, and I was in despair when some one recommended St. Jacobs Oil. I tried it, and, to my astonishment, found relief. Continuing its use, five bottles cured me entirely. I heartily recommend it to all afflicted with Rheumatism.

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One of the great manufacturing interests of Boston is the Emerson Piano Company, whose pianos are used with high appreciation and satisfaction throughout the world. In a recent conversation with Mr. Jos. Gramer, one of the proprietors, that gentleman remarked: I have used that valuable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, in my family, and found it to be so beneficial that I will never be without it. It has cured me of a severe case of Rheumatism after other remedies had failed.

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Rev. A. A. Allen, who is well known in Michigan, and more particularly in Oakland county where he is familiarly addressed or spoken of as "Father Allen," thus speaks: My wife, who has not rested well, and who has been troubled with chronic Rheumatism for the past six years, hearing of the wonderful cures made by St. Jacobs Oil, bought a bottle at Carroll's Drug Store, one day last month, and with one application, rested well for the night, free from all pain, the first time in six years. She used one bottle, and was entirely cured of all Rheumatism and pains. We always keep it at our home. My neighbors, hearing of the permanent cure, also provided themselves with St. Jacobs Oil.

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Mr. Gilbert Henfield, 1026 Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, Ill., says: This is to certify, that, after suffering the most excruciating pain for two years from chronic Rheumatism, and using immense quantities of liniments, oils and physicians' recipes, I used St. Jacobs Oil (recommended to me by a friend) for a few weeks, and have not suffered with Rheumatism from that time to the present—nearly six months. I now consider myself entirely cured, thanks to St. Jacobs Oil.

### A REMINISCENCE of the GREAT FIRE.

At the residence of Mr. John O'Donnell, No. 106 Sigel street, Chicago, our reporter found Mrs. O'Donnell, who said that eight years ago, just after the fire, she contracted Rheumatism in the feet, and that after trying all kinds of remedies—some of which cost as much as two dollars a bottle—she had recently heard of St. Jacobs Oil, and had given it a trial, the result being that a few applications changed her from a bed-ridden cripple to a strong woman, able to dance about the floor as in her youthful days.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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J. Jackson Smith, Esq., Councilman, Cleveland, Ohio, recently recommended St. Jacobs Oil to a prominent politician in that city, who was a martyr to rheumatic aches and pains. His shoulder was so badly afflicted, that it was impossible for him to use a pen. He assured me, Mr. Smith said, that he was materially benefited after the first rubbing, and that by constant use since, he has succeeded in entirely ridding himself of the complaint. I have introduced the Oil into my family, believing that it is an exceedingly good thing to have within reach. My son has used it for headache with good success. The truth is, by the amount of talk one hears daily about St. Jacobs Oil, it seems as though it was destined to occupy a most important position in every household.

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Undoubtedly it is a remarkable medicine, says Stacey Hill, Esq., of the Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railway, Cincinnati. I was limping about, hardly able to move, with Rheumatism in the hip, or Sciatica. Hearing of St. Jacobs Oil, I procured a bottle of it, and with the third application was able to go about with perfect ease and comfort.

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The La Fayette (Ind.) *Daily Courier* lately remarked: We cheerfully give our readers the benefit of the following, imparted to us by Mr. John Wendling of this city: I had been confined to bed for five weeks with Rheumatism, during which time my left leg was powerless. I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and after using it for five or six days, I was on my feet again and perfectly cured. We congratulate our friend on his recovery, and the public on the fact that a reliable cure for one of the most painful ailments has at last been found.

---

Mr. J. Dawson, of the firm of J. Dawson & Son, Druggists, Rochester, Ind., was attacked with Sciatic Rheumatism about December 10th last, and for four weeks succeeding February 10th could scarcely leave his room. He used St. Jacobs Oil, and is now able to be at his place of business, feeling not much the worse for his recent affliction. The inference is convincing. The run which St. Jacobs Oil is having is, these gentlemen say, unprecedented, and the article is rapidly displacing all other rheumatic remedies as fast as its virtues become known.

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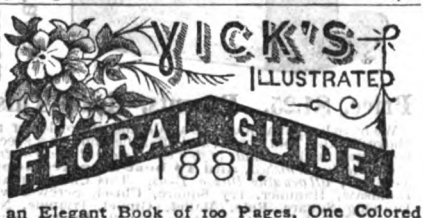


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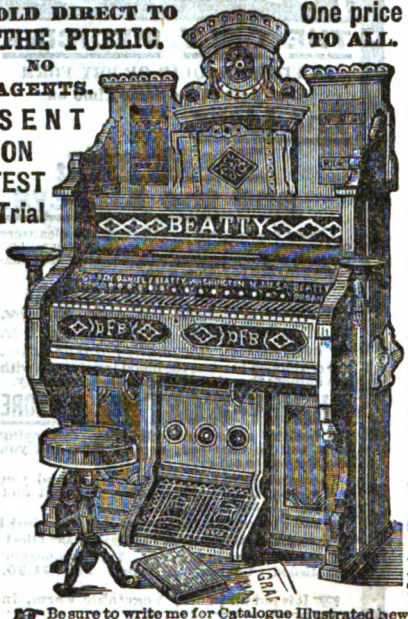


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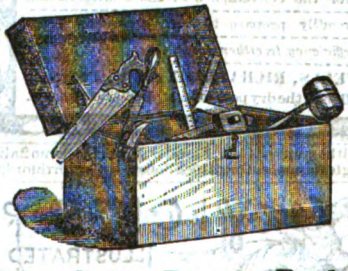

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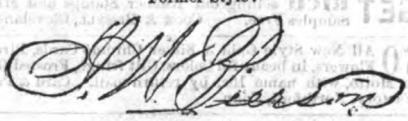

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The best specimens of improvement, this month, come from Mr. C. T. SOUTHGATE, South Royalton, Vermont. We give his portrait and autographs (both old and new) below:

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[HON. JAMES A. WESTON, *Ex-Governor of New Hampshire, in a note to the Publisher.*]

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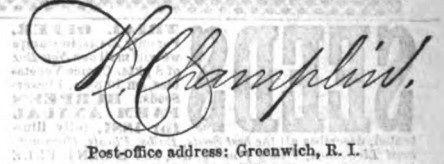

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pgs 177-180 [illegible]

BEATRICE. [*See the Story.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

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NEW STYLES OF OUT-OF-DOOR DRESSES.

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NEW STYLES OF IN-DOOR DRESSES.

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IN-DOOR DRESS. A JERSEY. CAPE AND COLLAR.

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MANTILLA FOR SPRING. CAPE OF TULLE AND JET FRINGE. COLLAR. CHILD'S HAT.

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EMBROIDERED PANEL FOR SCREEN. NAME FOR MARKING.

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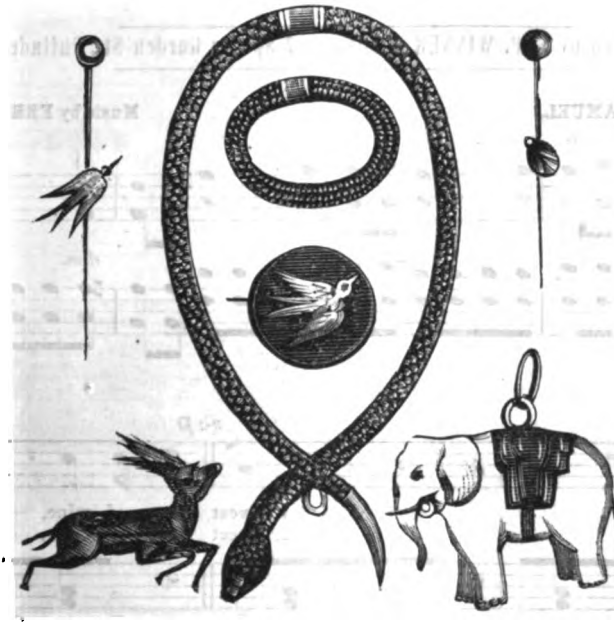

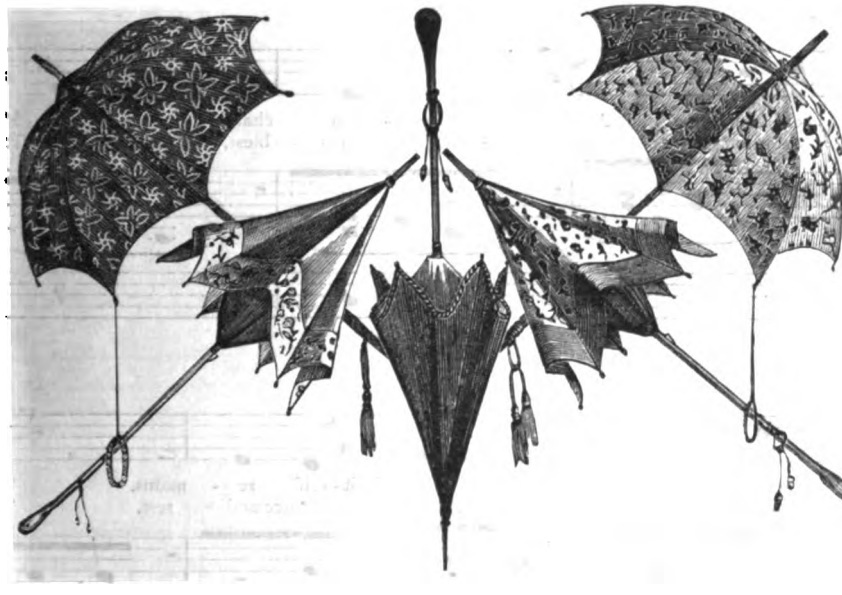

FASHIONABLE JEWELRY. NEW STYLES OF PARASOLS.

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# SWEET LOVE OF MINE.

## SONG.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Words by S. M. SAMUEL. Music by FRED. COWEN.

*Molto andante.*

*mf* *dim.*

:S: *p*

1. Sweet love of mine, my soul and thine Are linked by hid - - den chains, - - - - - - My
2. Sweet love of mine, my soul did pine In lone - li - ness un - - blest, - - - - - - This

*p*

life with thine will intertwine, While life it - self re - mains. The
love of thine on me did shine, And brought me peace and rest. The

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*cres.*

ro - ses rare that scent the air, In win - ter fade a - way, . . . But
swal - low flies to kind - er skies, When ear - ly fades the day, . . . My

*cres.*

*dim.* *p*

joy or care with thee I'll share, My heart, my heart is thine al - way. . But
summer lies with - in thine eyes, My heart, my heart is thine al - way. . My

*cres.* *dim.* *rit.* *p*

*rall. e dim.* 1

joy or care with thee I'll share, My heart is thine al - way. . .
summer lies with - in thine eyes, My heart is thine al - D.C.

*rall. e dim.* *mf*

2

way, My heart my heart is thine . . . . . al - way.

*dim. colla voce.* *p*

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NEW STYLES FOR BONNETS AND HATS.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1881. No. 3.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WEEK IN JERUSALEM."

A TURKISH BEAUTY.

IT was on my way back from Jerusalem that I went to Constantinople. As everything in Palestine had recalled Biblical history and associations, so my voyage through the Greek Archipelago constantly reminded me of Homer and the Hellenes. Not a headland but had some legend. Past Scio and Myteline we steamed; then the plains of Troy came in sight: now we entered the Dardanelles; here was the Sea of Marmora; to the right soared the Asiatic Olympus; and lo! in the distance, hill on hill rising about her, sitting like a queen amid her subjects, gleaming white in the sunshine, the great city of the world, the Byzantium of the Past, the Constantinople of the Present!

I had scarcely reached my hotel, when an old friend, holding a high diplomatic post, made his appearance and welcomed me.

"You must put yourself entirely in my hands," he said. "I know every foot of Constantinople, and all its customs. There is no city like it, on the whole, in the world. Nor is its beauty its only recommendation. It is overlain with history, age on age, like successive palmipsepts. Seven centuries before the Christian era it was a flourishing sea-port. Jason sailed by here with his golden fleece. Persian, Macedonian, Greek pure and simple, Scythian, Roman, Norman, Bulgarian and Ottoman have followed each other here, in waves of alternate conquest. There is nothing like it."

We had lunched together, and had now taken a *caique*, and were winding through fleets of vessels, from all quarters of the globe. Before us was the Golden Horn, the city rising, tier on tier, behind, its mass of white buildings dazzling the eye, the great bulk of St. Sophia crowning the whole.

"Naples is fine; the approach to New York is noble," said my host; "but, after all, this is the most beautiful. I often think, on moonlit nights, as I come from Pera, that I am living in the Arabian Nights."

"But, so far as I see," I replied, "the streets are all dirty, and the dwellings tumble-down. We had to pass through what I would call mere alleys to get here. I could almost touch hands across. The outside, as we view it, from the water, is like a bit of romance. But go inside, and the illusion vanishes."

"Yes! And it is a type of the Turkish power. From afar, it seems imposing; but it is a mere shell, a mere shell." He gave a shrug. "Sometime, perhaps before long, it will crack—and as easily as one cracks an egg."

"Have the Ottoman people," I asked, "lost their old courage?"

"No. It is not the people, it is the rulers, that are at fault. The Pashas are hopelessly depraved. The French nobility, before '93, were saints compared to them. Their cunning and duplicity are beyond words. You can do nothing with them unless you bully them. It is they who are dragging down the nation into the abyss that yawns beneath it. Without leaders of the right sort no people can do anything. I pity the



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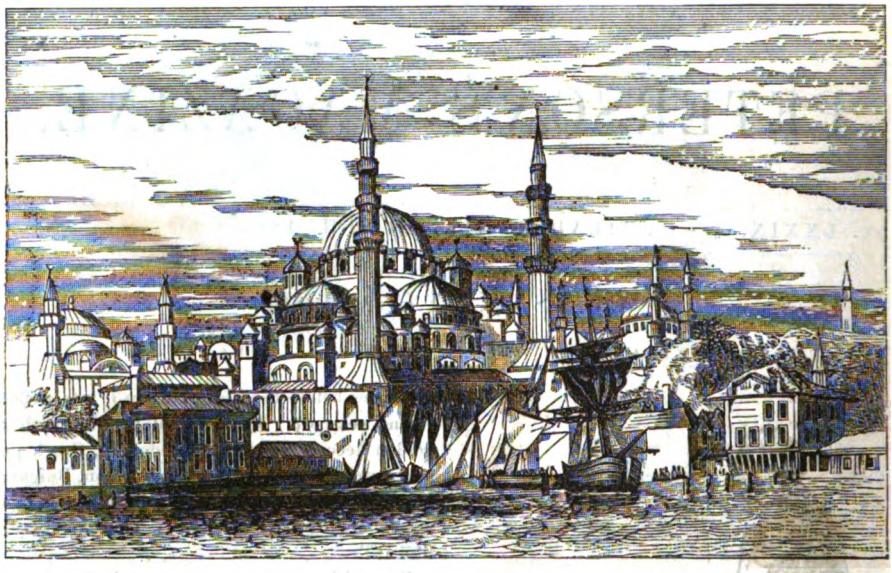

THE GOLDEN HORN.

Turk, after all," he added, reflectively. "He is brave, honest, and industrious, and about the best material in the world to make a soldier of; for, even when untrained, if you put him behind entrenchments, he is almost invincible. Look how he fought in 1828 against the Russians, and in the Crimea even in our own time. The Czar, I think, is only waiting for a chance to gobble up this fair city; but he will find the nut harder to crack than he supposes, even if Europe don't interfere."

This was before Plevna, be it remembered, so that the sagacity of the speaker is worth recalling, especially as there were very few, at that time, who held similar opinions.

"Constantinople has about a million of inhabitants, if we include the suburbs," he answered. "One half of them, perhaps, are Mohammedans. You see what a magnificent harbor there is; it could hold twelve hundred ships of war, the navies of the world, in fact; thirty thousand vessels, under all known flags, come here to trade, every year. This old city is more than twelve miles in circumference, and still has, though in ruins, its triple wall and moat, with thirty-seven gates. Since Constantine selected it for his eastern capital, more than fifteen hundred years ago, it has always been populous. At one time, in the middle ages, it lost three hundred thousand of its inhabitants, by the plague: and that shows how densely populated it must have been, even then.

"It has been the fashion to laugh at Constantine's successors, after the separation from Rome," he went on; "to call them effete; to speak contemptuously of the Byzantine power. But the Byzantine empire lasted, even after Theodosius, for a thousand years: that is to say, for a period as long as that between Charlemagne and Napoleon; and for a considerable portion of that period, it kept the gate of Europe against Moslem invasion. How few existing powers, in spite of their 'tall talk,' have done as much for civilization."

"I never thought of it, in that light, before," I said. "My idea of the Byzantine empire was that it was the incarnation of effeminency.'

"Well, of course the Byzantines were effeminate; all rich and cultured people become so. It seems to be, alas! an inevitable law. Matthew Arnold's 'sweetness and light' ends in ruin, I'm afraid. Yet, after all, the last Constantine, he was the eleventh of his name, died like a hero, fighting in the breach. There wasn't much effeminacy there. Nor were his conquerors, after all," with a pause, "as bad as others have been. The Saxons, when they invaded England, ravaged everything before them. There must have been temples, as well as private dwellings, in Kent and elsewhere, built by the Romans, but they had all disappeared, long before the Norman. The Gauls, when they took Rome, in the fifth century, left it a desert. Here, however, nearly everything was spared. St. Sophia itself was turned into a mosque. See it there, the most beautiful thing of its kind on the earth. Gothic architecture is said to soar heavenwards, and in that respect is considered pre-eminently Chris-

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STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is not the only Christian church, here, that has been turned into a mosque, however."

"The Vandals!"

"Oh! you must not suppose that there are no Christian churches in Constantinople. The Greeks have more than twenty in the old city alone. After his curious fashion, the Turk is tolerant, the ordinary opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. He is more tolerant than the Christians, for instance, were, in the old middle ages, to the Jews, or than they now are in Roumania. Both Mohammedan and Greek convents swarm, here, as you will see. There are more than two hundred hospitals, more than a hundred soup houses, and quite two hundred public baths, all which speaks well, I think, for the humanitarian side of the picture?"

"Is much of the old city left? I mean much of the ancient architecture?"

"Besides St. Sophia? Yes, a good deal. The column of Theodosius, in the Atmeida, is still

tian; but doesn't that great central dome, surrounded by its other domes, and by the minarets, like candles about an altar, seem, actually, to climb? It is mountain rising over mountain—that great central dome, buttressed all about by other domes. It is the Mont Blanc of architecture."

"It reminds me, a little, of St. Mark's, at Venice. Is it built also of priceless marbles?" I asked.

"Of brick, but lined, inside, with marble. The ceiling, and the arches between the columns, are inlaid with mosaic work, and gilt. There are nine massive bronze portals, and in the most exquisite relief."

"It is substantially, then, what it was when Justinian first erected it?"

"It was originally founded by Constantine the Great, as you know. But Justinian rebuilt it, two centuries later; and it was completely renovated, about thirty years ago.

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

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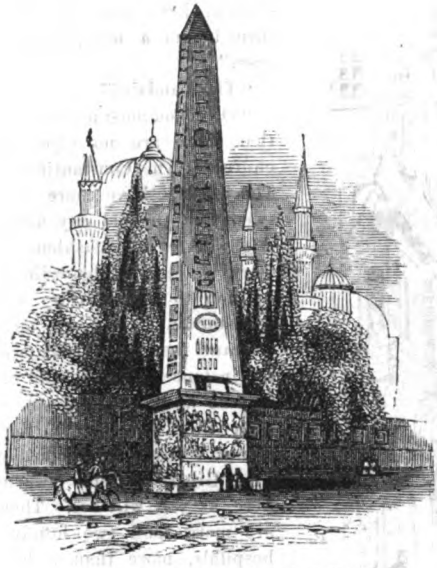


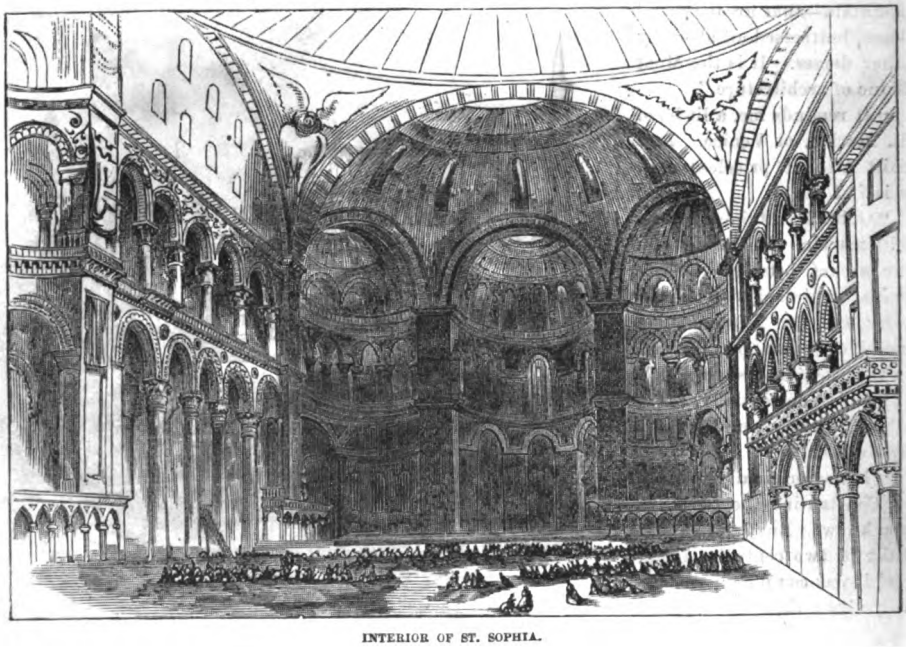
OBELISK, CALLED COLUMN OF THEODOSIUS.

standing. A part of the old hippodrome is left; a bit of the ancient forum; the *cisterna basilica*, built by Justinian, and used to-day as a reservoir. There are two aqueducts, one constructed by Hadrian, the other by Constantine, which continue to supply the city with water. Oh! yes, innumerable relics of the old days; but with all that, dirty, crooked, narrow streets, as you have said. And yet, in some of these, you come on windows, or balconies, that are delicious. I must show you, to-morrow, the house of some Greek priests, that I think a gem in its way. There is nothing finer in Venice."

"Are the common people so very ignorant?"

"Yes! at least from the American stand-point, where book-learning counts for so much, and where nothing is thought to be education unless what is got in that way. Still, there are more than four hundred schools here; a university; military academies; a naval academy; and, I think, about forty public libraries. The Turk, however, has the education that comes by observation, by reflection, by knowing mankind. He is fanatical in religion, prejudiced, brutal; but he is honorable, and just, at least according to his lights; very much such a man, I suppose, except in not holding Christian tenets, as our European forefathers were five hundred years ago. In a word, he is semi-barbarous. You can't varnish him into modern civilization either; the varnish soon cracks, and then you see what is beneath: the fact is, civilization must come by natural growth, must develop like a tree; it is the product of centuries."

I give this conversation, substantially, as I remember it, because it described, so concisely, as I afterwards discovered, the salient characteristics of Constantinople. No hasty visitor, here to-day and going to-morrow, can ever know a people like one who has lived among them for



INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA.

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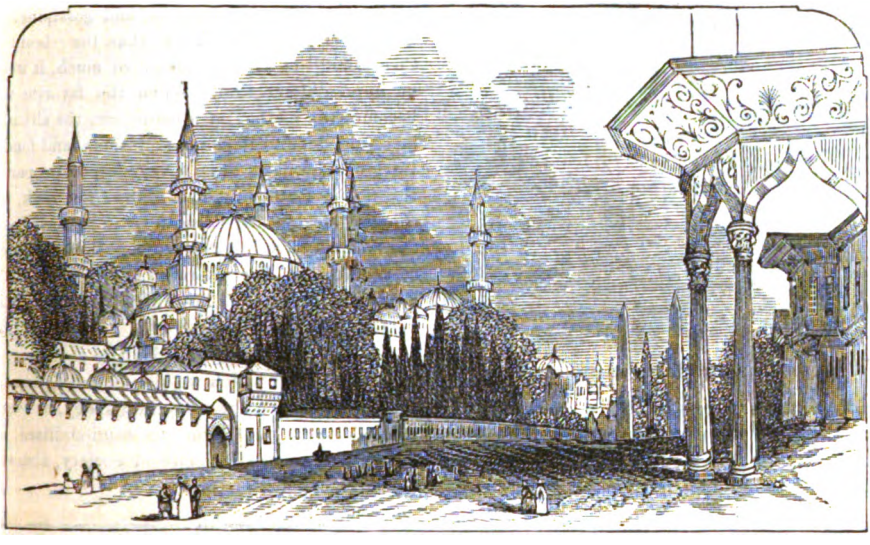
years. In the many weeks, which I spent in the great city, I saw nothing to contradict these opinions, but everything to confirm them.

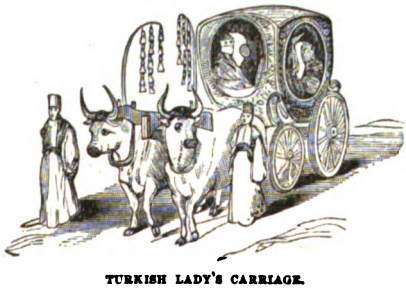
Constantinople, or the old city, is but a part of the mighty metropolis. The suburbs spread over the adjacent shores, and include Galata, Pera, and others. Looking towards the north, the eye rests on the Black Sea: looking towards the south, you see the Bosphorus, and beyond, the Dardanelles. On every side rise beautifully rounded hills.



THE HIPPODROME.

What dream-like days followed, spent in wandering through those quaint streets, or loitering in the bazaars, or skimming in a *caique* over the harbor, or driving out to the gardens of the Sweet-waters, or watching the moon go down behind the domes and minarets. What glimpses of Oriental life everywhere. What splendor of color. What strange medley of attire, Greek, Armenian, Bulgarian, Turk, Egyptian: here a black eunuch from Abyssinia, there a lithe Arab, yonder a Circassian, now an Arabian armed to the teeth, now a Pasha on horseback with his troop of followers behind. Once I saw the Sultan go to the Mosque, the faithful prostrating themselves before him. On frequent occasions, I met the imperial coaches, with their freight of fair beauties from the seraglio, guarded by their mute slaves, on the way for a drive. It was all like some brilliant, yet fleeting, panorama. I look back on it now as on something almost unreal. Was I ever at Constantinople, or was it but a dream?

LEANDER'S TOWER.



TURKISH LADY'S CARRIAGE.

It is a mistake to suppose that polygamy is universal in Turkey. The custom, though permitted by law, is confined almost entirely to the wealthier classes, the immense majority having but one wife. No race is fonder of children. The wife of the poor Ottoman works quite as hard as the wife of the poor Christian. On the other



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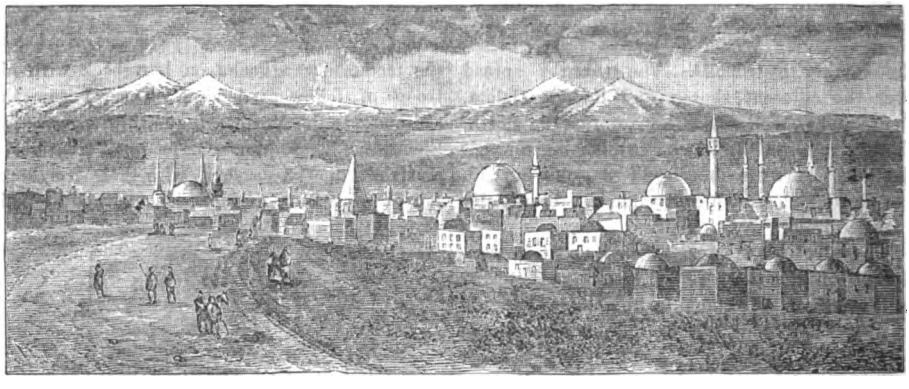
HOUSE OF GREEK PRIESTS.

hand, though she goes, with her face veiled, in public, and has a separate apartment, the harem, for herself and children, the Turkish wife is not without considerable freedom. Between the sexes, in fact, among the poor, there is more equality, more interchange of thought and feeling, than among the rich. The women of the latter, as the wife of my friend told me, spend their time in dressing, lounging upon divans, drinking coffee, eating sweetmeats, and gossiping. A more utterly useless creature than the "beautiful Circassian," of whom we hear so much, it would be impossible to find. When the favorite wife becomes the mother of a male heir, the situation is changed; and if she is ambitious, and fond of intrigue, she plays often a very important part in the family fortunes. The higher the rank, too, the greater her opportunities. The mothers of the Sultans have frequently been the real rulers of the realm. Every foreign ambassador, at the Sublime Porte, knows how important a factor the palace intrigues are.

All this does not contradict the statement, so often made, and which we also endorse, that the relations between the sexes in Turkey, as everywhere else in the Orient, are semi-civilized, the survival of an earlier state of society, almost a patriarchical one.



CONSTANTINOPLE FROM THE LAND.

# BESIDE THE SEA.

BY EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

THE young leaves spring, and violets wake,
As the soft wind brings the rain;
The wild bird chirps to her mate in the tree—
She knows not care or pain;
Her heart rejoices with Nature's heart
That the Spring has come again.

The ships sail out, and the ships sail in,
As the welcome breezes blow;
The sailors are singing the same old songs,
With swaying rhythm slow,
As when a child, upon the shore,
I listened, long ago.

The clouds look down, from far-off heights,
At their faces in the sea;
The brown rocks lean to the restless tides,
That lap them carelessly;
The free salt wind, as it fans my cheek,
Brings my youth back to me.

Again, with eager eyes, I scan
The far horizon line:
Though many a ladened ship comes in,
Across the pathless brine;
Though long I wait, thou comest not,
Oh, Treasure Ship of mine!

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# BEATRICE.

BY M. M. ELDRIDGE.

Over head and heels—yes, from the extreme ends of his curling hair to the tips of his well-shaped feet—was the Hon. Harold Lenox in love with beautiful Beatrice Pallavicini, a hundred and fifty years ago in Rome. This conduct on the part of a foreigner, even though good-looking and rich, the father of the lady naturally regarded as unpardonable presumption; for Beatrice was no maid of low degree, but a princess. In fact, she was the only daughter of a family as proud as it was poor, and the belle, *par excellence*, of the highest pinnacle of Roman society. Above all, she was the affianced bride of the wealthy and highly respected Marchese de Cataldi, who certainly might be said to have some claim upon the gratitude and esteem of the daughter, as he had been the admirer of her mother before Beatrice was born.

If the worthy marquis was a little inclined to prosiness, and not everything that was pleasant to the eye, owing to an unfortunate squint, a rather too generous supply of flesh, and a stiffness of the right knee, which interfered somewhat with the grace of his movements, surely the estimable qualities of his mind, his blue blood, and his long rent-roll, might well counterbalance such trifling defects. But, in spite of everything, the most astounding part of this "ower true tale" is that the princess so far forgot herself as to prefer one of the Hon. Harold's yellow curls to all the marquis' ancestors, and himself into the bargain, and to place the love-light in his bonnie blue eyes before all the glories, past and present, of the magnificent Palazzo Cataldi, of which she was destined, in a few weeks, to become the envied mistress.

The acquaintance, begun at the reception of a cardinal, had quickly ripened into love, with no other fuel to the flame than a ball now and then, chance meetings in picture galleries, stolen but most fervent glances in church, a few words perhaps, or even a secret pressure of hands in a crowd, and one never-to-be-forgotten evening, when the princess had met our hero in a garden pavilion behind the Palazzo Pallavicini, that unworthy young man having scaled the wall, surmounted with iron spikes, shutting in the palace grounds, to the no small detriment of his nether garments, and perhaps to the limbs they enclosed; for love in the good old days was a hotter, more reckless sort of passion than in these times of prudent parents and far-seeing children, and to the Hon. Harold what were the prickings of the sharpest spikes to the pangs of separation from the mistress of his affections? But then, as now, the course of true love was made rather a turbulent stream. Spies were about; it had been whispered to the horrified marquis that his promised bride had sworn to die rather than become the wife of any other than this obscure, yellow-haired Englishman; and, above all, to make assurance doubly sure, an inconvenient and most disagreeably watchful duenna, who lived as chaperon to the motherless princess, had, of all evenings, chosen the one above mentioned for a stroll in the garden.

"Good-night, carissima mia!" Harold had said a dozen times at least, emphasizing each farewell with a kiss. "Good-night—and a fig for the gouty old marquis, who never shall call my bonnie bride his wife as long as I live to defend her!" And Beatrice, with swift feet, turned to fly to the palace, after seeing her lover safely over the wall, and was confronted by the angular figure of the scandalized duenna.

From that time the princess was kept a prisoner to the house and grounds, and watched, as only an Italian maiden in the olden time could be watched, by the vigilant and faithful duenna, who did not quit her charge by day or by night. This state of things was to continue until the princess left her father's house as the Marchesa de Cataldi; so that, verily, our lovers seemed to be in a sorry plight.

Harold, with only a few additional scratches, dropped safely into the street, (ignorant, of course, of the disagreeable contretemps taking place the other side of the wall,) almost on to the shoulders of the sentry pacing up and down before the palace; but the man was most accommodatingly oblivious, and saw nothing. He was, in fact, a sort of acquaintance of Harold's, being the son of an old servant of the Lenox family, who had married an Italian while accompanying Harold's grandmother on a tour through Italy many years before.

It certainly was very far from the intentions of the haughty Prince de Pallavicini to add fuel to the flame already burning with such vigor in the undaunted young Englishman's breast, by the well-nigh insurmountable obstacles he placed in the way of true love; but when the Hon. Harold had for two weeks roamed disconsolately about



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from reception to ball, and from concert to theatre, without meeting the princess, and had finally, through the reprehensible means of bribery and corruption, heard from one of the Pallavicini housemaids the unlucky consequences of his last interview with his lady-love, he beat his breast, and would have torn his hair if he had not been rather proud of that adornment, as he swore that the time for action had come—that a decisive blow must be struck.

All that day he shut himself into his rooms, ignoring visitors, his tailor, a garden party, everything but his dinner, while he formed wild and impracticable schemes for rescuing his lady fair from durance vile; but not until evening did an idea strike him, with such force as to send him flying down the stairs, up the crowded street, upsetting two children and the cart of a wrathful applewoman on his way to the quarters of his devoted admirer, Francesco Valsachi, the soldier already mentioned, whom, luckily, he found at home. What thereupon took place the remainder of this history will make clear.

Two days later, Harold, while drinking *café noir* in the French restaurant, had a rather disreputable scrap of paper thrust into his hand, on which was scrawled, "My watch is at the P. P. the rest of this week, from 2 to 6 P. M.; the first half of next week, from 10 to 2 P. M.—F. V." And surely no scented, tinted love missive, from the fairest lady in the land, could have given more satisfaction to its recipient than did this curt, untidy-looking communication.

Up and down the terrace before the Pallazo Pallavicini paced the Princess Beatrice and her lynx-eyed duenna, on the dreary afternoon constitutional, which, since the disastrous discovery two weeks before, had never been allowed to stretch beyond the palace grounds. The luxuriant southern beauty of the princess was, perhaps, in no wise impaired by the additional pallor which, for days, had been visible on her face; and there was a feverish, excited gleam in her velvety, dark eyes, which showed a spirit very much at variance with her quiet surroundings, as she gazed restlessly at the well-known, and now so monotonous scene, where never a sign of life was visible, save the tall sentry at the gate, who, for several days, seemed to have devoted his attention exclusively to the large entrance—the only opening of any size in the wall which enclosed the grounds. The princess was thinking vaguely, with a forlorn sort of gratitude to the man, for even that semblance of human companionship.

"I declare, it is nearly six o'clock, and the dress your highness is to wear at the prince's dinner party, this evening, has not yet arrived! Perhaps your highness would not object to walking towards the gate for a moment, as, if no one is yet in sight, I must send another messenger," exclaimed the duenna, suddenly, after consulting her watch; and the princess mechanically followed her to where the sentry, motionless as a statue, was guarding the entrance.

Up and down the quiet and empty street the duenna gazed in dignified displeasure, listening for the footsteps that came not, while the princess, waiting listlessly inside, was watching, curiously, the sentry, who, behind the elder lady's back, was anxiously trying to call the attention of some one—surely there was no one in sight but herself—to a slip of white paper he held in his hand. Suddenly, after a hasty glance in every direction, he stooped, wrapped the paper around a pebble, and the next instant it fell in a bed of geraniums beside the princess, just as the irate duenna turned to rejoin her charge. The princess' first emotion was amazement and indignation at this apparent impertinence, but a crest emblazoned on the paper caught her eye, and quietly, while listening to her unsuspecting guardian's animadversions upon the offending dressmaker, she stooped to gather a pink geranium, and something else. But now we will return to Harold, and the plans he was base enough to concoct, having for an object the total discomfiture of the most noble prince and marquis, and the furtherance of his own selfish designs.

This is the carnival week in Rome, when the mirth is at its height, and the inhabitants, rich and poor, gentle and simple alike, are, for a few short days, meeting on a common ground in the mad revel of buffoonery and burlesque; but our hero has turned his back upon the merriment and excitement surgiug through the streets, to again hold council with his faithful ally, Francesco.

"Francesco, my boy," he was saying, after the man had, with much persuasion, been indueed to seat himself in Harold's presence; "you have often confessed to a sort of hankering for a sight of polite society, as you call it. How would you like going to the masquerade ball, Monday evening, at the Palazzo Ponti, in my place?"

"Surely, milord is joking!" began Francesco, aghast; but was interrupted.

"Francesco, you mean well, I know; but how often must I tell you that the title you insist upon giving me is only an unkind reminder of what nature has denied me? Now, listen."

Then followed an audacious proposition, which caused the Italian to recoil in dismay, exclaiming, "Does milord remember that such a thing would probably cost me my position, without which I am a beggar?"

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"Of course it would!" responded the tempter, cheerfully. "Francesco, my boy, old England is the finest country the sun shines on, and the desire you have so often expressed to go there does you credit. How would you like the position of lodge-tender at a fine old place in Devonshire, with good wages, little work, and one of the prettiest little lodges in England for a home, for so long a time as you choose to occupy it?"

"Is milord really serious?" cried the man, with a face fairly shining with delight; for the human heart is but weak at the best, and the thought of this brilliant prospect, compared with the miserable pay and wearisome life of privation which he now lived, silenced away scruples in Francesco's mind; and which of us can say that he would have chosen otherwise? Suddenly a mixture of anxiety and sheepishness clouded his face, as he stammered, "But, there is a—that is—I—"

"Well, man, out with it! Are you going to object to the climate, or the journey? What is wrong?"

"I—I—wouldn't exactly like to go alone, milord, for there is a—a young person who is—attached to me—"

"All right, Francesco!" laughed Harold, heartily. "I am the last man in the world to interfere with an attachment just now. So bring along the young person, by all means. The lodge is quite large enough for two."

It is the night of the grand masquerade ball at the Palazzo Ponti, and all the élite of Roman society is present, bidding farewell to pleasure for awhile, as it were; for this is the last private ball of the season, and in two days these smiling patrician brows will be strewn with penitential Lenten ashes. Among the fantastic crowd paying court to Prince Carnival, one of the most conspicuously elegant costumes is worn by a gentleman dressed as Sir Walter Raleigh, who, either for love of fresh air or because his handsome face is so much worthier of being seen than the black silk covering intended to hide it, seems to care very little for preserving his incognito, and his mask is as often resting on the yellow curls on the top of his head as on the face beneath.

For some time he thus stands unmasked, joking with a pair of Tyrolese peasant girls, near a group of noblemen, from which the dark faces of the Prince Pallavicini and the Marchese de Cataldi scowl angrily at him. Then Sir Walter Raleigh, or Harold Lenox, strolls into the next room, and for half an hour disappears. Leaving the ballroom, he throws over his shoulders one of a pile of dominos lying in an ante-room, walks quietly down the broad staircase into the street, where he finds a cab standing, and is driven immediately to a small restaurant close to the Palazzo Pallavicini, where a private room is placed at his disposal for the evening. Here he is joined, almost immediately, by Francesco Valsachi, eager and elated, yet withal somewhat pale and nervous at the importance of the work to be done that night.

"Francesco, the decisive moment has come at last, and, so far, everything favors us. What a blessing, that this street is so deserted to-night that probably no one will notice your sentry-box being for a quarter of an hour empty!" cried Harold, his eyes blazing with excitement as he throws off his domino and crimson velvet cloak. "Do you remember my instructions? You are to stay at the ball until it is over, making yourself rather conspicuous in the neighborhood of the prince and marquis, who, by this means, will be put off the scent, as regards me, at first; for I strongly suspect the news will reach them before they leave the ball. My plans are so carefully laid as to make any chance of capture, in my own case, out of the question, I think, especially as to-morrow is Shrove Tuesday, when not only Rome but all the environs are in the wildest confusion; while you will probably be given up as another case of mysterious disappearance. You and the young person are to follow us before daybreak, meeting us where I appointed, if you hear nothing from me to the contrary in the meantime; and then, my boy—*vive l'amour!*"

Five minutes later the two figures leave the restaurant; but, strange to say, behind the mask gleam black eyes instead of blue, and just visible below the helmet is a row of yellow curls. Sir Walter Raleigh reappears at the ball, where his short absence has been unnoticed, and again takes up his position near the Prince di Pallavicini, who, if black looks could slay, would certainly be guilty of murder this night; and it is, perhaps, as a sort of protection against these that Sir Walter Raleigh raises his mask no more. The soldier, that is Lenox disguised, returns to his sentry-box, and keeps watch over the palace and its surroundings.

This evening the palace is almost deserted, the prince being at the ball, leaving his daughter at home, with no other companion than her watchful duenna, who is beginning to draw long sighs of relief at the thought of the speedy termination of her difficult task of keeping in the paths of decorum and propriety the unruly feet of this ungrateful princess; for in three days the wedding festivities are to be celebrated, with much pomp, and after that, according to the code of these good old times, the lady may smile upon the objectionable Englishman as sweetly as heart can wish. It has been a fatiguing day at the palace, which the



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bustle and confusion of the approaching marriage fête is already invading; but, at last, the two ladies are quietly taking supper in the princess' boudoir, about ten o'clock, having been a good deal delayed by visitors. And what can be the meaning of this innocent-looking white powder, which the younger of the ladies stealthily drops with the sugar into her companion's glass, and which even the argus eyes of the duenna fail to discover?

Supper is over. The princess is watching rather guiltily, the elder lady nodding in her chair, in a most unwonted fit of drowsiness. Finally her eyes close—her head drops back, and she is dreaming sweet dreams of her approaching emancipation—doubtless. The princess gazes at her breathlessly for a few moments, then quietly steals from the room.

Outside in the dark garden and quiet street, stillness reigns. The sentry below, has it all to himself—and still and motionless as his surroundings, has been staring fixedly at the palace, for what seems to him an eternity—only interrupted once by a passer by, who tapped him smartly on the shoulder—"*Scelerato*—is this your duty?"—and the soldier quickly drew himself up in the stiffest and most bunglingly executed of military salutes to the officer, frowning at him.

Eleven o'clock strikes from the adjacent church steeple, the first quarter—then the half. "An hour later—and every moment is so precious!" muttered the man—beating an impatient tattoo on the wall of his senty box—"Can any thing have gone wrong?"

Suddenly the attention of this most watchful of sentinels is fixed upon a figure, which through the gloom, he can just distinguish issuing from the palace. Is it the servant who came out twice already, to bring flowers from the conservatory—or perhaps another of the evening visitors who have already raised his hopes, afterwards to bring down maledictions upon their heads, several times to-night? No. This figure disappears towards the back of the garden, and the soldier moving at last with swift feet, turns the corner and takes his stand before a small closed door in the wall. A moment he stands breathlessly listening there—there is the sound of a key fitted into a lock—a delay—there is some difficulty in turning it—while the man outside is fairly fuming with impatience.

At last it turns—the heavy door opens with a most alarming creak, and a female figure, heavily cloaked and veiled—appears—starting back apparently in dismay at merely a sentry—where she had expected—what?—but the next moment the sentry's arms are around her—the helmet and bayonet are flung aside—and the yellow hair she knows and loves so well, is mingling with her dark locks—while a voice that for her seems sweetest music, is whispering—"It is I—Beatrice my own love—my bride! Forgive me for frightening you—I could only let you know that I should be here, to-night, as I did not know then certainly that my plan for winning you with the bayonet would be feasible. The carriage is waiting around the corner—and hurrah for Old England!"

And thus it is that we come by our lovely ancestress hanging yonder on the wall—painted in her Roman costume, offering fruit to her guests—and to her, I—Beatrice Pallavicini Lenox—am indebted, I suppose, for the dark hair and eyes, which contrast so strikingly with my Saxon-hued brothers and sisters—for in the various families of her descendants, there has never lacked at least one Italian-tinted daughter, to keep alive her name and the memory of the good old days.

## ONE DAY.

BY LYDIA F. HINMAN.

Good-bye, dear day, good-bye,
And let me wreathe with immortelles
The moments sweet that fly
On wings of love, and mark with white
The hours wherein no cloud of pain
Has dimmed the dear sunlight.

Farewell, sweet day, farewell.
E'en now the evening curfew peals
From memory's tolling bell.
I sit and count them as they fall,
And grieve and sigh, yet smile that they
Are ever past recall.

Good-bye, dear day, good-bye,
Like some fond one I've loved and lost,
That in death's clasp doth lie,
With flowers abloom upon the brow—
Each tender bloom a precious hour—
Thou seem'st unto me now.

Farewell, sweet day, farewell,
And go where sleep they that are gone,
For after all, 'tis well.
I would not call back one dead face,
I would not live these hours again,
Nor e'en thy joys recall.

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# HELENA'S PASTORAL.

BY AGNES JAMES.

THE scene is a dingy dressing-room, in a dingy old house, situated in a dull but eminently aristocratic London quarter. A slow, dull fire smoulders in the grate, and the old lady who sits before it, in an easy chair, is wrapped in a dingy old shawl, over a still dingier wrapper. It is June, but not a ray of the glorious summer sunshine penetrates through the chocolate-colored moreen curtains that drape the windows. The place is "stuffy" and dismal in the extreme. The young girl who stands by the mantelpiece *ought* to brighten the whole room with her fresh, radiant loveliness, but, instead of that, she has fallen under the spell of its gloom, and stands there pale, downcast, with tears in her great dark eyes. She looks like a culprit, and she *is* one, and the old lady (who looks so sweet, and meek, and gracious—who has such gentle blue eyes, and such a soft voice, *in public*) is engaged in trying, convicting, and sentencing her to speedy punishment.

"Wretched, unprincipled girl!" she says, sharply. "I wonder you dare to look me in the face, after such duplicity. I allowed you to refuse three good offers—Sir John Dewey, young Ascott, and Mr. Grayson, who is worth, *at least*, two millions; to say nothing of all the detrimentals that you had the good sense to decline without asking my advice—all because you led me to believe that you intended to accept Lord Rexford. And he believed it too, and every one else with eyes in their heads. You have deceived us shamefully. You have behaved with the most heartless coquetry."

"Oh, grandmamma!" remonstrates Helena, a faint, indignant color tinging her white cheeks, "I didn't mean to deceive any one. I knew you wanted me to marry him. I tried to do it, to please you."

"Stop!" says Lady Pemberton, coldly and haughtily. "Do you dare to say that you were going to marry Lord Rexford to please me? That you did not care for the wealth, name and rank he could give you? That you felt no pride in making a conquest where dozens of beauties and heiresses had failed, but were simply going to marry Rexford because I wanted you to do it? Sweet, dutiful child! What a pity you had not courage to complete the sacrifice!"

Helena's head droops, and she answers humbly and falteringly, "No, no, grandmamma! I didn't mean—I—I have done very wrong. I was tempted. I thought I could marry him. It seemed an easy thing to do. Girls marry that way every day, and—and—Lord Rexford was kind and good-natured. But when—just at the last—it seemed base and horrible—I—I could not do it!"

"Very well," Lady Pemberton says, in tones of ice. "Very pretty and sentimental. I hope you are prepared to bear all the talk and scandal it will make. Some people will think, with me, that you have jilted Rexford shamefully. But others will never believe he proposed to you. They will say you 'threw yourself at his head,' and failed in your attempt to entrap him. Indeed, I would not be astonished if they said all sorts of things about you. You have gone about everywhere with Rexford. Your imprudence has been shocking. You must go away till the affair blows over. Oh, dear! That I should live to be so disgraced—"

"Grandmamma!" breaks in the indignant young voice, as Helena raises her head, and her eyes flash through her tears, "I have not done anything disgraceful, except—yes, it was disgraceful to think of marrying a man I knew I did not love. But I did nothing except what you sanctioned. I only went where you permitted me, and—"

"There, there, child!" Lady Pemberton says, coldly. "Do reflect that I thought you were going to marry the man. I am old and feeble. I could not drag abroad with you everywhere, and I trusted you with Rexford. If you would marry him no one would say a word."

"But I can't marry him, grandmamma. I don't lo—"

"Don't be a fool, Helena," Lady Pemberton snaps out. Then, sinking back in her chair, she languidly waves the girl away, and murmurs, "Why do I waste my breath? She is a fool, and will never be cured of it. Go away! Go to your room, Helena."

Helena slips away, and spends the morning in floods of tears, alternating with tempests of anger and indignation. She knows she has been a tool in the hands of her manœuvring grandmother; yet she is conscious that, carried away by the vanity and ambition that worldly old lady



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has aroused in her heart, she has lent herself only too willingly to Lady Pemberton's plans. It is only at the last moment, when success is certain, that the revulsion has come; true womanly pride has risen in her heart, and she despises herself for the pretty arts she has practiced so gaily, and registers a solemn vow that she will never again engage in the pursuit, called by the irreverent, "husband-hunting."

Poor little Helena! She has a hard time in the next three or four days. Lord Rexford comes back, ("unheard-of good luck," grandmamma says,) and gives her another chance for a coronet. But Helena stands firm. Lady Pemberton's poor "little fool" is "brazed in a mortar, among wheat, with a pestle," but "her foolishness does not depart from her." At the end of a week she is ordered to pack up her clothes, and is sent off, in deep disgrace, to stay with a country cousin, a grave, hard-working rector, with a quiet wife and a house full of children. Lady Pemberton intends it as a punishment. It would be a frightful one to her. But Helena does not mind. As her grandmother's maid, who has escorted her to the rectory, drives back to the station in the fly that has brought them, Helena watches the carriage out of sight, and draws a long breath. The last link of the chain is broken. She is free—at least for a while.

She is in a strange place, among strangers, but she does not mope. She knows they all think her a "naughty girl" here, for grandmamma has written them a very pious letter, in which she bewails her darling's "waywardness," and hopes the dear rector will not be shocked by her levity. But Helena is a winsome little thing. She sets to work to make them love her, and in three days she has won them all. The rector smiles indulgently at her wildest freaks; good Mrs. Maberly pets and spoils her; and the children adore her. Helena is happier than she ever was in all her life—her short, young life, that has been spent either in the dull routine of a boarding-school, or under her grandmother's piercing eyes. She has had one season of "the world" of fashion, of gay crowds, of pretty dresses, and the flattery of admirers, but she is happier now than she was during that brief, feverish period of gratified vanity, of ambitious plans, of manœuvring, and of self-reproaches. She makes heroic resolutions about her future life. She sees how calmly and sweetly life flows on at the quiet rectory, and she vows that wealth and rank shall never tempt her again. "I'll never marry anyone that grandmamma wants me to," she vows. "I hate money; I despise titles. If I marry at all, it shall be a country clergyman, and I'll spend my days doing good. Or if I never marry, and grandmamma dies, and there is no one to take care of me, I'll ask Mrs. Maberly to let me come here and teach these little children."

With this virtuous resolution, Helena follows Mrs. Maberly about her house, her flower-garden, and her dairy, and finally goes with her to visit her poor people and the parish school. All this has the charm of novelty to Helena. It is delightful to find herself actually "doing good," carrying soup and wine to sick people, who "bless her for her kindness;" reading to the blind old woman who says "her voice is as sweet as a lark's;" teaching and petting little children, who smile up in her face, and cling lovingly to her hand, and big ones who stand around her and stare at her with respectful adoration. Last of all, it is not at all unpleasant to find the young curate, Mr. Lindesay, watching her with his deep-set, dark eyes, and to know that this grave young man, who has been wont to advocate strenuously the "celibacy of the clergy," has fallen deeply and hopelessly in love with her.

Thus time goes on. It is now growing late in the summer. Peaches are ripening on the sunny walls of the old rectory garden, and Helena and the children are gathering them.

"There's the very reddest and ripest yet, Bobbie!" Helena cries, pointing high up above her head, and there is a desperate scramble on the part of the three boys to reach the prize. But none of them get it, and Helena gives it up with a sigh, when suddenly an arm is stretched up, the peach is gathered, and Helena turns to face Mr. Lindesay, who holds out the peach to her with his quiet smile.

"Oh, thanks!" she says, laughing. "How nice it is to get what one wants."

"How much nicer not to want what one cannot get," the curate says, almost gravely, as his eyes rest quietly on her lovely face.

Helena shakes her head, laughingly. "I am not a philosopher, like you," she says. "I want, oh, ever so many things I cannot get. Now, you! You have a well-regulated mind, and I am sure you never want anything but just what you ought to have, and that you know you will get."

Mr. Lindesay smiles, in spite of himself, as he looks down at her. She is so pretty, standing there, with her straw hat half falling from her head, her bronze-brown hair loosened and glinting in the sunlight, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed and dimpling with smiles. She wears a dress of pale blue muslin, with "elbow sleeves," that show her round, white arms, and blue-veined wrists. Mr. Lindesay cannot help

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seeing how graceful and lovely she is, to the very tips of the perfect little hands that are holding up a wide, flat basket, filled with glowing peaches. He tries to speak lightly, but Helena's quick ear catches the sigh with which he says, "I am afraid I am not such a philosopher as you believe me. I often want what, perhaps, I may never have."

Then she turns away, saying, carelessly, "Oh, if I were a man, I would have what I wanted. Now, come, Mr. Lindesay; we are going to have tea out of doors, here in the garden, and you shall help me set our table, and you may drink tea with us."

It is a pretty picture, that five o'clock tea, under the spreading walnut tree in the garden. Helena, and Alice Maberly, (a fifteen-year-old little maiden, with a face like one of Fra Angelica's angels,) make the tea, and serve it in rare old china. The rector, Mrs. Maberly, and the curate sit sedately upon chairs, and talk parish matters, while they drink tea, and the boys roll upon the grass, and eat peaches. But, after tea, Mr. Lindesay manages to stray away with Helena, and they find themselves presently resting in the rose arbor, at the very end of the long garden.

"See how the poor roses are drooping with the heat," Helena says, gently lifting a full-blown crimson rose with her slender finger tips, and then as softly touching it with her lips.

Mr. Lindesay does not speak, and she turns to find his eyes fixed earnestly upon her. Then he does speak, and in a moment Helena knows that the destiny she has coveted may be hers. If she pleases, she may be a country clergyman's wife, and spend her life "doing good." She has not been at all blind to the devotion of this grave, earnest young curate. She has seen it for some time. Even Mrs. Maberly has seen it, and has thought it would be "such a nice thing" for Helena, and has managed earnestly to tell her "all about" the young man—how noble and good he is, (but Helena sees that for herself,) of what a good family he comes; how he has quite a nice income besides his curacy, and will one day be rector of a pleasant parish in Devon. Helena has listened dreamily, as if it did not concern her a whit: but all these were pleasant things to hear of the man she was actually beginning to—like—very much. She does like him—she thoroughly esteems and respects him, and with him she will live that ideal life she dreams of, that pretty pastoral of country life, of green fields and bird songs, of peace, innocence, and goodness. Why should she hesitate? Certainly not because she thinks "grandmamma will be furiously angry." That thought comes to her, but, strange to say, rather gives her pleasure. Yet she does hesitate; her heart beats quickly, and for a little while she cannot speak. At last she says, "I—I am not sure, Mr. Lindesay. I do like you very much, but I am not sure I—love you." What lover was ever discouraged by an answer like that? Mr. Lindesay is not; and in half an hour Helena has given a half consent, a sort of promise, which sends him off unutterably happy. But nothing is to be said about this half engagement, though Mr. Lindesay looks grave when she refuses to let him see or write to her grandmother, but yields to her wishes.

For several weeks, now, life flows on tranquilly as ever at the rectory, to all appearances. Helena is very diligent with the schools and the poor people, and Mr. Lindesay praises and encourages her. He has taken almost the tone of an accepted lover, now. He comes to Helena for advice, and tells her of parish jars and troubles whose existence she had never suspected, and which rather dismay her. He begins, too, very gently and kindly, to point out to Helena those of her faults which will most seriously impede her usefulness as a clergyman's wife. This is rather alarming, and not altogether elysian, but Helena bears it sweetly, and tries hard to be properly sedate, and to "think before she speaks."

It is a "blue and golden day," late in September. As Mr. Lindesay walks up to the rectory door, Helena comes out to meet him, with a brighter face than usual.

"We have had a grand visitor," she announces, smilingly. "Lady Western has come home to the Hall. There are to be crowds of people there, and I am to go, to-morrow, to spend a fortnight with her."

"Lady Western!" exclaims Mr. Lindesay, in displeased surprise.

"Yes! Surely you know her. She says she adores you, and you are to come to dinner, to-morrow, and to be there as often as you can. I wonder if—if she suspected anything," Helena says, rather anxiously.

"Possibly she did," Mr. Lindesay replies, carelessly. "Well, I shall go, of course. I do not like, or approve of, Lady Western; but, as you are to go, I shall be there as often as I can. You will be safer, if I am there."

"Safer! From what?" Helena asks, with wide-open eyes. Then, as Mr. Lindesay does not answer, she laughs, and goes lightly on, "Oh, you needn't be afraid of Lady Western. She is a good-natured soul. We were very good friends in London, and her house is always charming."

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So Helena goes to Lady Western's for another glimpse of "the world" she has left. How long it seems since she quitted it! What has happened in that world while she has been playing her little pastoral at the rectory? What have her old lovers been doing, especially Lord Rexford? Her grandmother, in her few and short epistles, has only mentioned him once. "Lord Rexford is in Switzerland, with the Blounts. They say he is to marry his cousin, Constance Blount, the girl with the snub nose, and a hundred thousand pounds."

So Helena does not dream of meeting him at Lady Western's. But, as she enters the drawing-room before dinner, and stands talking with Mr. Lindesay and several others, she sees, across the room, a tall, sunburned young man, with close-cut, light brown hair, a light moustache, and bright blue eyes. It is Lord Rexford. But before she has time to feel any awkwardness, or embarrassment, he has crossed the room, shaken hands with her cordially, and is chatting with her in the friendliest way. Then he goes back to the lady he had left, a pretty, bright, fresh-looking girl, who certainly has a nose *retroussé*, and, Helena hears, is his cousin, Constance Blount. Helena supposes, of course, that he is engaged to her, and is rather surprised when she finds that Lord Rexford is to take her (Helena) down to dinner. She is surprised, too, to find how easily and agreeably conversation flows between Lord Rexford and herself during that meal. They talk a great deal of merry nonsense, and Helena's soft laugh rings out so often that Mr. Lindesay, across the table, looks at her gravely now and then. They talk a great deal of serious, good sense, besides, and Helena thinks that Lord Rexford has "improved wonderfully." After dinner, he finds his way again to her side, and it is not till people are beginning to take their bedroom candles, and say good-night, that she sees Lord Rexford conversing with his cousin, in a really confidential and lover-like way. She wonders what they are saying, and almost wishes she knew. After all, it is only this, "Well, Harry, have you found out anything?" asks Miss Blount, eagerly. Lord Rexford laughs—not a very gay laugh—and quotes, from the "Bab Ballads:"

> "I've changed my views," the maiden said,
> "I'll only marry curates, thank you."

"Do you really think she is engaged to him, Harry?"

"I don't know, cousin. You see he is in love with her," (the lady nods assent,) "and he gave her some very black looks across the table. Poor little girl! There's always somebody to tyrannize over her!"

"And if the post of tyrant is ever vacant, you know some one who could fill it admirably," Connie laughs, as she puts her hand in his, and says "good-night." And, singularly enough, the sight of this cousinly converse gives Helena a feeling almost of jealousy. It is such a little while since Lord Rexford's little murmured confidences were all for her ear.

It is very odd, but Helena sighs as she thinks of it.

So the days pass. But surely, if Miss Blount is engaged to Lord Rexford, she is the least exacting of fiancées. During the next fortnight, it is certainly Helena that he devotes himself to, yet Connie is always good-humored and smiling, and is especially sweet and friendly to Miss Pemberton.

It is Helena that Lord Rexford walks and rides with, and takes moonlit strolls through the gardens with. He certainly does not make love to her, but is as cordial, as kind, and as "nice" as it is possible to be. When Mr. Lindesay pays his frequent visits, she notices, too, how courteously Lord Rexford gives way to the young clergyman, yielding to him the place by her side, which Mr. Lindesay does not fail to claim. It must be confessed that Helena does not enjoy Mr. Lindesay's visits after the first day or two. She is not doing anything wrong, yet his grave eyes rest disapprovingly upon her. He does not like to watch those pretty, half-coquettish ways of hers, which other people admire so much. He thinks she is too thoughtless, too gay. He tells her so, very gently, but very firmly. Helena hears these reproofs meekly, and tries to "reform;" but it is hard work, and she begins to weary of it a little.

One evening, after dinner, she has walked with Lord Rexford on the banks of the little river at the foot of the lawn, and at last they have stepped into a boat, and rowed down the river in the sunset glow. They are late getting back, and Mr. Lindesay is waiting for them at the landing. He hears laughter, and snatches of song, and the boat comes slowly round the bend of the river. Then he sees Helena skillfully pulling the oars, and Lord Rexford idly leaning back and watching her with laughing, admiring eyes. He meets them very gravely, and Lord Rexford presently makes some polite excuse for leaving them, and walks quickly off towards the house.

"Helena," begins Mr. Lindesay, mildly, "I am sorry to say anything that sounds like a rebuke—"

"Don't say it, then!" laughs Helena, her pretty eyes raised appealingly, and her hand laid coaxingly on his arm.

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"That is childish, Helena," he says, quickly. "If I see you doing anything that is wrong, or unbecoming, I must tell you."

A mutinous look, that is altogether new to him, comes into her lovely face. She answers, almost haughtily, "I have done nothing wrong, or unbecoming—nothing that any other lady in that house could not have done unreproved. It is you, who are too punctilious, too exacting."

"I cannot think that I am too exacting when I ask you to behave with that dignity and reserve that befits my wife." Mr. Lindesay says this quietly. But Helena answers, hotly:

"If I am to change my whole nature, and crush out all the life and joy that God has put into my heart, I will never be your wife."

Mr. Lindesay stops, and looks at her with a pale, stern face. He is utterly silent for a moment, and then says, in a tone that he forces to be quiet, "Do you mean to say that you wish to break our engagement?" Helena bites her lips to keep back a sob, and says not a word. Mr. Lindesay goes on, in a softer tone, "You must do what will make you happiest, Helena." Then, after another silence, he says, still more gently, "I will not say any more to you, now. I came to say that Mrs. Maberly told me your visit here was to be extended, and I shall not be able to see you for three days. I am going away for that time. Helena, when I come back, I hope you will be yourself again. Shall I take you to the house, now?"

"No; leave me here," Helena replies; and she throws herself down on a rustic seat under the trees, and covers her face with her hands. She knows that Mr. Lindesay lingers near her for a moment, and then is gone.

A little while afterwards Lord Rexford comes hastily down the path, and pauses, abruptly, as he sees her.

"Miss Pemberton, I came to look for you," he says. "I met Mr. Lindesay, and thought you were alone. Isn't it rather damp, to sit here?"

"It will not hurt me," Helena answers, and Lord Rexford instantly detects the "tears in her voice," and thinks, indignantly, "That prig has been scolding her, and making her cry." He hesitates, for an instant, and then exclaims, indignantly, "Miss Pemberton, it's no business of mine, I daresay, but I can't see you in distress without asking if I can help you!"

Her tears flow again, at the sound of a sympathetic voice, and presently—how does it happen?—Rexford knows all about Helena's "pastoral," and how it came about that she is half-engaged to the young curate, without her grandmother's knowledge. He guesses much that she does not tell him, but he does not satisfy himself as to whether she really, after all, loves that grave young man or not; and when she asks, sadly, "What can I do? It seems to me that whatever I do will be wrong," he is silent for a moment, and then answers, gravely, "You can be as honest and true to him as you were to me, just reversing the order of things, however; for if you love him, you must tell him so, and fight a battle-royal with Lady Pemberton for your own way; then, when you've got it, be the most dutiful, the sweetest parson's wife in England. And if you don't love him, for heaven's sake—for your own sake, and his—don't do him the cruel wrong of marrying him. Be true, Helena, and he cannot help reverencing you—as I did, even when you drove me wild by—" He checks himself, abruptly, and Helena is glad the darkness hides the burning blush his words have called up.

Then she rises, and they go towards the house in silence. As they part in the hall, Helena suddenly gives him her hand, and half whispers, "Thank you, Lord Rexford; you have been a good friend to me."

And he proves himself a good friend, in the three restless, miserable days that follow, when he manages so cleverly to shield her from arrogance and observation.

The three days pass; the fourth comes, and Rexford, who has spent the morning riding, finds, on his return, that "Mr. Lindesay have been and have seen Miss Pemberton in the library, and have gone, sir." At dinner, Helena is very gay—almost feverishly so. It is not till the next day, that Lord Rexford finds an opportunity of speaking to her alone. She is reading in the library, when he looks in—walks in—closes the door after him, and comes towards her, smiling.

"Am I to congratulate you?" he asks, holding out his hand.

Helena colors, and shakes her head.

"Only on having found the courage to tell the truth," she says, and then her eyes fill with tears suddenly. "He is so good," she murmurs. "You don't know what a good man he is, Lord Rexford. I feel—I know I have behaved very badly, and I deserve all that can happen—all that will happen to me for trifling with him so."

"What dreadful thing is going to happen?" Rexford asks, smiling.

"Oh, you have not heard! Lady Western has been talking to me. She says everybody knows, and is talking about it; and people say I am so —heartless—" (here Helena's lip quivers a little, and Lord Rexford bites his, angrily,) "and

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some one has written all about it to grandmamma, and she is coming—coming here, tomorrow, and will take me away to some dreadful place, and—oh, dear, I don't know what to do!"

Helena leans her head on her hand, and looks sadly out of the window.

"Shall I tell you a way out of it all—how to silence everybody who calls you heartless, to pacify Lady Pemberton, and to escape that 'dreadful place?'" Rexford asks, coming closer to Helena's side.

"Yes; if you can," she answers, listlessly.

He bends over her, takes her hand, clasps it in both his, and says, solemnly, yet with laughing eyes:

"And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this!"

Helena blushes deeply, tries to draw her hand away, and says, with reproachful eyes, "Oh, Lord Rexford! How can you talk nonsense, when I am so miserable?"

"It is not nonsense!" he declares, suddenly grave. "I was never in deeper earnest in all my life. See here, Helena, won't you just try to love me? I have been vain enough to fancy, sometimes, in these three weeks, that you—you did not quite hate me; and if you will marry me—"

"Stop! Stop, Lord Rexford!" Helena cries, breathlessly. "How can I marry you? I thought you were engaged to Miss Blount."

"Connie! Why, that dear little soul is going to marry my brother George! Helena, answer me; will you marry me?"

"What! after fighting a battle-royal with grandmamma, to avoid marrying you?" Helena asks, with a laugh, that ends in tears, however, and in an unconditional surrender—for she knows, now, that at last she does, really and heartily, love Lord Rexford, though she "hates riches," and "despises titles."

Lady Pemberton arives, the next day, but Lord Rexford meets her at the station, and her subsequent behavior to Helena is a model of suavity and sweetness. She absolutely forbears to triumph over her, with regard to her engagement to Lord Rexford, and does not make, either then or thereafter, the slightest allusion to the affair with Mr. Lindesay.

It is three years since Lord Rexford first kissed Helena Pemberton, in Lady Western's library. The Rexfords are very happy. Not even Lady Pemberton's occasional visits to their country seat can mar their happiness, for she treats the young people with stately, old-world courtesy, and has never once said, "I told you so!" to Helena. At Rexford, Helena finds as much "good" to do, amongst her husband's tenantry, as she would have had if she had realized her dream of being a country clergyman's wife. And Mr. Lindesay is engaged to Alice Maberly, a sweet, gentle little soul, who will, probably, make him a far better wife than he would have found in pretty, faulty, willful Helena Pemberton.

# A WHITE ROSEBUD.

BY ANNA ROYLSTON.

I.

It bloomed in beauty on the stem—
A rosebud white and fair;
Its petals soft, and pure, and white,
With perfume filled the air.

II.

She came in beauty to the lawn,
Where bloomed the rosebud fair,
She took it in her soft white hands,
And placed it in her hair.
She took it from her shining braids,
She kissed its leaves so white,
And smiled, and blushed, as low she said,
"I'll give it him, to-night."

III.

They came so softly to her room:
Their slow, and silent tread—
Their whispering voices, and their tears,
All told that she was dead.
For Death had come when least they thought,
And left her pale but fair—
O'er her still heart the rosebud lay—
Its perfume filled the air.

IV.

He came in sorrow to the room
Where slept his idol pale;
And to her deaf ear once again
He told affection's tale.
"She will not speak to me," he said,
His hands they clasped her own:
He kissed her lips, and forehead pale,
And felt alone, alone!

V.

He saw the rosebud on her breast,
He held it to his heart,
As tho' its white and silent leaves,
Could keep back sorrow's dart.

VI.

It wanders o'er the wide, wide world,
The rosebud faded, dead,
He keeps it o'er his broken heart,
To tell of joys long fled.
He says it tells of one whose smile,
Could thrill his heart's quick blood—
The cold world says, with careless glance,
'Tis but a white rosebud.

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# THE TWELVE GREAT DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ANOTHER MARRIAGE OFFER FOR JOYCE.

DINNER was served at seven. It was a stately affair of several courses, with much display of silver plate. Conversation was constrained and cautious, principally consisting of enquiries from the hostess about America and its fashions, the voyage, and Joyce's first impressions of England. In answering these questions, Joyce fell into a fatal error, partly from confusion and shyness, partly from a growing distrust of Harold Gresham, and dislike of associating herself in any manner with him; she did not mention that they had been fellow passengers on board the Parthia, or that they had ever met bebore their introduction in the picture gallery. Nor did Gresham, who listened more than he spoke, supply this information, rather leaving it to be inferred that he had crossed some time previously, by his remark that "Miss Houghton could hardly judge of storm at sea, unless like himself, she had made the voyage in midwinter."

The whole party left the table at once, Mr. Seymour according to his habit retiring immediately to his own rooms, and Miss Norman saying to Joyce, as she settled herself in her own particular arm chair beside the little wood fire, seldom amiss in that great vaulted dining room.

"There child, you may make tea at that table, and bring in a cup. You may have coffee for yourself, if you prefer. I never take it. My habits are as regular as clockwork, but I don't want you to be a slave to them. At nine o'clock at night, I go to my room, and at nine o'clock in the morning I come out of it, and have breakfast at half-past. You may breakfast with me, or earlier, I hope not later, for your own sake. I hate girls to be lazy."

"I don't think I'm lazy, Miss Norman," said Joyce, quietly. "And I shall be ready for breakfast at half-past nine."

"That's all right, except that you may call me Aunt Norman, instead of Mrs. Norman, in future. Remember that you are at home here. Where is Harold Gresham?"

"I heard him say to you that he would go and smoke out of doors."

"So he did. I forgot. Now, Joyce, this young man's arrival complicates matters a little for us. He tells me that he was born in wedlock."

Joyce looked shocked and remained silent. Miss Norman glanced sharply at her, and continued:

"To be sure. You don't know anything about him, and so are surprised. Perhaps, too, you're not used to speaking of such things; and quite right. Girls ought to be kept ignorant of wickedness as a general thing; but your case and mine are quite different. We have no time for the proprieties, for I shall die very suddenly, and it may be at any minute."

"Aunt!"

"It's the truth, and I don't mind, if you don't. Well, Harold says that he was born in wedlock, and can prove it. If he can, he is the son of a kinsman, who was very dear to me, and whom I forgive and love even now, because he is dead, and can't know it. If he was alive, I wouldn't. As for the woman who snared him into the disgrace of marrying her, I hope she's dead, too. I hate her, living or dead. I hated your father, just in the same way, and for the same cause that I hate Harold Gresham's mother. I'd like to shake them both up in one bag, and then fling them into the sea. G-r-r-r-r!".

She looked so like a wicked old witch, then, in the firelight, and the sound she made was so strange and appalling, that Joyce started to her feet, her face white as a sheet, exclaiming,

"I must go home! I can't stay here! What right have you to speak of my father in that way?"

"Nonsense, Joyce. Your father was my servant, your mother was my beloved and trusted daughter, the child of a sister who was my very self to me. This man stole her away, and she allowed him to do it. Joyce there is a curse in our blood; three disgraceful marriages in three whom I loved with all the love left in my broken heart; for, girl, I broke my own heart long ago, to let out a love that had grown and grown there in my own despite, and would come out in no lesser way. Yes, I loved, as my sister did, a man beneath me; it is the taint in our blood, I tell you; and when I found I could not kill the unworthy passion, I broke my own heart, and tore it out, and stamped it to death, and none but you knew that it ever lived."

But, directly, Miss Norman spoke again, and it was in the most ordinary tone imaginable.



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"So I think I shall marry you to Harold Gresham," said she.

"Oh, no! never, never!" exclaimed Joyce.

At that moment, Gresham entered by one door, and Mr. Seymour by another. This gave a new turn to Miss Norman's ideas. She said,

"Oh! you will both wish to attend prayers in the hall; quarter before ten at night, quarter past nine in the morning. Mr. Seymour officiates, and I am never there. Have my own arrangements, which don't concern anybody but myself. Good-night."

"I will go upstairs, too, aunt. Good-night, if I shouldn't come down again," said Joyce, bowing to the two gentlemen, and hastening out of the room, close behind her aunt, who, arriving at the head of the stairs, pointed down the corridor, saying:

"That's your way. I never want anyone in my room. Good-night."

"How can I stand it? I won't! I'll go home," exclaimed Joyce, aloud, as, with clenched hands, flaming cheeks, and eyes full of angry tears, she burst into the large, handsome room, where she had already been shown to dress for dinner.

A pretty, fair-haired girl stood patiently beside the dressing-case, and, as Joyce entered, courtesied low, saying:

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Houghton, but I'm Ruth."

"Ruth? Oh! my maid."

"Yes'm. I wasn't able to be here to dress you for dinner, Miss, on account of my little sister being very low with fever, and they sending for me in a hurry, thinking she was going."

"Why didn't you stay with her?"

"Oh, ma'am, I wouldn't dar'st to. The madam is awful strict about us servants. She wouldn't overlook it."

"How far do you live from here?"

"About half a mile, ma'am. Just on the edge of the park. My father's one of the keepers."

"Well, I want a little run in the fresh air, this lovely night. I will go with you. Nobody can object to that; and, at any rate, you shall see whether your sister is still living. Here, help me put on that short, gray dress, and my boots. How nicely you have hung up all my clothes."

A few moments later, two girlish figures ran lightly down some side stairs, and out through the porch at the bottom, into what was called the Dame's Garden, a little, old-fashioned pleasaunce, enclosed by high hedges of trained holly, and abounding with all sorts of fragrant, old-fashioned English flowers, not too fine to call themselves by old-fashioned English names.

Two minutes later, the same door softly opened again, and Harold Gresham passed stealthily out of it, and down through the garden. The chaplain, standing at the window of his own room, and looking out upon the moonlight night, saw both the one and the other, and, smiting his fist upon the window-sash, exclaimed, aloud:

"Shameful! This impostor, and this intriguing girl, shall not insult the home of a pure and noble woman, by such abominable treachery. Pretending to be strangers! Yet I read her terror and guilt, when she first saw him. She knew him. Yes, and they have laid a plot to steal this poor, crazed lady's fortune, while I—they shan't do it. I'll speak with him. As for her—so beautiful, so charming, and—so base."

His voice died away in a sound almost a groan, and snatching his hat, he followed, in the same path the others had taken.

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## CHAPTER X.

### LADY AMABEL'S CHAPEL.

At the foot of the garden, Ruth paused, and said, doubtfully,

"It isn't more than half so far, if we went through the old church; but I'd be afraid, wouldn't you, miss?"

"Afraid! No, indeed; in fact I should like it," replied Joyce, eagerly. "In the bright moonlight, we can see everything."

"That's it, miss. We might see more than we wanted to, But I'm not a coward, for a girl, they say."

"Nor I. So lead the way."

"We'll turn back a bit then, for there's a private door. This garden, miss, was laid out, they say, for a lady that lived more'n two hundred years ago. Lady Amabel they called her."

"Always Lady Amabel!" interrupted Joyce. "That is her chair, in the picture gallery, they say."

"Yes, miss. Well, you see, she was very rich, indeed, and brought a lot of money to the Abbey, and she was very pious, though she was a Papist, and built up the Abbey Church, and made a chapel all for herself, that's called Lady Amabel's Chapel to this day, though its all in ruins, like all the old part of the church. And so, she had a door out of her chapel, opening into her garden, and this is it, miss."

While speaking, Ruth had led the way through a narrow and deeply shaded path, at the lower end of the garden, and now, using both hands with all her girlish strength, she lifted the primitive iron latch of a door, deeply niched into a wall of dark stone, closely overgrown with ivy, whose grasping tendrils constantly strove to seize upon

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the door, and weave a barrier that should bind it from the world forever.

"We'd as good leave it open, miss," whispered Ruth, stooping to adjust a stone against the open door, "For its more'n hard to find from t'other side, in the dark, and we won't be long away."

"Oh! isn't it dark in here?" returned Joyce, in the same tone, as she timidly crossed the threshold, and peered about in the dim enclosed place, open to the moonlit sky by a great breach in the roof, and capriciously illuminated, by long streaks of light falling through lancet-shaped windows.

"It's a bit poky just here, miss," whispered Ruth, "For this is a sort of closet like, a pew we'd call it now-a-days, only its as big as a little room; and it was here Lady Amabel said her prayers, and nobody could see her."

A wave of memory swept through Joyce's brain, stinging, as such sudden memories often do. She remembered her mother's half sarcastic surmise, that Lady Amabel may, in her own chapel, with her own money, have built herself an especial seat, a sort of throne, where, like a queen, she might exalt herself before men, even in the act of humiliating herself before God, and that same spot beneath this seat, or chair, might be the one referred to in the old rhyme, as that where still lay hid. "The gems beneath my lady's chair."

Grasping Ruth by the arm, Joyce eagerly demanded:

"Where did she sit, do you know?"

"No, indeed, miss. There's no seat at all in the place now, as you'll see if you come in by daylight. Then, here's the partition wall, that hid her from the folks, and now we are in front of the great altar."

"Oh! Ruth, what's that! Do you see?"

"Where, miss! Oh, what is it! Oh, miss, they do say my lady walks, and the priest, too! I never believed it before, but dear, dear!"

And clinging close to each other, the two girls stood shivering and watching a dark, stooping form, vaguely seen in the twilight of the chancel, as it flitted from point to point, and finally disappeared behind the broken and ruined altar.

"It was a ghost, miss," whispered Ruth, all respect of rank forgotten, as she clung tight to her young mistress' skirts, "Oh, let's get out of this, and go back. Maybe she's mad that we've come to spy on her."

"Nonsense, Ruth, there's no such thing as a ghost," asserted Joyce, shaking in every limb, but resolved not to let the weak flesh conquer the willing spirit. "Come after her, or it, whatever it is. Come along, I say, behind the altar there."

"Oh, no, no, miss, I couldn't, really I couldn't, not if the madam turns me off to-morrow, really I couldn't go for to follow it."

"Then stay here, and I will," replied Joyce, resolutely, "I'm not going to begin my new life, here, with cowardice. I never was afraid of anything, and I never mean to be. Stay just here—don't run away, will you?"

"N-n-o, miss. I dont'y, dont'y, go fer to go!" and Ruth relapsed utterly into the rustic accent and expression, so carefully trained out of her since she had been selected for service at the Abbey.

Leaving her all trembling, Joyce picked her way cautiously to the altar, a structure some eight feet in height, and standing quite detached from the walls, with a large space behind it. Coasting carefully along the side of this, until she came to the corner, Joyce peered behind it, then disappeared. The figure of a man, keeping close in the shadow, had stood watching her, for some moments, and now it stealthily and silently followed in the same direction, unseen and unheard.

Suddenly, however, a hand was laid on the maid's shoulder, and a voice in her ear, said,

"Shame on you, Ruth Saunders, shame on you!"

The tall, dark figure of the chaplain stood over her, defined blackly against the moon-lighted window opposite.

"Is this the way you merit Miss Norman's trust, and obey my instructions?" pursued he, sternly. "Has this stranger, in a few hours, undone the work of years, and made you her willing accomplice in—"

"I am waiting for my young lady," interrupted Ruth, sullenly.

"Yes, and she? What did she come here for, the very first night after her arrival, too? Shame on you, I say, Ruth Saunders, to help on such work as this, under the very roof that shelters you, insulting the kind, pure-hearted lady, who has befriended you. Go back to the house, this instant, and to your own room. I will speak to Miss Houghton, myself. To-morrow, I shall see what Miss Norman decides for both of you."

The habit of obedience and deference conquered the desire to expostulate and explain, in the mind of the village girl, who had been educated, for years, to "order herself lowly and reverently to all her betters," especially to those of Norman Abbey. So, dropping her head upon her bosom, she slunk away to the house.

Joyce, meanwhile, cautiously, yet fearlessly advancing behind the altar, perceived a glimmer of light proceeding from beneath it, and at the same moment stumbled over a heap of rubbish, and fell forward, one of her hands and arms, as

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she dimly perceived, plunging into a cavity just in front of her. The light vanished immediately, and, through the darkness, a voice said:

"Miss Houghton, is this you? Did you fall? Wait a moment." And the next moment, the flare of a fusee illuminated Harold Gresham's dark face, Joyce's startled eyes, and the pit, made by the removal of one of the paving flags of the chapel, on whose brink she had fallen.

"What are you doing here, child?" demanded he, in a tone of affectionate familiarity, which she quickly resented.

"You have, probably, mistaken the person, Mr. Gresham," said she, refusing the proffered aid of his hand. "I am Miss Houghton, and I came with my maid to visit these ruins by moonlight. I am in no need of help, or counsel, thank you."

And taking advantage of the light of another fusee, which Gresham struck, that he might look at her face, she moved quickly away, and, as she turned the corner of the altar, found herself face to face with Mr. Seymour. The match fell extinguished, but the moonlight, in this more open part of the chancel, dimly showed the hard, white face of the chaplain, as, standing fully in her path, he said:

"It is a singular fatality, that I, who hate intrigue and deceit above all things, should always be the person to discover those of other people. This is the second time, to-day, that I have discovered you."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Joyce, her voice tremulous with angered shame. "Come this way, if you please, where I can see you—"

"And where this man cannot hear you," interposed the chaplain, in his voice of cutting irony. "Would it not be better to remain within earshot, so that he can listen to your story, and frame his own in harmony with it?"

Joyce did not reply, until she stood in the patch of moonlight, that fell from the broken roof. Then she turned upon her accuser, who had followed, in a reluctant way, as if half curious, half unwilling, to listen to anything further from this proved culprit. But Joyce did not wait for him to speak.

"Now, please to tell me, Mr. Seymour, what you mean by this insulting espionage and suspicion? Why do you presume to follow me and call me to account?"

"I did follow you, this time, although when I encountered you in London, and when I caught the look of intelligence between you and this man, more than once here, it was purely by accident, but it was because of those two proofs of a private understanding between you two, that, when I saw you stealing out of the house just now, and him following you, I followed also, to warn you, in the interests of common propriety, in the interests of the pious and virtuous mistress of the house you insult—"

"Stop, sir!" interrupted Joyce, with flaming eyes. "How dare you speak of my insulting this house by my presence, how dare you, I say! It is you, who insult me most bitterly, most grossly, and I will go this moment to my aunt and complain of you."

"Unless you are very selfish, you will not disturb Miss Norman to-night, and spoil the rest so essential to her health," said the chaplain, coldly. "To-morrow morning you will be, no doubt, called upon to explain your conduct; for I shall feel it my duty to relate the occurrences of this evening to Miss Norman, and also to enlighten her as to the true character of the man calling himself Harold Gresham."

"My aunt is fortunate to have secured so able a private detective," said Joyce, drawing her skirts aside as she passed him. "I have heard that members of the force assume all sorts of disguises, but I never expected to see one desecrating the garments of a clergyman."

She swept past, and disappeared through Lady Amabel's Gallery, as the old pew-room was called, leaving the chaplain in the unenviable position of a man, who, in following his honest convictions of right and duty, finds himself the object of contempt and aversion, to the very person he has undertaken to censure. As he slowly followed upon Joyce's footsteps, a figure glided out from behind a pillar, close at hand, and confronted him. Mr. Seymour frowned heavily, and waved him aside, but the other persisted:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I felt bound to listen to what you might be saying to that young lady—"

"Why should you feel bound to play the part of eavesdropper?" demanded the chaplain, contemptuously.

"Because that young lady is both my relative and my promised wife," retorted Gresham, in the same tone.

"Oh, indeed! Well?"

"Well, I heard you speak of me as the man calling himself Harold Gresham, and proposing to enlighten your mistress upon my true character. She *is* your mistress. She pays you wages, doesn't she?"

"I have a salary as chaplain of Norman Abbey, and also one as rector of Norman parish, but I had not considered myself in any service except that of God," replied the chaplain, quietly; for this sort of vulgar taunt was not what touched the lofty heights of his pride. "But of what do you so courteously demand an explanation?"

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"What have you to say to Miss Norman against me?"

"I am not bound to warn you, and yet I will, for I should be glad to spare my kind friend any agitation and distress; so, if you like to leave this place, to-night, leaving with me a letter for Miss Norman, exposing your imposture—"

"What do you mean, sir? What imposture?" demanded Gresham, in a blustering voice.

The chaplain looked him sternly in the face for a moment; then, tapping him upon the breast with a contemptuous forefinger, he said:

"My man, all this pretence is useless with me, for I have proof, overwhelming proof of the falsity of your story. You are not Harold Gresham, for I know the true Harold Gresham, and can produce him, if necessary."

"Produce him, and I will prove him the impostor. I have proofs, too. I have a letter, written by my father, recommending me to his aunt; I have things she gave him, and which he carried to the day of his death—"

"Show them to me!" exclaimed Seymour, eagerly, and with a sudden softening of manner.

His wily opponent saw the change, and replied:

"I shall be most happy to do so, to-morrow, and you cannot fail to be convinced—"

"Convinced that you are a deeper villain than I supposed," interrupted the chaplain, harshly. "No matter what forged, or stolen proofs, you may bring forward, the true claimant has those which no imposition could feign. To-morrow morning, we shall see."

He would have passed on, but his antagonist detained him. A sudden change had passed upon Gresham's face, and his voice, as he spoke again, was cringing and tremulous.

"What do you want me to say to Miss Norman?"

"That you have deceived her, and know nothing about her nephew, or his son. I wish her mind set at rest, as it would not be, if you disappeared silently. She would be looking for you."

"That's fair. Well, sir, if you will write down what I am to say, I will copy it. I'm not clever at my pen."

An indescribable air of defeat and hopelessness had come upon him, and the chaplain's heart softened towards an enemy, thus abjectly at his feet. Moving back toward the moon-lighted space, Seymour seated himself upon a stone, saying, good-humoredly,

"That's right. I'll set down what you should say, and you'll go to your own room, copy it, and leave the house quietly, either to-night, or to-morrow morning before people are stirring. Let me see."

He took a note book and pencil from his pocket, and hastily wrote a few lines. Gresham quietly walked round behind him, and picked up something from the ground.

"There, that will do, I think" said Seymour, running his eye over what he had written.

"Yes, that will do" replied Gresham, bringing down the sharp stone in his hand, with brutal force, on the back of the bent neck before him.

The chaplain dropped heavily to the ground, and lay there as if dead.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE PRIEST'S NOTE-BOOK.

Undressing herself, without assistance, for Ruth appeared no more that night, Joyce lay down, as she supposed, to a sleepless night; but youth, fatigue, and habit were too strong for her perturbed feelings; and she slept heavily, until the entrance of her little maid informed her, that she had but one hour for her toilet and devotion, before breakfast.

A sort of shame, in recalling Mr. Seymour's unjust accusations, prevented Joyce from alluding to the last night's adventure to her maid; and Ruth, pale and scared, never opened her lips, except in necessary questions of her duty, until just as her young mistress left the room, she said, timidly,

"Perhaps, miss, if the madam asks you about last night, you could say, for me, that I never knew it was any harm, and how it all fell out. I know Mr. Seymour will tell her; he is very strict."

"I shall certainly say that there was no harm in what either of us were doing, Ruth; and strict as Mr. Seymour may be, over those who acknowledge his authority, I have yet to discover that he has any right to control, or judge, my actions. We shall see."

"Oh, Miss Norman does just as he says, miss, and she has put the whole family under his directions. He's awfully good and pious, and hears us our Catechism and Collect every Sunday afternoon, and we go to ask his advice whatever we want to do,—having followers and such, you know, miss."

"Well, Miss Norman may put herself and her house under his direction if she chooses, and her servants may bear it if they like, but—"

The muttered sentence died away in silence, and a minute later, Miss Houghton, bright and beautiful as the June day, and looking not unlike it in her fresh, white dress, entered the breakfast room, where Miss Norman already sat at the table, with Harold Gresham standing beside her, his hat in his hand, as if he had just come in.

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Miss Norman, wearing a tortoise-shell-framed eye-glass, was staring, in a troubled way, at a soiled note-book in her hand, and as Joyce came in she asked,

"Where did you find it, Harold?"

"I didn't find it at all, ma'am," replied Gresham, steadily fixing his eyes upon Joyce, with a vague menace that chilled her blood, even while it roused her anger.

"I was coming home through the rose-garden," he continued, turning again to Miss Norman, "from an early walk, when a boy, one of the gardener's assistants, I should think, ran after me, saying I had lost my pocket book. I took it; saw that the open page seemed to be a letter addressed to you; saw the name, Jerome Seymour, on the outside; and so brought it into the house. It seems to have lain, for some time, all night, perhaps, on the gravel walk, open, and face down, which accounts for its wet and dirty appearance."

"Yes" replied Miss Norman, slowly, her eyes steadily fixed upon the dark and furtive face of the speaker. "It is very strange. You haven't read this page, then?"

"Only your name, and a line or so. I perceived that it was a letter, intended for you."

"Yes," said Miss Norman, again, still in that slow and deliberative manner; and then she closed the book, put it in her pocket, nodded for Joyce to sit beside her, and make tea. Gresham also sat down, saying,

"We had no prayers, this morning. I came home in time, although I did not get back, last night, in season; I went as far as the station, and sent a telegram about that lost box of mine."

"Mr. Seymour has been suddenly called away, for a few days, and I shall read prayers myself until his return, so I hope you will time your excursions accordingly," said the old lady, coldly, and then, as if more to herself than her companions, she added, "I must write, and ask him to see those people, before he returns, about the restorations."

"Are you going to have some restorations made in that fine old Abbey, Miss Norman?" asked Gresham.

"I really don't know. I am more inclined to have some restorations made in myself," replied Miss Norman, in her peculiar, flighty way, which Joyce at first thought meant insanity, but afterward decided was often assumed to conceal the real mood, or intentions, of her eccentric relative,

The somewhat uncomfortable meal finished, Miss Norman, arising, said,

"Now, Joyce, if you will come to my morning-room, we will begin to lay out a plan of life for you. I don't believe in girls lounging round the house, or strolling in the woods all the day long. I have seen the folly of that, in one girl, already."

Joyce colored painfully, at this sidelong allusion to her mother, and Gresham looked sharply in her face, as if to perceive whether she were concerned in this fling at the adopted daughter, of whom he had spoken to her on shipboard as a stranger.

But nobody spoke, and Joyce followed her aunt, in silence, to the very peculiar chamber, used by the Mistress of Norman Abbey, as a morning-room. In spite of her preoccupation, Joyce stood, in astonishment, staring at the stuffed lions who, on either hand, supported the couch, covered with tiger skins, upon which Miss Norman generally reclined.

Miss Norman laughed out, in the shrill and elfish manner, which, at earlier periods of the world's history, would have been enough proof to hang her as a witch.

"You see, my dear," said she, "I like to remind myself, by that couch, of the beast-of-prey nature dwelling in all mankind, and especially in the relatives of rich and lonely old women, and when a smooth, purring creature, like Harold, for instance, comes around me, I pat and smooth this tiger-skin, or this lion, and say, 'Very soft, very smooth, very graceful, aren't you, dear, but we don't forget the claws and teeth, and the thirst for blood, or gold, which is some men's blood.' And when I meet dove-eyes, and see a proud, gentle nature, such as I love, shining out of them —well, no matter."

She paused, for a moment: then went on, with emotion.

"Child, I am but a lonely old woman, and God has cursed me, or no, He has tried me with the burden of this immense property, and to Him I must account for my stewardship. Of all the persons who surround me, and are hungry for my possessions, I have seen nobody with eyes like yours. Eyes are the windows of the soul, and I believe your soul is clear, and brave, and honest as your eyes. I trust you, child; I trust you as I never thought to trust a human being again, and if you deceive me I will lie down and die, for it is my last hope. Joyce, will you be my friend, and confidant, and helper?"

For a moment, the girl made no reply. There was a solemnity, a depth of meaning in the older woman's voice, that struck upon her ear almost like a voice from the dead; and when she spoke, she placed her hands in those of her aunt, and said, solemnly, as if pledging allegiance, and service:

"Yes, aunt, I will be your friend; and I will be a faithful, and true, and active friend at need, and this, not because you are rich in money, and

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can make me rich, but because you are poor, very poor in friends and love, and because you were good to my mother, and because you are her kinsman and mine."

They kissed each other, in silence, and then Miss Norman, taking the weather-stained note-book out of her pocket, placed it in Joyce's hand, and said:

"Read that, and tell me what you think of it."

With an eagerness, that vexed herself, the girl obeyed, and read aloud:

"My conscience compels me to confess to you, that I am not the person whose name I have usurped. My motives in approaching you were purely mercenary and selfish. The deception was a cruel one, and I am heartily sorry and ashamed to have so played upon your affections and feelings. I shall leave your house, to-night, and probably we shall never meet again, but my last word is—"

Here the sentence was abruptly ended by a blur, as if the last words had been smeared over by a careless finger, while wet with the dew in which the book had lain all night. Joyce could make nothing of it, and handing it back to her aunt, scornfully said:

"What do I think of it? I think this chaplain of yours is a villain, and what is worse, a coward, who has not the resolution to carry out his own villainy."

"That is the look, on the face of the matter, certainly," replied Miss Norman, coolly. "But you are very young, my dear, and have not encountered so many of the wiles of our common wicked nature, as I have. Neither do you know Jerome Seymour."

"I know quite as much as I want to know of him," said Joyce, bitterly.

"That may be, and still leave you pretty ignorant," rejoined her aunt, in the same cool manner. "But I have known him intimately, for seven years, and I know him to be not only an admirable clergyman, worthy of his high office, but a noble, honorable gentleman, an honest, brave man, who would no more tell a lie, or live a deception, or plot to cheat me out of money, than—than you would, Joyce."

"Thank you, aunt. But what had Mr. Seymour to do with your money, at any rate?"

"Oh, a good deal. I gave him the control of a large revenue, some eight thousand pounds per annum, to expend, in my name, in such charities, public and private, as he saw fit. If I felt safe in giving him the direction of my soul, and the spiritual control of my household, I could well trust him with the tenth part of my income."

"It was a great temptation," said Joyce, suspiciously.

"My dear, you talk like a fool," said Miss Norman, quietly, "There, don't color up, and get angry, child. If we are to be friends, you must make up your mind to hear a great deal of truth, not only unvarnished, but unpainted and unplaned, quite *au naturel*, in fact. I can't begin, at my time of life, to go three miles around, instead of one mile straight to the point; and when you talk like a fool, I shall say so; but in this case you didn't; it was like an ignorant girl that you talked, and not like a fool. If you could read character, or if you had experience of human nature, or if you knew Mr. Seymour as I do, you never would have said or thought, that any amount of money would be a temptation to him. It isn't his style. No, he hasn't run away with the funds, like a shop-boy after robbing the till. Think of something else."

"Well, then, he isn't a clergyman at all, perhaps. He says, distinctly, that he is not the person whose name he has usurped"—

"My dear, I saw him ordained in Ely Cathedral, nine years ago; and I made up my mind, then, to invite him to be my private chaplain, and to give him the living of Normanton, which is in my gift. Try again."

"I can't," said Joyce, silenced.

"Well, my dear, what I think is, that this is a forgery, and that Mr. Seymour never wrote it at all."

"But isn't it his pocket-book, and his handwriting?"

"There's the hitch, in unravelling the tangle. I have seen this pocket-book, in his hand, a hundred times, and here is his name, stamped upon the outside; there, you can see for yourself, by comparing the handwriting on that page with any of the others, that it is precisely the same. Look, and see if it isn't."

Opening at random, the old lady pointed to a memorandum, and Joyce mechanically read:

"Tuesday, June 7.—Saw J. H., for the first time, secretly meeting the impostor in Cheshire Square garden. Friday, 10.—They met as strangers. Surprised look of intelligence between them. Madame is their dupe."

The eyes of the two women met, as both finished reading the memoranda, and Miss Norman turned very pale.

"Madame is what he always called me," faltered she, sinking upon a chair. "Joyce, have mercy upon a poor, wretched old woman. If you know what that note means, tell me. Oh, child, I cannot bear the shock of unmasking another deception. You are true—I know you are true. Tell the truth to me."

"I will, aunt. I will tell the truth, remem-

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bering that God listens to every word, reads every thought."

And sinking upon her knees, and holding the poor, cold, little hands of her strange kinsman in hers, Joyce began, and told the whole story of her acquaintance, on shipboard, with Harold Gresham; of his claim to be Miss Norman's proper heir; of her first meeting with Mr. Seymour, so cruelly misunderstood by him; of her surprise at encountering Gresham at Norman Abbey, and the natural reserve and shyness which prevented her stating at once that they had met, in spite of his pretended ignorance of her identity. Finally, she told of her caprice, on the previous evening, for a moonlight walk; of how she had pursued a shadowy figure behind the altar, and losing it, had encountered Gresham, and in flying from him, had been met and reproved by the chaplain. After this, she had, at once, sought her own room, and remained there until breakfast time.

To all this account, Miss Norman listened, with keen, close attention. Not until the girl had quite finished speaking, did her aunt once remove her eyes from hers; then she drew a long, long breath, and pressing Joyce's two hands, still lying in hers, she said:

"That's truth, every word of it. You couldn't have deceived me, if you had tried, and you didn't try. Yes, yes, Seymour was mistaken in you, and no wonder. But was he mistaken in Harold Gresham? He calls him the impostor—ha! I have it—Joyce, I have it.

"This Harold Gresham is an impostor; Mr. Seymour has discovered it; he has some hold over the man, and threatened to use it, unless Gresham confessed his imposture; then—now mark my words, Joyce, for this is an inspiration, nothing less—when the priest had brought him to consent to this confession, he wrote it down in his own note-book for Gresham to copy, and then—now, what comes next?"

"Oh, aunt, he hasn't killed him, has he?"

"Hush, child. People don't say such things, aloud, at Norman Abbey; for there have been too many men—yes, and women, too, killed here."

Then she added, solemnly, laying her hand on the girl's shoulder:

"Joyce, you and I will unravel this matter together; you and I will unmask the villain; you and I will discover and bring back the leal and true man, if indeed, oh, Joyce, if indeed, he be not dead."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

# TWO ASPECTS.

BY MARGARET FRANCES.

Did you guess my thought, my sweet,
When our glances met, to-day?
She was sitting at your feet,—
Half in earnest, half in play,
With her sewing,—our May.

What a baby hand it seemed,
As she drew the needle thro'!
And the tiny thimble gleamed
After it, like silver dew—
Life's first lesson, May, for you.

On the rosy, dimpled face,
What a serious sweetness lay:
Woman's wisdom—frolic, grace—
Of free childhood chased away,
Answering the call to play.

While you praised the task complete;
And your hand, in mute caress,
Folded up the kerchief neat,
With a wistful tenderness;
I, your inmost thought could guess.

Ah, my May, your soft eyes said,
As you watched her careless glee,—
You have woven the first thread
In a woman's destiny,
Of the warp and woof to be.

Will the web be dark or bright,
That the years to come, unfold?
Heart of mine! He doeth right,
Who the tangled skein doth hold.
Who, His loving care hath told!

But *I* watched the merry elf,
Dancing down, thro' sun and shade;
Thinking:—So she looked herself;
So *my* darling little maid,
Grave and winsome, worked and played.

You, the future—I, the past,
Mused of, with a tender pain;
Shadows dimly o'er us cast,
We might strive to pierce in vain,
Vexed our eyes with hopeless strain.

Is there gain for every loss?
Ah, the lives to which we cling,
They may bear their heaviest cross,—
May their sweetest music sing,—
All unhelped of aught we bring.

I, who hold your woman's heart,
Jealous, dearest, just of this—
That my childhood had no part,
In your childhood's pain or bliss?
Answer, love, the lips I kiss.

Foolish fancy, sweetest wife!
Yet I could not choose but say,—
Ah, that I had known her life,
In the dawning of her day,
In that time so far away—
Known the spring-time of *my* May!

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# CLAUDE STURGES'S PUPIL.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CLAUDE STURGES stood looking out across the cold, gray fog, which enveloped the city of Florence, a fog so thick that the trees in the garden opposite showed, in their winter nakedness, like the masts of phantom ships, of which the fantastic mist wreaths seemed the sails. Now and then a sudden gust of wind would part the heavy clouds in the distance, giving a brief glimpse of San Miniato on the left, and Belleguardo on the right, with the sun shining over their picturesqueness; but speedily the fog would unite again, and the whole scene grow dim and dismal, as if the place had been London instead of Florence.

It was useless to think of work on such a morning, or of a walk either; an easy chair by the fire, and a new novel, seemed the only reasonable spot and occupation. He passed out of his studio, after casting a discontented glance at his half-finished picture, of which he had been so hopeful on the preceding day, crossed a couple of handsome salons, and entered a third and smaller one beyond; for though Sturges worked as hard and faithfully as if he had been a poor man, the luxurious comfort of his abode was proof that love of art, not material needs, nerved him on.

He sat down in the most comfortable of easy chairs, lighted his cigar, and took up a book; but his thoughts would not consent to fix themselves on the story, and after beginning the same chapter three separate times, he flung the volume aside, and began pacing up and down the room.

If manœuvring Mrs. Morcland had watched his pensive, meditative expression, she might have indulged the hope that he was, at length, making up his mind to propose to her handsome, dashing daughter, Augusta; but his reflections were far enough removed from any such matters. He was worried and perplexed, not by anything concerning himself, but by the misdeeds of a young man, a boy as Sturges considered him, for he looked down upon Richard Arnold's three-and-twenty summers, from his own thirty-three years, as from an altitude of superior wisdom.

Two years before our story opens, he had returned to America for a brief visit, and there an old friend had persuaded him to bring Richard back, and superintend his art studies and conduct generally. Sturges disliked the whole idea. He never received pupils, and he had no wish to become anybody's guardian. But it was difficult to refuse Mr. Bourne's request in regard to his godson, and the boy's sketches showed such promise, such gleams of real genius, and he was himself so winning and enthusiastic, that Claude finally yielded.

Everything had proved satisfactory, until about nine months ago. Richard had worked faithfully, and sent home two pictures, that had been greatly admired. He even gained a place in the Paris salon. But since then, matters had gone wrong. The young man had grown idle, taken up with dissipated companions, and been impervious to counsel. At last, Sturges had written to Mr. Bourne, and requested him to expostulate with the youth, for Bourne had provided the money which brought the young fellow abroad and had supported him since. Richard had a mother and sister in very moderate circumstances, living somewhere in New England; he possessed every need and incentive to labor; and yet he was threatening, in spite of talents and pledges, to go to destruction.

Six weeks had passed since Sturges wrote, but no answer had come from Mr. Bourne. A couple of days before this foggy morning, Richard had suddenly gone off to Naples, with a party of friends. He had not let Claude know of his intention, and must have used money he had received in advance for a picture, and which ought to have gone to help pay his debts. He had got into difficulties for the third time, in spite of the promises he had made Sturges, on the two previous occasions, when relieved by that gentleman's generosity.

Claude was debating what he ought to do, and it was very difficult to decide. He knew it would be useless to go after the wayward fellow; there was a woman in the case, so Richard would prove madder and more unmanageable than ever; yet Sturges's conscience would not let him throw the youth off completely, as a good many men would have done, after such repeated trials and disappointments.

So now he walked up and down, thinking drearily, and reviling his own folly for having ever consented to burthen himself with the charge of anybody's godson. He had written a long letter of advice, which he could not send, because Richard had left no address. He must



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wait till he heard from the boy or Mr. Bourne, and waiting was intolerable to him, and he felt as if he must, himself, be to blame; yet he knew that, from first to last, so far from failing in his duty, he had gone far beyond what the most exacting guardian or parent could have expected.

Suddenly the door opened, and his old servant, Andrea, put in his gray head, saying:

"Pardon, signore, but it is a young lady, and when I told her the Signorino Arnoldo was not here, she begged to see you—"

"What the deuce!" broke in Sturges, impatiently.

"But she says that she is the signorino's sister!"

Richard's sister—in Europe—in Florence! Here was a nice additional complication. But Sturges could not stop to think about that; he hurried back to the room where Andrea said the visitor was waiting; opened the door; and there rose to meet him a young girl, looking such a picture of mingled distress and resolution, so pretty, too, in her deep mourning garb, that Sturges' impatience subsided.

"Where is Richard—where is my brother?" she exclaimed. "Oh, I beg your pardon! Are you Mr. Sturges? I am so disturbed—we only got here last night. I had the address of your studio. I thought he would be here, and—and that man says he is out. Where is he? Will he be in soon?" She tried to speak quietly, but she was trembling, and her eyes looked like those of a frightened child.

"I am so sorry, Miss Arnold!" cried Sturges. "Your brother has gone to Naples."

"To Naples?" she repeated. "Oh, dear, what will my mother say! Oh, what has he gone to Naples for—why did you let him go?"

She looked quite fierce and indignant. Claude felt that for her to begin by blaming him was a drop too much in his cup; still, her distress softened him, and he was mortally afraid she would cry, in a moment.

"I could not help it. He went without letting me know, Miss Arnold," he said. "In my case, I could have done nothing."

"Oh, dear!" sighed she, and sank disconsolately into a chair. "My mother is tired out—she was so sea sick. And now to have to make another journey. She is expecting me back, every moment, with Richard. It was midnight, when we got in from Leghorn, and"—up she sprang again. "I must telegraph. Will you please give me his address, Mr. Sturges?"

"Unfortunately, I haven't got it—I am hoping, every day, to hear—"

"I don't think you ought to have let him go," she broke in. "Didn't you receive Mr. Bourne's letter?"

"I have not heard, in a long while—I wrote—"

"Oh, yes!" she interrupted, sitting down again, in a weary, helpless fashion, and looking so miserable, that his rising anger faded. "When you wrote that you weren't satisfied about Richie, he came to Allworth to see us—of course we kept as much as we could from mother—she's not strong—he thought we had better come over and—but that is no matter! Oh, dear, I don't know what to do. But I needn't bother you, since Richard isn't here—since you have lost sight of him."

Again she looked reproachful; she rose a second time; he felt vexed enough to let her depart; but he saw the tears suddenly fill her eyes, and he grew more sorry for her than ever.

"If you will permit, I'll go with you to see your mother," he said.

"Oh, that will be very kind—for I don't know how to tell her. Oh, Mr. Sturges, has he been doing anything very wrong?"

"No, no," cried Claude, and hastened to set her mind at rest, as much as he could, softening his account more than he considered quite truthful.

She seemed somewhat reassured, but not satisfied.

"If he isn't in debt!" she said.

"Oh, no!" returned Claude, mentally deciding that he would make his own words true. "A little wild—young men will be—less attention to work than—"

"That is very wicked," she broke in. "He ought to work. I know he can't be really bad—he was always such a good boy, when he was at home."

The words seemed to imply another injustice towards Claude, but he held his peace. Indeed, he was thinking of something else: it was such an odd thing for her to have come alone to his abode; if any visitor should enter in and find her there! Young ladies could not pay solitary visits to members of the opposite sex in Florence, without risk of causing gossip, if the fact happened to get bruited about.

"It's no good thinking about it now," she cried, after a little pause, "I must go and tell my mother, and I must settle everything. We did not know where to go, last night, and some people, who made the voyage with us, took us to the Hotel de la Paix, and I asked about prices, this morning—it's very dear—we can't wait for Richie there."

"We will think about all that, Miss Arnold," said Claude. "You must let me spare you any trouble, till your brother gets back."

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"Oh, thank you, but I'm used to attending to everything for myself," she answered. "You see, my idea was we could all live together. Richard wrote us he had an apartment. I am a little upset by finding him gone—it has all seemed such confusion since Mr. Bourne came to our house. We settled matters so quick. There just happened to be a chance to let the place for a year, and you know my aunt had left me some money—Richie will have told you. But we must be very economical—the voyage was dreadfully expensive—though we came direct to Leghorn."

"Florence is exceedingly cheap," said Sturges, "and I am sure you will like it."

"Oh—perhaps! But it was only for Richie. And to think of his not getting our letters—Mr. Bourne said they would be here long before us. I thought Richard would be at Leghorn to meet us, and have everything ready, and—and—but it's no use to think about that."

"No, no," said Claude, cheerfully. "It will all come right. Dick is sure to write soon—then we'll send for him."

He excused himself, and hastened away to get into out-of-door habiliments. When he came back, she was walking about, looking at the pictures, and examining the bronzes and curiosities which decorated the room.

"They are all so lovely," she said. "I was in Boston once, but I never saw so many pretty things. What a deal of money they must have cost—oh, I am afraid Richie forgot he was poor, being so much with you."

"I assure you, Miss Arnold, I have done my best—"

"Oh, I dare say. I should be very ungrateful to blame you. But, then, I wish you hadn't let Richie go away," returned she, with another reproachful glance.

She really was a very appalling small woman, he felt, and a very unreasonable one; but he could not rouse up any great amount of vexation. He took her down stairs, mortally afraid they should meet some one; but luckily even the porter was not in sight.

Claude helped her into a cab, and they drove off. Some of the never-finished repairs in Florentine streets caused them to take a roundabout course; led them past the Duomo, and down through the Piazza Signoria. The girl brightened up, recognized various historic buildings from the photographs her brother had sent, and showed herself so intelligent that Claude was pleased, and when her face lighted up with enthusiasm, he perceived that she was even prettier than he had at first thought. They reached the hotel sooner than Sturges could have wished, and he was presented to the mother; a shy New England woman, frightened by all these sudden changes, which had rushed into her monotonous life; and now distressed by the tidings that her son was absent. Evidently she was one who was in the habit of putting all her burthens on her daughter's shoulders.

Claude sat and talked a long while with the pair, and it was easy enough to see that this new existence, to which they had come, could not be more strange, and in many ways unwelcome, than if they had suddenly been flung into an unknown planet.

The best thing for them to do, seemed to be to establish themselves in Richard's lodgings, until he returned. The young man had a comfortable parlor and bedroom, and his landlady was an honest, kindly old soul, who spoke English, and would take good care of them.

Claude explained his plan, and offered to go at once and arrange matters, but Miss Arnold would go too. The mother was tired out, and must lie down—Claude knew the girl ought not to drive alone with him, but he could not well say so. The only compromise he could effect was to have her wait in the carriage, while he went upstairs to see if the Signora Naldi was at home. He explained the circumstances to the worthy old soul, who readily consented to his wishes, for he was a great favorite with her, as was Richard himself, though the latter had left her in debt. But Claude paid the back rent, on the spot, and bade her hold her tongue, and especially, never give a hint of late hours, little suppers, and other irregularities on the youth's part, which she had confided to him. Claude also took the precaution of locking up various table drawers, from which peeped out letters, in feminine hands and papers, that looked conspicuously like bills; and then he went in search of his charge.

Before night, the ladies were established in their new abode, and the next day, after his working hours were over, Sturges went to inquire if they found themselves comfortable. The sun shone brightly into the little parlor; flowers, and a work basket, and various other signs of feminine occupation, gave the room a home-like look; and the occupants themselves were much lightened up, and had evidently begun to lose their terribly overpowering sense of strangeness. To hear that there was yet no news from the wanderer, cast them down again, but Miss Arnold did her best to prove to her mother, that she was not ill at ease, and that helped to tranquilize the widow, who evidently accepted the dictum of "her Letty" upon all subjects, without hesitation.

Through the old landlady, Letty had already

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entered into intercourse with an elderly spinster, on the top floor, who gave lessons to foreigners, when she could get them to give, and had agreed to teach the young lady Italian if she could have instruction in English in return.

"She seems a nice creature," Miss Arnold said, "even if she is an Italian." She looked so prim and demure, as she said this, plain put to anybody not an American, and rather objectionable, that Claude laughed to himself. But she had quite a sense of humor, as Claude perceived when he hazarded a jest or two, and she looked so dainty, and ladylike, and pretty then, as she plied her needle, that he was charmed with her. She evidently knew no more about the world, outside her native village, than a baby; but she had been well educated, and had read a great deal.

"You see, after Richie came abroad, to be an artist, I was more interested in those things, naturally," she said, when Claude showed some admiring surprise at her acquaintance with books on art. "Lawyer Kitchen has a large library, and was very good about lending me books."

"Letty draws very nicely, herself," the mother said; "it's a gift my children got from their grandfather."

Letty was very modest about her efforts, but finally consented to show them, and Claude perceived that the mother was right, in her estimation of the girl's talent.

"You might be an artist too," he said.

But Letty shook her head,

"It's all very well for men," she observed, "but women have enough else to do."

Claude was with them a great deal, during that first week. It seemed cruel to leave them alone, while they were still anxious about Richard. Acquaintance grew rapidly, for Letty and her mother felt as if they knew him already, and the girl proved a pleasant study to Claude. She was very fixed in her opinions, and she had them on most subjects; but she was modest in her adherence thereto, and could give her reasons. It was plain that she had thought, and thought more deeply than young women usually do, yet her life had gone in a narrow round, and been one of repression to a great extent. Claude fancied her like a flower that wanted more sun. It would be pleasant to watch her quick faculties widen and extend their grasp, though he said to himself that for her to lose her piquant originality by contact with the world would be a pity.

He felt no inclination to introduce them to his wide circle of friends. Neither their tastes, or their pecuniary means, rendered it desirable. Later, Richard would bring a few young artists' wives and other quiet people to see them. This was not his affair; all he had to do was, by personal attention, to relieve, as much as he could, this season of waiting.

He took them about to visit some of the most interesting of the churches, and one or two of the galleries, but poor Mrs. Arnold soon got tired. The churches were cold and draughty, she said. As to the galleries, she secretly wished that the Venuses had been in more of a hurry to put their clothes on before sitting for their portraits. Finally she gave up going out.

"Letty likes it, and I am sure it is very good of you to take her, Mr. Sturges," she said, "but I'd rather sit at home and finish Richard's socks. I shan't be alone, for that little teacher upstairs is always glad to practise her English, and she appears to have plenty of idle time. I'm afraid the poor soul doesn't find teaching a very good business in Florence."

So Claude took Letty without her mother, and though he knew it was not usual for young ladies to go about with gentlemen in foreign cities, unless protected by the presence of some older female, he did not give much thought to the matter, deciding that, after all, there was no good and sufficient reason why an American girl should be bound by Continental rules. Moreover, the last place where he was likely to meet acquaintances was a picture gallery; for though they could talk very learnedly upon art, after the manner of Mr. Ruskin, they were too much occupied with breakfasts, and dinners, and balls, and the feasting of Florentine aristocracy, (who laughed at them for their pains,) to have leisure for sight-seeing; besides, there was something common and vulgar in the idea of behaving as ordinary tourists might, who had come abroad on a Cook ticket!

Mrs. Moreland had already asked him how it happened one saw him seldom of late, and he had mentioned casually that, besides his usual occupations, he had been busy arranging little matters for the mother and sister of Richard Arnold, who had come to Florence unexpectedly, and were sadly disappointed to find their relative absent.

"Would you like us to make acquaintance with them?" Miss Augusta asked.

But Claude explained that they were quiet country people, unused to society, who preferred to wait till Richard came back; and, without any positive intention, he rather gave the idea that he found his duty a bore; and so the Morelands asked no further questions.

But this very day, as he and Letty were entering the Belle Arté gallery, Augusta Moreland passed in her carriage, and saw them, and the next time she met Claude she told him of it.

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"And you said Miss Arnold wasn't pretty," remonstrated Augusta.

"Did I say so?" asked Claude.

"A very counterfeit-looking creature," observed Mrs. Moreland. "You must find your task of cicerone rather tiresome."

Claude tried to look weary, but he only succeeded in looking indignant, and Miss Augusta, who was a good-natured girl under all her artificiality, and handsome enough to be magnanimous, exclaimed:

"Why, mamma, how can you say so! She is very pretty—she ought to be an artist, a poetess, or something."

"Oh, very likely," returned Mrs. Moreland, with a little shiver, which implied that a female artist, or poet, was an abnormal creature, concerning whom she would prefer to hold no discussion.

More than a fortnight went by before any news came from the wanderer, though Claude had sent numerous telegrams to people in Naples, and even Palermo, in the hope that some of them might know the young man's whereabouts. But at length, one afternoon, a letter reached him. It was dated Malta, and announced the fact that Richard was going East. He had missed his own letters; had been roving about; and did not know of the arrival of his mother and sister.

They would be terribly grieved, of course, Claude said; but to himself, personally, the epistle contained gleams of comfort. Richard wrote in great rage against the Russian lady he had been following, and who had gone off to Greece. She was false, and he hated her! Then, too, his Eastern journey had a motive; he was accompanying a rich American, who spoke no language but his own, and had, in advance, given Dick commissions for several pictures, to be painted from sketches of such scenes as might meet the wealthy patron's august approval, during their journeyings. Six weeks more would see the young man back in Florence; and having this hope to offer, and the pecuniary benefit of the journey to set before the mother and sister, Claude could console them, he thought, for their fresh disappointment.

He must go to their house at once, however; it would be cruel to keep them waiting a moment. He tried to regard it as a nuisance, to leave his work so early; but he got to thinking how pretty Letty's face would look when he had persuaded her to put by her chagrin, for reflections over Richard's success; and he was unable to decide whether, when she smiled, it was the left cheek or right which showed two dimples; and so he speedily forgot his attempted grumblings.

Indeed, that picture of Letty and her dimples rose so vividly before his eyes, that it shut out the street he was crossing, and he nearly got himself run over by a carriage, and looking up, as he sprang aside, he saw Augusta Moreland and an old lady friend therein.

He lifted his hat, and was passing on; but Augusta ordered the coachman to stop, and of course Claude had to stop, too.

"I have been to see Miss Arnold," cried Augusta. "She is awfully pretty—and such a dear, prim, shy little thing! But she doesn't want to make acquaintances—she told me so outright! Oh, she is not too shy to speak her mind! She said she thought people ought to be ashamed to do nothing in the world—she sat stitching away for dear life herself! Mamma would scold me for going—she would say I have no dignity—making first calls, when it's the new comers business—so don't betray me—Good bye—I am late—I shall see you to-night at Count Albani's!"

Claude walked on, sorely vexed. He was sure Miss Moreland must have frightened the pair out of their senses. There was something fairly unfeminine in the girl; she was too dashing, her very beauty was hard: he wondered how he could have ever admired her! He would probably never fall in love or marry, but if he did, it should not be with a fine lady. If a man married, he wanted a home, a place of rest, and (very irrelevantly he would have thought, if he had thought at all) again, up came that vision of Letty and her quiet ways, and her dimples.

The moment he entered the room in which Letty and her mother were sitting, she said:

"You have had a letter—I know you have! It is good news too—I see it in your face!"

"Excellent, where Richard's prospects are concerned; but you must prepare yourself for a little disappointment," returned Claude, thinking how wonderfully pretty the girl looked in her unusual excitement, and noting that it was the right cheek which owned the second dimple.

He sat down by the old lady, and held her hand in his caressing way, while he explained matters. Mother and daughter were delighted to hear of Richie's good luck, and passed their own disappointment by, as lightly as possible, though he saw plainly how deep it went.

When they could talk of other things, Mrs. Arnold said:

"Oh, a friend of yours came to see us awhile ago—I was lying down, but Letty saw her—Miss Moreland."

"Yes: I met her—she said she had been here," Claude replied. "Were you pleased with her, Miss Arnold?"

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"She is very handsome," said Letty; "and very kind to come, I am sure; but she seemed quite like a foreign lady, and I hope I wasn't rude—but I told her we didn't make visits. You see, Mr. Sturges, we are poor and not used to society—we couldn't afford to dress and go out, if we wanted to, and we don't want to!"

So that ended the matter, and Letty appeared to forget Miss Moreland and her visit. The days glided by; Fresh letters came from Richard; He wrote affectionately to his mother. Was grieved to have been absent when they arrived; he would return as soon as possible; and gave so glowing an account of his journey and its pecuniary successes, that both mother and sister would have felt it wicked to lament his absence.

Time went on, until Mrs. Arnold and her daughter had been more than two months in Florence. Richard had not yet returned, but his letters gave assurance of his intention speedily to do so, and the best sign to Claude, that the boy had not fallen into new mischief, was the fact of his actually sending a checque for a sufficient amount to pay his debts, and leave a little present for his mother into the bargain.

In spite of work and society engagements—for the carnival season had come, and Florence had wakened into a feverish gayety—Claude Sturges found a great deal of time to spend in the quiet lodgings, where the widow and her daughter lived a life, more retired even than that they had passed in their New England village. The milder climate had greatly improved Mrs. Arnold's health, and she looked quite young and pretty; so placid and comfortable, too, that the sight of her brought a feeling of repose to excitable Claude; the very click of her knitting needle made a kind of music, instead of producing the irritating sound such implements do in the hands of most women.

But the great change was in Letty. She had blossomed out in the most wonderful manner. It was not only that the gradual lightening of her mourning brightened her up, but the widened subjects for thought, the art studies, the living among historic scenes—for to her, Florence was the old storied city of Silvis, not the modern haunt it is to idle people—had warmed soul and intelligence into bloom, just as the soft air had brought fresh roses to her cheeks.

Her progress in Italian had been very rapid; and she worked hard with her pencil, under Claude's instructions. Indeed, nowadays, whatever she did, even to her embroidery, (which she secretly sold, in order, a little, to aid the poor, daily teacher, upstairs) was done under his supervision. The happiest hours Sturges had spent in years, were passed in that sunny parlor, or in wandering with Letty among the galleries, or historical places of interest.

It was wrong in him, but he had entirely forgotten the fact that he might be the means of causing reports injurious to the girl: he never thought at all, in truth, not even that he was in love. His mind was occupied with a new picture. He went about in a dream-world, of which Mrs. Arnold's little salon seemed a part, and the only break was when he found himself forced to go back to parties, and the hackneyed round of fashionable amusements.

But gossip was spreading, and it originated with Mrs. Moreland. She was furious to see that her plan for marrying him to Augusta made no headway, and Augusta's obstinacy nearly drove her frantic.

"It is all your own fault!" she said, over and over.

"He never thought of asking me, I always told you so," Augusta invariably replied; for Augusta had a plan of her own, and it was, sooner or later, to marry her cousin, Tom Denham; and to prevent this disaster, her mother had brought her away from America. That was the reason she liked Mr. Sturges; she knew he would never wish her to become his wife; and, meantime, his attentions had kept her mother tranquil.

But Mrs. Moreland was tranquil no longer; and as she found her hopes growing fainter, she grew venomous, and her wrath expended itself upon Letty Arnold. She had to work cautiously; she wanted to arouse scandal, but she must do it with such art, that Sturges could not trace its birth to her. She had to be careful of Augusta, too, for that recalcitrant damsel would be quite capable of exposing her to Claude, if she discovered the truth.

So there grew up whispers, though people were less interested than Mrs. Moreland expected to find them. Mr. Sturges' little peccadillos were of slight consequence to the Italians. As long as he gave handsome breakfasts, and helped to amuse them, they were not interested in his private affairs. As for the Americans, though they might pretend to sneer, they knew well that the mode of life followed by the sister of young Arnold was perfectly in keeping with the rules which had regulated their own conduct in their native land.

But gossip there was, and it grew as such poisonous things will, till at last there were few people ignorant of it, except the trio concerned. Claude Sturges was not a man with whom his male friends could take liberties. So, with a

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blindness unpardonable in one of his age and experience, Claude moved on in his dream-world, without ever once thinking that the fairest and most precious flower it held might receive a stain through fault of his own.

If he had known that he was in love with her, this might have helped to open his eyes to disagreeable possibilities; but he did not know it; and the days fled so fast he had no time for thought, till, between the life of imagination in his studio and the walks and talks with Letty, Florence scarcely more presented itself to his mind in its modern aspect than it did to the girl.

It chanced that Mrs. Moreland's much-tried governess fell ill; she wanted a person who could continue the children's Italian lessons; and some one mentioned to her the name of the little teacher who lived in the same house as Mrs. Arnold and her daughter. The opportunity was too good to be neglected. Before the signora had been coming a week to the house, the manœuvrer decided what she would do. She knew, in her heart, that Letty Arnold was a good, innocent creature; her own girlish days had been spent in a New England village, among associations similar to Letty's. If the girl learned that there was gossip, she would never tell Sturges; she would be angry with him for having exposed her to such trouble; ten to one would persuade her mother to go away at once; certainly would never let the man know what she had heard.

Very artfully, therefore, Mrs. Moreland made a confidant of the signora. Even if Sturges heard of what she said, he would, she reflected, be forced to admit that she had been right in warning any friend of Letty Arnold's. She sent the little governess home, in a state of despair, after receiving her word that she would give Letty a hint, and not tell the name of her informer.

But Mrs. Moreland had reckoned without the inimical action of the recalcitrant Augusta. Only that morning, there had been an explosion between the mother and daughter. The latter had been discovered to be holding a secret correspondence with Tom Denham, and had suffered so much at her parent's hands, that wrath had as much to do with her conduct as justice.

She overheard the conversation between Mrs. Moreland and the teacher, while preparing to go out with the facile old lady, whose companionship she decidedly preferred to her mother's. She drove straight to Claude's studio, and, under cover of her companion's deafness, told him what her mother had done.

"Try and get hold of that little Italian at once, and prevent her speaking to Miss Arnold," she said, and departed.

Here at least was one practical idea for poor Claude to seize upon, in his overwhelming wrath and despair. His eyes were opened suddenly to the whole truth; he knew, that, not only had he risked Letty Arnold's reputation by his selfish carelessness, but he knew also that he loved her.

What a fool he had been, not to discover this before! And now the chances were, that, just as he had discovered what would make his happiness, he must learn that he had ruined all hope of its possession. If Letty heard of the gossip, she would never forgive him.

He rushed down stairs, got into a cab, and drove to Mrs. Arnold's house. The little teacher had not come home yet, would not be in for one hour, the padrona said; Miss Arnold and her mother were out, too; had gone for a walk.

Claude raved, and reviled himself: then a blessed thought came. He had a favorite aunt, living in Paris, a lady, grand and mighty in the world of fashion, but as devoted to him as if she had been a quiet home bird, instead of a gorgeous peacock. She had promised to visit him in a few weeks: he would ask her to come now. He drove to the telegraph office, and sent an urgent message to her to start for Florence by the evening train. "Every hour was precious," he said. "He was not ill; she need not be frightened; but her immediate presence was absolutely necessary, else his life must be a shipwreck."

The telegram despatched, he drove back to the Arnold's, determined to wait there, until the little governess came home. But the padrona told him she had already come in, she had met Mrs. Arnold and the young lady, and they had returned together. Mrs. Arnold had gone to lie down; the signorina had accompanied the governess up to the latter's apartment, in order to take her Italian lesson.

Those long flights of stony-hearted stairs seemed interminable to Claude! If he should be too late! If that wretched little Tuscan woman had already told her story!

He reached her door. He knocked. The signora's voice bade him enter. As he appeared, the governess and Letty both rose, and looked at him in astonishment.

"They told me Miss Arnold was here, so I ventured to come up," he said.

The little Florentine was profuse in her thanks for the honor he had done her poor abode, but she looked dreadfully confused. The truth was, she had been interrupted in her story, having got no further than vague hints and certain warnings, in regard to Continental customs for young ladies; but she felt like a criminal caught in the act.

Letty was quiet as usual. She shook hands

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with Claude, and as soon as the small governess had done fluttering, and had found a chair worthy for Mr. Sturges to sit upon, Letty said,

"I am glad you came, Mr. Sturges, I am afraid my poor Italian friend has not enabled me to explain to the signora—"

"My dear, my dear," broke in the governess, turning red, then white.

But Letty went composedly on; speaking slowly, so that her English might be intelligible to the signore.

"She tells me that it is not usual here for young ladies to walk out alone with a gentleman, as I do with you; but I have assured her that you would have never asked me had an American girl been expected to conform to that foreign habit."

"Of course, of course," groaned the signora, fairly wringing her hands, and casting glances of mingled appeal and reproach at Sturges. She had liked him very much, but her Italian training had not taught her to think very highly of men, and Mrs. Moreland's inuendoes had roused terrible suspicions in her mind.

"She says, too," pursued Letty, "that—"

"*Deo mio!*" groaned the governess.

Claude, finding that Letty was in happy ignorance of the story which the signora had meant to unfold, got his courage back, and looked rather sternly at the poor little woman. Man like, he wanted, after his agitation, to be cross with somebody, and though the signora's honest face and imploring eyes assured him that she had meant to be sincere and kind, he must needs choose her as the recipient of his displeasure.

"She says," Letty began again—

But a loud knock interrupted her. The little Italian screamed, she was so nervous. She flew to the door. A neighbor had come to ask her to go across the street and sit with her sick child, while she went for the doctor.

Letty and Mr. Sturges took their leave of her, and went down to the lower floor. The moment they were alone, she said:

"I wanted to speak before you, Mr. Sturges; I am sorry there was not time for you to explain to the signora, better than I can, just what our American ideas and habits are."

"It is no matter," he said, quickly. "Only I am glad she spoke. It gives me an opportunity to say something I might have had to put off. I was afraid I had not known you long enough to venture—I—"

He broke down. She was looking at him in wonder. Then something in the eager passion of his eyes roused her to a perception of his meaning. A flood of color quickly dyed her cheeks, and her eyes faltered under his.

"I love you, Letty," he cried, catching her hands. "I have loved you from the first moment we met. Can you give me a hope? Will you try to learn to care for me? Grant me the happiness of calling you my wife."

The blessed aunt did arrive, as fast as steam could bring her, and four days after her coming, she received a party of her old friends at dinner, and among them were Mrs. Moreland and Augusta.

To no one was the wise aunt so sweet and affectionate, in her greeting, as to Mrs. Moreland, and when she had kissed her twice, she drew Letty Arnold forward, looking as lovely as a wood-nymph in her soft, white draperies, and presented her to the lady, and added, in a whisper perfectly audible to those near:

"You are such an old friend, that I can't wait. I must tell you how happy this dear girl and Claude have made me. She has promised to become my niece. Isn't it sweet of her? And only look at Claude. Did you ever see a man in such a state of bliss? When will Augusta and Tom Denham give me an opportunity to congratulate you?"

Mrs. Moreland bore the blow as best she might. She had worse to endure. As soon as Richard returned, she was obliged to be present at Sturges's wedding; and within a year, Augusta did marry Tom Denham, in spite of prudence and her worldly mother.

# THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

Within the hollow silence of the night
I lay awake and listened. I could hear
Planet with punctual planet chiming clear,
And unto star cadencing aright.
Nor these alone. Cloistered from deafening sight,
All things that are, made music to my ear:
Hushed woods, dumb caves, and many a soundless mere.
With Arctic mains in rigid sleep locked tight
But ever with this chant from shore to sea,
From singing constellation, humming thought,
And life through time's stops blowing variously,
A melancholy undertone was wrought;
And from its boundless prison house I caught
The awful moan of lone eternity.

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# THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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## CHAPTER VII.

THE Methodists of "Wheeler Hollow," met at the red school house on the Sunday after Mrs. Hastings' funeral, expecting that the teacher's desk would be empty that day, and the ceremonies turned into a season of exhortation and prayer; for the "circuit preacher" only came to the hollow once each fortnight, and no one hoped that the stricken man who usually supplied his place at the desk would, that day, leave the mournful solitude of his home.

As the congregation gathered in front of the school house, great anxiety and regret were expressed on this account, for this "local preacher" was deeply loved, and no one had seen him since he had walked sorrowfully from their midst, on the day his wife had been laid under the pall of snow, that covered her with its heavenly whiteness.

From this time, there had been something sacred in the minister's grief, that kept him even from the intrusion of honest sympathy; and the coarsest man, in that little knot of worshipers, spoke of him with hushed breath, as if that day had been but a continuation of the funeral.

Notwithstanding this general feeling of reverence, there was not one present who did not long for some way of expressing the compassion that he felt, during the services of the morning. Those who possessed the gift of prayer, were ready to besiege the throne of grace, in behalf of their minister. A little knot of singers gathered around the rude door step, and suggested solemn tunes, in voices funereal as the airs they named, while the leader, a diminutive shoemaker, from "The Hollow," slowly tapped the back of his hymn book, with a tuning fork, when an air was mentioned that met his approval.

In the midst of this scene, the saddened conversation was hushed altogether, and the group of persons fell apart, leaving the entrance free; for coming along the road, looking very grave and still, was the minister, with Lucy by his side.

I sometimes think, that the most touching thing on earth, is poverty stricken mourning. The faded black dress, disguised by scant trimming of crape. The bonnet on which worn out feathers have fluttered, made sombre with black ruches. The rusty veil, "done up" with hands that trembled with the grief it is intended to cover.

All this was visible in Lucy's dress. She had submitted to be robed in the sable garments, that Mrs. Farnsworth had provided, like one in a dream, which admits of no power of protest, but on her return home, the contrast between all that flowing crape, and the worn dress of her father, struck her with the force of a reproach. She put the long veil and sweeping train away, with a feeling of relief, and during the next few days, searched after such fragments of mourning, as had been kept in the meagre savings of the house, and that day took her place side by side with her father in his poverty, as he had done in his sorrow.

Perhaps the people, standing about the school house, did not understand this change, but they felt it unconsciously, and though the air was sharp and full of frost, some of the men lifted their hats, while the father and child walked through their midst, and entered the school house.

A few persons were already seated, and among the women, half-a-dozen arose, and offered Lucy a seat; but Mrs. Lucian Doolittle, the principal class-leader's wife, stepped out from the bench she occupied, and drew the girl to her side, softly patting the hands that dropped into the girl's lap as she sat down, after returning the commiserating looks cast upon her with glances of grateful recognition.

The minister walked forward to the teacher's desk, now occupied by a hymn book and a large Bible, and knelt down, covering his face with both hands. There was something touching in the simple quietude of this action, that affected some of the sisters almost to tears. No trembling of the limbs, no movement of anguish could have aroused more genuine sympathy. To the man himself, it seemed as if his knees had given way just as he drew close to the throne of grace.

The congregation, as it came in, seeing him kneeling by the old desk, grew more sorrowful, and walked softly. The men as they reached their seats, knelt also, and covered their faces;



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while the sisters cast glances of tender pity on the girl, who sat there so pale and still in her faded mourning.

At last the minister arose. Either the strength of his own manhood, or those few moments of devotion had moved him into the calm of solemn resignation. He opened his book and read a hymn, slowly, clearly; but with the pathos of unshed tears in his voice. When the singing was over, he knelt down, folded his hands on the desk, and prayed earnestly, but still with that touching underflow of grief in his voice, that hushed the sobs of the women down to silent tears, as they listened.

As he went on, the tones of his voice deepened; a faint color broke through the pallor of his face. His uplifted hands ceased to tremble, and clasped themselves with passionate firmness. The women on their knees turned and looked at him with strained, wondering eyes, for the voice and the very language was strange to them.

Those of the brothers who had been accustomed to echo each sentence of the minister with an approving "amen," bent their heads in silence. His spirit had soared far above their reach. The isolation that had come out of great suffering was upon him now. For days and nights he had been pleading with that beloved one, whom he could almost see through the gates of heaven, to win for him strength for endurance, courage to take up his duties and live.

When the prayer was over, and he stood up, his tall form erected itself, his eyes brightened. The ravages of time and sorrow were not strong enough to master the spirit his prayers had invoked. For a moment or two his hands faltered among the leaves of the Bible, as if searching for a text; but, as if forgetting the subject, he closed the book, and broke into a strain of eloquence that aroused the little congregation to wonder, and melted it to tears. Commonplace, hard-working people, to whom the tenderness of grief was almost unknown, sat there open-eyed, and listening eagerly, all unconscious that tears were on their cheeks, and sobs breaking from their lips. No human being, listening to the minister that day, could, in him, have recognized the plain, gentle teacher, whose language was seldom raised above that of the congregation.

He sat down at last, trembling visibly, and with great drops of moisture standing on his forehead.

The old man, who had thanked the neighbors when they bore the minister's wife to the grave, saw these signs of exhaustion, and sought to relieve it. Going to a pail in the back part of the school-room, he brought a tin cup full of water and placed it upon the desk.

Hastings drank the water, and beckoned the old man to come nearer, and whispered some feeble words.

The old man went back to his seat, turned his face on the congregation, and said:

"The minister is tired out; let him rest; and let us pray."

A joint "amen" ran through the congregation; then all fell upon their knees, and the minister bowed his head upon the desk. When the last "amen" was given, and the members arose from their knees, Lucy Hastings was standing by her father, whose head lay upon her bosom.

"He has fainted," she said to Mrs. Doolittle, the class-leader's wife, who came hurriedly forward. "How can we get him home?"

Here a young man, who had been standing near the door throughout the service, came forward. Lucy uttered a slight exclamation.

"Oh, doctor, is it you. Tell me, oh, tell me, if he is in danger?" she said.

"He should not have come here at all," said the young man, very kindly, "There was not strength enough left in him for this. Will some one help me get him to my sleigh? It is at the door."

A dozen men pressed forward, and the minister was led from the room, leaning upon Doctor Gould's shoulder.

Hastings was scarcely more than a self-educated man, such as the early Methodists delighted to call into the ministry, trusting to God for the inspiration that was to take the place of book knowledge. Among societies, less primitive than that in the red school house, this idea had been greatly modified, but at Wheeler's Hollow religion was most satisfactorily expressed by the impulses of the moment; but never, during all the years in which this good man had preached to them, had they looked upon him as speaking so directly from the dictation of God himself. It is true, that the language in which he spoke rose far beyond anything they had ever heard from his lips before, but this only increased their wonder and reverence, and his wonderful eloquence was accepted as a direct answer to the many prayers that had been sent up to heaven in his behalf.

The strange stillness that had fallen upon Mr. Hastings, after he was placed in Doctor Gould's sleigh, was in sad contrast to the excitement that had been left behind in the school-house. Lucy had been placed by his side, and sat beneath the buffalo robe, with her arms folded around him, and her young cheek pressed to his, whispering now and then, "Oh, father, are you better?—tell me you are better."

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He did not speak at first, but, after a struggle, whispered, "Dear child, I am not ill—only a little tired."

Not ill! It was many days before minister Hastings uttered as many rational words again.

## CHAPTER VIII.

There was a class meeting, after minister Hastings was taken away, over which the oldest member of the society and Lucian Doolittle presided. In this meeting, the class-leader's wife was a person of no small importance. In right of her position, she had felt it her duty to come forward and take the place of a mother to Lucy, when that poor girl made her first appearance in the congregation. During half the service, even when kneeling, she had circled the young creature with her stout, motherly arm, and once, when all the rest were urged on almost to a stage of revival, she absolutely took the girl to her bosom, and rocked her to and fro, as if she had been some suffering child of her own.

"She has come back to us like a lamb led astray from the fold," she said, looking wistfully through a window, as Doctor Gould drove away, and addressing a group of the sisters who were peering over her shoulders. "There was a time, last week, when I had my doubts. When the evil one comes among us draped in silk and satins, with fur linings, and sleigh-bells in strings around prancing horses, riding over the children of the Lord, it's time to look on sich people with a jealous eye."

"To be watchful in season and out of season," responded a timid little woman, the tuneful shoemaker's wife, who hushed a restless baby under her shawl with swaying tenderness as she spoke. "Sometimes, when I have seen that sleigh go reshing and a-jingling along the road, its seemed to me as if Satan hisself was a-prowling round our little fold, like a lion seeking whom he might devour."

Mrs. Doolittle had never heard the little woman so eloquent before, and she did not quite like to have the scriptures taken out of her mouth in that quiet way.

"My dear sister," she said, grandly, "you might have remembered that the society has class-leaders—not that old brother Allen amounts to much—but it has one class-leader, anyway, that stands like a watchman on the tower of—of this school house, ready to smite even a she fox, who comes a-prowling among our lambs. When the class meeting opens, you shall see that one Christian has been at his post."

The shoemaker's wife felt herself a little put down, when she had only intended to re-enforce Mrs. Doolittle by her remarks.

"I was only thinking what a loss it would be to the singing, if our minister's daughter should back-slide," she said, meekly. "Paterson, who ought to know, being the music-leader, says she's got the vice of an angel."

"And the natur of one, too," answered a sister seated near the stove, where she had been dividing some plump doughnuts between two boys, who were hanging restlessly around the back windows of the school house, longing to get out into the crisp air and snow-ball each other. "I tell you that girl is the salt of the earth."

"There ain't a soul here that wants to dispute what you're a-saying, and if there was, there ain't no time. The men folks have got through talking, and are coming in after recess. Doolittle is a-going to organize the class."

The woman by the stove started up and shook the crumbs from her lap, and prepared herself to sit out the vacation that must intervene before the class meeting commenced.

Those who lived nearest to the school house, returned to their own homes during the interval, while a few scattered groups, among which were the woman with her baby, and some others, who had come on foot from a distance, remained, like that motherly woman by the stove, and ate their lunches in silence, or conversed in low tones, about the service of the morning.

This state of things became so irksome to the boys, who still lingered by their mother at the stove, that she was obliged to deal out a double ration of doughnuts, and divide a slice of the remaining cheese to keep them in pleasant occupation. This motherly device, however, only served its purpose for a season. The boys were eager to get into the open air, and start for home before the members came back for class meeting.

"We want to start home, right away," they pleaded, "and have a good roaring fire a-blazing when you git back. It'll be awful cold, standing outside, all class meeting, a-waiting for you to come out."

There was reason in this, and, being both a poetical and warm-hearted woman, the mother listened indulgently. No one who was not a member of the society, either by probation or full communion, was permitted to enter the class meeting. Her boys had not reached that stage of acceptance, and it hurt both her sympathy and her pride, to think of them hanging about the house of worship, like common sinners, on a sharp, freezing day like that.

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, one of the boys caught sight of a group

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of youngsters back of the school house, who gave him a signal by a jerk of the finger toward a wood-lot, vividly green with white pine and hemlock, which formed an outpost to the snow-fields beyond.

This signal the lad telegraphed to his brother, who renewed his pleading with fresh vigor.

"What's the use, mar? They won't let us stay in, you know well enough. Now say. Ain't it kind o' sinful to keep us out there, stamping down the snow to keep warm, while they're praying and singing so comfortable inside?"

There was relenting in the good woman's face, which encouraged the younger to put in his little word of persuasion.

"Oh, mar, you might now—jist this once."

The maternal heart gave way under this double appeal.

"Just this once," the good woman argued with her conscience. "In weather like this, it is sort o' cruel. It does seem hard, boys, that you cain't stay in the tabernacle of the Lord, and injoy all its privliges with your own parents; but the discipline is strict agin' it; but the time is a-coming—you are both the children of special prayer—and the day of your convertion is sure to come. Then, my children, there will be no separation of the sheep and the lambs of our little flock. You'll have a right to stay in class meetings and love-feasts, and mebby become leaders yourselves. Wuss boys than you have been raised by grace to that pint of Christian exaltation."

The eldest boy gave a swift glance through the window, then shook his head despondently, as if in doubt that such honor could ever come to him.

This dejected movement went to the mother's heart.

"Don't you be discouraged," she said. "Didn't I say that great Christian honors had come to wuss boys than you. There was Doolittle, our new class-leader now. Your par can remember the time when he spent half of his Sundays with the wickedest sort of boys, racing up and down the crick a cussing, and swearing, and throwing stones. Now, through the means of salvation, he is a burning and shining light amongst us. Go you, my son, and do likewise."

During this long speech, the elder boy had seen his temptors flit away toward the evergreen woods, while the younger had taken refuge with what was left of the doughnuts. He swallowed the last fragment, with a strangling effort, as she ceased speaking, and stuttered, eagerly:

"Cain't. Crick's iced over, and all the stuns friz fast—"

The elder boy jerked at his brother's jacket sleeve, in a fever of alarm.

"Oh, you hush up," he exclaimed. "Mar didn't mean nothing of that sort. She wants us ter skip the cussing, and sich, and come right inter the door of salvation—jest what we want to do."

The kind heart of the mother kindled within her. Surely such boys might be trusted to go home alone. So smiling benignly upon them, she turned up the collars of their jackets, tucked their ears under their caps, made of native musk-rat skins, and told them to run along, with a wave of the hand, intended for a blessing in that sacred place; but which would have been a curse anywhere else.

The group of temptors were just skirting the pine woods, when the boys went out, at which their hearts leaped, and their eyes brightened; but they walked on demurely enough, each with mittened hands buried deep down in his pocket, till they left the school house out of sight. Then they gave swift glances around, and called out: "They're all hired in. Here goes!" and made a bee line for the evergreen woods, each moulding a heavy ball as he ran, and firing it into the ranks of snow-ballers rioting in that secluded spot.

## CHAPTER IX.

No two scenes could have been more opposite than those snow-ballers back of the woods, and the class meeting now gathered in the school house. In that place, the little society did indeed come out from the world, and be separate. No one but church members were admitted to what was in part an open confessional, where each member brought his joys, and sorrows, and perplexities, for sympathy or counsel. There each person felt free to speak of her religious experience, or what seemed almost as sacred, her domestic joys, certain that such confessions would be met with kindly forbearance, if nothing more.

This particular meeting, however, bore a different and more potent aspect. Being the first gathering since the death of Mrs. Hastings, the gloom of her funeral still hung about the place, and that sermon, so strange, so wonderful in its eloquence, had intensified this feeling into something solemnly mysterious, that was hailed by many as the dawn of a spiritual revival, such as many of them had been earnestly praying for.

Thus more than usual seriousness prevailed when the meeting opened, and the two class-leaders entered upon their duties. In this assembly the worshipers were divided by a double row of benches, occupied by men on one side, and women on the other, as boys and girls were separated in school during the week days.

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Lucian Doolittle being the youngest and most enterprising man, usually bestowed his vigorous exhortations on the male members, where his zeal could be most loudly expressed, and his counsel submitted to without a chance of appeal. He delighted in the bright snatches of eloquence which this state of things encouraged, and that afternoon, still vividly impressed by the words of the minister, surpassed himself in brief snatches of exhortation and rebuke, which seemed rather to inspire than offend his hearers.

On the other side of the room, the elder class-leader, more thoughtful and subdued into humility by deeper Christian experiences, went among the sisters. Being more persuasive and tenderly considerate of human weakness, his ministrations among the weary or wounded of spirit were especially adapted to the set with whom the great leader, his Lord, was always gentle, even in rebuke. He was, as it were, another St. John.

These qualities had given to the old man a sort of dignity that was in no way diminished by the homely language in which he gave consolation or encouragement.

Among this little band of women, who looked up to him that day, were persons of varied passions and weaknesses, just as may be found among the velvet cushions of our city churches: women of fine natural capacity, to which feeling and observation brought their own measure of knowledge; simple-minded creatures, born to follow patiently where habit, or the stronger intellect led; and earnest women, active, honest, and kindly in their little home kingdoms, to whom the class meeting was a haven of rest, where the neighbors gave their best thoughts to each other and the Lord.

The good old man had passed down one bench of the worshipers, addressing each as she arose reverently and stood before him, confessing little weaknesses and shortcomings in a low voice, and sometimes with tears in her eyes, as if they had been enormous sins for which a reprimand, even if severe, would be a mercy.

Others spoke earnestly of their trials, their hopes, and accomplished duties; being quite silent regarding such trivial shortcomings as more tender consciences were weeping over; and with these the old man was kindly severe.

Among this class had been Mrs. Doolittle, who was more likely to set down after an exhortation of this kind with flushed cheeks than tearful eyes; but this day she arose with unusual humility.

"I don't confess to general shortcomings as a rule, brothers and sisters," she said, "because that don't seem to amount to much of anything, when you end by promising to 'press forward to the mark of your high calling,' and don't do it; but, to-day, I stand afore you all conscious struck and ready to confess that all along I have fell short of my duty as a Christian and a right-feeling woman."

Mrs. Doolittle said this, among a sudden rustle of dresses, and faces turned upon her in astonishment. Even her husband, at the other side of the school house, broke down in one of his most earnest reprimands, and turned to listen.

"Last week, when the storm was a-raging outside, heaping up snow agin the house, and shaking the doors and winders till it was enough to scare one, I sot down in my Boston rocking-chair, before a first rate walnut wood fire, and was looking into the embers with a sort of sleepy thankfulness that me and mine had a good, strong house over my head, and a fire like that to roar, and flash, and send sparks up inter the chimney, when it seemed to come afore me like a picter, that some lady, mebby jist as good as I was, might be out in the freezing cold without a comfortable hum to go to. Wal, I laid my knitten work down on the stand, where one of my best taller kandles was a-burning, beside the new Bible that Doolittle bought, and alles keeps there, since he was appointed a leader of this class, and I up and went to the front winder, feeling sort of compelled to look out. I lifted up the paper blind, and there I stood a hull minute atween two picters—one on 'em all warm with glow and light, t'other, black clouds and white snow a-whirling and drifting together, till you couldn't tell which color would heap atop. The lookout was so awful gloomy, that I felt sinful for being so warm inside, and when I diskivered a feller being out there, a-fighting his way through the storm, it struck a chill to my chist, 'specially when I made out that the man was our minister, without a sign of an overcoat on, and nothing but a knit muffler to keep him from the cold."

Here the good woman's voice began to break, and, turning her face away, she lifted a corner of her shawl to her eyes: then ashamed of this honest emotion, she pretended to be arranging that garment, and went on.

"Yes, brothers and sisters, it was our minister, the man of God who has broken bread to us, and held the holy wine-cup to our lips ever since some of our children can remember. There he was, wuss off than the disciples—for they hadn't any snow storms out there to wade through, and great coats wasn't needed—there he was, a-coming back from the store, without a thing in his hands, and his head down, like a man

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that had asked for trust at the store, and hadn't got it.

"Oh! sisters—oh! brothers! cain't you understand how I felt that minute? It seemed as if I couldn't git to the door soon enough; and I didn't, for the snow was heaped agin it. I had to pull, and pull, afore it would open, and when it did give in, the minister was clear out of sight; but I knew he must be somewhere in the storm, and follered arter him, hollering as loud as I could; but the wind driv my voice right back inter my throat, and it wasn't of no use trying, so I went in and sot down by the fire, all of a shiver, and hadn't got warm, when Doolittle came in.

"'Jerusha,' says he, 'what is it makes you look so sober?' Wal, the chill that I got out there in the cold, had kind o' struck in, and I was dreadfully down-hearted about the minister; but fretting aint a weakness I like to own up to, so I turned my face away from the candle, and tried to speak as if nothing was the matter.

"'Doolittle,' says I, 'this is an awful night—one cain't help thinking about them that's suffering for want of firewood, or enough to eat.' I hadn't but jist put the children to bed, and tucked 'em up warm as toast, with their arms round each other, when I got restless here, rocking away afore the fire, and took a notion to go to the winder. I hadn't stood there a minute, afore I saw the minister, right out there in the storm, with the wind a-blowing him this side and that, and the sleet pelting right inter his face.

"'Wal,' says Doolittle, 'what of that, haint I been a-doing jist the same thing.'

"I looked around. Doolittle was taking off his great coat, and shaking the snow from his hat, chirpy as could be when he said this, and it riled me.

"'You kin say that,' says I, sort of bitter, 'with your checks red as winter apples, and thick boots to your knees; but he is tiling through the snow-drifts now, with nothing but a thin coat to kiver him with, and mercy knows what he will find at hum when he gits there.'

"Doolittle came up to the fire-place, and held out his hands to the blaze, looking serus and a good deal struck.

"He don't like to be admonished by his wife, as a general thing; but I could see that a word in season was doing its good work, if I had said it.

"'Jerusha,' says he, 'I don't s'pose any of us has thought of that, as we ort to. The minister mayn't be so bad off as you reckon; but afore another day goes over our heads, you must go down to the holler, and find out what is wanting. Women folks kin do such things better than ordinary men, and there aint a better-hearted woman, or a smarter one in the class, than you are, Jerusha.'"

There Mrs. Doolittle cast down her eyes, and added, deprecatingly, "that it was not from vain gloriousness that she said this, but because she had always felt it to be her duty to speak, not only the truth, but the whole truth, when she stood up before the class, though other people's feelings might be hurt thereby."

There was no response to this, not even by an envious look from the nearest neighbors of Mrs. Doolittle, who sometimes thought her a trifle too self-sufficient. In a sewing circle, or quilting party, they might have cast questioning glances at each other; but the place they were in was far too sacred for any exhibition of wounded vanity.

After drawing a deep breath, Mrs. Doolittle went on.

"The next day was drifty, but I went straight on in the path of duty.

"What did I find there? Why, the old humsted a'most empty, and the wind whistling through it, as if it had been a barn, and only one fire in the house. The minister sot close up ter that, looking down inter the ashes; for there wasn't much more 'en them to see, the desolatest man that I ever sot eyes on.

"He didn't seem to see me, but kept a-looking down inter the ashes, as if he never expected to see a fire agin, so I walked softly towards the open bedroom door, and there I saw his wife, lying still as death, with no signs of notice about her, without it was in her eyes. They shone like stars.

"She knew me, and tried to speak, but couldn't. From that look in her eyes, I thought she wanted drink or something, so I went into the pantry to get it. Oh, sisters, I cain't describe the emptiness of that house. It was enough to break your heart."

Something in the good woman's throat seemed to choke her. She put both hands up, and pushed the shawl back, as if its weight oppressed her.

"I went out of doors—to the barn—the hen house—everywhere. There wasn't a chicken in the coop, nor a shote in the pen. A few cobs lay in the corn crib, that was all. The minister had sold his cow. There sin't anyone among us so poor that we can't keep a cow; but hisen was sold—drev off by some drover, I hain't no doubt, afore his eyes.

"That is what I found at the minister's house. No wonder you're sad, sisters. No wonder you're eyes are wet. It seemed as if my heart

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would break. I cried like a baby all the way home. Forgive me, sisters, bear with me, brothers; but I'm almost afraid that I'm crying now."

She was crying, and found herself obliged to sit down, with both hands to her face, and sob aloud, rocking herself to and fro, like the weakest woman among the sisters.

## CHAPTER X.

But this could not last long. In a few minutes she stood up again.

"This was our minister," she said, with a flush of generous passion breaking through the tears on her cheeks. "This was the man who has broken bread, and given us holy wine to drink, ever since some of us can remember, asking for nothing, and getting so little. I am blaming nobody, not one of you, sisters. Being the wife of your class leader, it was my duty to help all his wants, all his sufferings; but I was too full of worldliness, too much puffed up with my children, and the exaltation of their father; but the Lord has humbled me. When I wanted to atone for my backwardness, he did not think me worthy, and punished me with the scorpion of another woman's pride. When I went to the minister's house agin, nobody to give anything, and to do anything that would bring him back to comfort, that angel wife of his had been took up among her sisters in heaven. None of us was held good enough to stand by her death-bed. When we got there, sisters, with our little offerings, that person had loaded the minister's table with turkeys and chickens, and things that made the old house seem like Thanksgiving, instead of a funeral, and there she come a ringing out to the hull world, with sleigh bells and cracking whips, that we, a Christian community, had left our own local preacher to be fed and comforted by a sear—I mean unsanctified stranger. O sisters, O brothers, our punishment seems to be bitterer than we can bear."

A joint groan passed through the congregation as Mrs. Doolittle paused to take breath.

"But that aint all! This strange woman put us a one side when we wanted to lay our minister's wife out in the white robes that God clothes his angels with. She adorned that sacred clay with silks, and laid it on cushions of white satin, in a coffin all velvet and silver, not because our minister's wife was a pure Christian woman, a loving mother and kind-hearted neighbor, but only for the reason that she was born in the grand old homestead she has bought, and had a name like is her own. But that wasn't all. This stranger takes the orphan child of our dead sister, the ewe lamb of our flock, right out of our arms, and dresses her up as if she was a cretur of her world. We all saw the poor child standing by that woman's side, with her black frock training out behind and a long veil falling e'enamost to the ground.

"It may be sinful; if so, I will pray to be contrite; but sights like that are enough to rouse up ones old natur to rebellion. It seemed ter me, when that high-headed woman stood there, with our Lucy by her side, as if a she-wolf had prowled inter our fold, and was a-carrying off the snow-whitest lamb of our flock, as a punishment for our mean neglect of that servant of God, who has, this day, been revealed to us as one of them angels we talk with unawares.

"But we have reason to rejoice that God is merciful as well as he is just. When I saw that dear girl come in the meeting, this morning, a-walking by her father's side, jist as she used to, in the black alapacer dress, and her sweet, sorrowful face unkivered, I knew that God had snatched her as a brand from the burning, and in his mercifulness, was opening a way of atonement for the society."

Mrs. Doolittle paused here, and looked around, appealingly.

"Forgive me," she continued, "if I have been too forward in speaking, and too hard on the stranger that has broken through our gates, if so, I will bow my head under rebuke."

While this woman was delivering what had amounted to a harangue, the class had listened, sometimes with chastened approval, and again in astonishment, that she should, for once, have assumed the duties of her husband, who, from beginning to end, had paused in his own duties to listen.

When she sat down, the old class-leader made no answer, but turned to the chair he had left, knelt down, and lifted his thin face, now all aglow, to heaven, poured forth his enthusiasm in a prayer so fervent, so earnest, and so humble, that more than one sob mingled with the amens, that broke it up with a faint chorus.

When he arose, the congregation stood up, waiting.

"Brethren," said the old man, "our sister speaks truly. God has pointed out the way of atonement for a great neglect of duty. To-morrow night, there will be a meeting in this place, to which every member will be expected to come."

At another time, the class meeting would have broken up, and the handful of worshipers been on the way home at once; but the day had been one of unusual excitement, and most of the members lingered in or around the building, con-

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versing together in knots and groups, the men casting long shadows on the snow, and the females huddling together about the desk, at which Mrs. Doolittle had seated herself.

"The thing that I should advise, jist now," she was saying," is less talk, and a good deal of action. For a man like our minister, we must go to work without noise amongst ourselves, feeling in the depths of our hearts that it is a debt we are paying, and in the way we do it, making him feel it, too. Kindness, sich as we may give to one another, 'ed be sure to hurt his tender spirit. So let us think it over, and sittle on something that all of us can jine in."

"It's years and years since we've had a donation party. Supposin' we agree on that," suggested the motherly woman, who still kept her place by the stove.

Mrs. Doolittle shook her head.

"That'll take time."

The woman's countenance fell.

"But it is a capital idee to be used, by-and-bye. When we've made things a little comfortable, by that time he'd get used to seeing us around. But the thing is ter do something right away."

"Sposin' my husband gets out a load of first-rate walnut from out of the wood-lot, now, when the sledding is good?"

"That's just the idee," answered Mrs. Doolittle, brightening; "and I'll send the two boys to chop it up for him," added the dame, quite incapable of imagining any pleasure of which her sons, who were that moment snowballing vigorously behind the evergreens, did not form the most important feature—"they're awful handy with the axe."

"Better and better!" applauded the good lady by the desk. "Ah! sister, I see you have something worth hearing on your mind!"

She looked at the shoemaker's wife as she spoke, who sparkled under the praise.

"It's a pair of thick-soled boots I'm a-thinking of," she said. "I'll bind 'em myself, and he shall make 'em overwork, at nights. That'll be something worth while, won't it?"

"I should think it would! After all, we women are worth something, aint we? Dear me, how eager you are," she added, spreading out her hands as if seized with an impromptu benediction—"It is like presiding at a love-feast. What is it, Mrs. Dean?"

"Nothing much," said the woman, whose shawl still covered her youngest born; "but I've got some lamb's wool yarn; the baby is teething, but I can knit with her in my lap."

"There! there! my good soul," answered the lady patroness of the occasion, patting the shawl with her hands; "I know what it is to have teething children. We'll get along without the stockings till the donation party."

Here Mrs. Doolittle felt her elbow touched, and stooped down to a delicate little woman, wrapped in a woolen shawl, who was saying, in a low, weak voice, "If there's any working to do, I would go down once a week, any afternoon after my day's work is done, and get out a few things."

Mrs. Doolittle was not, as she had said, much given to cryings; but she felt the tears coming to her eyes then, and put the little woman kindly away, whispering, "We'll talk about that by-and-by, Hannah."

While going down the road that afternoon, Mrs. Doolittle observed, in conversation with her intimate friends, "There is one thing I did not mention about that strange woman. You'd hardly believe me, but it was all Doolittle could do to keep her from having a 'piscopal clergyman, gown and all, at sister Hastings' funeral. He had to tell her point blank that it was agin the discipline, before she would give in."

A low exclamation of dismay followed this assertion.

"I don't wonder at your feelings," continued the dame, with emphasis; "but the clergyman she wanted to send for was not only 'piscopal, but High Church."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# JESSIE.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

O'ER frozen meads and leafless woods,
Where mournful twilight winds are blowing.
O'er steeps, 'mid ever frowning clouds,
A glimpse of warm, bright sky is glowing.
And lo! a sweet voice from the past
Blots out the weary, dreary, present.
It says: "Behold the sky of gold.
To-morrow surely will be pleasant."

Oh! spirit glad, that in the past,
Made sunshine for our bleak Decembers,
With passionate wonder and regret
Thy matchless worth my heart remembers;
No morrows bright can dawn for me
Since we no more may walk together,
But 'mid my tears I smile to think
Thou'st passed beyond the rainy weather.

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# "NEMESIS."

BY FRANCIS HESTER.

I AM sitting under a blue southern sky, thinking of that old, ridiculous time. Suddenly some one looks over my shoulder, and we laugh together. We read these words—

"NEMESIS."

Mrs. Wallace, sister Patty and I were shivering, one afternoon, over such a scant fire as only a French chimney can produce. Patty and I were supposed to be acquiring a Parisian accent in the polyglot society we found at Pension M——, Rue de Varennes, Paris; and Mrs. Wallace was our aunt and chaperon.

"Shall we three go to the Chatelet, auntie?" I said, one afternoon. "There is always a good concert there."

Mrs. Wallace, always obliging, assented, and we started. As it was late when we arrived, I rushed off to the ticket office, looking neither to the right nor to the left. In due time we got our tickets, and were conducted by that inevitable accessory of a French theatre, a pink-capped female, to our box. A solitary young man occupied the fourth seat in it, and made way for us politely. The first act was over, when, happening to feel in my pocket, I missed my portemonnaie.

"You are sure you had it with you when you started?" hurriedly whispered Patty, when I told her the marvellous news.

"Yes, I am *quite* sure; and, O dear! there was a great deal of money in it. My pocket must have been picked."

"I think I noticed it in your hand at the ticket-office," said Mrs. Wallace, and she looked suspiciously at the young man by whom I had sat.

The stranger moved uneasily under the baleful glance, which confirmed her the more in her idea. Before I could remonstrate she had beckoned to the pink-capped woman, and had told the tale. That horrid woman showed a great willingness to suspect the young gentleman. In fact, a few minutes after she re-appeared, with a gendarme, who touched the stranger on the shoulder and requested his presence at a neighboring police office. I had hardly had time to think, and now followed the procession across the square, in an utterly bewildered frame of mind.

The young man looked amused, as I thought; but Mrs. Wallace said, "His very look betrayed guilt." At the police office he quietly allowed himself to be searched, turning his silk-lined pockets inside out. My portemonnaie, however, was not to be found. The gendarme now treated him with more respect, and took his address, with a low bow. Meantime, I felt I was the real culprit, for allowing a man with such sweet eyes and such a kindly glance, to be suspected of any robbery; and the grace with which he regretted madamoiselle's loss, and hoped she would recover her portemonnaie, was certainly the acme of politeness and long-suffering forbearance.

"Madamoiselle," said the gendarme, "must have mislaid her purse, or left it at home. I will send a person, to-morrow, to her house, to see if such has been the case."

As we hurried home, my aunt dilated on the bold, vicious look, which, as she said, the young man had cast at my pretty face, and I began to hate her as well as myself, especially as I thought of the humiliating treatment which the gentleman had received at our hands. Strange to say, that glance which Mrs. Wallace so dwelt upon, I treasured for a long time.

When we reached home, I flew upstairs like a whirlwind; and there, before the mirror, lay my portemonnaie. I must have laid it down for an instant, when I adjusted that strong point of my toilet, my little mask veil. I wept remorseful tears. Patty kissed me, but I would not be comforted. Mrs. Wallace sniffed, and went to her room, without a word.

"Oh, Patty," I said, "why did we not interfere. You might have known it was some stupidity on my part."

"Never mind, dear; write an apology. The gendarme has the gentleman's address, and will forward your note."

This suggestion gave me some relief, and I wrote a most contrite note, in my best French. But I was so mortified that I refused to see the person, an official in plain clothes, who called later, from the police office, and to whom Patty gave an explanation, and his fee, and also my letter.

Mrs. Wallace hinted, at intervals, for a week, at the impudence, as she called it, of the stranger. Patty conjectured as to who he was, and I—well, I remembered his eyes. I never quite, in my heart, forgave aunt's mistaken zeal; and she never forgave me my mistake; and, to tell the truth, I never forgave myself



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Weeks went by, and Patty and I had grown quite proficient in our French. We could even talk German with certain old fellow-boarders, whose gutterals suggested voices coming from the big tun at Heidelberg. Summer came, and we were about to leave Paris for the country. We were going down into Brittany. But before we went we had some shopping to do.

Was it that Nemesis that seems ever to lurk behind one, that led me, alone, one morning, to the Grand Magazin de P———? I had selected, after a somewhat capricious delay, a lovely lace fan, and was about to leave the shop, when a gendarme, bowing politely, informed me I was under arrest. I was suspected of shoplifting. Several valuable pieces of lace had disappeared it seemed, from the department, and I had, for some mysterious reason, perhaps because of my frequent visits of late, excited suspicion in the mind of one of the shopmen.

I was almost stunned with horror, at first; then devoutly wished for Patty, and would have undoubtedly attracted considerable notice to myself, by bursting into an hysterical fit of weeping, when a gentleman came toward me, touched his hat, O, so gracefully, and begged to be allowed to assist me, if possible.

"Of course, Monsieur," I said, instinctively turning to the pleasant face, looking so respectfully at me; "it is a mistake, but we are quite alone in Paris."

"If madamoiselle will allow it, I will speak a few words, alone, to these gentlemen," he said, and leading the clerk and gendarme aside, he said something I could not overhear. He also seemed to be showing them a card. They became mollified and subservient at once. What magic had he used, and who was he? Like a flash the face of the young man in the theatre came back to my memory. Yes! it was he! O, mortifying thought! I would actually have preferred walking off to prison that moment, than to have owed my rescue to him. I muttered my miserably insufficient thanks, in a faltering voice, and flushed, and inwardly raging, yet outwardly dejected, hurried myself home. There I poured the tale of my mishap into Patty's ear. Her sympathy was, as usual, efficacious, and at last I began to take a more cheerful view of life, and to wonder if we should hear more of the affair. But no officer came to carry me off to a dungeon. Instead, a verbose apology, from the clerk, arrived, in due season.

Patty and I and aunt left the Pension, with adieus and good wishes ringing in our ears, in a confusion of many tongues. I fancied I caught a glimpse of a face at the station, that suggested my pickpocket and rescuer. Just as the train was moving off, a bouquet of blush roses was put into my hand, by a servant in livery. I pondered, and conjectured, what it meant. Who was there to send me roses? Need I say that I kept them long after their tender bloom had faded! There was a touch of romance in the affair. I am sure any other girl would have done the same.

Our destination was a little, primitive village, where we soon made ourselves quite at home, for the French, in the rural districts, are always kind to strangers who care to be sociable. I romped with its rosy-cheeked children, gathered the fair spring flowers, and strolled with Patty through the fields and woods.

We ventured, one day, into the demesne of Count Verney, and climbed a terrace that surrounded the chateau. The gatekeeper had assured us that the owner was not at home, so we chattered away, as we supposed, in security.

"Who do you imagine he is, Patty, this lucky man, who owns such a sweet bit of the earth?"

"And leaves it, when it is wearing its prettiest smiles," said Patty. "Probably gaming at Monaco or driving in the Bois, in the train of the reigning beauty of the season."

Soon after, a comely old dame came down to us, and said, "Master sends his compliments to the lady, who looks so tired, on the terrace, and begs she would come inside to rest."

"What a good-natured man your master is," I said. "Pray, who is he?"

"Count Verney," replied the dame, a little stiffly, mildly indignant that her master's title should not be known by intuition. "He said perhaps the young lady might like to see the carvings, and pictures, and the old rooms, some of which go back for hundreds of years."

"Certainly," I replied, "we will not refuse so polite an offer."

"Now, dearie," I whispered to Patty, as we followed the comely dame to the house, "you *must admit*, in spite of your pet prejudice, that the old French nobility are not all stiff and unapproachable, as you maintain. How I should like to see this Count Verney. Some old fellow with a queue, I've no doubt."

My wish was fulfilled sooner than I expected. As we strolled homewards, two dogs sprang out towards us, suddenly, at a bend in the road. Patty turned pale and screamed a little feminine scream. I, who have always been called exceptionally brave, said, "Go away, you lovely, big things; you are frightening my darling, even if you are only in play."

Perhaps this moral suasion would not have had the effect I desired, but a voice, at this

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juncture, called the dogs, and from behind a clump of trees appeared, to my dismay, the young gentleman who had been arrested as a pickpocket, and who had afterwards rescued me from a charge of shoplifting. He asked kindly if the ladies had been much frightened; said the dogs were too discriminating to do us any harm; and sauntered along with us, as he said, to avoid further misadventures, until we reached the village. All this time I could hardly speak. I was overwhelmed with confusion. It was Patty who did all the talking.

From this time on Count Verney, for it was he, came often across our paths, on various pretexts. I liked his bright descriptions of travel and society, and his piquant gossip. Possibly, I began to think more of him than I should.

One day, I left Patty asleep, and went and tucked myself in the bend of a great tree, whose branches drooped so near to the turf, that I thought no one could see me. I was reading, and deeply absorbed, when I was startled by Count Verney's voice.

"A hamadryad," he said. "Do they always wear such coquettish hats?"

Then, suddenly checking this light chatter, for he saw I was annoyed, he began to speak more earnestly. He told me of his deep interest in me; of the certainty he had felt, that day, when he had seen me arrested, that he would know and love; how he was staying in the country, though all the gaieties of the town were at their height, for my bright eyes; and how no woman had ever yet enthralled him so. But I cannot repeat all he said in such respectful and flattering language. I only know I felt myself blushing furiously.

"Did you know, madamoiselle, that I came down here, in search of you?" he said. "When I heard you were going to leave, I took it as an interposition of Providence, for I knew you were ignorant even of my name, and less of the fact that I had a chateau here. You know you asked me, in a certain letter, if I could excuse a slight mistake of yours, on one occasion."

He smiled, archly, and from out a note-book with a monogram in blue, he took my poor letter of long ago.

"I have always took care to hear about you. But I had no one in Paris to introduce me. So this is my first chance," his eyes laughing. "I've had to tell you that I forgive you, but on one consideration, only."

Was I too lightly won, when I gave my hand to him, a comparative stranger? My heart leaped up, in a great throb of joy, in answer to those words of his.

When I told Patty, she was in such an absurd state of trepidation, till I assured her that it was love, and not wealth or rank, that made me say "Yes." As for aunt, she sniffed, and, though she was secretly pleased, spitefully said "she hoped it would all end well."

It did end well. We were married that autumn. And now, as we sit together, to-day, in the balmy southern air, my husband says, laughingly, "You know you married a pickpocket."

"But you married a shoplifter," I reply.

"*Ma foi*," retorts he, "It was NEMESIS!"

# DEAD.

BY MRS. LUCY M. BLINN.

It is spring; the earth and the skies seem glad;
The air is laden with stories sweet,
That the south winds bring, of the bursting buds
That are springing to life 'neath the zephyr's feet;—
The sun has smiled on the ice-bound streams,
And sent them dancing along their way,
And wonderful treasures of fragrant life
Come out with the light of each opening day.

But alas! *my* flower that I loved and watched,
Till it grew to a proud, o'ershadowing tree,
Is dead, from the touch of some spoiling hand;
Spring cannot bring back its bloom to me!
I had thought to hide 'neath its branches green
While the withering heat of my day was high,
And to rest in its beautiful shelter long,
As the sun of my life crept down the sky!

But it fell; untouched by a slow decay,
Its sweet strength crushed in a single hour!
While its stately beauty was fair to see,
And its life seemed full of unmeasured power!

And we, who trained it, and loved its growth,
Stand here in the storm that our hearts must brave,
And see nothing above but a black, black sky,
And nothing below but one precious grave!

My boy, oh, my boy! they but talk in vain
Of hopes that may rise from your tear-stained bed,
Of a fairer life in an endless spring;
*I* only remember *my boy is dead!*
I cannot look up to the Father's face
And read in its frownings a blessing hid;—
Ah, no; can a blessing be given again
Like that lost one, under the coffin lid?

May God make us patient, we two who walk
With weary feet toward the gathering night;
With our strange, dumb grief, like a shadowy cloud
Shutting away all of earth's sweet light;
We would ask no better boon than this,
Of the Father who pities our anguish deep,—
Than to go, hand in hand, to that hallowed spot—
Lie down by his side, and forget to weep!

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a stylish costume for the street, the material of which is of prune-colored cashmere, or camel's hair cloth, combined with a tartan plaid. The straight, round skirt for the foundation, is made of silesia, with a narrow facing of the material on the outside. On to this foundation is arranged first a side-plaiting of the plaid, eleven inches deep; over this, comes the first part of the drapery, which consists of the plain goods, bordered with a three-inch band of the plaid; this falls in a point on both sides, opening in the centre of the skirt, and the fullness is

No. 1.

No. 2.



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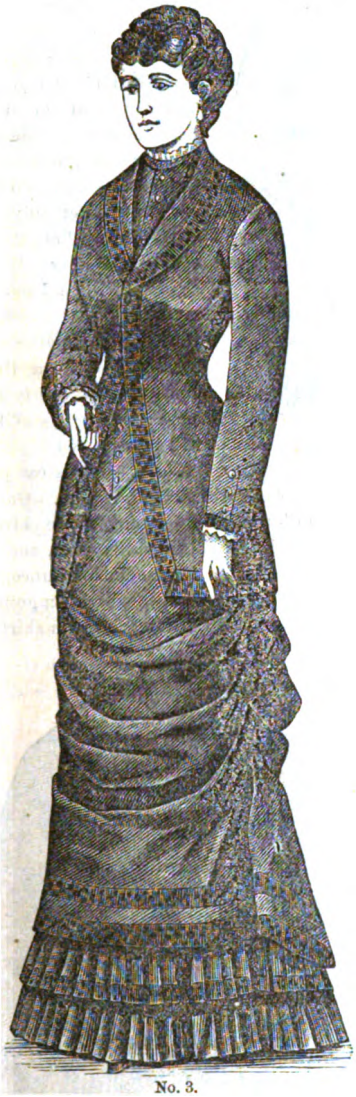
all gathered in a bunch above the plaid band, as seen in illustration. Above this is a similar side-plaiting to the one at the bottom of the skirt. This only fills in the space made by the second arrange-



No. 3.

ment of drapery, exactly following the lines of the lower one. The fullness is all gathered up quite close at the sides, and the back is looped and pouffed, hanging straight down like a scarf, with the end turned under. A plain, round basque, bordered with a band of the plaid. Cuffs for the sleeves are also of the plaid. The cape and hood are adjustable, and of the shape used upon the pilgrim suits, which we have described in a previous number for a miss. The ladies' capes and hoods follow the same design as those for children and misses. This costume can be made of the handkerchiefs, with plain centres, and plaid or striped borders, if preferred to combining the two materials. Twelve to fourteen handkerchiefs will be required; or eight yards of plain, double-fold goods, and four yards of plaid.

No. 2—Is a short costume for either house or visiting, and is made of surah silk, which is a soft, twilled silk, very fashionable and very

No. 4.

durable, combined with brocade, or polka-dotted silk in contrasting colors. Our model is of bronze surah, and a brocade of mixed bronze and pale blue. The skirt is made upon a foundation of

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No. 5.

cashmere of the same color, faced on the outside with the silk. One knife-plaited ruffle borders the edge of the skirt. Over this, four rows of knife-plaiting are arranged, to fill in the spaces made by the openings of the brocaded panels, which finishes the lower trimming of the skirt. The tunic is quite full, and very much wrinkled across the front, and looped and pouffed at the back. The front is ornamented with a silk and chenille fringe. The basque-bodice is of the brocade, and is pointed back and front, edged with fringe, above which are arranged soft folds of the surah silk. On the left side, and at the back, bows and loops of gros grain ribbon are placed. The sleeves are almost tight at the hand, but are left open for two inches on both seams, and a knife-plaiting of the plain silk is laid under, to finish the cuff. A narrow plaiting forms the stand-up collar, and a bow of the fringe is laid flat around the neck. This model may be followed in woolen material, and be equally effective. In plain and polka-dotted black silk, with chenille fringe, nothing handsomer could be suggested. Or an old silk, freshened up by adding the brocade for a new basque, etc. Fourteen yards of surah silk, and five yards of brocade will be required. Of woolen, less, according to the width of the goods. Three and a-half yards of fringe; three yards of ribbon.

No. 3—Is a pretty and simple costume for a young lady, of plain, self-colored cashmere, black, or any dark color, combined with polka-dotted, or brocade silk of the same color. This latter is very sparingly used, just to border the long basque, and to edge the tunic, and upper plaiting on the skirt. Two knife-plaitings border the skirt, one plain, the other edged with the brocade. The tunic is simply cut, as the plain, long over-skirt of two years ago, and looped at the sides and back, as seen in illustration. The long jacket-basque has a tight-fitting vest underneath, and the jacket only buttons at the point where the rolling collar terminates. Close coat sleeves, with a band of the brocade on the edge, and three buttons, with simulated buttonholes, form the cuff. Ten to twelve yards of cashmere; two yards of brocade will be required.

No 4.—Is a dressy breakfast costume of satin striped delaine. Our model is in gen d'arme blue. There is one skirt plain, three and a-half to four yards wide, and with a slight demi-train. A nine inch flounce, cut on the bias, gathered and headed with a guipure or torchon lace, and insertion trims the skirt. The

No. 6.—A.

long basque, which may be tight-fitting, as our model, or with loose-fitting fronts, as many ladies prefer, is also trimmed with lace and in-

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sertion down the fronts, around the edge of the basque, pockets, collar and cuffs. Fourteen

No. 6.—B.

yards of satin delaine, twelve yards of lace, and nine yards of insertion will be required.

No. 5—Is a costume for a girl of four or five years, made of striped plush and cloth. The

No. 7.—A.

waistcoat fronts are simulated with cordings of plush, and the collar, cuffs and pockets are all of plush. From the side seams of the back, a bow and ends of gros grain ribbon is tied; the same in front. This paletot is worn over a kilted skirt of the cloth, sewn on to a petticoat-body, with or without sleeves.

No 6—For a boy of six, we give the front and back view of a stylish jacket, made of serge, or cloth of neutral tint. The back is coat-shaped,

No. 7.—B.

and the front is plaited. Belt of the same material. Belt, cuffs, pockets, and edge of jacket finished with a silk braid binding and row of machine stitching. Small buttons. A deep, linen collar, square in the back, is worn with this suit. Knickerbocker pants.

No. 7—Is a pilgrim paletot, for a girl of six. We give the front and back view. The front is illustrated as a paletot of Persian material, when the hood is lined with scarlet satin. The back is illustrated in brown cloth, with old gold satin for the lining of the hood. The back is made with a drawing-string of ribbon, which is tied in front. There is also a bow on the hood, and smaller ones on the cuffs.

## LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked.

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|---|---|---|---|
| Dresses: Plain, | .25 | Basques and Coats, | .25 |
| Combination Suits, | .35 | Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts | .35 |
| Skirts and Overskirts, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Polonaise: Plain, | .25 | Waterproofs, Circulars and Ulsters, | .25 |
| " Fancy, | .35 | | |

BOYS' PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jackets, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Pants, | .20 | Gents' Shirts, | .50 |
| Vests, | .20 | " Wrappers, | .30 |
| Ulsters, | .30 | | |

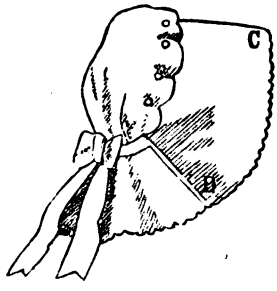
In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

## BABE SUNBONNET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, on our SUPPLEMENT, (in addition to the Beatrice Cape and Hood) the half of a pattern for a sunbonnet for a little girl of three years. It can be made of piqué, and will take about five-eighths of a yard.

Follow the notches and letters for putting it together. No. IV.—D to C forms the front of the bonnet. No. V. shows where the scallops and buttons are to be put for the crown. All the dots, from E to B, show where the drawing-string is placed. Finish with strings and bow and ends of nainsook, at the back.




## CAPE AND HOOD: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

The Beatrice costume, in our "Every-day" department for February, was so popular, that we give, this month, on the SUPPLEMENT, a pattern for the Cape and Hood, which is the distinguishing feature of the costume.

We give half the Cape, and half of the under and upper parts of the Hood.

A (see Supplement) is the front of the cape. B to F is the back seam. Two long seams at the neck to make it fit the shoulders: these are indicated by the long notches, where the material is to be cut out.

In the under part of the hood, No. 2, the dotted lines show where small seams or darts are taken, to make the fullness at the neck. No. 3 is the upper part of the hood. Both upper and under part should be cut without a seam in the neck, if possible; but if material is short, the seam may be made.

Follow the letters and notches for putting together. We give, again, this time on the Supplement, an engraving of the Cape and Hood, as well as the diagram.

## EMBROIDERED PANEL FOR SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a design for an embroidered panel for a screen, in the style of the celebrated SPANISH WORK of the Seventeenth Century. To complete the panel, a border, similar to that on the left, must be carried down the right side, so as to make it surround the picture in the centre. The width of our page does not allow us to give it here. But as it is exactly like that on the left, no mistake can be made. This Spanish renaissance work, with its conventional stateliness and classical scroll work, it is hardly necessary for us to say, was largely influenced by Oriental motives derived from the Moors. Every one can see this for herself. The effect of the floral centre depends on the bold contrasts of light and shadow, and a most striking effect it is which has been thus obtained in the original. The fruit of the tree looks equally well, if treated as cherries, or oranges, and might easily be changed into some

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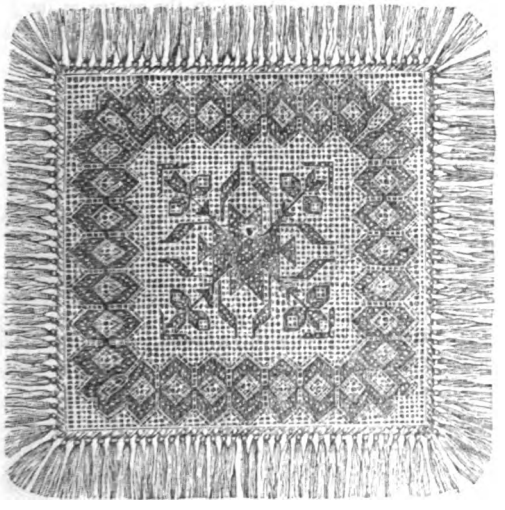
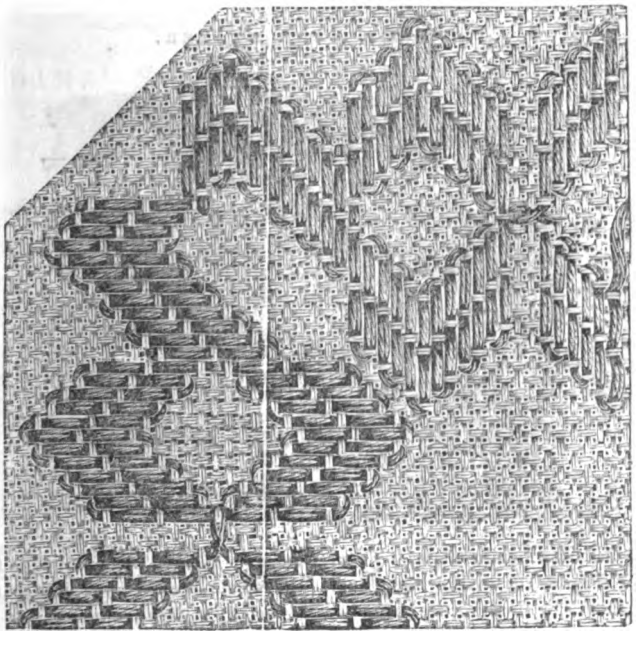
bright-colored berry, or fruit of the East. In every case they will have to be treated conventionally, subordinating strictly natural shapes and tints to the requirements of color effects. The elegant scrolls of the border are executed in the original in appliqué work, outlined with gold thread on ruby velvet, for which a dark tinted cloth, or felt might be substituted. The centre design may be done in stem-stitch with silks, or in chain-stitch, filling up the leaves, fruit, trunk, and branches of the tree by row after row of chain-stitches, until the design is solid.

## ANTIMACCASSAR: WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is worked in a new stitch, which fully justifies its suggestive name, of Point d'Economie. It can be worked on Aida cloth, Java canvas, and similar materials, and is done on an exactly opposite principal from the Holbein, and Vienna cross-stitch; for in this style the stitch must never go through the material, but only under the upper part of the threads, so as to leave the opposite side free to be embroidered with different colors, and with a different pattern, thus to make the tidy reversible at pleasure. For instance, our pattern, of which the ground is white Aida linen, is embroidered on the upper side with filoselle, and the under side is worked with the same design in pink. Round the outer edge fringe, made with the strands of the linen.



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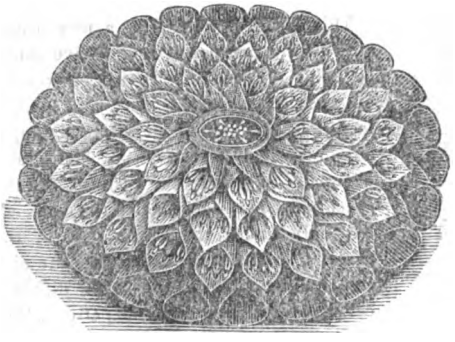
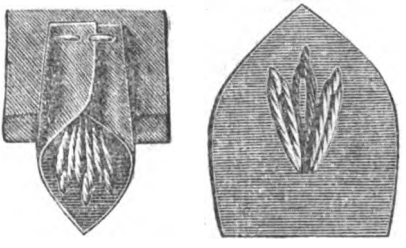
## PEN-WIPER: WITH DETAIL OF WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Cut out a circular piece of cardboard, about three inches in diameter, and bind it with black silk braid. Then for the upper part, cut out of



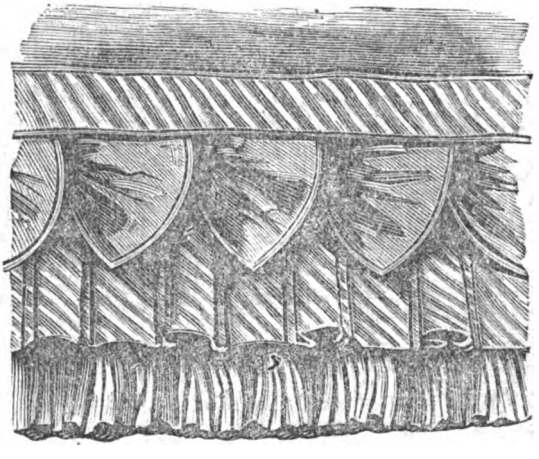
black, red, and dark blue cloth leaves of the shape given. The outer row of leaves is made of the black cloth, and has no chain-stitch inside; but the other rows are worked with silk of two colors, as seen in detail of illustration, and folded afterwards. The folded leaves are then sewn on to the cardboard, and in the centre of the pen-wiper are circular pieces of red and green cloth,



fastened down with knotted stitches of gold silk. On the wrong side, the pen-wiper is slightly wadded, and lined with black cloth.

## TRIMMING FOR DRESS SKIRT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



First, a knife-plaiting of plain material; next, a box-plaiting of striped, cut in the bias; next, long pieces, six inches by three inches, bound on one side and end, then plaited to form the leaves, the whole headed by a bias band. This is an especially stylish trimming.



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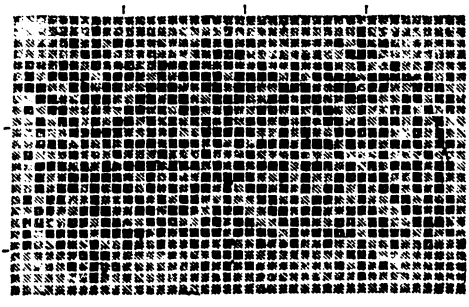
# TRAVELING BAG.

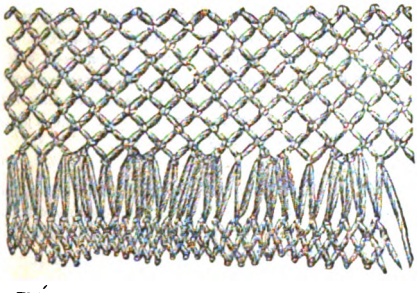
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

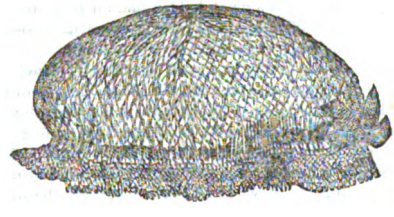
We give, here, a new design for a travelling-bag, and add, below, a pattern, in detail, for the embroidery, from which to work. The bag may be used either for a work-bag, or a travelling-bag. It is made of Java canvas, and worked in cross-stitch, in one, or two colors, to suit the fancy. We give the design, full size. After the embroidery is done, line the bag and the flap with silk, or satin, and then put in the ends, a quarter of a-yard at each end, gathered in. Bore the upper edge of the bag on both sides, under the flap, and for the handles, use a large, thick silk cord and tassels.



# LADIES' NIGHT-CAP: IN NETTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





This cap is netted of soft tidy cotton, and is begun in the middle, on twelve stitches, netted over a mesh of the size given in the detail. This is widened in six points, until large enough to finish out without widening. A larger mesh is used for the border, and a smaller one for the edge of the border. An elastic encased in a ribbon confines the cap, which is finished with a bow of ribbon on the top. If preferred, this cap can be crocheted in an open stitch in a circle, just like a round tidy, and finished with a crochet lace edge, and ribbon run in.



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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

How To Dress To Look Slim.—To look as well as possible is the duty of every lady. Nothing is so annoying, in its way, as to look too stout. A few hints, therefore, *how to look slim*, may be welcome to some of our readers.

To begin with, it cannot be too emphatically stated, that a good figure does not necessarily mean a slim figure. A good figure is just a symmetrical figure. A stout lady then should not so much aim at absolute thinness as at symmetry. Thus, strange as it may appear, if it be impossible to obtain this symmetry by taking away, it may yet be insured by actual adding. As a rule, the increase in bulk is not confined to any one part of the body, but is general. In the majority of cases then, a symmetrical and, comparatively speaking, an elegant figure, is obtained by following out certain rules with regard to the undergarments; and to the texture, colors, trimming, and make of one's dress.

As regards the undergarments, we need hardly say that combination garments made of merino or spun silk should be substituted for the old-fashioned linen chemise and drawers. Then the petticoats should be so arranged that all the thickness of folds and gathers should begin about the middle of the thighs. This is accomplished in the following way: Make a band of black silk or alpaca, lined with wash leather, and twelve inches deep. This band must be hollowed out to fit the figure, and should be fashioned down the back by tailor's buttons. At regular intervals, all round, more tailor's buttons should be sewn, on which to hang the petticoats, and even, when it can be managed, the skirt of the dress too. In this way you get rid of all gathers round the waist, and all fullness of material over the stomach. The difference produced in one's size by this simple arrangement is considerable.

Combination garments, stays, and a proper disposition of one's petticoats, will not alone insure a good figure. True, these means are really effectual in reducing one's actual bulk; but then apparent as well as actual bulk must be considered. For with women's figures, as with women's age, seeming is everything. It matters not the exact number of years a woman has lived, provided she does not look that age. It matters not the exact number of inches she measures round the waist, provided she does not look that size. To know, then, the rules one should follow in order to seem fairly proportioned, is a great desideratum for ladies tending to *embonpoint*. What are these rules? Common sense supplies them the moment we set ourselves to think.

Fatness we declared to be a want of symmetry, due in the majority of cases to the breadth of the body getting disproportioned to its height. Fatness, then, is just breadth without length. We all can see for ourselves that if a foot or so were added to the height of certain of our "podgy" looking friends, they would at once be changed into what men are fond of calling "fine women." It being, then, the undue breadth which constitutes the badness of this kind of figure, our aim should be to suggest by every detail of our dress length, and not breadth. Stripes should be preferred to checks, while scarves and other trimming should cross slanting longitudinally instead of being brought straight round. But it is not sufficient to suggest length. You should also be careful to avoid by every possible expedient any defining of the absolute breadth of the figure. The outline of the figure should be made vague. That is why silk and satin should be eschewed, and why dark colors should be adopted in preference to light. If you are dressed in a pearl-gray satin, your outline gets sharply defined by the dark background of every-day objects. If, on the other hand, you are clad in sober brown or sombre black, your outline blends with the dull tones of your usual background, and attracts no notice.

Having made your real outline unobtrusive by the dark hue and rough texture of your dress, your next step is to sharply define some inner outline, which shall still further take observation from the absolute size. For it stands to reason that if the eye be induced to follow some outline on the dress, it will be less tempted to measure the extent of the figure. A piece of bright-colored fabric let in down the front of the dress, from the collar of the body to the hem of the skirt, will always suit stout ladies. If it be properly narrowed at the waist, you then create the appearance of a waist, even though, through from increasing stoutness, you may not possess one. Assuredly, when this appearance can be got by mere attention to dress, no one ought to indulge in the pernicious practice of tight-lacing, in order, as it is said, to make a waist.

To disguise the size round the hips, the following precautions must be taken. If it be the fashion to wear all-round jacket-bodices, you must so modify the fashion as to introduce some break in the line formed by the bottom of the jacket. For instance, cut up the back of the jacket some three or four inches, and place along each side of the opening some steel buttons; or, if you prefer it, leave the body untouched, and sew on, instead of buttons, a handsome bow with drooping ends. So much for the back. As to the front, when the fashion permits, as it does now, a waistcoat should be let in. When this is not permissible, a series of horizontal silk straps and bows should be arranged down the front of the body. The ends of the lowest bow form the necessary break. The draping of the polonaise or tunic most vitally effects one's apparent size. Some people like to begin the drapery very low down, but this is a mistake. The draping should begin where the body of the dress ends. A plain piece of stuff taken right round reveals the size, whereas folds slanting upwards conceal it.

Suppose it should be the fashion to trim the body down the back; then, if it be trimmed with passementerie, this should be fairly wide, while, if it be trimmed with buttons, these should be fairly big. To conclude with a few directions as to cut. The greater the number of pieces of which the back of a body is formed, the better it suits stout figures. Again, the higher you place your sleeve seams the narrower you make the back. Lastly, never carry up the breast plaits too high, as this is particularly unbecoming.

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Never Find Fault, even with servants, in the presence of others: it hurts their pride, needlessly, and does more harm than good. How much the more should you avoid this with a husband, wife, child, or friend.

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For Two Dollars and a-Half, we will send a copy of "Peterson" for one year, and either "Gran'father Tells of Yorktown," or the Illustrated Album.

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"The Slide" is another of those first-class steel engravings, which are to be found in "Peterson" only. How spirited the picture is!



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Our Premiums For This Year, for getting up clubs, are unusually fine. The first is from an original picture, by that distinguished American artist, Edward L. Henry. It is particularly appropriate, considering that 1881 is the Yorktown Centennial Year. The engraving is in line and stipple, in the highest style of art, by Illman & Brothers, of the size of 24 inches by 20, and is entitled, "Gran'father Tells Of Yorktown." It represents a veteran of '76, in his old age, with his little grand-daughter between his knees, rehearsing the story of the surrender of Cornwallis.

*In addition to this* superb engraving, there will be given, for the larger clubs, a handsomely bound and Illustrated Album, in which friends, or acquaintances can write their autographs, or inscribe verses. Or the Album will be sent, instead of the engraving, if preferred. See Prospectus.

For many clubs, as will be seen in the same place, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent to the getter up of the club. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or Album: and for some, all three.

*Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1881. The new subscribers have already greatly exceeded those of last year, Everybody is asking for "Peterson's." Send for a specimen to show.

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Plain Gold Ornaments, either yellow, or red, are no longer worn as much as formerly; gold necklaces with lockets attached are things of the past; so is a profusion of bangles slipped over the hand. These jingling uncomfortable looking circlets have given place to a more common-sense arrangementin the form of a single bangle bracelet that holds the long gloves in place, and this, instead of being as loose as a bangle, is merely one slender band that clasps the arm tightly as a bracelet; but this mere line of gold often supports the richest gems. Long thin brooches, called "lace pins," have taken the place of cluster brooches, so long in vogue, these latter being relegated to hair ornaments. In the front of the number, we give a few engravings of some of the novelties, let us say also oddities, in recent jewelry.

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Our February Number was considered, very generally, to have been superior even to our January one. Says the Augusta (Ark.) Vidette: "Peterson for January, we thought, was the best ever issued. But the February Number is now before us, and even excels the January number, if possible. Not only are its embellishments of the rarest kind, but its literature is unrivalled. It has an array of tales, novels, etc., that is rarely seen in any Magazine. There is no question that, in literary merit, Peterson excels all other ladies' magazines. Every lady should have it."

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"An Improvement This Year."—The N. W. (Mich.) Review says, on receiving the February number, that the last year was so perfect, that it could see no chance for improvement, yet that there is an improvement, this year, and adds, "the publisher may well feel proud of his success."

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"Largest of Its Class." The Essex County (Vt.) Herald says of this magazine, that it is altogether the best of its kind, and that its actual circulation is the "largest of its class." We may add that it is larger, this year, than that of all the other ladies' magazines combined.

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Back Numbers of this magazine can always be had of the principal news agents, or of the publisher. When the local agent is unable to supply you, write to us, remitting the price, and we will forward the number, by mail, postage free.

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Our Colored Pattern for this month, in the front of the number, is for a Tidy on Java Canvas. If preferred, the pattern may be worked in crotchet. We find the patterns on Java canvas to be among the most popular we publish.

Additions may be made to a club, at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additions are made to fill a second club, the reader will be entitled to a second premium, or premiums. The rush for "Peterson" is so great, this year, that nearly everybody can double their club, with but very little exertion.

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"No Other Approaches!"—The Havre (Md.) Republican says of our last number: "Peterson's is conceded to stand at the head. In literary merit no other magazine approaches it, while in its fashions it outstrips all competitors. Every lady should take it."

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*My Wayward Partner: or, My Trials with Josiah, the Widow Bump, and etcetery. By Josiah Allen's Wife (Marietta Holley). Illustrations by True W. Williams.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Hartford, Conn.: American Publishing Company.*—Even the most cynical of London critics admit that our humorists, Hosea Bigelow, Brete Harte, Artemus Ward, Sam Slick, the Widow Bodott, and others, form a distinct class, which has no counterpart in England. Of this brilliant galaxy, one of the latest stars, as also one of the most brilliant, is "Josiah Allen's Wife." Our readers are familiar with her sketches. She made her first appearance, as so many others have done, in the pages of this magazine, and has continued to write for "Peterson," with but little interruption, ever since. Few authors equal her in her peculiar style. She draws her materials direct from nature; hence her sketches are full of local color. For the general weaknesses of the many, as well as for the eccentricities of the few, she has the keenest of eyes; yet her satire, though severe, is kindly; and, like all really great humorists, her pathos often surprises the reader from laughter to tears. The present volume is a collection of new sketches, published by subscription only. The illustrations are numerous, and full of spirit. We know no book, anywhere, that would be such a cure for the heart-ache. Some of the chapters are absolutely inimitable. The Preface itself is worth the price of the volume.

*Frank Forester's Sporting Scenes and Characters. By Henry William Herbert.* 2 *vols.*, 12 *mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is really one of the best books of its kind ever published. Mr. Herbert was an Englishman, educated at Cambridge, who came to this country in 1831, and remained here until he died, devoting his time to literature and field sports. He wrote the purest English; had a keen eye for the picturesque; and was more familiar with the gun and rod, perhaps, than almost any man of his day. There is no work, in the same line, in American literature, that at all approaches this. Several graphic illustrations adorn the volumes: among them two excellent portraits of the author.

*A Village Commune. By "Ouida."* 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is quite unlike the usual "Ouida" novel. It is more in the style of some of her better and shorter tales, such as "A Leaf in a Storm," "A Dog of Flanders," etc., etc. The work seems to have been written, less to tell a love story, than to expose the petty persecutions, and irritating tyrannies, with which the Italian bureaucracy "grind the faces of the poor." If half what the author says is true, we should not be surprised, at no early day, to see Italy break out into communism, or some other form of social insurrection.

*The Trumpet Major. By Thomas Hardy.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—A recent London critic has said that this author is the only one left that can rank with Dickens, Thackeray, or George Eliot. We think such praise excessive, even though Mr. Hardy has much originality, for his narrative is often prolix, and sometimes even dull. The present tale is, however, his best. The scene is in the south of England: the period the early part of this century.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"NEW FEATURE EVERY MONTH."—The Clark Co. (Ills.) Herald says, in noticing our last number. "Peterson's Magazine has some new feature every month; is always progressive and in the advance. The February number is now before us, and its new feature is a colored pattern for embroidery on net, the last 'new thing' in art needlework. Every lady ought to have the number, if only to get this new pattern. The stories are unusually fine. The principal embellishment is a steel-plate, 'The Lost Babe In The Woods,' one of the most charming that we have ever seen. The patterns for fashions, for the work-table, etc., etc., are almost countless. It is impossible to conceive how a lady's book could be better. '*Peterson*' is undoubtedly, as it claims to be, the cheapest and best of its kind." We have hundreds of other notices equally eulogistic, as well as private letters in the same strain. If you wish to get the most for your money, if you wish to have the best of the lady's books, subscribe for this magazine.

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INTERESTING TESTS MADE BY THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST.—[*From the New York Tribune, of December the 17th*, 1880.] Dr. Edward G. Love, the present Analytical Chemist for the Government, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use. And as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr. Love's report gives the following:

"The prices at which baking powders are sold to consumers I find to be usually 50 cents per pound. I have, therefore, calculated their relative commercial values according to the volume of gas yielded on a basis of 50 cents cost per pound."

| *Name of the Baking Powders.* | *Available Gas. Cubic Inches per each ounce Powder.* | *Comparative worth per p'd Cents.* |
|---|---|---|
| "Royal" (cream tartar powder) | 127.4 | 50 |
| "Patapsco" (alum powder) | 125.2 | 49 |
| "Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh | 122.5 | 48 |
| "Rumford's" (phosphate) old | 32.7 | 13 |
| "Hanford's None Such" | 121.6 | 47¾ |
| "Redhead's" | 117.0 | 46 |
| "Charm" (alum powder) | 116.9 | 46 |
| "Amazon" (alum powder) | 111.9 | 44 |
| "Cleveland's" (short weight ¾ ounce) | 110.8 | 43 |
| "Czar" | 106.8 | 42 |
| "Price's Cream" | 102.6 | 40 |
| "Lewis's" condensed | 98.2 | 38½ |
| "Andrews's Pearl" | 93.2 | 36¾ |
| "Hecker's Perfect" (phosphate) | 92.5 | 36 |
| Bulk Powder | 80.5 | 30 |
| Bulk Aerated Powder | 75.0 | 29 |

NOTE.—"I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and tartaric acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE should be taken by those who perform mental labor. It acts as a brain-food, and is particularly recommended for Wakefulness, Hysteria, and other diseases of the nervous system. For loss of appetite it is invaluable.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium anywhere in the United States.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

### No. III.—CALAMUS—SWEET FLAG—ACORUS CALAMUS.

A few remarks were made upon this article some time ago, but to which a few words can be profitably added here. It is well known in the country, as it is found in most low, swampy places; possessing long, horizontal-jointed, and somewhat flattened roots, internally white and spongy, externally tinged with green, brown and rose-colored spots. Citizens will meet with it in market, and readily recognize it. The odor of the root is strong and fragrant, its taste warm, pungent and aromatic. It is one of the popular remedies to destroy the odor in the breath of whisky drinkers. Our daughters should regard with suspicion those gentlemen who habitually have cinnamon, cardamons, sassafras, cloves, Canada snakeroot or calamus, in their mouths or about their persons.

Calamus is a stimulant tonic, and may be used by mothers in place of Jamaica ginger, in pain or uneasiness of the stomach or bowels, the effects of flatulence from torpor or debility of the alimentary canal. Before drug stores were established in every country village, and before it was so popular to rely upon a physician, our grandmothers used this (and other simples) frequently, and found it as promptly effectual as more costly remedies, and it might still answer as a good substitute for them. Make an infusion, one ounce to the pint of boiling water, and take freely and frequently.

CARROT.—*Daucus vel Sativa Carota.* Wild and Garden Carrot. (*Daukos*, the ancient Greek name). From the culpable neglect of our farmers, this foreigner is extensively naturalized, and has long since become a troublesome weed and nuisance in pastures, neglected fields, fence rows, road sides, and, in fact, everywhere. It is readily recognized by its spindle-shaped, yellowish root, leaves large and pinnately dissected, with their segments much incised; flowers small, white, in compound umbels, level-topped when in flower, concave in fruit. The surface of fields, neglected fence-rows, etc., can be seen whitened by the flowers of this plant in June and July.

The seeds of the wild carrot are only used in medicine, and mainly as an excitant diuretic in chronic complaints of the kidneys, and dropsical conditions of patients whose stomachs are enfeebled. An ounce of the seeds can be infused in a pint of boiling water, and the whole taken within twenty-four hours.

The root of the garden plant has been used for a long time, but much more frequently by mothers of the past generation than by those of the present, as a poultice to eating, sloughing, gangrenous ulcers and cancerous sores, to correct the fetor, and stimulate them to heal by changing their conditions. The carrot poultice is also applied, sometimes, to ulcers following fevers of considerable duration. For these several purposes the root should be scraped, and brought to the proper pulpy consistence. Boiled and mashed, the carrot loses much of its best medicinal virtues, and becomes simply a mild, emollient cataplasm.

CANCER ROOT, BEECH DROPS. *Epiphegus Virginiana.* (Gr. *Epi*, upon, and *phegos*, the beech). A fleshy, parasitic plant, destitute of verdure, possessing a scaly, tuberous root, stem 9 to 18 inches high, with tawny, purplish, small ovate scales, instead of leaves. Found in all parts of the United States, but only *sub tegmine fagi* (where Virgil spoke of his shepherd *reclining*) upon the roots and under the wide-spreading branches of the beech tree.

It is bitter and astringent to the taste. It has been given in bowel affections, but its chief notoriety consists in its having been, at one time, used by Cancer Doctors as a remedy or an *infallible*, in those malignant affections. It was used as

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a salve, or in the form of a powder. Most "cancer antidotes," however, contain arsenic, and upon which their destructive qualities depend.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

### No. 97.—RHOMBOID.

*Across.*—1. The language of the Highlanders of Scotland. 2. Walked over. 3. Pertaining to nitrogen. 4. A small interval in music. 5. An esculent plant. 6. A guide.

*Down.*—1. A letter. 2. A relation of degree. 3. The sea-eagle. 4. Prepared. 5. Sudden. 6. Any edible grain. 7. A tenth part. 8. A kind of wolding. 9. Serious. 10. An abbreviation. 11. A letter.

*Harwichport, Mass.* K. ELLEY.

### No. 98.—CHARADE.

My first is a lover of thought.
My second the lord of creation.
My third for long ages has brought
Rich products from nation to nation.
My whole, an accomplishment, needful and rare,
In all works of art it has a good share.

*Covington, Ky.* MARY RICHARDSON.

### No. 99.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. To allude. 2. A title. 3. One of the signs of the zodiac. 4. A demon. 5. A musical instrument.

Primals and finals name a fragrant flower. TWILL.

### No. 100.—HIDDEN AUTHORS.

1. The cage in which those birds belong fell, owing to the nail being too small.

2. The "Winter Palace" is in Moscow, perhaps, instead of St. Petersburgh.

3. Now, John, write "bow," "hit," "tie," "ran" and "hop" on the blackboard.

4. Would you let Mr. Fasdick enslave you, Mary?

5. Yes, the man sold fish.

*Centerville, O.* ANNA B. CHAMBERS.

*Answers Next Month.*

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

No. 94.

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3) 1 4 2 5 6 9 (4 7 5 2 3
   1 2
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     2 2
     2 1
     ---
       1 5
       1 5
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         6
         6
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           9
           9
           ---
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No. 95.

"Honor thy father and thy mother."

No. 96.

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L       L       L
  U     R     A
    A   A   O
L   L   A   C   O   O   L
    U   E   O
  R     L     W
L       L       L
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# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### MEATS.

*Rabbit Stewed with Cabbage.*—Trim off the stalk and the outside leaves of a fresh young cabbage. Cut it into four; wash it and leave it in cold water. Cut up the rabbit into joints; season it with teaspoonful of pepper, a saltspoonful of salt, the same of mace. Cut up a pound of the thin part of pickled pork into short slices a quarter of an inch thick: trim, wash, and cut up two large leeks. Put the whole, except the cabbage, into a saucepan, with just enough water to cover the rabbit. Boil up slowly. Put in the cabbage; press it down well into the gravy, and continue to simmer without the lid for another hour, or till the cabbage is tender; press the cabbage down often. Serve the whole in the same dish.

*Cold Minced Meat and Eggs.*—Take some fragments of any cold roast meat. Trim off all the fat parts and mince it very finely. Fry a shallot chopped small in plenty of butter; when it is a light brown add a large pinch of flour and a little stock, then the minced meat, with chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste. Mix well, add a little more stock, if necessary, and let the mince gradually get hot by the side of the fire; lastly, drop in a few drops of lemon juice; serve with sippets of bread fried in butter, and place the poached egg on the top.

*Baked Ham.*—Make a thick paste of flour and water (not boiled,) and cover the entire ham with it, bone and all; put in a pan on a spider; or two muffin rings, or anything that will keep it an inch from the bottom, and bake in a hot oven; if a small ham, fifteen minutes for each pound; if large twenty minutes; the oven should be hot when put in. The paste forms a hard crust round the ham, and the skin comes off with it. Try this, and you will never cook a ham in any other way.

*Cottage Pie.*—Mince any kind of cold meat together (beef, mutton, veal, pork, or lamb,) put it about an inch or an inch and a-half deep in a pie-dish, and cover it with gravy; do not spare salt and pepper; cover it over with mashed potatoes, smooth at the top, and cut it across in diamonds with a knife; bake till it is crisp and brown at the top. A little Worcester sauce may be considered an improvement if onions are not objected to.

### VEGETABLES.

*Potato Salad and Salad Dressing.*—Cut a dozen cold boiled potatoes into fancy shapes, one-quarter of an inch thick; mix with some flakes of cold boiled fish, halibut, cod, or salmon, and pour over them a boiled salad dressing, made with six tablespoonfuls of melted butter or salad oil, six tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, one teaspoonful of salt, half that quantity of pepper, and one teaspoonful of ground mustard. Into this mix one small cupful of vinegar. Boil well; then add three raw eggs beaten to a foam; remove directly from the fire and stir for five minutes. When thoroughly cold, turn over the salad, garnish with slices of pickled cucumbers, beet-root, hard boiled eggs, and fresh parsley. This boiled salad can be made in quantities, and

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kept tightly bottled for weeks. It is very palatable. When used for green salads it should be placed at the bottom of the bowl, and the salad on top; for if mixed, the vegetables lose that crispness which is so delicious to the epicure. Slices of eggs, beets, cold potatoes, serve to ornament the dish.

*To Brown Potatoes.*—While the meat is roasting, and an hour before it is served, boil the potatoes and take off the skins; flour them well, and put them under the meat, taking care to dry them before they are sent to table. The kidney potatoes are best dressed in this way. The flouring is very essential.

DESSERTS.

*Tapioca Pudding.*—Put three tablespoons of tapioca to soak over night in lukewarm water; in the morning, pour on this one quart of milk, and set it on the stove till it comes to a boil; add a pinch of salt, and four or five tablespoonfuls of white sugar, the yolks of three eggs, which, when you pour in, cools it; let it come to a boil again, or until it thickens, stirring all the time; then pour it in your pudding-dish; then beat the whites of the three eggs to a froth, add four tablespoons of powdered sugar, and spread over the top; put it in the oven, and bake a light brown.

*Rice Pudding Without Eggs.*—Put into a well buttered dish quarter-pound best Carolina rice simply washed, pour on it three pints of cold milk, sweeten and flavor to taste; put a little butter and nutmeg on the top to brown; bake two hours and a-half in a slow oven, on which much of the success of the pudding depends.

*Apple Snow.*—Stew two pounds of apples with four ounces of loaf sugar until tender. Beat the yolks of six eggs with two ounces of loaf sugar, and pour over them one pint of boiling milk. Put this custard into a kettle, and cook until it is as thick as corn-flour pudding. Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth, with one tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Put the apples into a dish, pour the custard over them, cover this with the frosting, place in the oven, and brown lightly.

*Amber Pudding.*—Four eggs, their weight in sugar, butter and flour, peel of one lemon, and grated rinds of two. Beat the butter with your hand to a cream, then add the flour, sugar, and beaten eggs by degrees, then the peel and juice of the lemons. Butter a mould, and when all is well mixed, fill it quite full; put a buttered white paper over the top, and tie well over with a cloth, put in a pan of boiling water, and boil for about four hours.

*Cocoanut Pudding.*—(1) Break the shell of a moderate-sized cocoanut, so as to leave the nut as whole as possible. Grate it after removing the brown skin, mix it with three ounces of powdered loaf sugar and a half-ounce of lemon peel. Mix the whole with milk, and put it into a tin lined with puff paste. Bake it a light brown. (2) Grate a cocoanut, make a custard (two eggs to a pint of milk,) sweeten to taste, add a small glass of brandy and a little nutmeg. Stir the cocoanut into this, add a bit of butter the size of a hen's egg. Line a shallow dish with puff paste, and bake of a light brown.

*Manchester Pudding.*—Line a pie-dish with a good short crust, and then a layer of jam; take a teacupful of warm milk, and mix with three ounces bread-crumbs, three ounces butter, three ounces white sugar, the rind and juice of one small lemon, the yolks of three and the white of one egg. Stir all three together till it becomes a kind of custard, then pour the mixture into the pie-dish, and bake an hour and-a-quarter; serve very hot, with the whites of two eggs whipped up on the top.

CAKES.

*Plum Cakes.*—Two pounds of flour, quarter-pound each of butter, pounded sugar, and currants, a pinch of spice and salt, three or four drops of essence of lemon. Put all into a basin with three tablespoonfuls of brewer's or patent yeast, previously mixed with a quarter of a-pint of warm milk or water. Mix into a light dough, taking care to use the hand as lightly as possible. When this is done put the dough in a warm place, to prove for half-an-hour; then mould it into what shape you please, such as small buns, etc., or, if made the size of a small teaplate, it may be cut and buttered the same as muffins, or if baked in a mould it can be served at breakfast or at luncheon. When cold, in all cases it must be put back into a warm place for ten minutes after being made up or moulded, then baked in a moderate oven. If yeast is not at hand, a tablespoonful of baking powder or a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda can be used. These will take much less time than those made with yeast, as they must be mixed and the cake put to bake at once; they will also make the cakes crisper.

*Tea Cakes.*—Two pounds of flour, one and a-half pints of warm milk, in which two and a-half ounces of butter are to be melted, and a large tablespoonful of yeast. Mix well together, and beat up sharply for some time; then put the mixture into tin hoops, from two and a-half to three and a-half inches deep (which should be buttered inside,) and leave them near the fire to rise for a little while before you put them into the oven. Do not fill the hoops more than half-full with the mixture.

*Sweet Biscuits.*—Rub four ounces of butter into eight ounces of flour, add six ounces of ground loaf sugar, the yolks of two eggs, the white of one, and a tablespoonful of brandy; roll the paste thin, and cut it with a wineglass or cutter; egg over the top of each with the remaining white, and sift on sugar; bake in a moderate oven.

## FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK SATIN DE LYONS. The bottom is finished with a narrow knife-plaited ruffle of red satin. The skirt is very narrow. The sides, both back and front, are faced with the red satin, which is looped up with gimp ornaments. The long, half-tight fitting sacque is also trimmed with gimp, and the long, pointed hood, is lined with red satin. The bonnet is of black net, studded with jet, and trimmed with a black and dark red feather.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT YELLOW FOULARD, figured with brown, worn over a brown silk petticoat, with numerous small plaited ruffles. The over-dress is very plain, and looped high at the back. The deep cuirass waist is laced down the front. The brown collar is handkerchief-shaped, and tied in a large bow in front. Large brown straw bonnet, with curling ostrich feathers over the brim.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE ROSE-TINGED SILK. The front of this dress is made with silk puffings, and scarf draperies, and fringed with pearl trimming. The basque and train are painted by hand.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF CREAM-COLORED FRENCH BUNTING. The skirt has a very short train, and is slightly draped at the back. In front, the plaits are placed in narrow, upward folds, and attached to the sides with bows of ribbon. The deep basque has a gathered front. It is laced down the back, has a large, round collar, and is trimmed with a blonde lace. The half-sleeves are gathered, to correspond with the front.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The under-skirt is made of a woolen material, with a plaid of same color. The skirt simply draped. The deep, coat basque is cut away in front, and has plush pockets, cuff, and deep plush cape, with two large collars. Brown felt hat, trimmed with brown plush and deep green bird's breasts.

FIG. VI.—OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED FOULARD. The skirt is finished by two knife-plaited ruffles at the bottom, and gathered so as to fall close across the front. The

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back is draped in long, loose bows, and arranged with brown silk. The basque has a puffing of soft brown silk down the front. Bonnet of brown straw, lined with brown satin, and trimmed with a fawn-colored feather.

FIG. VII.—OUT-OF-DOOR-DRESS, made of handkerchief-patterned camel's hair. The body of the dress is of purple dahlia-colored camel's hair, and the stripes are of heliotrope color. The basque, and two skirts, seem to form three handkerchief corners. Plain dahlia-colored camel's hair drapes the back. The deep collar, or cape, corresponds with the basque and skirt. The kilt-plaited ruffles and vest-front is of a bias plaid of the color of the dress. Bonnet with the front of heliotrope-colored silk, bound with dahlia-colored velvet, with crown and feathers of dahlia color.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLUE, GREEN AND WHITE PLAID CAMEL'S HAIR. The basque and front of the dress are of the camel's hair. The ruffles are of blue silk, and of blue, green, and white pin-striped silk—one large one and one small one being of the striped silk. A blue silk scarf drapery comes from the front of the dress, and is knotted in long loops under the basque, at the back: below this a train skirt is folded over, and lined with the striped silk. Collar of blue silk.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GREY SILK. The bottom of the skirt is kilt-plaited; above this is a trimming of lengthwise puffings, and above that again the material is loosely draped across. The train is but slightly draped at the back, and like the basque, is finished with a rich and heavy fringe. The long, plain basque has a square collar, and is trimmed with white duchess lace, which is jabred down the front.

FIG. X.—IN-DOOR DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED SILK. The skirt is made with many small ruffles, plainly hemmed. The coat-basque is of broché silk, fawn-color figured with light blue, light pink and olive-green. The belt is of the fawn-colored silk, as well as the strap and bows across the chest. The fichu is of India mull, edged with malines lace, and the sleeves are trimmed with the same lace.

FIG. XI.—MANTILLA FOR SPRING. It is made of black Sicillienne, with the sleeves formed in the mantilla, and is trimmed with rows of black lace.

FIG. XII.—A JERSEY WAIST, made of dark peacock-blue woolen and silk. This material is so elastic that one dart in front, and the French back seams is all that is necessary, and if the garment is cut to anything approaching the figure, the fit is usually perfect. The satin de Lyons elastic is very beautiful, but very expensive, costing about nine dollars a yard, the other Jersey elastics are much cheaper. The skirt should be made of a woolen or silk material, looking as much like the waist as possible, and a satin sash, such as is usually placed when the waist and skirt join.

FIG. XIII.—CAP made of guipure lace and rich plaid ribbon.

FIG. XIV.—LARGE, SQUARE, DOUBLE COLLAR OF WHITE LINEN, edged with lace.

FIG. XV.—CAPE OF TULLE, AND JET, AND SILK FRINGE, make on a black silk foundation.

FIG. XVI.—COLLAR OF BLACK SILK, embroidered in gold thread, and fastened with a gold cord and tassel.

FIG. XVII.—GIRL'S HAT OF BROWN STRAW, trimmed with brown ribbon and large soft pompons of red floss

FIG. XVIII.—LEGHORN BONNET, trimmed with a dark blue and red foulard handkerchief, and with a green and blue bird.

FIG. XIX.—BLACK STRAW BONNET, trimmed with a deep red rose and leaves, and with a red and light yellow plaid silk.

FIG. XX.—BLACK STRAW TURBAN HAT, faced with black silk, with a black foulard puffed crown, and a grey feather flecked with brown and yellow.



GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give, this month, in advance, a few of the many new styles of parasols. They are of figured silk, and of chintz; and to be quite correct, should be only used with dresses with which they correspond. Of course, there are now, and soon there will be still more parasols of entirely different character, of plain foulard, satin or silk, some richly embroidered, and others exquisitely painted by hand. There is also engraved, in the front of the book, some of the newest fancies in pins, brooches, necklaces, charms, etc. We by no means endorse these things; we only give them as the fashion of the hour. The elephant has taken the place of the lizard, the pig, and other monstrosities, that have had their short day with the merely fashionable, or the foolish. That beautiful woman, and splendid rider, the Empress of Austria, brought the pig into fashion, as a charm. In Austria the pig, strange to say, is considered to bring good luck, as the horse shoe is supposed to, in other countries.

The bonnets are also somewhat in advance of the season, but even at this early day, some few come to herald the approaching spring fashions. But we will say here, that there was never such a variety in the styles of bonnets as at present. Large and small, an inordinate over-loading of ornament, and the extreme of simplicity are all equally fashionable. As the warm weather advances, flowers will replace feathers, and the spring flowers have the preference at this time of year over the gaudier autumn ones, though the queen rose is a favorite at all seasons, as it is not only beautiful, but it can be arranged so gracefully with its rich leaves and falling buds.

WRAPS grow shorter as the days grow longer, and the half tight-fitting sacques, in hundreds of varieties, and the mantilla in as many more styles, divide popular favor.

The style of making dresses is also as varied as ever. One rule always is observed, however, and that is, that the dress must be close-clinging in front and at the sides, but somewhat puffed out at the back, as will be seen in all our fashion plates. Short skirts are worn entirely on the street; but for the carriage, or the house, trains are usually worn, though not absolutely necessary, especially for young girls and young married women. Coat-waists are being made for the spring, and divide favor with the full waists and the round basques. The apron-fronts of dresses, for evening-dress, are sometimes very rich material, and very simply made, and of a different kind from the train. The embroidered and painted dresses are, many of them, exquisitely beautiful, and any lady who is expert with her pencil, or her needle, can always have an original and tasteful dress. Painted parasols, and even painted bonnets, promise to be among the novelties this year.

Pretty white muslin hoods, trimmed with cream or coffee-colored lace, are being prepared for wearing with the white and light cotton summer dresses. They have a thick ruche of lace round the throat, and are tied in front with cream satin ribbon.

Some of the newest parasols are of cream silk, covered with three deep flounces of crepé Indian muslin, edged with lace. On one side, the centre flounce is turned slightly up to show a deep red or tea rose, with a bud and a few leaves.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE NEUVE DES PETITS.

From reliable authority, we learn that gauzes, richly brocaded in the large damask patterns that have been so extensively worn during the past winter, will be introduced for full dress occasions; they will be shown in solid colors only, as the large size of the leaves and flowers of the pattern would render them too showy were the flowers in their natural hues. Bonnets will be worn in smaller sizes. In

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chintzes and muslins, there will be an effort made to replace the large showy patterned percales, by smaller and more delicate designs.

The principal changes during the past month have been mainly in the domain of evening dress. Plush has invaded even that realm, and, I am sorry to say, with no good effect. It is too stiff and cumbersome to lend itself readily to the folds that are required in a dress to be worn for dancing. Corset-waists of the long napped plush are worn occasionally by young girls, but the wearer must be of the slenderest possible make to stand so thick and clumsy a material in a bodice. The newest hair-ornament for married ladies is a cluster of marabout feathers, tipped with gold or silver, or else frosted, to match the toilette wherewith they are worn, which they must also match in hue. The coronals of flowers, placed around the back of the head, which I mentioned in my last, are also coming very much into favor. The flowers must be carefully selected with a view to their flatness and compactness of form. Any blossom that sticks up or protrudes at all would look ridiculous. There is an attempt made to change the present pretty and becoming style of coiffure by the introduction of masses of hair falling low upon the neck, but the innovation has not, so far, been considered advantageous, and it has not been widely adopted.

The present style of reception or dinner dress is very easy of imitation, and is very handsome. It consists of a train and corsage in satin or brocade, with a vest and skirt-front of velvet, or the materials may be reversed for elderly ladies. Thus, I have seen a young married lady in a corsage and train of cream and satin, brocaded with rosebuds in pale pink and pale blue. The vest and skirt-front were of dark blue velvet. The train was caught up in full puffs just below the waist, and was tucked around the hem in deep loops lined with dark blue; these fell over two narrow plaited ruffles of satin, the one pale blue, and the other pale pink, placed underneath the loops. A pale pink and a pale blue marabout feather, frosted with gold, was placed at the back of the fair wearer's head at one side of the close classic coils of her dark hair.

Cashmere, which has been entirely laid aside during the past winter, in favor of light ladies' cloths, will be revived this spring, a new make being introduced called Scotch cashmere. It is a very advantageous article, its texture being at once soft and firm. The twilled India cashmere will also be revived. For the early spring, a new material called "*velours de laine*," (woolen velvet) has been introduced. It is a thin stamped velvet in wool instead of being made of silk, and is very novel and tasteful. It is used in combination with silk for walking costumes. The most fashionable color in which it has been shown so far, is a delicate pale brown, called doe-color (*gris de biche*), which does not differ much from the *café-au-lait* and beige colors of the past, except in being paler and less warm in tone. Half-fitting short paletots are shown with the few spring costumes that have as yet made their appearance. The universal coat-tail has undergone various modifications, one of which is very odd; it is transformed into a large bow, with one loop and a single end, this last being trimmed with wide fringe. I saw this arrangement on a plush walking-costume at Roger's the other day, and was much struck with its novelty and its effectiveness.

A wedding-dress, furnished by this house, is in severely simple taste—a plain white satin with a basque-corsage, the latter trimmed with narrow ruffles of fine point lace, and with medallions of white jet passementerie, from the centre of each of which hang three pear-shaped pearl beads. A ruff of pearl passementerie is placed inside of the corsage, which is cut open in a point. At the right side of this corsage, commencing at the shoulder, is set a massed garland of orange-blossoms, with buds and foliage, which is continued between two ruffles of point lace down the front of the corsage and the skirt, to the wearer's feet. The skirt has no other trimming, save a series of ruffles in fine crepé lisse set down the side breadths and around the hem.

America has actually set the fashion to Paris, so far as the wearing of long kid gloves to balls and dinner-parties is concerned. They appeared in the United States for at least two seasons before they were adopted in Paris. They are worn very long—eighteen buttons at the very least—and are either white, or the faintest shades of pearl, or cream-color. The very ugly custom of wearing tan-colored undressed kid gloves in the evening, has been entirely renounced.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS:

FIGS. I. AND II.—FRONT AND BACK OF A BOY'S DRESS, of dark blue cashmere. The body of the dress is loose-fitting, and kilt-plaited back and front, and a narrow side-plaited ruffle goes round the bottom, trimmed with several rows of white worsted braid. When the ruffle joins the body of the dress, small tabs are fastened on with buttons, through which a blue cord and tassels pass, tied in front. The large collar is square at the back, and pointed in front, and trimmed with white worsted braid. Bow and ends to correspond, as well as the trimming of the cuffs.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT OF BLACK VELVETEEN. The trousers reach to the knees; the jacket opens over a loose white shirt, and the collar and cuffs are of guipure lace. Black felt hat, faced with black velvet.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR. The body is laid in box-plaits, back and front, and the deep ruffle at the bottom is also box-plaited. A crimson cord and tassel covers the joining of the ruffle with the skirt. A small hood is lined with crimson, has crimson tassels at the end, and is tied in front with crimson satin ribbon. Fawn-colored felt hat, trimmed with crimson cord and tassels.

FIG. V.—LITTLE BOY'S OVER-DRESS OF GRAY FLANNEL, flecked with blue. Under-dress is of cashmere, of a medium shade of blue, and has a narrow knife-plaited ruffle at the bottom. The over-dress buttons diagonally from right to left, and is cut in battlements down the front, as well as around the bottom, and in each battlement is placed a small gray horn button. Gray felt hat, faced with blue velvet.


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# The Conclusion of the Whole Matter.

WHEN any matter has been fully, fairly and pointedly stated; when the facts bearing on the case have been presented; when the statements substantiating the claims made have been offered, and from the character of those furnishing such statements, known to be unqualifiedly true, there remains but one thing more, and that is—the test of personal experience. The common judgment of mankind indicates this as the correct method, and the inestimable benefits received by every one who proceeds according to such direction, constitute an indorsement of its truth too weighty to be tossed aside unconsidered. If you have nothing now to worry or harass you in your household matters or family, consider yourself fortunate. But sooner or later the time will come when sickness and pain will invade your house and attack you or some of your family. To anticipate this misfortune, and thereby prevent it, is the part of sound judgment. And as nothing equals that world-renowned remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, in preventing the encroachment of disease, and curing it if established, is it not just *the* remedy to have always in the house. The German people long ago decided that question, and the Americans, impressed, as we have seen, with the constantly uniform action and great remedial influence of St. Jacobs Oil, have adopted it as their household panacea. The opinions and statements embodied in this article are the echo of thousands of testimonials on our files in favor of the Old German Remedy; and your conclusion to try it—if you have not already done so, and need to use a pain-reliever and healer—will be the means of securing for you a revelation in the rapid banishment of pain, and re-establishment of comfort and health.

## THE TRADE TESTIFIES.

Volumes of Trade Testimonials could easily be given, but we select at random, the statements of a few dealers as an evidence of the esteem in which St. Jacobs Oil is held.

CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, Esq., Central Medicine Warehouse, New York City.—"I would say, that the best evidence that the people are realizing the claims advanced in favor of St. Jacobs Oil, is the large and increasing sale of the article."

JOHN H. FRANCIS, Esq., Wholesale Druggist, New York City.—"It is with much pleasure that I write as to the popularity and increasing sales of St. Jacobs Oil. From all reports I hear of it, the article has great merit and its sales are certainly wonderful."

P. VAN SCHAACK, Esq., of the "Old Salamander" Drug House, Chicago, Ill.—"Many of my personal friends, prominent business men of high standing in society,—said Mr. Van Schaack, have tried St. Jacobs Oil, and can not say enough in its favor. As an article of sale, St. Jacobs Oil is really matchless. You may form an idea of the popular favor which it enjoys among the trade and the people when I tell you that nearly every order we receive, as I show you by the file, (and we have several thousand customers) includes St. Jacobs Oil."

MESSRS. BENTON, MYERS & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.—Mr. Daniel Myers, of this old-established Wholesale Drug House, said, that with his house the sales of St. Jacobs Oil were greater by far than those of any article of its kind; and in fact it was one of the very best selling articles they had handled for many years.

MESSRS. BODEMANN & ZINN, Cor. State and Jackson Streets, Chicago.—Mr. Bodemann, senior partner, thus speaks: "My sales of the article are very large, in fact more extensive than those of any other proprietary medicine I have ever sold, for any complaint. It fulfills the promises of its makers in every particular. I have to send orders almost daily to the house. I have noticed the results of its use in many cases, and they are uniformly most satisfactory.

## THE PRESS TESTIFIES.

Never before has it been the enviable fortune of any medicinal preparation to be so widely noticed by the press of the country as has been the St. Jacobs Oil. We append a few such expressions from the mass at our hand.

ST. LOUIS (MO.) REPUBLICAN.—* * It is very rare that the REPUBLICAN consents to editorially forward interests of what are known as patent medicines, as it does not frequently fall out that we can have positive knowledge of their merits. However, we take pleasure in saying of St. Jacobs Oil, from individual experiment, that it is a most excellent remedial agent, and as such we can heartily recommend it.

CINCINNATI (OHIO) STAR.—* * We stated to Mr. Hill, (of the Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railway,) as we now do to our readers, that the names of parties of national reputation were being freely used by the proprietors of the St. Jacobs Oil in their announcements and otherwise; and we feel it a matter of curiosity, and in some respects a duty to our subscribers, to verify the truth of the statements made regarding it.

THE CLEVELAND (OHIO) PLAIN-DEALER, concludes an extended editorial in this wise. "All in all, when summed up, it must be plain to every fair-minded man that never in the history of our country has a medical discovery been brought before the public and accepted with such universal expressions of favor as this Great German Remedy."

THE CHICAGO (ILL.) TIMES, in closing an elaborate editorial, wherein were embodied the statements of many of the most solid business men and influential citizens of Chicago, observes in reference to ST. JACOBS OIL: "These interviews, as herein reported, should be enough to satisfy the most skeptical of the wonderful, almost miraculous properties contained in these little bottles." These sentiments are the universal echo of the press of the land, and carry with convincing emphasis, indubitable proof of the wonderful efficacy of the Great German Remedy, ST. JACOBS OIL.

## THE PUBLIC TESTIFIES.

THE RT. REV. BISHOP GILMOUR, Cleveland, Ohio: "Excellent for Rheumatism and kindred diseases. It has benefited me greatly."—CHAS. S. STRICKLAND, Esq., Builder, of 9 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.: "I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this liniment."—PROF. TICE, the renowned Meteorologist, St. Louis, Mo.: "Almost instant relief from excruciating pain."—MME. MARIE SALVOTTI, Prima Donna Wilhelmj Concert Troupe: "Nothing can compare with it as a prompt and reliable cure for the ailments named."—WM. H. WAREING, Esq., Assistant General Superintendent New York Post Office: "Proved all that is claimed for the Oil and found efficacious. Ready relief for rheumatic complaints."—HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, Postmaster, New York: "Referring to Superintendent Wareing's report concerning St. Jacobs Oil, —"I concur."—PROF. C. O. DUPLESSIS, Manager Chicago Gymnasium, Chicago, Ill.: "Our professionals and amateurs use it in preference to everything we know of or have ever tried."—MAJOR T. A. HILLIER, No. 2235 Master street, Philadelphia, suffered so with rheumatism that he was confined to his bed for weeks at a time, absolutely helpless; happened to hear of St. Jacobs Oil, tried it and was cured.—GEO. W. WALLING, Esq., Supt. Police, New York City: "Member of this Department relieved of Rheumatism by its use."—STACY HILL, Esq., Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railroad, Cincinnati, Ohio: "Undoubtedly it is a remarkable medicine."—HON. LEONARD SWETT, the great lawyer of the Northwest, Chicago, Ill.: "Certainly the best remedy of the kind I have ever known."—CAPT. PAUL BOYTON, The World Renowned Swimmer: "I do not see how I could get along without St. Jacobs Oil."—D. B. COOKE, Esq., American Express Co., Chicago.: "Gladly bear testimony to its efficacy."—J. JACKSON SMITH, Member of City Council, Cleveland, O.: "Seems destined to occupy a most important position in every household."—CAPT. HENRY M. HOLZWORTH, Chief Detective Force, Cleveland, O.: "Surprising relief. A world of good."—J. D. L. HARVEY, Esq., Palace Market, Chicago, Ill.: "I consider it a greater discovery than electricity."—PROF. EDWARD HOLST, Pianist and composer, Chicago, Ill.: "Its effects are in harmony with its claims."

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*My Annual Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seed for 1881,* rich in engravings from photographs of the originals will be sent FREE to all who apply. My old customers need not write for it. I offer one of the largest collections of vegetable seed ever sent out by any seed House in America, a large portion of which were grown on my six seed farms. *Full directions for cultivation on each package.* All seed *warranted to be both fresh and true to name;* so far, that should it prove otherwise, *I will refill the order gratis.* The original introducer of the Hubbard Squash, Phinney's Melon, Marblehead Cabbages, Mexican Corn, and scores of other vegetables, I invite the patronage of *all who are anxious to have their seed directly from the grower, fresh, true, and of the very best strain.*

**NEW VEGETABLES A SPECIALTY.**

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

# OPERETTAS

Beautiful, easy to learn, popular in style.

**PIRATES OF PENZANCE,** by Sullivan & Gilbert, **$1.**

**PENELOPE** Comic Operetta. Only five characters. By F. C. Walker. **$1.** Now performing in N. Y. with immense success. Sent postpaid for **$1.** All are especially adapted for performance by Amateur Companies Orchestral parts furnished.

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**WM. A. POND & CO., 25 Union Square, New York.**

**$55.66** Agents Profit per Week. Will prove it or forfeit $500. **$4** Outfit free. E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N.Y.

**50** Gold Chromo, Motto, Horseshoe, Scroll, &c. cards with name in case, 10c. E. H. PARDEE, Fairhaven, Conn.

**50 ELEGANT NEW STYLE CARDS,** Gilt Fringe Chromo, Fan, Ivy Wreath, Gilt-Vase of Roses, etc. no 2 alike. Name on 10c by return mail. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.

**SCROLL SAWYER.**

This Three-Shelf Bracket Design, size 13x21, and over 300 miniature designs for Scroll Sawing, sent post-paid on receipt of 10 cts., and the names and addresses in full of two active scroll sawyers. Price of pattern alone, 15 cts. Or send two stamps for Illustrated Catalogue of scroll saw goods. I offer inducements to purchasers made by no other house.

A. H. POMEROY, Hartford, Conn.

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Ladies once fitted with this Corset will wear no other. Be sure and get the COMFORT CORSET. Do not be put off with another kind of Corset.

Stylish and tasty as a French Corset, yet combining ease and comfort with elegance and shape.

In the place of bones are inserted continuous rows of *very stiff Cord* which gives *all the support* of bones, with the advantage of *yielding to every movement of the form,* and of being washed without changing the fitness of the garment.

The whole burden of the clothes is transferred to that part of the shoulders best adapted to sustain their weight; supporting everything without the least inconvenience, and almost without the wearer's consciousness, realizing the name we give to the garment—making it in very truth **A COMFORT CORSET.**

*Two measurements required.* Send for Circular with Rules for Measurement and Price List.

**Manufactured and for Sale by the**

**BOSTON COMFORT CORSET COMPANY,**

**76 CHAUNCEY STREET, Boston, Mass.**

Also for Sale by the Leading Dry Goods Houses throughout the country. Mention Peterson's Magazine.

**NO MYSTIFIED SECRECY.**

We take pride in telling that Hop Bitters are made of such well known and valuable medicines as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, which are so much used, relied on and recommended by the best physicians of all schools, that no further proof of their value is needed. These plants are compounded under the most eminent physicians and chemists, with the other valuable remedies, into the simple, harmless and powerful curative, Hop Bitters, that begins to restore, strengthen, build up and cure from the first dose, and that continually, until perfect health and strength is restored.

☞ That poor, bed-ridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters. Will you let them suffer? Send for Circular to

HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING CO.,
Rochester, N. Y., Toronto, Ont., or London, Eng.

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# FOOD FOR FLOWERS.

Made especially for plants grown in the House, Garden, or Conservatory. *Clean, free from offensive odor.* Produces healthy plants, *free from vermin,* and early and abundant blossoms. Trial Packages, **20** and **35** cents. Sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

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**BOWKER FERTILIZER CO.,**
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# KIDNEY-WORT

**This Great Remedy**

**in either Liquid or Dry Form acts at the same time on the diseases of the**

## Liver, Bowels and Kidneys,

*This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.*

**WHY ARE WE SICK?**

*Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.*

**KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE**

**BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESS, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,**

*by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.*

**Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches!**
**Why tormented with Piles, Constipation!**
**Why frightened over disordered Kidneys!**
**Why endure nervous or sick headaches!**
**Why have sleepless nights!**

*Use* **KIDNEY-WORT** *and rejoice in health*

☞ It is put up in **Dry Vegetable Form,** in tin ☞ cans one package of which makes six quarts ☞ of medicine.

☞ Also in **Liquid Form, very Concentrated,** ☞ for the convenience of those that cannot ☞ readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency* ☞ *in either form.*

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, **$1.00.**
**WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's,**
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

5

**50** All Lithographed Gold, Floral & Motto Cards, no 2 alike 10c Agts Mammoth Outfit 10c. Globe Card Co. Northford, Ct.

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**75** BEAUTIFUL EMBOSSED PICTURES sent, Post-paid, for **10** cts. Address, F. L. Clinton, Clintonville, Ct.

(Write for particulars; mention this publication.)

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or "NO TENSION" Silent Sewing Machine.

**Differs in all essential respects from every other machine!—Only Machine without Tension, Bobbin or Shuttle!—Only really Light-Running Machine!—Only Machine with Stitch-Regulator!—Easiest to Work!—Fastest!—Makes Strongest Seam!—Absolutely without Danger to Health!—Adapted for Hand or Treadle!**

*Direct Correspondence* solicited.

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VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. The FLORAL GUIDE will tell how to get and grow them. Address,

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**ORGANS** **$30 to $1,000. 2 to 32 Stops.** PIANOS $125 up. Paper free. Address **Daniel F. Beatty,** Washington, N. J.

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## A $450 17 Stop Cabinet or Parlor Organ for only $85 cash.

**ONLY $85.00.**

**5 SET GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS.**

**17 STOPS.**

**Style No. 8000, 5 full set Golden Tongue Reeds, 17 Stops &c.**

**Welcome to 1881. Something Original.**—With the new year come to the front, the grandest invention in reed organs the Celestina, or **French Horn.**

☞ This beautiful solo Stop is connected with a set of reeds so tuned and voiced as to exactly imitate **a French Horn.** The imitation is so marked, that should an amatuer musician be standing with his back to the organ it would puzzle him to determine whether it was really an organ or a **horn.** Besides, this instrument will contain the world renown **Vox Celeste the sweetest stop ever before placed in an organ,** charming is the exclamation everywhere, Also the **Vox Humana.** A powerful set of **Sub Bass** Reeds, and **Octave Coupler** which doubles the power by pressing your finger on a key of the instrument, the key an octave higher will come down it self. Do not buy an organ unless it contains an octave coupler if you do, you are cheated out of one of the finest improvements in reed organs. **Be sure** the instrument you purchase contains an **octave coupler. Buy no other.**

New style No. 8,000 contains 17 stops, 5 full set of Golden Tongue Reeds, 5 octaves, beautiful walnut case, french veneering, Handles, lamp stands, pocket for music, **extra large** fancy top, Beatty's new patent stop action. Height 72 in. depth 24 in. length 46 in. weight boxed about 400 lbs. The pedals instead of being covered with carpet are made **of metal.** Upright bellows made from the very best quality of rubber cloth. It contains **a sliding lid** and has rollers for moving. **It is by far the best organ** for the money ever built in this country. **Agents (monopolist price)** for such an instrument **would range from $150 to $450 according to the customer.**

**My price (having no Agents) boxed, delivered on board cars here with stool, book & music ONLY $85**

**This offer is special** in order to introduce this new instrument. It is a trifle above the actual cost **to build.**

Every one who has examined this style wonders how I can produce so fine an organ for so small amount. My reply to them is, I have the very best facilities for manufacturing, and in my enormous and increasing trade I usually get out from 1 to 2 thousand of one style at a time, and it is perfectly plain to be seen that I can manufacture at a much less cost than smaller concerns. A little margin on each satisfies me Every instrument sold is a standing advertisement, they are sure to recommend themselves so high that often 25 sales are traced from the first one sold.

**ORGANS & PIANOS.** **Organs, Church Chapel & Parlor, $30 to $1000. 2 to 32 Stops. Baby Organs as low as $15. Pianos Grand Square and Upright, $125 to $1600.** Every instrument is shipped on test trial and fully warranted 6 years. **Money cheerfully refunded and freight charges paid by me both ways if found in any way not just as represented in this Advertisement or my Catalogue's &c.** **My Holiday Offers** are extended until April 30th. Remitances may be made by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Orders, Express Prepaid or Registered Letter. Please send reference or some evidence of your responsibility if you do not remit with order. ☞ **Be sure to visit my factory here or send for my Illustrated Catalogue before you decide to buy elsewhere. WILL YOU DO THIS!**

**Address or call on DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

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**50 PERFUMED LATEST STYLE CARDS!** *Motto, Moss Rose, Lily, Violet, Snowflake, Japanese Lace,* no two alike, by return mail, **10c.** Outfit, **10c.** *Elegant Cloth-Bound Book of sixty fashionable varieties of Chromo, Photograph, Pictorial and Gilt-Edge Cards,* **25c.** CAXTON PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

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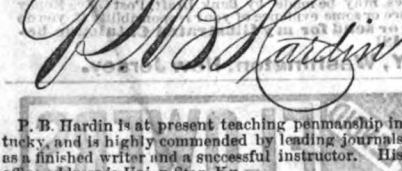

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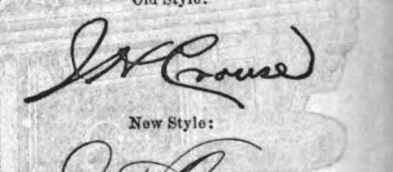

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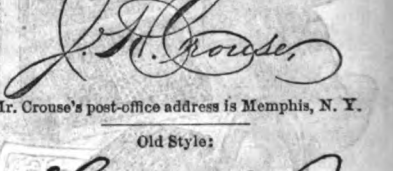

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Peterson's Magazine,

April, 1881.

*Classical Designs for Outline Embroidery, on Tapestry Canvas, &c., &c.*

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MOTTOES FOR CARD-BOARD.

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RAISING THE WIND.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SPRING. CHILD'S HAT

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NEW STYLES FOR OUT-OF-DOOR DRESSES FOR SPRING.

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NEW STYLE FOR IN-DOOR DRESS FOR SPRING.

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NEW STYLES FOR WALKING DRESSES FOR SPRING.

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# MARKE

Matilda Jeanne

DESIGN FOR WINDOW CURTAIN. NAMES FOR MARKING.

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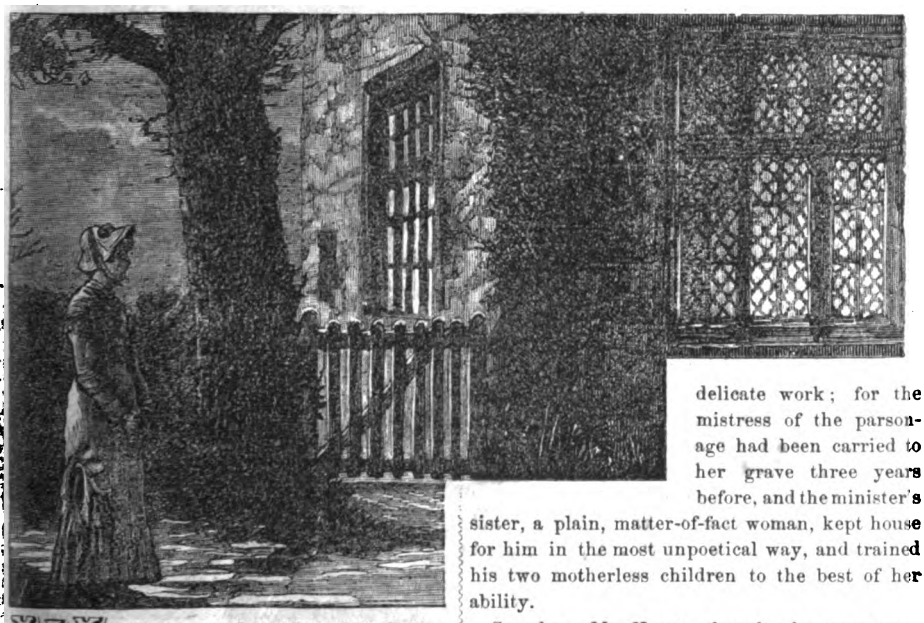
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1881. No. 4.

# THE LITTLE HAT WITH BLUE RIBBONS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.



WHAT impelled the Rev. Mr. Hunter to glance out of his study-window, in the suburbs of the pretty town of Lockleigh, on that particular evening? And what did he see? A bewitching little figure, in a quaint, but becoming dress, which was crowned by a coarse straw hat, tied with blue ribbons. A pair of bright, brown eyes, glanced shyly up beneath the brim, and the full, pouting lips looked very kissable; but it was a rather dark, pale little face, on the whole, even if beautiful.

The girl stood hesitatingly for a moment, by the gate. Presently she walked up to the door, and rang the bell. A few moments later, Mr. Hunter was summoned to the parlor. A lady, it was said, wanted to see him.

It was not a very cheerful parlor. It lacked, evidently, the tasteful hand of a woman, to give graceful touches of flowers, and books, and delicate work; for the mistress of the parsonage had been carried to her grave three years before, and the minister's sister, a plain, matter-of-fact woman, kept house for him in the most unpoetical way, and trained his two motherless children to the best of her ability.

Somehow, Mr. Hunter thought the room more cold and bare than usual, as he entered it now—wondering within himself what possible errand this bright little personage could have with him, at such an hour. His appearance was not exactly terrifying, being that of a tall, scholarly, yet handsome man of thirty, with a fine head and face, and gentle, dignified demeanor. But his visitor seemed utterly overwhelmed, and at a loss what to say for herself.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked, kindly.

"If you would please," in a very low voice, and with considerable stammering, "to give me your name—I—I—don't want anything else."

Mr. Hunter regarded the blushing face before him, in such a perplexed way, that the stranger tremblingly drew forth a book from a satchel, and presented it to him. He smiled involun-



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tarily, as he glanced at the contents. It was the prospectus of a newly-issued work of no great merit, illustrated with rather big, coarse, wood-cuts. Book agents had quite often visited him before, but of a different type from this one.

"I have only just come—by the afternoon train—" stammered the visitor, pleadingly, "and your name will be of great importance to me to head my list. I started out to secure it, to-night, even though it was—rather late," with increasing embarrassment. "It—it is the first time I have attempted anything of the kind; but the directions say to be sure and get the names of all the ministers *first*, even if they don't buy the book."

Poor child! she was trying to remember the "Instructions to Agents," and revealing more than was at all wise.

"But that would not be honest," was the answer, as a pair of clear, gray eyes rested penetratingly on her face; "it would imply that I intended buying the book. My child, I cannot give you my name. The book, although not a bad one, is not a book that I can conscientiously recommend. But anything else that I can do for you, I will do with pleasure. Perhaps you will tell me something of yourself, and where you are staying. You ought hardly to be out so late. May I ask your name?"

"Call me Miss Dickson, if you please," was the half-inaudible reply. "And I—I didn't think it was so lonely, here in the suburbs,"

"But that is not your real name?"

"No," still more embarrassed.

"My dear young lady," continued Mr. Hunter, in a kind, fatherly sort of way, "you are making a great mistake in this matter. There is nothing whatever to be ashamed of, in the occupation you have chosen. But it might bring you into trouble, to travel under an assumed name. If discovered, as it is liable to be at any time, it would certainly weaken confidence in you."

"My name is really Melicent Clay," she said, tearfully; "but I did not wish to use it, because I may not be engaged in it long, and then no one need know anything about it. It is not considered so nice as teaching, but it pays better—that is, if I get any subscribers."

"Well, I will make out a list of the best people for you to visit. Only you must not say that I sent you, as I do not subscribe for the book myself."

Melicent thanked him warmly, as she received the list; and Mr. Hunter then rose, saying: "Will you permit me to go with you? I wish to introduce you to one of my parishioners, a widow lady with one little boy; she occasionally takes a boarder of my recommending, and it will be cheaper and better for you than the hotel. I shall be unwilling that you should go out alone, in any event, at this late hour."

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He thought sadly, as he spoke, that, if his wife had been living, he might have given Melicent a home during her stay in the town.

Mrs. Gale was propitious, and agreed to let the young stranger occupy a bright, cosy little room, at a very moderate price. This important point settled, Melicent started energetically on her professional tour to such good purpose, that before night, the next day, there were ten subscribers on the first leaf of her prospectus, and she had made fifteen dollars. This really began to look like possible wealth, and she was quite elated with her success.

It had not been very pleasant for her in the past, poor child. Her only home was with a stepfather, who cared very little for her, but would not allow her to do anything toward earning her own living while under his roof; the object of her life had been to hunt up some relatives in England; and to get money enough to go after she had stolen away, and launched forth as a travelling agent. She hoped to be able, in the course of a year, or so, to accomplish her object.

The minister often thought of the little hat with blue ribbons, and the youthful face beneath it; and estimable Mrs. Gale soon noticed that his calls at her house were more frequent than they had been. He introduced her, too, to several families, belonging to his parish, and some took quite an interest in her, inviting her to their houses when they had company. On one of these occasions it was, that the minister, for the first time, heard her sing. When he came in, he saw a young lady, in an evening-dress, quite a simple one, but showing exceptional taste; and for a moment he wondered who it could be; but when she looked around, and smiled, he recognized Melicent, and his involuntary comment was, "How thorough-bred she looks!" Later in the evening, she was asked to sing, and her singing drew tears to every eye. Mr. Hunter, as he leaned on the mantle-piece, and looked down into her rapt, upturned face, thought of St. Cecilia.

It did not take many weeks to canvass the town, and the time came for Melicent to seek "fresh fields and pastures new." But the minister, meantime, had become more and more interested in her. One day he said to his sister:

"I think the children need a governess, Martha."

"I think so, too," replied his sister. "They are getting quite beyond me."

"Well, I think I have made a choice," said her brother. "They are very fond of Miss Clay, and I hope she will find this a pleasant home. She has come to see them, this morning, and is now in the garden with them, making dolls. I've been watching them for this last half-hour. Come and see."

He led the way to the library window, under which, on a garden bench, sat Melicent, busily engaged in her occupation. One little one was looking admiringly on, but the other one was already tired of dressing her doll, and was begging for a game of battledore and shuttlecock.

Miss Hunter regarded the picture grimly.

"What, that little fly-away thing?" she said.

"Miss Clay," replied the minister, a little stiffly, "is a young lady of education and refine-

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ment, as you well know, and I have no hesitation in trusting Clara and Bessie with her, if she will consent to teach them."

Miss Hunter wisely said no more; but she felt quite sure that Melicent would consent; and she proved to be right. Perhaps Melicent had given up her intended tour of Europe: at any rate she gladly accepted the liberal offer made her.

She and her pupils soon loved each other dearly; and "aunt Gertrude" was as kind as possible to the little governess; while the minister appeared to think that she was his pupil, and frequently carried her off to the study for reading and discussion.

One day, after the five o'clock tea was finished, he lingered on. His sister had gone out for a walk with the children. Melicent had a bit of fancy-work in her hand, and chatted, brightly, as she went on with it. Never, he thought, had she looked more womanly. Her pretty occupation, the simple dress she wore, her whole air and manner, gave an home-like atmosphere to the room, such as it had lacked for long years. For awhile, he sat silent, as if in thought. Then he looked across at her.

"Melicent," he said, "you once asked me for my name, and I refused it. Will you take it now—in a different way?"

She glanced up, shyly, and half-frightened, looking, once more, the little book agent. Her work nearly fell from her fingers. A roseate glow spread over face and neck. After one quick glance, her eyes fell, and she seemed as tongue-tied as on the memorable evening when they had first met.

Pitying her embarrassment, and recovering from his own, Mr. Hunter continued:

"You need not speak, dear. Only give me some sign, if you can, that you will try to love me."

Then, with sweet, bashful frankness, Melicent silently placed her hand in his.

They were married, in the late spring, just when the lilacs were going out, and the earliest roses coming in. Married, in the old church, where, every week, the minister preached the "Glad tidings of great joy." The only bridesmaids were Mr. Hunter's two little girls, who could scarcely restrain from dancing and singing, so happy were they to have her for "their new mamma," as they said.

When Melicent returned from her wedding-trip, and appeared, on the Sunday after, in the rector's pew, it was noticed that she wore a hat tied down with Blue Ribbons.

# CARNATIONS.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Red-lipped, and royal, and sweet,
Fragrant with spices, and tall;
Up to the sun they turn
Their hearts that throb and burn,
With the breath of the summer's thrall,
And the sunshine that crowns them complete.

Brimmed with the summer's heat,
Bending to every breeze;
Filling the lambent air
With fairy balms, and rare,
Red-lipped, and billowed in seas
Of spices—O amorous sweets!

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# GEORGE ELIOT, THE NOVELIST.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

IT has often been said that no writer, since Shakespeare, was so Shakespearean as the late George Eliot. Shakespeare, it is true, wrote in verse, and George Eliot, at her best, in prose. Yet both were dramatic before anything else, and it is in this sense that we accept the criticism.

Marian Evans, for that was the real name of this remarkable woman, was born at Griff House, Chilvers Coton, near Nuneaton, Warwickshire, England, November 22d, 1820. Her father, Mr. Robert Evans, was from Derbyshire. The name indicates descent from that Celtic blood, which Shakespeare also shared, and without some admixture of which, according to eminent authority, no one in England has ever become distinguished in imaginative literature. Robert Evans had for his cousin, Elizabeth Evans, the prototype of "Dinah Morris," in "Adam Bede;" and in the Wesleyan chapel, at Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, there is still to be seen a tablet to her memory. His own "early career," says a writer, "was not unlike that of Adam Bede; and his physique, tall, broad-shouldered, with massive, strongly-marked features, can hardly be described without recalling the figure of the stalwart young carpenter."

Early in life, Mr. Robert Evans won the confidence of Sir Roger Mendigate, a large proprietor in Warwickshire, and became land-agent on that baronet's extensive estates. It is a mistake, therefore, to suppose, as was supposed at one time, that George Eliot had an obscure origin. The family is, indeed, a middle-class one; at least as those things are regarded in England; but in that class it holds a fair position. George Eliot's brother, Mr. Isaac Evans, has succeeded her father, at Griff House. One of her nephews is Rector of Bedworth, where, among a class of the roughest miners, he works with a zeal and success that recalls "Dinah Morris" herself. It thus appears, that George Eliot, not only had all the advantages of education, which come from sufficient means, but that she was descended from a stock, that for generations, had been noted for probity, earnestness, and great strength of character.

When quite a child, she began to accompany her father, in his daily rounds among the tenantry, and it was thus that she acquired that knowledge of midland England, which has given to the world the immortal Mrs. Poyser. For awhile, she was a pupil at a boarding-school at Nuneaton. Several of her schoolmates are yet living, and describe her as having been quiet and reserved when a girl, with strongly lined, almost masculine, features. She mastered her lessons with an ease that was remarkable. She took little interest in the sports of her companions, however; for she was shy and introverted; and was never so happy as when alone with a book. When she stood up in the class, it has been told of her, that "her features, so heavy in repose, lit up with eager excitement, which found further vent in the nervous movements of her hands." She was, therefore, very emotional.

To the last, she was excessively plain, in personal appearance. She knew this, and was so sensitive about it, that she was unwilling to sit for a photograph, or even to have her portrait painted. Only two likenesses of her are in



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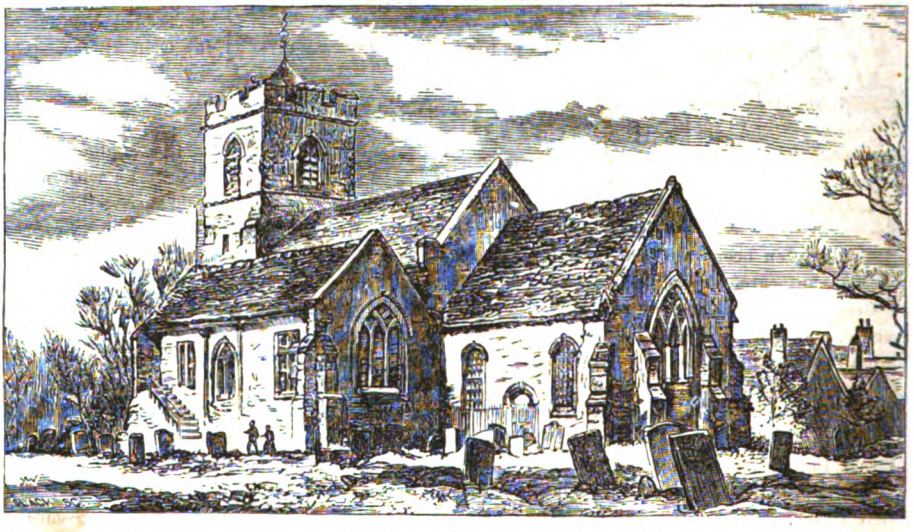
existence, and the owners, respecting her wishes, have declined to have them copied. We have heard her described by two different acquaintances. One, the most complimentary, said her face was like that of Savaranola. Another, caricaturing it a little, said it was the face of a horse. From the two descriptions, it is apparent that she had a high, projecting nose; rugged features; and a massive face; but that, when excited by conversation, the soul broke through this dull, and apparently opaque mask, and lit it up with transcendent spiritual beauty. Her voice was exquisitely melodious, which added to the charm of her talk. Her person was light and fragile, contrasting, in this respect, with her large head and massive features.

It was this comparatively weak physique, that hastened, perhaps, her death. She married, about a year ago, Mr. Cross, a wealthy London banker, and went, with him, on a bridal trip, to the Continent, soon after. At Venice, Mr. Cross was taken so ill with fever, that she could not leave his bedside, day or night. She returned to England, after his recovery, exhausted by anxiety and nursing, and having taken cold, had not vitality enough to rally. She died, after a brief illness, at No. 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, the residence of her husband. The day was the 22d of December, 1880, when she was exactly sixty years and one month old.

Her literary career is too well known to need more than a passing notice. After she had left school, she went to Germany, intending, it is said, to qualify herself as a governess. Eventually, however, she abandoned this idea, and on her returning to England, settled in London, and



became a contributor to the Westminster Review, and subsequently to Blackwood's Magazine. Thus, like nearly every other great novelist of the last fifty years, she began her career, by writing for the periodicals. It was in Blackwood's Magazine that her "Scenes Of A Clerical Life" appeared, a series of short stories, the materials for which had been gathered by her, unconsciously, in her daily drives with her father. In the "Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton," one of these stories, there is a graphic sketch of the church at Chilvers Coton, where she went as a child, which readers familiar with that tale will recognize under the name of Shepperton, as it is there called. The "Scenes Of A Clerical Life" appeared anonymously, and as if written by a man; hence the adoption of a masculine name, George Eliot, as that of their author. This name was retained to the very end. It will be as George Eliot, and not as Marian Evans, or Mrs. Cross, that readers will always think of this great genius.

The "Scenes Of A Clerical Life" attracted so much attention, that the author was induced to undertake a novel, and accordingly "Adam Bede" appeared, brought out by the Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, in 1859. George Eliot was now in her fortieth year. It is worthy of notice that it was at the same age exactly that Scott began his career as a novelist. The matured powers, with which both those great writers started on the race, were, perhaps, one cause of their vast superiority over all cotemporaries. "Adam Bede" was followed, in 1860, by "The Mill On The Floss," and in 1861 by "Silas Marner."

The last of these three fictions is generally

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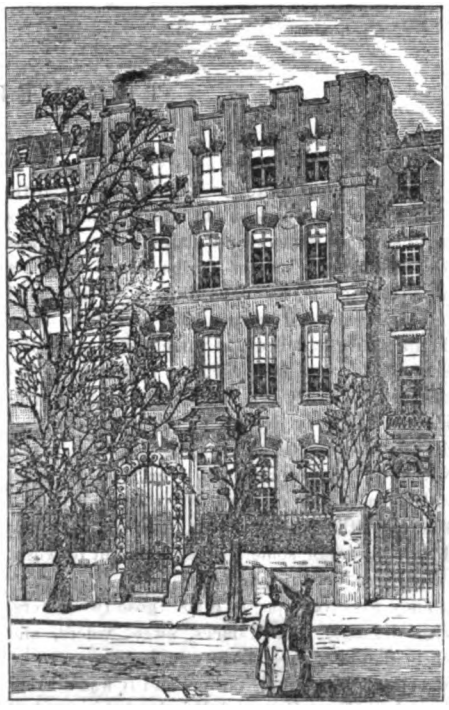
regarded as her master-piece, although some give precedence to "Adam Bede," and others to "The Mill On The Floss." Certain it is, that, from this time out, George Eliot fell off, considered as a mere novelist. Her increasing tendency to abstract thought was, no doubt, the cause of this. She became less dramatic, and more philosophical: an advance, in one way, but not an advance otherwise. For a novel is not the place for philosophy. It is dramatic and narrative power that is required. She became, also, too didactic. It is an idea, with many persons, that "Romola," in which she first began, so to speak, her new departure, is her greatest work; but the characters have none of the vitality of those in her earlier novels; they are, in fact, but little better than galvanized ghosts. Compare, for instance, the barber with Mrs. Poyser, or Romola with Maggie Tulliver.

"Romola" was followed by "Felix Holt," and that by "Middlemarch." Then, after an interval of five years, in 1876, appeared "Daniel Deronda." Each of these novels bore traces of more and more labor. The truth is that George Eliot, like many another writer, was crushed, to a certain extent, by her own reputation. In the effort to keep up to the old mark, she became constrained, she lost freshness, the marks of the file began to show. The scene of "Middlemarch" was laid in the old midland shires; but the old genial humor was almost entirely gone. In "Daniel Deronda" didactics quite overpowered everything else. The book, in many ways, is capital; but as a novel it is a failure.

It is strange to see the greatest imaginative genius of the age, not only falling off in power, which advancing years might explain, but also falling off in art, which is nearly incomprehensible. The explanation is to be found, perhaps, in the tenets of a certain school of critics, that the less objective a novel is, the better it is as a work of art, a school that is fast making novels



so subjective that they have become, as it were, literary dissecting rooms, from which all beauty has departed. To this school belonged some of George Eliot's dearest friends: and their opinions, doubtless, greatly influenced her.

We have said nothing of "The Spanish Gipsy," or her other efforts in verse, for George Eliot will be remembered, not for these, but for her prose fictions.

Our first illustration represents the house where George Eliot was born: the second the church where she went as a child; the third the house where she died.

# MY FRIEND.

BY ALICE D. LINDSLEY.

So pure, so sweet, with peaceful life,
  Whose beauty few may see.
And yet, its fragrance, many years,
  A joy has been to me:
Has filled my life with sunshine rare,
And stealing on me, unaware,
  Has blessed me utterly.
She lives two lives. The one we see
  Unfolding, day by day,
Is beautiful, how fair must be
  The one that's hid away!

The inner life that all apart,
Sacred with God and her own heart,
  Dwelleth in peace, alway.
O life so beautiful to me!
  More precious than my own;
Sweet voice so full of melody,
  That lingers in each tone;
Earth without thee would lose its charms,
Take me, my darling, in thy arms,
  O leave me not alone!

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# THE VERY FACE.

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

THE afternoon sun was shining into a little back parlor, that looked out upon a monotonous expanse of chimneys and slated roofs. It was the melancholy sort of parlor about which a suggestion of better days lingers. The faded and much-mended carpet had once been fine; the furniture had been, at some period, rich and fashionable; the lace curtains had plainly belonged to a costly set, intended for grand windows. The very dresses of the girls, who sat close to the scantily-filled grate, on that dreary November day, expressed in every fold the cares and contrivances of genteel poverty. Rita and Mabel Wilthorpe, one could discern, were not the daughters of some poor artisan, out of work, but of a reduced gentleman.

They were very pretty girls, those two sisters, with delicate, refined faces, sweet voices, and white hands. Their beauty and grace were an inheritance from their father, and it was all that that charming edition of Harold Skimpole had ever bestowed upon them.

Rita and Mabel were in deep trouble. It was only a few weeks since the death of their long-suffering, much-tried mother; their father was on the point of setting out for Europe, as secretary and traveling companion to an old friend. What was to become of the two girls during his absence? Raymond Wilthorpe, realizing clearly that he was made of the finer clay of humanity, had felt it fit that his burdens should be borne all his life by other shoulders; and now that his wearied wife had escaped from them to the grave, there remained many old aunts, soft-hearted cousins, and confiding sisters-in-law, to whom he could appeal. Not in vain did he calculate upon their generosity. Yet there were positively coarse souls, related to him, in whom his poetic views of existence found no response. He had just gone grandly out of the little back parlor, after finishing a denunciation of one of these cold-blooded persons.

"A brute!" said Raymond Wilthorpe. "Your aunt Thyrza tells me he actually had the audacity to say that I should have brought up my daughters to respectable trades, rather than throw them upon the mercy of any of their rich relations. You are shocked, I see, my dears; but what matter? Your dear aunt Thyrza has a soul above mercenary meanness, and will consider you as daughters—positively as daughters; otherwise, I could not find it in my heart to leave you. Don't cry, girls. I am sorry I mentioned what John Harold said. A person who sees no distinction between a gentleman's daughters and a—a hod-carrier's, for instance! I have always had a very low opinion of John Harold's character and abilities, and this confirms it. Forget it, my dears, forget it."

"I wonder if John Harold is not right?" said Rita, in the tone of one who fears to utter treason, when the door had closed behind her father's elegant back.

"*I* think it was a most unpardonable speech," Mabel answered, languidly. "Poor papa!"

"I don't believe aunt Thyrza wants us. What made her repeat that speech to papa?"

"Rita, how can you? Perhaps you prefer to accept poor, dear cousin Yates's invitation to go and stay with her? She always had a fancy for you."

"And she wrote such a warm-hearted, sympathising letter when poor mamma died, and came to see us; and the first comfort I had was the sight of her good, old, yellow face beaming in at the door," said Rita. "That was better than all the cast-off clothes aunt Thyrza sent us—though I thank her for them, too," glancing down at her black dress.

"Rita! Cousin Yates keeps a boarding-house. She may be very good, but she can scarcely make both ends meet."

"Well, I'm accustomed to that," said Rita, perversely. "It's a very long time since I can remember *our* making both ends meet."

"Is not that all the more reason why something should be done for us now?" Mabel asked.

"Or why we should do something for ourselves. I tell you, Mabel, I'm ashamed of our position. Girls without fortunes, or prospects of fortunes, ought to have something to depend upon, besides relations and possibilities. Why should we not help ourselves?"

"Because all our friends would be shocked, and because we don't know how to do anything," said Mabel, succinctly. "There is no use in rebelling against fate, Rita."

"I don't see why girls were ever created, for my part," said Rita, gloomily. She looked at herself in the great, faded mirror opposite, with



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a glance of scornful criticism. "Empty head and helpless hands! No wonder John Harold spoke as he did," she cried, springing up with an energy that made Mabel start. "I wish I *had* been brought up to a respectable trade. I wish I were a good dressmaker—a competent cook—anything that can earn money and is independent. I feel degraded when I think of living upon aunt Thyrza's bounty, and having to bear her horrible temper and ways, and growing false, and fawning, and discontented. It would be bad enough if I were only one of her pet parrots and monkeys. I wish she had not a penny. I hate myself beforehand."

"Why, Rita!" Mabel said, in feeble dismay.

"And she will taunt us with our dependence, and with papa's misfortunes, and scheme to marry us to hideous old millionaires, and get us off her hands—and I don't blame her much, either. I won't go near her!" said Rita, more excited, and coming to a resolution suddenly. "Cousin Yates—"

"For heaven's sake, Rita! Don't! What would papa say?"

"Papa—will let me do as I like," said Rita, with unintentionally bitter emphasis. It was too true. Mabel knew it. But the girls had been trained to a respectful belief in papa's genius and virtues, and even when it had been driven out of them by a too enlightening experience, they maintained, as far as they could, the dutiful semblance of belief. Therefore, the younger sister did not insist upon the stumbling-block of papa's disapprobation, but, changing her line of attack, sarcastically demanded:

"And what will you do, if you go to cousin Yates? She is too poor to afford such a luxury in her establishment as a fine lady. For my part, I'd rather be dependent on aunt Thyrza, disagreeable as she is. But perhaps you mean to make yourself useful in the boarding-house by washing dishes or waiting on tables?"

"Perhaps I do," Rita retorted; but her face fell, and she said no more.

Mabel smiled, when her sister went out of the room, a few minutes later, looking very thoughtful. "This is the last we shall here of cousin Yates and independence, I hope," she said to herself. "We are aunt Thyrza's own nieces, and she ought to take care of us. I don't see where the mighty obligation is."

This being a sentiment, perfectly natural to a daughter of Raymond Wilthorpe, no wonder Mabel thought her sister's rebellious notions odd. But Rita was shut up in her little room, with a head and a heart full of painful consideration.

Was there anything in the world she could do? For there was bitter truth in Mabel's words. She could not become a burden upon cousin Yates, who had only a heart, in the place of aunt Thyrza's bonds and mortgages, and bank account. Why had no pains been taken to cultivate the only talent she felt justified in hoping she possessed, if it were a talent, and not merely a taste for art?

"Then if I could not have been an artist like John Harold, I could at least have given lessons in some school," thought Rita. "I wonder if it is too late, as it is? If I worked very hard, I wonder if I could ever succeed so far as to be able to take care of myself? Oh, dear! if only I were fit for anything!" said poor Rita, breaking into sobs and tears. "It was cruel of John Harold to say that. What would he have been, if he had never been told that it was necessary for him to know something besides a little French and embroidery and music, and a smattering of this and that? Girls are such miserable, helpless beings. Why was not I John Harold's daughter, instead of—"

This monstrous supposition startled even Rita. Absorbed in the pain of considering her own humiliating position, made so forcibly plain by John Harold's remark, she remembered only now that she ought to be angry with him, since his reproach had been directed to her father, and not to her of whom he knew nothing. Did not filial loyalty require her to resent John Harold's plainness of speech as insulting? Yet, being too clear-sighted, poor child, not to appreciate its innate justice, she determined to forget that Raymond Wilthorp's family management had ever been so disparaged, and to think of John Harold no more; to think, instead, what she could do to help cousin Yates, and how she could improve her one talent, and make it available as a traveling staff through the great world. Rita's secret rebellion against fate, and aunt Thyrza's prospective tyranny, had not burst out under the stimulus of that taunt to no purpose: dependent upon her rich relative she would not be.

"And you shall come to me, you poor child," cousin Yates said, being taken into Rita's confidence. "And study art, or anything, you please. Help me? Of course. Haven't I accounts to be kept, and spoons to count, and errands to run? Bless you! I've needed somebody, just like you, in the house, this age. It's a real kindness to me for you to come, my dear.'

Cousin Yates was flattered by the preference shown her, over the rich aunt; and, perhaps, in the goodness of her heart, exaggerated the estimate she placed upon Rita's possible services. But her words were a real comfort to the young



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girl, and the latter, with all the earnestness and good-will in the world, set about the task of learning to be a useful member of cousin Yates' household, during her father's absence. For he "was coming back to take care of his dear girls;" when, he did not say; and left them with his tenderest blessing, one in the luxurious mansion wherein aunt Thyrza presided among her pet parrots and monkeys, and one under the humble roof where cousin Yates strove with varying success to please "a few select boarders."

"She'll be sick enough of her choice," aunt Thyrza crustily predicted.

She had repeated John Harold's remark, as a taunt, to her brother, when she consented to receive his daughters into her house, and had taken pains to show him and them that she regarded it as an especial favor; but she was none the less indignant that Rita should have shown such unexpected independence of spirit, and looked forward to her future repentance with a malicious desire to make it as bitter as possible for her.

But Rita did not seem inclined to repent. She worked and studied unintermittingly, with an energy no one had suspected her of possessing; and looked provokingly contented and happy, when Mabel came to see her, in aunt Thyrza's carriage; although, as the sisters kissed each other, the fashionable mourning robes, worn by one, made the shabby black gown of the other look all the shabbier. It was only after several busy weeks that Rita's courage and hopefulness began to abate. At last, there came "a weary day," when the brave, little heart sank, with a great pang of doubt and discouragement.

"If I only knew," she said to herself, looking mournfully at the half-finished painting, on the easel before her. "If I only knew whether all this hard work was to be of any use. What is it but time thrown away, and an abuse of cousin Yates' kindness, if I have no real talent, and no prospect of succeeding? I know the tinting of that foliage is execrable; but I don't know how to improve it. I never saw all my deficiencies so plainly before If there were only some one to give me a few hints now and then. There is John Harold—papa's relation—but I don't know him. I wonder—"

Big tears gathered in Rita's eyes. She was in a mood to do something desperate. There was nobody to advise her; nobody near her who could half-understand the passionate earnestness of her desire to achieve "independence," the sickening doubt as to whether she had not mistaken her own powers, and the direction in which she had been hoping to use them. What should she do? She dashed away the tears, and seized her hat and sacque.

"I will go and see John Harold," she cried. "He may be a perfect bear, as papa used to say; but artists, generally, have something generous about them. And he ought to approve of me, for I, at least, have not thrown myself upon a rich relative's mercy."

But misgivings seized her, when she actually found herself climbing the rather dingy staircase, that led to John Harold's studio; and her heart began to beat faster. She wished, devoutly, that she felt a little more certainty about the kind of reception she might expect to meet. But it was too late, now, to retreat.

John Harold was scarcely more than a name to her. She had a vague idea that, years before, he had incurred the family displeasure, by sturdily declining to tread in any of the profitable and respectable paths, his guardians and advisers desired to open for him, and by going away to Italy, pursued by a hail-storm of lugubrious prophecies, to study painting. She knew more positively that, since his return to his native land with a rising reputation, the relatives had ceased to refer to him as "that flighty fellow," and with few exceptions, were able to recall the time, when they had had a secret presentment of the artist's genius, and been sure he would finally shed lustre on the family name.

Rita knocked with a somewhat tremulous hand, at the grim-looking door, which bore John Harold's name upon its panels. It was opened by a young gentleman, whose flowing locks and fantastic painting-jacket had evidently been arranged with a careful eye to artistic effect. The girl felt half-disposed to run away. Was this John Harold? Then she remembered that John Harold was probably twice the age of this picturesque youth; and took courage thereupon to inquire if he were in? Receiving a reply in the affirmative, and a deferential invitation to enter, Rita hesitatingly crossed the threshold, and found herself in a quaint little ante-chamber, a kind of harmony of carving and mosaic woods. A tall, bearded man rose up to meet her, wearing on his face—or so, at first sight it seemed to her—a decidedly cross, and by no means, reassuring expression. An illusion, doubtless; for a timid, second look, convinced her that John Harold's face, though an ugly face in detail, was one of the kind that inspires confidence, and, moreover, that it lighted up with a peculiar interest at sight of her.

"You don't know me, do you?" Rita involuntarily said, struck by this look, which seemed to have something of recognition in it.

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"No," said John Harold, in a tone implying that he rather regretted his ignorance. "Is it somebody I ought to know?"

"It is your cousin, Rita Wilthorpe," said the visitor, putting out her slender hand.

The artist took it in a hearty clasp.

"I am delighted to see you," he said, with a warmth that pleased and much surprised Rita. She had not expected John Harold to be delighted to meet Raymond Wilthorpe's daughter; having a vague idea that he held the whole family in light esteem; the relationship, too, was not very well defined.

But he was not thinking about her parentage, nor was he uttering a conventional fib. Conventional fibs did not agree with John Harold's constitution. How could he help being delighted to see her? His art was no mere bread-winning occupation to him, such as Rita hoped to make hers; it was his life, and life's breath. And here was the very face he had dreamed over, and searched for in vain—the face he wanted for his picture of Elaine, taking leave of her brother and Sir Launfal at the entrance of the old tower. No wonder Rita had fancied he looked cross, for he had just come scowling away, from contemplating the half-finished composition upon the canvas, at the moment of her entrance. It was a piece of unexpected good fortune, he said to himself. This it was, and not the consciousness of kinship, that made his greeting so cordial.

But Rita, knowing nothing of this, felt immediately at home with John Harold. She forgot the disparaging speech that had rankled in her mind so long; forgot that it was only a kind of desperation that had driven her to his studio; and decided that she liked John Harold very much, and that her impetuous resolve had been wise and inspired. It was quite easy to confide her ambitions, and efforts, and perplexities to him—so easy, that she was frightened afterwards to think how much more she had said than she ever intended to say.

Having told her simple little tale of hope and fears, she waited anxiously for John Harold's comment: at any rate, he was too kind to consider her appeal an annoyance, she thought. But she was not prepared for any such proposition as this:

"Cousin Rita, we can help each other," John said, after pulling his beard for a few moments of silent consideration. "Yours is the very face I want for my Elaine, yonder; and I could give you a few lessons—eh!—until we could decide whether it would be worth while for you to continue your studies. What do you think?"

"Do you really mean it?" said Rita, flushing up vividly in her surprise.

"Of course I mean it. Why not? Will you come?"

"Come? Indeed I will," said Rita, with a brevity and earnestness that delighted her cousin. He changed the subject in his abrupt way, and invited her into his studio, as if her visit had had no other object than to inspect whatever was interesting there.

"Who would expect one of Raymond Wilthorpe's girls to show so much spirit? I rather think there is something in that little lass," observed John Harold, half to himself, and half to young Dalziel, his picturesque companion, as Rita finally tripped away, a remark that sounded to the young man painfully inadequate.

"She's lovely!" said the young man, with an emphasis that brought a grim smile to the lips of his senior.

"There's no sentiment in these old fellows," thought Mr. Dalziel, with the unconscious impertinence of his age and character; and went away to compose a sonnet "To a Beautiful Vision," which he fancied Byron would not have been ashamed of. But John sat late that night beside the waning fire in his studio, dreaming over his unfinished picture—as if any brush could transfer to canvas the magical atmosphere of the painter's creations—as if all art were not in the end disappointment.

But John Harold's Elaine was still a beautiful piece of work. It advanced to completion slowly. The artist lingered over it with partial tenderness; touched and retouched the sweet face of Elaine; for the pathetic and wistful expression that he desired to fix upon his canvas was not always visible in the face of the model. Rita's hopes rose as the weeks went on, and she was seldom in a mood to look sad.

She was a familiar presence in the studio, long before the picture was finished, nor did she vanish from it then. John Harold was not a very indulgent master; but he said dryly that she had talent enough to encourage; so she continued to receive the benefit of his instructions in company with his other pupil, young Dalziel. Rita worked patiently and gratefully. It seemed to her a wonderful providence to have found such friends as John Harold and cousin Yates. She was happier than she had ever been in her life, poor child; for she had grown up in the barren region of shifts and shams, which the poor and proud off-shoots of wealthy families generally inhabit, and there was something too genuine about her to make its atmosphere congenial. She was less and less likely to envy Mabel, for it was not in skill of hand and eye only that Rita was improving.

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It did not matter that John Harold had odd, brusque ways, and absent moods, and walked over conventionalities sometimes in a way that alarmed timid people: his society had the fascination which comes of being something thoroughly sincere and manly; and his conversation was an education to a girl like Rita, who hardly knew the elements of anything. She listened to him with eagerness, as to an oracle; read the books he recommended; visited galleries and studios with him: a whole new world of beauty and interest opening before her in this contact with a mind at once original and cultivated. If only things could have gone on so, forever! But the weeks and months drifted by. The picture of Elaine was finished, John Harold was going to the mountains to study effects of mist and shadows; the lessons must come to an end; and Rita put her name down on the list of aspirants to teach in a fashionable school, where "art" was a part of the programme of studies.

"She wants to kill herself, I believe," said Dalziel, disconsolately, to his master, one afternoon, when the subject of Rita's intentions had come up between them. "I never saw such an exasperating girl—I believe she does it on purpose."

John Harold looked up, discerning something more than common in the young gentleman's tone. Dalziel was leaning his elbows, dismally, on the table, with his chin between his hands.

"What is the matter?" John inquired.

"Matter? Matter enough. I say, Harold, you're old enough to be her father, and she has perfect confidence in you—do advise her, won't you? Why must she go into a school and work herself to death? Hang it! you know I have always been fond of her, and I—I thought it would be all right between us, until last night. Speak to her, won't you?"

"What am I to say?" growled John, after some startled silence. "I don't understand. If Rita won't have you. If that's what you mean."

"But, you see, sir, it's all that scheme of independence!—to pay old Yates, and earn money, and take more lessons, and all that," cried Rita's admirer, eagerly. "She doesn't say she doesn't like me, and I know I could make her happy, and I'am not a poor devil of an artist, without a crust to offer his wife, but a rich man's son, and I adore her. Come, Harold, stand my friend, won't you? Can't you say something to her? Find out if she won't change her mind?"

"What good do you suppose my speaking to her will do, if she won't listen to you?" John said this in gruff tones, and with evident distaste to the proposed office of mediator.

But Dalziel pleaded so perseveringly, and was in such desperate earnest, that the other at last relented a little, and promised at least to "speak to Rita," without committing himself any more.

Young Dalziel went away, quite relieved by this concession on the part of "old John," and left the artist alone in his studio. When the door had closed behind him, John turned his chair, so that he faced the picture of Elaine, which he had not the heart to part with.

The beautiful, pathetic face. He had never done anything so well. Why, then, as he gazed upon his masterpiece, did the man's features contract with such a look of pain? Was it only the beautiful face he saw, as the shattered fragments of some dream as beautiful?

"Well, well, I must have been a fool not to see all this before," muttered John Harold, rousing himself at last from his reverie. "Why, there is gray in my hair! It is quite true—I am old enough to be her father—what have I been thinking about? Nothing! Nothing! Let it pass. God bless her, whatever she does! I have my art to live for; I gave up my youth to it: it must be wife and child to me in my old age."

The pictured face of Elaine swam, suddenly, before his eyes, in a strange mist. John Harold, starting from his chair, turned his back upon the painting, with a resolute gesture.

It was time. There was a gentle knock at the door, with the sound of which his ear was tolerably familiar. He heard it now with something like a thrill of pain. It was Rita, herself, whom the opening door admitted.

"I'm so glad to find you alone," she began, coming eagerly up to John. "I have so much news to tell you. I've got a place in a school—it is only a few miles out of the city, so I shall see cousin Yates often; and, oh, what do you think? I have just had a note from Mabel, and she is engaged, just as I said she would be, to a hideous—and, oh, what is the matter, Mr. Harold? You are not ill?"

Rita's face grew grave, with sudden concern.

"No, no, nonsense! Ill!" said John, impatiently. "Sit down, Rita. I have been expecting both pieces of information. So you are quite determined to take this situation, are you?"

"Quite," said Rita, "and, oh, how glad I am to get it! You shall all see, now, that I am not a useless, good-for-nothing being; and I can repay cousin Yates, and you, and everybody—not the kindness; I don't mean that. You have been so good to me! But for you, dear cousin John, what could I ever have done?"

In her impetuous way, Rita caught his hand between her own, and raised it to her lips. John drew abruptly back, as if the caress hurt him.

"Good to you! I don't know. Well, are you

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sure you have chosen wisely? Is there nothing you would like better? I have just had a talk with young Dalziel about you, Rita."

Rita flushed up, at the significant tone.

"He is such a goose," she said.

"He will get over his airs and graces in time, and he seems to be very fond of you," said John, with a grim determination to perform his mission, at any cost. "And he has very good prospects. You don't dislike him?"

"No," said Rita, flushing more and more. "I don't dislike anybody. But I don't want to marry him—and I won't. I don't care what his prospects are. Do you think I am Mabel, who is willing to sell herself for diamonds and a brownstone front?"

Rita spoke quite fiercely, but a big, hot tear sprang into each of her downcast eyes. What had made John Harold, she said to herself, seem suddenly so cruel and cold? It was not his way, usually, to misunderstand people.

Neither of them spoke immediately. Rita was silent, because she was too deeply wounded, she hardly knew why; and the tears she was hiding under her dropped eyelids would have made themselves perceptible in her voice if she spoke. John was silent, because his heart was beating fast and strong, and he was fighting back the passionate words that came rushing up to his lips, in spite of himself. Wild folly! Was he not twice her age? Old, awkward, just the elderly friend whom she felt free to confide in? He put these questions plainly and bitterly to himself, before he ventured to speak, trying to assume his every-day manner as well as he could.

"Never mind, Rita; you must do as you please," he said, at last. "I only want you to be sure you are acting for the best. Why, what is the matter? Surely, you are not crying? Rita, my dear child, what is it?"

"Yes, what?" said Rita, the tears overflowing. "I come to you, first of all, to tell you everything, sure of finding you interested, and you begin to torment me about Leonard Dalziel."

"But I did not know, Rita. Forgive me. You are a proud little thing, and I was afraid you might have let some of your independent scruples run away with you. Have you not learned to make allowances yet for your old cousin's blunders? Is there anything strange in two young people, who have been so much together, learning to like each other?"

"Learn to like *him*, with his affectation and nonsense!" flashed Rita. "No, I never could, even if I had not seen him every day, beside you, cousin John. How could you think so meanly of me?"

She looked up proudly into the artist's face. Some unaccustomed expression there made her voice falter and cease, and her eyes droop, for her innocent words had gone straight to John Harold's sore heart, and awoke the hope he had been trying to put aside, as a dead thing.

Cousin Yates, with somewhat excited looks, met Rita coming in, out of the twilight, upon her return from the visit to the studio.

"Your sister, and aunt, and an old gentleman, have been here to see you, while you were gone," cousin Yates said. "All the neighbors' heads were at their windows, watching the carriage. Well, well, my dear, see what you have missed! If you had gone to your aunt Thyrza, you might have been engaged, by this time, to a great railroad king, with a bald head, and half-a-dozen grown-up children, ready to poison you."

"Oh, cousin Yates, how glad I am I did not go!" cried Rita, squeezing the little, worn woman, in the gingham dress, with an affectionate ardor. "How good God has been to me! You would never guess; but I am going to marry John Harold. You must be very glad, you dear, old cousin, you; for I am the happiest girl in the whole world. To think he should love *me*—insignificant, little me!"

"I really don't suppose the man could help it," said cousin Yates, not at all astonished, and with an air of having explained it all.

And perhaps she had.

# AN EVENING THOUGHT.

BY MARIAN THORNDYKE.

The ev'ning sunshine falls in mellow light,
That steeps the tranquil earth in golden sheen:
Long shadows cast their lines of deeper green
Across the sward. Above, on cloudless height,
Girt with soft opal, gleams the sky to-night.
Whatever cares the waning day hath seen,
Now all is rest, and happiness serene;
Nor aught of dimness mars this sunshine bright
Which fills the world. So falls the peace of God
On weary hearts that lay their burden down
Before his feet; oh! then, though paths untrod,
Loom dark for them, and mortal terrors frown—
Who can make trouble—e'en where sorrows press—
When the All-Mighty giveth quietness?

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# PASHA GEORGE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was a *fête day*, and everybody was either in the streets, or looking on from the balconies, as Vivian Grey arrived in Madrid. On his way to his hotel, he caught a glimpse of an unusually beautiful girl, sitting in a light, iron-railed balcony, whose face appeared to him English, rather than Spanish. But the carriage whirled by so fast, that he had but a glance, and then it was gone. It was in a street, too, whose name he did not notice. A quick turn around a corner, half-a-dozen others in rapid succession, and then he was at his hotel.

Our hero was young, only five-and-twenty, rich, popular, and had always had everything his own way; to crown all, he was as handsome as a poet ought to be, but seldom is.

At the Hotel de Paris he found letters awaiting him, and among them one from his cousin, George Danvers, whom he had expected to meet there; for they were great friends, in spite of ten years' difference in age, and the total dissimilarity of their tastes and opinions. They had met in England, the previous year, after a long separation; and each had found the other companionable; yet, if either had been asked his opinion of his cousin, his praise would have been qualified by so many reservations, that a close observer would at once have perceived how little real sympathy existed between them. It was propinquity, really, that had made them chums.

Danvers' letter was pleasant, and full of regrets over the fact that he was obliged to absent himself, just before his relative's arrival, and might have to remain away a fortnight or so. He had been called into Murcia, where his business interests lay, the care of which, since the death of his former partner, Mr. Howard, had wholly devolved upon George.

Mr. Howard had died a short time after Danvers' return from England, leaving a wife and daughter. To the latter George was engaged. The engagement had been formed shortly before Mr. Howard's death, and the marriage was now to take place soon. In all his letters to his cousin, Danvers talked a great deal about his love for his betrothed; but he also dwelt so much upon her youth—she was barely eighteen—and her need of being trained and formed, that Vivian as often said to himself, "poor thing, she'll probably find matrimony less agreeable, I fear, than she expects—George, in his lordly way, seems to be playing the part of a sort of Pasha." He wrote, in fact, continually about the duties of a man who wedded a very young girl, and had evidently made up his mind that, to mould her according to his wishes, would be as easy as pleasant. He did hint, however, occasionally, that she was wayward and headstrong; but this was the fault of injudicious indulgence, he added, on the part of her parents, and a husband's mild, firm rule would remedy these defects.

Vivian was reasonably sorry at his cousin's absence. But the glimpse he had had, as he drove through the streets of Madrid, and saw it in its holiday brightness, led him to think that time would not hang heavily upon his hands. It seemed a pity to lose the slightest chance of enjoyment, so after restoring his outward and inner man, by a warm bath and an excellent luncheon, he prepared to sally out in search of amusement, or adventure.

Of course, later in the afternoon, there was to be a bull fight. No Spanish *fête* would be complete without that; and, of course, Vivian determined to go. The spectacle would be a new sensation.

A ticket was difficult to procure, at this late hour; but money can accomplish nearly anything. The seat he got, was not among the aristocratic loges, indeed; it was down in the quarter where the populace sat; but it was the best place for seeing, in the whole ring, nevertheless.

He soon reached the amphitheatre; the special staircase he was to descend, was easily found; he was in the front rank; and, moreover, had the end seat, close to the staircase.

There was still a quarter of an hour to wait, and Vivian let his eyes wander over the vast assembly. His gaze made the round of the mighty circle, without being attracted by any face in particular; then it settled upon the person seated next him. I can only describe his sensations by quoting Elizabeth Browning's grand lines:

> "A face flashed like a cymbal on his face
> And shook with silent clanguor brain and heart,
> Transfiguring him to music."

Put into more commonplace language, what he saw was a young girl in the holiday dress of an



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Andalusian peasant, with a countenance which might have served as a model of the highest type of one style, and that the best, of Spanish patrician beauty. The face was turned full in his direction, but not looking at him; the eyes were raised, and scanning the rows of seats above; and yet even in her eagerness, the damsel held up her fan in one hand, and with the other gathered the folds of her mantilla closer, as if trying to screen her features as much as possible.

Such eyes, black as midnight, yet with a golden light in them; hair that shone as if braided out of sunbeams; a complexion delicate as the tint in a sea-shell; figure and attitude so full of grace, that she appeared like a princess. Somehow, it seemed to him he had seen those eyes before. But where?

"Do not stare about," Vivian heard the woman next her whisper. Then he noticed the speaker, a decently-dressed old body, with a face as brown and wrinkled as a nut, with a pair of shrewd, keen eyes, which grew quite fierce in their expression, as they fastened upon himself.

The beauty turned quickly, at this warning; settled lower in her seat, and fixed her gaze upon the arena, holding the fan still nearer to her face. The old woman leaned towards her, and whispered something in her ear; Vivian did not hear the words; but he saw the girl steal a glance at him, and caught her answer.

"A foreigner—it is no matter."

"You tremble—don't get frightened now," grumbled the companion. "You would come—don't spoil your own pleasure."

"I'm not frightened," returned she, indignantly. "I am only excited."

At that moment, the trumpets burst into a louder blare; the signal was given; and the picadors rode in.

Between the excitement of the opening ceremonies, and the tumult that face had roused in his impulsive soul, Vivian could have given no clear account of what was passing, only that the bull was rushing madly about, and the picadors were careering wildly to and fro. A horse fell, killed by a single blow from the maddened bull's horns, his rider escaping by a miracle. Another horse was plunging forward, so sorely wounded, as to be a horrible sight; a third sank down, with one side completely ripped open. But Vivian saw no more; for, without warning, the girl had sunk forward, and was lying half in his arms, in a dead faint.

The old woman gave one little cry, and tried to seize her companion; but Vivian held his burthen fast, and said, in Spanish:

"We had better carry her out, at once."

He lifted the girl; the old woman aided; and between them they bore her up the staircase. Nobody noticed them. Even those nearest scarcely turned their heads. The poor creature might be fainting, or dead; it was all one to the crowd; they thought only of the bull-fight. The carnage had begun; the first sight of blood had done its work; even a murder committed in its midst, could hardly have roused the throng from its fierce absorption.

Vivian bore the girl along the deserted corridor, till he reached a little room, where a ticket-seller had been stationed; but the man was not there now; the door stood open; Vivian and the old woman entered, and Vivian placed his still insensible burthen in a chair. "Oh! she is dead, she is dead," cried the old woman, and called the señorita by every endearing name, appealed to the saints, prayed, cursed, and all in the same breath.

In the meantime, Vivian looked about; saw a water-jug and a tumbler standing on a bench; brought them both, and returned to the side of the girl, who still showed no sign of returning animation.

"She is dead—dead," moaned the women.

"You are an old fool!" cried Vivian, so alarmed by her words, that he did not know what he was saying. "Can't you help a little? Sprinkle her face, while I hold her up."

The duenna ceased her eccentric dance and her lamentations; glared at him, and replied:

"The señor is right! I am an old fool—I don't thank you for saying so, however!"

After that she went about her work very quietly, and before long the girl opened her eyes, stared around, closed them again, and to Vivian's astonishment, said in English:

"Don't tell him—don't tell!" Then followed a few broken words in Spanish; then the old woman made her drink some water, whispered in her ear, and the girl could presently sit up, and was able to think and speak connectedly. "Oh, it was terrible!" she gasped. "Take me home, Louisa—take me home!"

"Yes, my heart—yes, chord of my soul!" cried her guardian. "We must get a carriage, though!"

"I will go for one!" said Vivian.

The girl started at his voice. She had not before noticed him. She turned so white, that he feared she was about to faint again.

"Do not be afraid," he said, in English.

"What are you saying to her?" screamed the old woman.

"Oh, he knows I speak English," moaned the

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girl. As she spoke, it suddenly flashed on him where he had seen that face before. It was the face in the balcony.

"If you will wait here, I will find a carriage," he said.

"We will go, too," said the girl. "I can walk well enough."

She could, by their united aid. They got into the open air. Vivian placed them in a hack.

"Where to?" asked the man.

"Drive straight on," ordered the old woman, frowning at Vivian.

"Oh—señor, thanks—a thousand thanks!" cried the girl.

The old woman grumbled out something, and the coach started off. Vivian stood, staring after it, dazed, helpless—he had lost her.

Three days elapsed. He had wandered about, in a moon-struck fashion, always hoping fate might favor him with another glimpse of that face. But in vain. At last, he failed, after a score of attempts, to find the street where he had seen her. As to identifying the house, that was impossible; there were hundreds that looked like it, or had, at least, such balconies; and the balcony was all he had noticed. At last, he remembered that he had not yet called at Mrs. Howard's, as his cousin had requested. He drove there, left a card, and in the course of the afternoon, received a note in reply, requesting him to come, the next evening, and dine with her.

Vivian presented himself, at the appointed hour, and was shown into the second of a handsome suite of drawing-rooms, where he was begged by the servant to wait; his mistress would be down in a moment. Almost immediately, the door opened again, and he heard a voice say, in English:

"A thousand pardons, Mr. Grey, for this inhospitable reception. Mamma will be down in a moment—"

The sentence died unfinished on the speaker's lips. Vivian had turned at the sound of these soft tones. He was face to face with his lost enchantress, the peasant girl of the bull-fight, the heroine of the balcony.

"You—you!" he exclaimed, in bewilderment.

The girl gave a little cry, turned white as the gown she wore, put up both hands with an imploring gesture, and sank into a chair.

"Don't tell!" she gasped. "Don't tell!"

"Never! On the word of a gentleman—never!" he cried. "Don't be frightened—there is no necessity. It seems like a dream. Oh, I have—"

Good heavens, what was he saying! He stopped in confusion, with a sharp pain at his heart too—he had remembered that this girl was his cousin's betrothed wife.

Then he struggled hard to recover his self-possession; it seemed so cruel to leave untried any means for reassuring her. He did not speak very collectedly, perhaps, but face and voice were enough to give any woman confidence; and presently Violet Howard could look up and smile in a somewhat tremulous fashion, and in turn make an effort to regain her own rudely shaken self-control.

"I had always wanted to see a bull-fight," she said, "but papa and mamma held them in horror. I never dared suggest such a thing as going; and Mr. Danvers says no decent minded woman ever would. He is very severe," added Violet, with an involuntary sigh. "This time I could not resist. I made Louisa take me, and I put on that peasant's dress, because, as she said, if anybody who knew me saw us, they would be sure to think it just a chance resemblance." Here Violet began to laugh, in spite of her agitation. "It was very funny—the getting ready—I dressed at Louisa's house—she used to be my nurse. But, oh, I paid dearly for it—"

"Mr. Danvers will never know it," replied Vivian, hardly knowing what to say.

"You were so good and kind—I felt ashamed of the way we went off without scarcely thanking you. But we were so afraid of your finding out—and here you are Mr. Danvers' cousin."

"And very glad to have begun our acquaintance by being of a little use to you, Miss Howard," said Vivian. Then, with a sudden bitterness, which seemed to hold a rage against himself, his cousin, fate—all things and persons except this beautiful girl—he added, "and we are to be relatives so soon now that I am doubly glad."

"Yes," she answered, simply. She did not redden, or show any signs of such girlish agitation, as might have been expected. Her great eyes looked wistfully at him, then wandered away, and once more he heard her sigh.

And then Mrs. Howard entered, voluble with apologies and cordial welcomes. She was French by birth, with a mixture of Spanish and Anglo-Saxon blood in her veins, and it was evident from whence her daughter derived her charm of manner, though she far surpassed the mother in beauty.

They went into dinner presently, and a very pleasant dinner it proved. Mrs. Howard talked a great deal, and talked well. Vivian, put by thought, gave himself up to the enjoyment of the moment, and charmed mother and daughter, forgetting for the time George Danvers and his claim upon the enchantress.

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But later in the evening these troublesome reminders came back. Violet had gone to the other end of the room, to look up some music, when Mrs. Howard, in a whisper, spoke of the girl's engagement. Vivian Grey quickly discovered that the mother stood in great awe of her intended son-in-law. It was plain, too, from her unintentional revelations, that George already carried himself in the house, in a very masterful fashion. He learned, too, that the match had been of old Mr. Howard's making, while on his death-bed.

Vivian went away in a perplexed state of mind, and spent a goodly portion of the night in troubled meditation. At first, it had seemed to him, that there was but one course to pursue—leave Madrid and never see the girl again. But his mood changed. He told himself this was absurd. He could not be in love with a woman to whom he was almost a stranger. It would make him appear ridiculous, too, if he ran off in so unaccountable a fashion. He must, at least, wait till George came back. All the same, he felt a certain unchristian bitterness towards Danvers, as if the man had stolen some treasure, which ought to have been his own.

All sorts of untoward accidents deterred George Danvers down in Murcia. Again and again he had to write, and postpone the date of his return. His business manager fell ill, a fire consumed a portion of the foundries. There was no end to his annoyances, and plainly, he chafed under them. But "Vivian must not go till I come back," he wrote. That was always the burthen of his letters—and Vivian stayed.

As was natural, under the circumstances, his acquaintance with the mother and daughter grew rapidly. He went daily to the house. They visited galleries and museums together. Mrs. Howard had led a very retired life, and she scarcely knew more about the world than Violet. Her husband had disliked society, and she had conformed to his wishes, in that respect as in all others. The companionship of this gay, sparkling young fellow was as pleasant to her as to Violet. She never thought any harm would come of it. Sometimes, she was startled, by finding in her mind a wish that her future son-in-law more closely resembled his charming cousin; but this wish seemed a positive disloyalty to Mr. Danvers, and she dismissed it, as often as it came up.

Violet was like a flower, meantime, that has been brought out into the sun, after long confinement in a shady place. She grew gayer and more lovely each day. She had never asked herself, if she loved her betrothed. She had been told she was to marry him, and had not dreamed of rebelling. Since fate, in the person of her father, had decided that the man was to be her husband, she took it for granted it was her duty to comply; and as she knew nothing of love, supposed her feeling for Danvers, which was an odd compound of fear and respect of fine qualities which she could not appreciate, was the correct and fitting sentiment.

Three weeks went by; two more; then, one evening, when Vivian Grey went to Mrs. Howard's he found his cousin there, who jumped up to greet him, more cordial and effusive than ever. But Vivian, though he tried to make himself agreeable, was exasperated to see George's masterful spirit, "petty tyranny," Vivian termed it, which was betrayed in a dozen ways, some of them so small as to be ludicrous, all of them irritating. If Violet chose one chair, George made her sit on another. If she expressed an opinion, he pointed out her error, with condescending patronage.

As the evening advanced, Mrs. Howard grew nervous. Violet, at first, too gay, became plaintive, then almost cross, and finally broke down in a song George had bidden her sing; and when he reproved her in his Pasha fashion, she flashed into a temper, and Mrs. Howard made matters worse by trying to excuse her, and mollify George.

"A sweet girl—a good girl—but she needs discipline," was that gentleman's verdict, as he and Vivian walked away together. "I think, for a year after my marriage, I shall take her down to Murcia, and leave Mrs. Howard here. I must have Violet entirely under my own influence for a time."

During the last hour, Vivian had been thinking his cousin the most detestable being he had ever encountered; but this last stroke roused his anger to such a pitch, that he mentally termed Danvers a cold-blooded fiend, and said, aloud:

"Then, in my opinion, you will do a very cruel thing," he broke out. "Why, separation would break both their hearts."

"Ah, you are very young yet, my dear boy, and your opinions less valuable than they may perhaps become later," returned the Pasha, with terribly exasperating calmness. "Yes—for a year I shall keep Mrs. Danvers in Murcia! Will you have a cigarette?"

Vivian wondered, afterwards, how he kept from knocking the fellow down. He got away as soon as he decently could. There was no delusion in his mind now—no self-deception! He loved Violet Howard, and he hated this tyrant, who had stolen her; hated him, with a bitter hatred! He was the most wretched man

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alive. He must go away—that was the only thing to do—go at once.

And when morning came, he had decided to put off his departure for a week; to start so suddenly might rouse suspicion, he said to himself, in his cousin's mind. But when the week ended, George would not hear of his going; and Mrs. Howard begged him piteously to remain—and he yielded.

Matters were not going smoothly. George disapproved of the recent gayeties. He excused Vivian, but he blamed Mrs. Howard. The engaged pair quarreled. That is, Violet would get angry at her betrothed's exactions, and he would treat her with condescending superiority. She always ended by begging his pardon, and being submissive for a little; but the more yielding she became, the more tyrannical he grew, and then, naturally, she would rebel again. Poor Mrs. Howard! In her distress, she talked freely to Vivian; seemed to think it Violet's duty to be a slave, and yet pitied her; and George elaborated to his cousin his views of matrimony; and Violet alone said nothing; but her changed face was harder to bear than the persecutions of the other two, and between them all, and his own misery, Vivian thought he must go mad.

Each night he swore to himself, that he would leave on the morrow. Each morning some excuse, or reason forced him to defer his flight. So the days passed, till they grew into weeks. Sometimes Vivian was tempted to tell George the truth, if no other means for releasing himself would avail. But he always put it off. There was nothing to excite Danvers' displeasure; Vivian never saw Violet alone in these days; and, besides, the Pasha was too magnificent for jealousy; it would never have entered his mind that a girl, whom he had chosen for his wife, could dream of being attracted by another man!

And, indeed, poor Violet was ignorant of her own secret. She knew that she was excitable and nervous; was afraid of George; and that she shrunk from the idea of her marriage. But she no more dreamed that her heart had gone out towards Vivian Grey, in other than a warm friendship, than she dreamed of the possibility of breaking her engagement.

But this latter thought, Danvers himself put in her head. One morning, when she had offended him, he said, with imposing gravity:

"Violet, my child, you try my patience sorely. It is great, but not inexhaustible! Think of the consequences, if you push me too far!"

The spirit of rebellion flared hotly up, in Violet's eyes, but she said nothing.

"Suppose you convinced me, that I had been mistaken in your character; that you could not make me happy," returned the Pasha, dispassionately, perfectly unaware how horribly insulting his words were.

"I wish I could," Violet cried, no longer able to restrain herself. "I wish I could."

They had a stormy scene, which ended, however, in the girl's asking his forgiveness, and crying herself blind and sick. But the idea of gaining her freedom came up in her thoughts, more than once, after that.

"Your daughter don't love my cousin," Vivian said, one day, to Mrs. Howard.

The mother was aghast. "She admires him," said Mrs. Howard. "Of course, Violet is too right-minded to do more, until married."

After that, Vivian said nothing more to the mother, but fixed a date for his departure, resolving that nothing should change his purpose. But one afternoon he received a line from George, asking him to come to Mrs. Howard's.

Vivian found his cousin and the mistress of the mansion alone; the former looking more magnificently bland than usual; the latter a good deal fluttered, but with an expression of relief in her face, as if something had occurred to end the anxieties which had fretted her of late.

The cause of this contentment in both was explained to Grey. No announcement of Danvers' engagement with Miss Howard had been made; the time was now approaching, which the father had set for the marriage; and within the week it was proposed to invite a few select friends to rejoice with them, and also to witness the signing of certain papers, relating to Violet's fortune.

When the intention had been stated, Mrs. Howard left the two gentlemen alone. She was going to see after Violet. "Violet was not quite well," she said, "a little agitated, as was natural, and had gone to lie down."

Vivian had borne all he could. This last announcement was the crowning blow. He caught sight of his own face in a mirror; and wondered that its pallor, and his agitation could have escaped the observation of his cousin, sublime as he was in his blind fatuity.

"George," he said, abruptly, "you must not ask me to stop for this ceremony—I can't do it."

"Nonsense, nonsense, my dear boy. Of course you will stay," returned the Pasha. "You are my near relative. You are the proper person to serve as my witness."

"I should be the most improper person, in the whole created universe!" cried Vivian.

"I don't know what you mean," said George, at last, "and I doubt if you do, yourself. But

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my dear boy, you must stay. Your going, just at this time, would look to my friends, as if we had quarreled. Come, come, don't be childish. You are as wilful as Violet. There, that's settled. Let us have a stroll."

He picked up his hat. Vivian moved forward, and laid his hand on his cousin's arm.

"Wait," he said, hoarsely. "I have discovered that I love Miss Howard—I must go."

Danvers put his hat down, and for a moment looked fierce; but the habit of self-control prevailed: besides, he knew that he never should forgive himself, if in any exigency he proved unequal to the occasion.

"Of course, no one knows this," he said. "You are, with all your faults, an honorable man—"

"No human being dreams of it—least of all the lady herself."

George looked at Vivian, as if he had been a school-boy, about to receive pardon.

"Violet is not likely to have perceived it," he said. "You are my cousin—just that and no more to her."

"Well, it doesn't matter what I am to her, or you either," retorted Vivian. "At least, you will admit, now, that I should go away at once."

Again George smiled. He considered Vivian's presuming to fall in love with Violet an impertinence; still it flattered his vanity; he could afford to be magnanimous.

"No, I do not," he said. "My dear boy, you are terribly impetuous. To restrain yourself will do you good—your going would strike everybody as odd—Mrs. Howard and Violet would wonder, most of all."

"I shall not stay," cried Vivian. "Good heavens, do you understand what I said?"

"Yes—yes! Your excitable fancy makes you think you care for Violet—"

"I love Violet Howard, with all my heart and soul. I think you utterly incapable of appreciating her, and by the Lord, there are times, when I could murder you, with pleasure. There I hope you are silenced at last—good-bye."

He dashed out of the room, and out of the house. George went after him; overtook him; returned to the subject, the next morning; positively would take no refusal—and Vivian promised, weakly promised, to remain.

Mrs. Howard had searched for Violet in vain. She was not in her room; not anywhere upstairs. Just after the two gentlemen had departed, the mother descended to see where the girl had hidden herself. She opened the door of the room, back of the salon in which the cousins had held their interview, and found Violet lying cold and white on the sofa—she had fainted away.

But George Danvers was not told of this fainting fit; he would be offended: and Mrs. Howard thought it only arose from nervousness.

It was now the very day before that appointed for the contract. During the interval, Vivian had seen little of Violet; she had studiously kept out of his way. Sometimes, when they met, he saw, in her face, that which roused a mad thought in his mind. Was it possible that he did not suffer alone? He dared not even dwell upon the reflection.

One day he was with Mrs. Howard. He had come to dine; they were waiting for Danvers; and Violet was walking up and down in the rooms beyond. Mrs. Howard had a headache, and Vivian was in no mood to talk. They had all thus fallen into silence, when they were roused by the voice of George Danvers, who, for the last few moments, had been standing by Violet's side.

"I said it was not true, Violet," he exclaimed, "that I knew you had never been guilty of going to such a place; but it is due to my dignity that you should give my friend the assurance that he was mistaken; that you have never seen a bull-fight in your life."

"I shall do no such thing," she cried. "I have seen one."

"Ah—that time, when you were a little girl, and went to Cordova with your aunt, I suppose," said he. "Well, you were a child then. But the idea of leaving anyone to think that you could have disgraced yourself—"

"It would not be disgraceful—all Spanish ladies go."

"That you would have disgraced yourself, and outraged me," went on Danvers, waiving his hand at the interruption, "by appearing at a bull-fight, dressed as a peasant, is intolerable. You must obey me—you must deny the assertion."

"I will not!"

Vivian had not stirred. Poor Mrs. Howard had been wringing her hands in fright. Now she started up, and hurried forward, crying:

"Violet, you must—you must!"

"You hear your mother," said the Pasha. "Of course, any reasonable, any sane person, would say the same."

Before Violet could answer, Vivian rose to leave. But Violet called after him.

"You need not go, Mr. Grey," she said. "I am past caring who hears. I have borne tyranny long enough. It ends now and forever."

She was white as death, her eyes blazing. George Danvers looked at her amazed.

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"Violet, Violet!" groaned her mother.

"Let me alone!" exclaimed the girl. "This is between the man you chose for my husband and me."

Mrs. Howard sank into the nearest chair, too frightened for speech. Even Danvers was startled.

"Violet," he said, "we will discuss the matter later! Pray, say no more. You will regret it, if you give way to your temper. Of course, you must do as I have requested. I could not permit so gross a scandal against you, to pass uncontradicted. My wife must be free from any breath of gossip—any suspicion of light conduct."

"I am not your wife," she exclaimed.

Her persistency angered him. He retorted, in his sternest voice:

"And you never can be, until you remove this suspicion from your name."

"He has given me up," Violet cried. "Mother—*he* did it—not I! George Danvers, I *did* go to the bull-fight. I went, dressed as a peasant. It is all true! I was sorry, at the time. But I am glad now—glad! You have had your own way in this house—so much the worse for you! I have been a coward, a child. But your tyranny has defeated itself. I am a woman now—your cruelty has made me so! You have given me up—I will not allow you to go back from your word—I will never marry you—never!"

She spoke so rapidly, that George could not interrupt. Passionate as her words were, her voice sounded cold and hard as iron. Mrs. Howard was in mild hysterics, which no one heeded. Vivian stood mute, under the great joy, which had so suddenly burst over his soul. After an instant, Danvers said:

"We will say no more now, Violet. I am shocked—horrified. But you are very young. I remember my promise to your father, that I would be patient—"

"If my father were to rise from the dead, and bid me marry you, I would not do it," she broke in. "Mr. Danvers, I desire you to go."

Still, he could not believe his ears. As yet, he could not think of the pain and suffering involved to him in her decision; for he loved her in his way; he could not believe her in earnest! He must condone her offence. The storm would pass.

"Violet," he said, "I shall never mention your girlish imprudence again. Vivian and I will go away, now, for awhile—I will come back, later."

"You will not see me," she answered. "Mr. Danvers, you may as well understand, that you and I are parting forever!"

Her tone, her face, brought conviction at last. For once in his life, passion and pain broke down his sublime composure. He strode towards her, exclaiming:

"You have been meditating this step—you—" Then he saw that Vivian had stepped close to him, and he glared at his cousin, crying: "Have you broken your word—have you told my betrothed wife you dared to love her?"

"No," said Vivian. "But she is not your betrothed any longer, so I can tell her now, that I have worshiped her ever since the first moment we met! Violet, Violet," he added, turning towards her. "Forgive me—he forced me to speak."

She trembled so, that she could hardly stand; but she took a step forward, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I heard what you said, the other day," she faltered.

George Danvers rushed from the room, with a precipitation which he had never before betrayed. The next morning, he sent a challenge to his cousin; but retracted it before night, and started for Murcia.

Within a week, he heard that Violet and Vivian were openly engaged. He pocketed his griefs, sold his share of the business to an agent Grey sent, and set sail for Australia, where, possibly, he may find some girl made of sufficiently malleable material, to be moulded into a wife according to his model.

## ONE BY ONE.

BY MRS. MARY R. P. HATCH.

One by one the days go by,
One by one our darlings die;
Budding hopes and waning day,
One by one they fade away.

One by one the seasons pass,
Frost and snow and flowers and grass;
Twig by twig the birdlings build,
Drop by drop the brooks are filled.

One by one are battles fought,
One by one are good deeds wrought;
Kingdoms, heroes, deeds and all,
One by one they rise and fall.

One by one come smiles and tears,
Hopes and sorrows, joys and fears;
Year by year our lives are told,
Step by step we near the fold.

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# THE TWELVE GREAT DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 218.

## CHAPTER XII.

### ENTOMBED ALIVE.

MR. SEYMOUR opened his eyes, looked about him, and closed them again, in the impatient patience, with which one waits for the dissolving visions of a dream. Above him, at a height of not more than six feet, lay a roof of flat stone, and within reach of his hand, at either side, rose walls of white marble, engraved with various inscriptions.

"Am I dead, and in my tomb?" murmured he, feebly trying to move, and finding himself utterly unable to stir hand or foot.

A slight rustle, at the further end of the enclosure, drew his eyes in that direction, just in time to see a small, bent figure, draped in floating black garments, rise through the ground, as it seemed, and creep along toward his head.

"Who are you, and where am I?" he said, feebly.

"I'm poor Bessie, that Harold loved. He said I would be lady of Norman Abbey, some day; and so I will, if I can only find the lines—the marriage lines; he said they were hidden, hereabout—"

"How came I here? Is it my tomb?" murmured the wounded man again; and then unconsciousness swept over his brain once more.

"No; we're not dead, we're not dead; but Harold is dead; and poor Bessie was his wife—his lawful wife, if only she could find the lines; and he said, he dared not give them to me, lest I should tell the old aunt; and so he hid them here, under the altar; and I cannot, oh, I cannot find them. Wake up, and help me. Stop; he has fainted—it is that cruel cut—Bessie knows how to care for that; Bessie has seen men hurt in fiercer frays than that. Yes; I mind the time my father was all but killed by the keepers, bagging my lady's game on a dark night."

She glided to the other end of the place, with the peculiar, flitting, wavering motion, that had suggested a ghostly visitant to Ruth's mind, when she, with Joyce, had caught sight of her, a few hours earlier. Soon she returned, with a basin of water, some cloths, a bottle, and a drinking cup. Softly bathing and cooling the ugly wound, which had barely escaped being mortal, she crooned a low lullaby, and smoothed and patted the white face, as if it had been a baby's. Then, removing the under-clothing from the neck, she arranged her bandages, with skill and certainty, proving her boast of ability and experience to be no idle one. In the course of this operation, a slender, iron chain, passing around the neck, tangled itself in the bandages and her fingers, until, with an impatient pull, she drew up the round leather case, or bag, attached to it.

The leather case was closed by sewing, all around the edge; but Bessie, taking a scissors from her pocket, made short work with the stitches, and soon slipped out of its envelops a handsome gold miniature case, oval in shape, about three inches in length, and bearing a crest, with a monogram beneath. As she looked at this device, a ghastly pallor swept over the withered face of the poor, half-crazed creature.

"Oh, God!" she moaned. "Give me back myself, for a few short moments; "oh, give me my poor, scattered wits again."

For many minutes she sat motionless, her hands pressed close over her eyes, and throbbing brain; and when at last she removed them, those eyes shone with a steadier light, that brain was nearer to calm reason, than eyes or brain had been for many a year.

She opened the miniature case, and holding it close to the candle, looked long and attentively, first at the blooming, fair young girl's face on the one side, then at the handsome, but furtive, and weak man, upon the other. Long, long she looked, and at last, dropping the pictures upon her lap, she broke into a passion of weeping, and covering her face, rocked herself, moaning:

"He loved me, oh, he loved me so; and I loved him! Oh, why did he leave me—why was he false, and weak, and cowardly—and and where is he now! Harold, Harold—"

A sudden thought struck through her sorrow, and dashing the tears from her eyes, she snatched up the leather case, and holding it open, thrust her fingers into its depths. Yes, there was a folded paper, and as she drew it forth, and unfolded it, a second dropped from inside it. She rose to her knees, and raised them in her clasped hands, above her head, whispering:

"Oh, my God, hast Thou heard, hast Thou



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heard me, at last? Oh, be merciful, and do not let a disappointment cast me back into that black gulf of despair, whence Thou, by hope, hast dragged me. Oh, my God, be merciful!"

Then, made sane for the moment, by the very excitement that had maddened her, she quietly unfolded the two papers, and read, first, a certificate of marriage between Harold Gresham and Bessie Novell, signed by Henry Ridell, priest, and witnessed by John Nokes, and Sarah Barnes. This document, hurriedly written in informal terms, upon a rough slip of paper, and signed in pencil, bore the marks of a hasty and unprepared-for ceremony; and yet was clearly legal.

Carefully folding and replacing the certificate, Bessie took out the other paper; but before opening it, bent over the wounded man, who lay in a heavy sleep, moaning and muttering, in fever.

"Who are you then?" murmured she, putting a hand under his cheek, and turning his face more fully to the light, "And how care you to carry, upon your heart, as a sacred treasure, these pictures and these papers—treasures that should be mine or his, alone? Can it be—they said my child was dead—dead at his birth, and yet—oh, if it could be, if it should be!"—

With hungry impatience, she opened out the second paper, plainly written in a clear and clerkly hand, and read these words:

"This is to certify that on the 20th day of March, in the year of our Lord 18—, a gentleman, calling himself Harold Gresham, and giving proof of his identity, brought a male child of three years old to our house, requesting that he should be bred and educated as a member of our community. He paid for several years' expenses in advance, and promised to send remittances, from the distant land whither he was bound. The child's mother was already dead, and he had no relatives belonging to him, on either side. He confided to us the accompanying certificate of marriage, and of the child's birth and baptism; but he stipulated, very solemnly, that the child was on no account to be informed of his real name and parentage, before his twenty-first birthday, and not then, if he had decided to become a Religious. If, however, he insisted upon going out into the world, this paper, written in presence of the father, is to be given to him, with the certificates; and certain details of his family history, not here set down, are to be revealed to him. All which stipulation, I, Superior of this house, promise faithfully to observe. S. J. NOTKER,

*Father Superior, Monastery of St. Gall, Berne, Switzerland.*"

To this were appended a few lines in another hand.

"Father Superior Notker being dead, and the responsibility of the future of Brother Jerome (as he has been called) devolving upon me, as present head of the community, I state, hereby, that he has reached his twenty-first birthday, that he absolutely refuses to become a Religious, although carefully trained for one, and that he insists upon going out into the world. I have repeated to him the details of family history confided to me by Father Notker, and he intends proceeding at once to England, to look for certain relations there. His education, religious and secular, is admirable, and his moral character without a flaw. It is indeed a robbery of God to take so fit a vessel from His House, and deliver it over to the service of the prince of this world; but so it must be, according to the terms of his education.

"Various sums of money have been received from various parts of the world, with the memorandum 'for the use of Jerome' appended, but nothing within three years. The aggregate has amply paid for his support. He takes the name of Jerome Seymour, and will carry this paper always about his person, as a means of identification. JOHN IGNATIUS LOZE,

*F. S. Mon. St. Gall.*"

"Where am I? Who are you?" demanded a sharp voice, suddenly; and Bessie, starting convulsively, dropped the paper, and turned to the sick man, whose great, burning eyes were fixed upon her face. Dropping upon her knees beside him, and clasping his head close to her bosom, she made reply:

"Oh, my son, my son, you are with your mother; you are close to the heart that has ached and broken for need of you. My child, my child!"

"Yes, I am in delirium—it is all delusion," murmured Jerome, struggling away from her. "Yet, if I am mad, how do I know it?"

"You are not mad, dear child, nor am I mad now, although I have been for many a year, my own, my darling, my boy, my child."

And weeping and sobbing, yet laughing with joy, she kissed his hands, his fevered cheeks.

"If neither of us are mad, tell me where I am?" echoed Jerome, feebly.

With a strong effort, Bessie controlled herself, and carefully refolding and replacing the monk's letter in its leathern case, she said, very gently:

"Do not be startled, dear, but you are under the high altar of the Abbey ruins. Shall I tell you how we came here, or will you trust all to your mother, and sleep a little?"

"Tell me everything. Is it a dream?"

"No, dear, it is no dream. That man who was here with you—"

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"The impostor," interrupted Jerome.

"Yes, if he called himself Harold Gresham, as I thought I heard," said Bessie, still struggling for composure and self-control. "I saw him strike you to the earth, with a stone in his hand. Then he stooped over you, and thought you were dead, for he was frightened, and tried to revive you, and when he couldn't, he dragged you round here, and threw you into the hole I dug to get under here. I had hidden already inside, and when he thrust you in, and put the flag-stone over, I just pulled you along in, and straightened you out, because I thought you were dead."

"Why do you live under an altar?"

"Because we were married here, in the dark, and the storm, and the dread of discovery: and then he went away. And when I asked for the proof, that I was indeed his wedded wife, and not what they called me, he said the marriage lines were here for safe keeping, and the priest had hidden them, and—oh, I don't know now, but I thought if I could get inside the altar, and hide there, and wait, that some time the priest, or he, my husband, would come and bring them to me, and so I came home from that place he put me in—child, it was a madhouse—he put his own lawful wife in a madhouse, he did—but I got away, and wandered home, and the people about here never knew me, and they all will give a bite or a sup to poor crazed Bessie; and then I came to look here for the lines, and when I found the flag loose, I made a hole under it, and so got in under the altar. But alas, the marriage lines I have not found yet; but the priest or Harold will come some day and bring them—oh! Why, it has come already! You are the priest, you are the Harold, both in one, and you have brought me the marriage lines, yes, I remember all now. Oh, but God was good."

The sick man, mingling his own delirious fancies, with the half-insane woman's, answered,

"Yes, she's a dear child—she's only a child—and her eyes, her eyes are like—what are they like—but she mustn't cheat the dear old aunt—all the kin I have in the wide world—an old half-aunt, and she not knowing me—no other kin, and this dear child—dear child—"

And the weary voice trailed off into incoherent murmurings, and the staring eyes lost all look of reason, and the fever mounted to the brain, and fired the blood, and stung every sense, and the mad mother sat beside the delirious son.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A COUNTER-CONSPIRACY.

It was the morning after Mr. Seymour's disappearance, and the little party still remained at the breakfast-table, Miss Norman seeming unaccountably careless, gay, and determined to engross the attention of Harold Gresham, in some old-world story of bygone Normans, and their intrigues, when the servant entered with a letter and a card upon his salver.

The old lady read the one, looked at the other, and saying to the man, "Show the gentleman in," added, addressing her companions:

"I wrote, some time ago, to Gimbrille and Transom, to send me a person competent to plan the restorations of the Abbey church, and he has come. It is a pity Mr. Seymour is away just now, isn't it?"

Nobody replied, and through the open door, Henry Thomas quietly walked in. He bowed to his hostess, and looked eagerly past her, at Joyce, who, on her part, turned red as a rose, and uttered an exclamation of delight.

"What's the matter?" demanded her aunt.

"Only that Mr. Thomas is an old friend," answered Joyce. "He came over, in the Parthia, with us, and mamma knows him."

"Oh! Singular coincidence that Gimbrille and Transom should have selected him to come here," said Miss Norman, drily.

"A fortunate one for me," said Thomas, courteously. "Mr. Gresham, too!"

"Why, how do you know him? He didn't cross in the Parthia, did he?" asked the old lady.

"Certainly," replied honest Henry, looking in astonishment at Gresham's face of confusion.

"You said you crossed in the winter," persisted Miss Norman, pinching Joyce to keep her quiet.

"Oh, that was when I went to America. I never said I came this way in the winter. Didn't I mention, that I came in the Parthia, with Miss Houghton, and Mr. Thomas? I think I did."

Miss Norman never removed her eyes from his face, and after a moment's silence, said:

"Well, Mr. Thomas, I am glad to see you, and we will go at once to the library, and look over the old plans of the Abbey. I suppose Gimbrille has sent down the new ones that I ordered. Where is your assistant? I want, at least, two architects."

"It is very easy to send for another man, Miss Norman. There are several in the office, and at least one quite experienced in these matters."

"Well," interrupted Miss Norman. "Come to the library, and write for this other man. Joyce, come with me to the library. Harold, order a man on horseback, to take a letter to the post. Go to the stable, yourself, and see that there is no delay, or nonsense, about it."

"Yes, madam," said Gresham, obediently, and left the room.

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Miss Norman stepped quickly to a side window, commanding the approach to the stables, and watched until she saw his narrow-shouldered figure pass down, and out of sight. Then, glancing at Thomas and Joyce, she led the way to the library, a room so carefully built to exclude noise or disturbance, that, unless through an open window, it was impossible to hear a sound from within outward, or from without inward. As the three entered, Miss Norman softly shot the bolt upon the outer door, and saw that the baize swing-door was perfectly closed, glanced at the windows, and then turned a suddenly serene and smiling face upon her astonished companions.

"There, I don't think Gresham will suspect, either the fact, or the import, of this conspiracy —will he? I hope you won't smother, with the closed windows, but I ordered them to be so, for fear of—well, I said fear of a draught, to the servant, and if you like to call it draught, you may—if not, call it eavesdropper.

"Now, Mr. Thomas," she said, turning on him, suddenly, "I have reason to believe that you are a gentleman, and a man of honor, I didn't take this child altogether on trust, but found out something of her life, character, and associates, before she left Boston; and in doing so, I heard a good deal about you—"

"Really, madam—"

"Tut, tut; don't! Heroics take up time, and if I choose to pay for spies to protect me from possible imposture, it's no more than any other helpless old woman, with a great property at her sole disposal, would do, if she were wise. At any rate, I have heard a good deal of you, and I desired Mr. Gimbrille to send you down, in preference to another man, if he considered you equally competent. There, don't interrupt me with pretty speeches; we have no time for them. What I want to speak of, now, is the assistant. Do you know whom I am going to have for your assistant?"

"Mr. Johnson is a very capable person, if—"

"If I want an architect. Yes, but I don't. I want a private detective, that's what I want; and all that fury about not having an assistant, was for Gresham's benefit—don't you see?"

"Is it possible?"

"Quite so. And probable, too, if you knew me as well as I hope you will. So, now, I am going to write to Gimbrille, whom I know to be a very good sort of fellow, and devoted to me; and I shall say that I suspect a theft in the house, and want to keep it very quiet, and wish him to go to Scotland Yard, and engage their ablest man for me. Then he shall fit him out with a portfolio, bag, etc., and send him down as from himself. See!"

"An admirable plan, Miss Norman," replied Henry, open-eyed at such fertility of resource. "But has there really been a theft in the house?"

"Joyce, you tell him. Tell the whole story. I'm tired, now."

So Joyce, simply and briefly, told the whole story, including her aunt's suspicions of Gresham's veracity, and even identity.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### HARK FROM THE TOMB!

LATE, the next day, the assistant arrived; a quiet, fair-haired, gentlemany man, verging on middle age. He listened to all his instructions, both public and private, with silent attention; and then proceeded to carry out his own ideas.

Gresham, who evidently labored under great uneasiness and doubt in these days, considered the new-comer attentively for a few hours, and then paid no more regard to him, confining himself to watching Thomas and Joyce with the utmost suspicion, and dogging all their footsteps, except when Miss Norman, who had suddenly developed a great fondness for his society, took him away to drive her phæton for her, or made him read her to sleep.

Thomas, meanwhile, went to work at the restorations, in good earnest. He had a real fondness for his profession, as well as a thorough knowledge of it, especially in this branch; and he speedily became so immersed in the consideration of his plans, as to almost forget the mystery underlying his obvious employment. Meantime, the detective, pretending to be his assistant, went quietly about, observing everything.

Nothing escaped his attention, and hence it was, that after four-and-twenty hours of observation, he quietly followed Joyce, one morning, as she strolled out into the rose-garden, and when they were well out of sight and hearing, stepped up to her, and said:

"If you don't mind, Miss Houghton, I will gather some of those climbing roses for you, if you will stand just here, and catch them; and while we carry on this little game for anybody that comes along, will you be so kind as to tell me all that went on in the ruins, the night that the parson was lost? Miss Norman told me, but I've a notion, if you'll excuse me, that you've the clearest head in the house, and I'd like to get the story straight, if I can."

"Certainly," replied Joyce; and repeated the story, not forgetting, meantime, the pretence of receiving, and assorting in her hand, the roses, which Tomkins threw down to her.

"Let us walk up toward the ruins. There would be nothing remarkable in that, whoever

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saw it," said he, as the story ended; and he stepped down from the rock, which he had mounted, with the double purpose of reaching the roses, and gaining a coigne of vantage, whence to spy whoever might be approaching.

"You say, that, as you fell, your hand and arm seemed to go down into the earth, as if there were a hole there?"

"Yes, but when I went to look at the place, next day, there was nothing of the kind; the old stone pavement seemed unbroken."

"Yes. Delusion of the senses, I suppose," said the detective, with a certain comical twist of the mouth, habitual to him.

As they reached the Abbey ruins, this time from the end opposite Lady Amabel's Chapel, Tomkins said:

"Now, Miss Houghton, if you will be so kind, I should like to have you go up to the altar there, just the same way you did that night, and go round behind, and try to hit the same place where you stumbled over the rubbish, and see if we can't guess at the flag-stone that would have been removed. I'll stay outside here, and keep an eye, to see if anyone is hanging round."

Nodding assent, Joyce passed swiftly up the nave, and approaching the altar, paused. Then, she closed her eyes, to try to bring back the darkness of the night she was recalling; and then, with one hand upon the end of the altar, she glided along to the corner; turned it, still with her eyes fast closed; and after going a few steps, sank upon her knees, with one hand outstretched and touching the pavement.

As she did so, a voice, apparently close to her ear, a voice whose tones she knew, and would have known anywhere, cried,

"Lord, I die. Will no one rescue me?"

With a shriek of terror, Joyce fell forward upon her face, and, only by a tremendous effort of will, saved herself from swooning outright. The detective glided like a shadow upon the scene, his narrow eyes suddenly wide open, and glancing in every direction.

"What is it? What happened?" he demanded peremptorily, as Joyce struggled to her feet, and stood leaning against the altar.

"I heard Mr. Seymour's voice," whispered she, white and trembling.

"Where?" And the bright keen eyes fairly scintillated, with the rapidity with which they shot their imperious glances hither and thither.

"I don't know. It seemed close to my ear?"

"Where was your ear? Where it is now?"

"I was kneeling—just so."

"Aha! And where is that flagstone?"

"I think this one."

"This one?" And, falling upon his knees, Tomkins carefully blew away the dust from the crevice between the flag designated and the next one, and examined it with microscopic eyes. Presently he came upon a fractured edge, where a cavity, large enough to admit the fingers of a small hand, remained. Into this he thrust two of his own fingers, gently lifted the stone a little, softly withdrew his hand, and, standing upright, brushed the dust from his knees, and glanced obliquely at Joyce, who watched him with tremulous interest.

"Well?" demanded she, as he remained silent.

"Do you happen to know where my boss is?" asked Tomkins, upon whose sallow cheek a faint tinge of red had begun to burn.

"Who?" asked Joyce, sharply.

"Mr. Thomas, my head man—"

He stopped short, for at that moment, Thomas entered the ruins, through Lady Amabel's Chapel, and, seeing Joyce, hastened forward, exclaiming,

"I was looking for you, Miss Houghton. I have just come upon a discovery that will interest and please you as much as it does me."

"Might be we could match your discovery," remarked Tomkins, carelessly.

But, unheeding him, Thomas went eagerly on,

"You know that this part of the church, behind the altar, is called the Lady Chapel, and generally, in the middle ages, was fitted with a shrine, for a statue of the Virgin. I wondered that there was no niche, or vestige of a shrine, or altar, in this; and it occurred to me that, at the time of the Reformation, the shrine might have been stoned up, and plastered over, and the image, it no doubt once contained, shattered to pieces. So I began, very early this morning, with a mallet, chisel, and drill, and have been chipping off this horrible plaster, which you can see for yourself has been daubed on the wall, with hardly an attempt at finish or decency. I am convinced that I have found the shrine, and am going now to send for the workmen to come and pull down a rough stone wall which I believe hides it. But the discovery which I referred to is not that. You see this coarse plaster, covering the walls of the whole chapel, up to the roof?"

"Yes, I see," replied Joyce, but wondering, all the time, whether the voice she had heard had been a delusion, or real.

"Well," pursued Thomas, unheeding her preoccupation, "what will you think, when I tell you, that, under the plaster, lies a beautiful, painted wall, not fresco, but carefully elaborated oil painting, done by the hand of a master. Come here, now, and see what I have already uncovered, close beside my shrine."



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He dragged Joyce away, to the very extreme end of the Lady Chapel. This was immediately behind the high altar, and consequently the very easternmost part of the whole building. Here he pointed to a spot upon the wall, where some three feet square of the plaster had been carefully peeled away, leaving exposed a patch of glowing color and delicate tints, among which appeared, at one side, two baby feet, resting upon a mass of crimson drapery, and at the other hand, an elaborately carved and ornamented post.

"What is it?" asked Joyce, breathlessly, as she noted one point after another, of the half-revealed picture.

"Don't you recognize it? It is—it must be, a copy of the Madonna della Sedia, Our Lady of the Chair. See the part of the chair, and there, are the feet of the Child, in His Mother's lap, and this rich crimson is her dress, and—"

"I see; but, oh, Henry, I cannot think of it, now. Come back—see—Henry, I heard his voice, and—Mr. Tomkins, tell him about it."

And, palpitating and breathless, with suppressed excitement, Joyce rapidly led the way back to the broken flagstone, beside which Tomkins had remained standing, his hands in his pockets, his lips gathered in a soundless whistle. As they approached, he turned to Thomas, and changing his whole manner to one of the most energetic action, said:

"Now, sir, I've made up my mind to one thing. The missing man is inside of that place, there—"

"Inside the altar?"—

"If altar, you call it. He's inside of that place, and the way to it is through this." And he tapped with his foot upon the flagstone. As if it had been a summons to those within, the stone slowly rose, slid off at one side, and left exposed a wild, white face, and dishevelled head, which turned slowly from one to another of the group.

"Is Joyce there?" asked this apparition.

"Yes, I am Joyce."

"Well, he wants you. He said you were here, and told me to fetch you. Come."

She reached out of the sort of tunnel, in which she stood, and grasped the skirts of the young girl, who half-shrank, half-yielded to the impulse. But Henry Thomas laid a decided hand upon the arm of the weird summonser, and said:

"Who wants her? She must not go in there."

"Harold, who brought the marriage lines, he wants her. He says she is Joy—the joy of life."

A sudden, beautiful color flowed over Joyce's face and neck, and even tinged her hands. Thomas looked at her, jealously.

"Harold! Who is Harold?" he demanded, harshly.

"Who calls Harold?" asked a jaunty voice; and round the corner of the altar stepped Harold Gresham. But seeing the open flag, the tunnel, and the wild form of the woman just emerged from it, he stopped, and would have retreated, had not Tomkins exclaimed:

"Just the man we want to give us some advice. Look here, Mr. Gresham."

Reassured by the tone and manner, Gresham came forward. But no sooner had Bessie caught sight of him, then she flew at him like a wildcat, and clutching him around the neck, screamed:

"He's the man that tried to kill my boy! I saw him strike him down! I'll swear to it! Kill him, some of you, kill him out of hand!"

"Not quite so fast, my good lady," replied the detective, coolly, as he helped Thomas unclasp the throttling hands. "But, maybe, we will do just as well to keep Mr. Gresham in the neighborhood, until we have settled up some of these little games of his. Here's a warrant, sir, for your arrest, and so you'll please consider yourself a prisoner; and Mr. Thomas will maybe look after you a bit, while I see what's at the end of this mousehole, that the lady has so kindly uncovered for us."

"What do you arrest me for?" demanded Gresham, sharply.

"Stealing a diamond clasp from Miss Norman. I found it in your portmanteau."

"My cousin gave it to me, you idiot."

"Miss Norman, do you mean? Well, she said she didn't, and is ready to prosecute you for the theft; anyhow, you're under arrest, and I'll leave you in Mr. Thomas' special charge, until I come back."

"He'll be safe," said Thomas, significantly; and the detective was about to step into the tunnel, when a hollow voice, from within, said:

"The tombs shall be rent, and the graves give up their dead;" and up, as it were, from the grave itself, rose the gaunt form and wasted face of Jerome Seymour, his head bound about with a white cloth, his eyes glittering with fever, his lips black and parched.

Thomas and the detective rushed forward to help him out of the pit, and Joyce and the poor mother hovered near, like birds whose nest is disturbed.

Nobody thought of Gresham, and seizing his opportunity, he stole quietly away, and was seen no more.

## CHAPTER XV.

### MY LADY'S CHAIR.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am, would you come into your own room for a moment?" asked Martha

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Harris, excitedly, as she encountered her mistress on the stairs, up which Miss Norman was laboriously climbing.

"Why, what's the matter, Harris?"

"There's a woman there, on the bed she is, ma'am; and touch her I daren't, if I was to lose my place for it. Such a scaresome old party never did I set eyes on, ma'am; and she says it's you she wants."

"Wants me, does she? Well, she shall have me to her heart's content, On my bed, indeed!" And Miss Norman, quite forgetting her infirmities, flew up the stairs, like Joyce herself, and into her own room, where, stretched upon the stately bed, her limbs rigidly composed, her hands clasped upon her bosom, lay Bessie, her white hair falling wildly about her, her face grey and pinched, her eyes strangely bright, yet with a flickering brightness, as of a candle that flares up at the last, then suddenly expires.

Something in that face, those eyes, struck a sudden awe through Miss Norman's indignant haste, and, pausing beside the bed, she demanded,

"Who are you? Why are you here?"

"I am Harold Gresham's wife. I am the mother of Harold Gresham's son. You know him very well. He is your chaplain. He has my marriage lines in the little bag with the picture. They are bringing him home now. But I knew I was going to die, I knew it yesterday; but I couldn't leave him. So, when they took him, I made haste, and came, very quickly, before I should have no more strength, for Harold always promised me I should come to Norman Abbey at last. He said I should be mistress here, but I don't care about that now. I came here to die, and I am dying. Dying at Norman Abbey—my husband's home—my son's home—my home to die in, but not to live in. Harold Gresham's wife—mind you put it on my gravestone—and say I died at Norman Abbey. Hark! they are bringing my son—welcome home, my boy—"

She calmly closed her eyes, and breathed one long, chill sigh. A sudden confusion and voices, in the lower hall, meantime, broke the silence.

"Good heavens, what has happened? What is it? What?" moaned Miss Norman, wildly, as she sank, helplessly, into the chair that Harris pushed up behind her. A light foot ran up the stairs, a blithe face peeped in at the door, a voice quivering with joy and excitement, cried aloud,

"Aunt, aunt, where are you? Oh, aunt, Mr. Seymour is found—he is alive—he has come home!"

Miss Norman staggered to her feet, exclaiming,

"Where is he? Let me go to him. He will settle all this, he will advise us, he will take care of this dead woman. I forgive her—listen both of you—I forgive her, now that she is dead. If she really was Harold's wife, it shall be put on her headstone, and I will forgive also her coming to die on my bed, so she has no excuse for haunting me, or troubling me any more."

"Oh, aunt, she is the woman who came out of the ground, just now," exclaimed Joyce, looking, for the first time, at the quiet figure upon the bed.

"Very well," replied her aunt, complacently. "Then, it is quite suitable that she should go back into the ground. I shall speak to Mr. Seymour about it. Where is he?"

"They are conveying him up to his own room, I believe. He is very ill."

And Joyce, all her bright spirits and joyous excitement quenched by the cold waters of death, that had suddenly swept over her life, softly followed her aunt out of her room, and along the corridor, to the door of the handsome apartment devoted to Mr. Seymour's use. But outside the door she paused, in maiden shyness, while her aunt went in, and the hastily summoned physician, and then Harris and the housekeeper; and still she lingered, until the latter, coming up, reported;

"The doctor says he'll live, ma'am, if all goes favorable, and he is well taken care of, and that he'll be, for I shall nurse him myself."

"Then I'm sure he'll be well taken care of, Mrs. Sanderson," said Joyce, graciously; and slowly going down the stairs, one at a time, her finger on her lip, she, for the first time, confronted the question,

"Do I really dislike him so much? Why should I be so glad that he is recovering?"

Just outside the hall door, stood Henry Thomas, a gloomy shadow upon his face, the darkening of a cruel pain in the honest eyes, that met Joyce's enquiring glance. Instinctively, she put her hand into his, and asked:

"What is it, Henry?"

"Oh! nothing—nothing new," replied the brave fellow, forcing a smile, and pressing the little hand, before he let it go. "Only my hope seems farther off than ever. Joyce, I saw your face, when Mr. Seymour appeared."

"Of course, I was glad—we all were," murmured Joyce, the face of which he spoke, glowing with a tender shame and consciousness—glowing with the dawn-light of a love that he who loved her so steadfastly and so hopelessly, knew was not for him, then, or ever. He stood a moment, his hand clenched upon the stone rail of the terrace where they had met, his eyes staring out over the lovely country, to the distant rim of dark blue sea closing the horizon; then, with one long

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sigh, he put by the bitter thought forever, and said, almost cheerfully:

"Well, Joyce, God bless you, wherever you go, and however your life is appointed. God bless, and keep you! I will go back to my work, in the chapel, and finish uncovering Our Lady of the Chair."

"'Our Lady of the Chair,'" repeated Joyce, struggling vaguely after some dim association with the phrase, "'Our Lady of the Chair'—yes, of course she is—but—oh—my Lady's Chair! Can it be that, she meant?"

"Who meant? What do you mean?" demanded Thomas, more bewildered than usual.

"Come down then—quick!" was her reply.

With no further explanation, she skimmed down the steps, and along the walks of the shrubbery, to the principal entrance of the old Abbey, and up the nave, and round behind the altar, and through the Lady Chapel, to its further point, where the ragged patch of color showed brightly in the noontide light, from out the old gray wall.

When Thomas, with his slower motion, reached the spot, she was picking away the plaster, with her fingers, already cut and bleeding; and as he approached, she cried, impatiently:

"Quick, quick, get it uncovered as fast as you can, Henry! Quick, quick."

Throwing off his coat, he seized the chisel and mallet lying by, and applied himself to the work so industriously and eagerly, that in less than an hour the whole picture lay bare, showing itself, beyond a doubt, as an admirable copy of Raphael's incomparable piece.

"There, you see. Ain't it beautiful?" asked Thomas, turning round.

"Now, lift this," was her only and impatient answer, and pointing to the flagstone, directly beneath the painted chair of the Madonna, "Raise me that stone."

Silently he obeyed, and first inserting the edge of the chisel, and following it with the bar, soon succeeded in dislodging the heavy stone, and pushing it aside, upon the floor. Black, close-packed earth appeared beneath, as might have been expected.

Thomas looked enquiringly at Joyce, whose excitement almost deprived her of utterance; but motioning with her hand to a workman's mattock, lying with the other tools, she hoarsely cried:

"Dig—dig right there. It is—it must be—"

"What? For what are you looking, Joyce?"

"Dig, dig!" she said, imperiously.

He struck the mattock into the dead mould, and turned it out in great, clinging lumps. The dull clink of metal upon metal, muffled in clay, resounded through the place; and falling upon her knees, Joyce burst into tears. Henry asked no explanations, waited for no further urging, but with swift, strong blows of the mattock, followed by the use of his own hands, uncovered, and dragged to the surface, a bronze casket, secured with three diverse locks, and laid it at Joyce's feet.

"There it is. What about it?"

"Oh! nothing. Yes! wait, wait, sit down here, and I will tell you. It is what I came over to England for, to find this casket."

So, seated there upon the dusty pavement, with Our Lady of the Chair bending her sweet face above, Joyce told the story of my Lady's gems, and how they had been buried under Our Lady's Chair, and of the mysterious clue, so cleverly unraveled by her mother, and of her own determination to follow it out.

"And now here they are, actually in my hands," said she, triumphantly but vainly struggling to lift the casket into her lap.

"But only to be given to your aunt, after all," said Henry, in a matter of course tone.

Joyce stared at him, for a moment. His eyes met hers, with a clear and honest strength, not to be resisted, or parleyed with. A burning blush spread over Joyce's face: and in the fire of that shame was burned up, once for all, the false and dangerous teachings of her childhood; the selfish and crooked policy her mother had vainly tried to graft upon the noble nature of her child.

Yes, then and forever, she abandoned all idea of appropriating the jewels to herself. Of right she felt they belonged to Miss Norman. To keep them would be to violate hospitality.

"Of course, to be given to my aunt," said she, humbly. "Will you bring it to her, now?"

"Let us fill up this hole, first, and not have too many nine-days wonders to astonish our visitors."

So, presently, the casket was taken to the lady of Norman Abbey, and being with much difficulty opened, displayed all its marvel of rare and gorgeous and costly stones, especially the twelve great diamonds, as yet unset, for which Lady Amabel had paid to the Jew Issacher of Amsterdam the price of a whole estate.

Mrs. Norman turned them over, with languid fingers, and weary eyes; then, pushing them aside, said to Joyce:

"See them safely locked away, in the strong box, Joyce. I am going, where there are richer and rarer gems, than all of these. They are yours, with all the rest, my child. Let me lie down, and rest for a little now. They have taken the body of Mrs. Harold Gresham to the church. Mr. Seymour is her son. His father was my dear, dear nephew. I have read the papers that

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he has always carried round his neck, and am convinced. No, there can be no doubt of it. And that, I see now, is why my heart always yearned to him."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE NORMANS OF NORMAN ABBEY.

Mrs. Sanderson's modest confidence in her own powers, as a nurse, proved well founded. Under her constant care, the chaplain's health and strength returned so rapidly, that in ten days he was able to come into the morning room, and lie upon the tiger-skin couch. Miss Norman and her neice sat with him, and entertained him with accounts of the restorations, now rapidly going on under Mr. Thomas' zealous supervision, and especially of the wonderful treasure of jewels, discovered under My Lady's Chair.

"I have given them all to Joyce," said Miss Norman, "to do with them as she likes."

"I do not think I could ever wear them," said Joyce, with a little hesitation. "Why not sell them, and with the proceeds found a charity? Say, a home for aged and helpless women."

"We dedicate our substance to God, when we bestow it upon His poor," murmured Seymour, softly.

"You will do as you like, Joyce. All is yours, I repeat," said Miss Norman, wandering restlessly out of the room, and into her new bedroom, for she had never used the old one since Bessie had elected to die there.

When they were alone, the chaplain turned and fixed his eyes steadfastly upon Joyce, who met the gaze, serenely and enquiringly.

"Miss Joyce," said he, "I owe you an apology. During the long days of convalescence, I have gone over all the circumstances of our first acquaintance, and I see how I misunderstood and wronged you. I am sorry, and hope you will forgive me."

"She forgive you, indeed!" cried Miss Norman, wandering in again, at the open door. "I should like to see her presuming to do such a thing, to her pastor, and master, and future husband. Hoity toity, up-hill forgiveness, say I."

"Aunt!" exclaimed Joyce, her face scarlet, her eyes full of tears. Mr. Seymour looked at her, and said nothing. Miss Norman laughed her shrill and elfish laugh.

"Didn't I mention that I was going to marry you two?" asked she. "Why, of course. Harold Gresham's son, and Clarissa Moberley's daughter, should be my heirs. Don't say a word, either of you, but wait until it is all as clear, in your minds, as it is in mine. Then you can tell me——'"

But Joyce had escaped out of the room, and the fever-flush had mounted to the invalid's cheek, and his careful nurse, entering to convey him back to his own room, no more was said then, nor till months after, when Miss Norman sent, one morning, for her chaplain, and said:

"I have lain down to die, as that woman did. Your mother she was, but I cannot make it so in my own mind. I shall rise from this bed no more. Have you anything to say to me of Joyce?"

"If she will be my wife, it shall be so. I have loved her, from the first, and even when I tried not to. God helping me, I will devote my life to her," said Seymour, solemnly.

"That is right. Go and ask her now, and let her bring me the news herself, if it is good. I have much to do, before I die."

So, a few hours later, Joyce stood by her aunt's bedside, and the latter looked upon her face, and asked, in a voice gentler than her wont:

"Is it well with you, my child?"

And Joyce, dropping on her knees, hid her face upon the bed, whispering:

"It is well with me, dear aunt."

"I shall never leave this bed again, Joyce. No, don't waste time in idle pity, or exclamations. I don't want them. You may send for your mother. She will not see my face, living, or dead. Mind that! I said it once, and I hold to it. I forgive her, but I always keep my word. She shall never look upon my face, nor I on hers. But you need her now, and she may come. I am very tired, Joyce. Leave me, and ask Harold's son to come to me again."

So Mrs. Houghton was written for, but as the carriage, bringing her to Norman Abbey, would have turned in at the great gates, it was halted by a funeral procession coming out.

It was the mistress of Norman Abbey, going to her rest, in the tomb of her ancestors. The woman whom she had loved so dearly, and who had betrayed and deceived her, dismounted, and stood humbly, until the procession had passed her; then she followed it to the parish church, and knelt sobbing through the solemn service.

Ten months later, in the restored chancel of the Abbey Church, a quiet wedding, in the early morning, gave Joyce Houghton to be wife to Harold Gresham, whom she had known as Jerome Seymour; and the newly-married couple took, according to the terms of their joint inheritance of Norman Abbey, the name and arms of Norman, Mrs. Houghton only regretting that she was not included in the change.

That day, too, and it was in the merry Whitsuntide, when all the earth is green, and fair with flowers, the picturesque new Home for Aged

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Women, first of the parish of Normanton, and then for as many others as could be accommodated, was opened with a tea-drinking that rejoiced the hearts of the dear old bodies collected there, never to know hardship, or worry any more.

A year or so, after the marriage, the Rev. Mr. Norman was summoned to visit a dying man in one of the great hospitals of London. It was he whom we have known as Harold Gresham.

"I thought before I died," said the sick man, "I would ask you to forgive me. Do you mind?"

Assured of ample earthly pardon, the dying man wanly smiled, and said,

"Then here's your reward; for I know you must be curious as to how I got all my information, and proofs, so as to take the old lady in so completely."

"You had far better turn your thoughts—"

"I'll turn 'em in a minute, but I want to tell you. I was in California, and I had a pal, who got killed one day, in a scrimmage about a claim. I looked after him, while he was dying; and a long night's watch it was; but in the course of it, he told us that his name was Harold Gresham, and that he had married a cotter's daughter; and then, hoping to get his aunt's estate of Norman Abbey by denying the marriage, he had concealed the proofs, and after a while deserted his wife somewhere in the Low Countries, and put his son under charge of some monks in Switzerland. He told me of a letter in his box, already written, to be given to the Superior of this monastery, enclosing one to be carried by the son to his aunt, and he made over all his dust and nuggets to me, if I'd promise to get the letters to their address.

"I promised, and he died. I took his gold; about seven thousand dollars worth it was, and I left California for Switzerland; and before I reached New York, the devil had won the battle. I tore up all the papers, and kept the one to be given by Harold Gresham's son to Harold Gresham's aunt, and I registered myself on the books of the Parthia as Harold Gresham, and gave that name to Joyce Houghton."

"Do not speak of her," said Joyce's husband, hastily. "Let us rather talk of yourself."

And let us trust the poor soul, dying there, went into eternity a little less hopelessly, for the exhortations and prayers that ensued.

And Henry Thomas? Well, he made the restorations, and he planned and built the Home for Aged Women, and several other buildings upon the estate. But he lodged, at first, at the village inn, and said that he had very little time for visiting, even at the Abbey. Yet wounds, however deep, heal after a while, especially in sweet, healthy natures; and to-day Henry Thomas is more at home, at Norman Abbey, than anywhere else on earth; and is the beloved and trusted friend of both master and mistress, and the idolized favorite of all the children.

But he will never marry.

# IN LILAC LANE.

BY MARGARET FRANCES.

The fragrant boughs of blossom
Were arching all the way;
And changeful skies of April,
With light and shade at play,
Smiled clear with gleams of sunshine,
Or grieved with fitful rain,—
That happy day in spring-time,
We walked in Lilac Lane.

I see her white dress flitting
Beside me, even now;
One rounded arm up-lifted
To bend the swaying bough;
The nodding plumes, in answer,
Sent down a perfumed rain,
To hide her silken tresses,
That day in Lilac Lane.

Oh, leave the bough to frolic
With every passing breeze;
The spring will soon be over,
For fragile blooms like these.
And listen to my story:—
If gladness, or if pain,
Shall be its end—I know not—
This day in Lilac Lane.

Sweet eyes, where maiden fancies
Lie mirrored in the blue,
They will not raise their fringes,
To make me answer—true;
The little hand that trembles
Upon my arm, is fain
To cling a moment closer
That day in Lilac Lane.

No, I will not name the story
I whispered in her ear;
It was for me, to tell it—
It was for her, to hear;
And any careless listener
The secret would profane,
Of what was asked and answered,
That day in Lilac Lane.

Again the plumes of Lilac
Are sending down their spray,
As underneath their fragrance
We take our happy way;
For, hand in hand, together—
Thro' sunshine and thro' rain—
We pledged our truth forever,
That day in Lilac Lane.

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# HUGH McCHESNEY'S WIFE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

HANDSOME, blasé Hugh McChesney, lay swinging in a hammock under the trees, that cast wide shade over McChesney Place.

He had been back from a two years sojourn in Europe, just two days, and was thoroughly enjoying the rest and calm, with all the utmost capacity of his idle, languid nature.

Under the shadows of the same tree, sat his mother, a stately matron of sixty, the only human being of whom Hugh McChesney had ever stood in fear.

"Hugh," said Mrs. McChesney, "I have invited the Hildreths here, for the summer. They will arrive, very soon."

"Have you?" responded Hugh, languidly; but his tone did not betray the annoyance his face expressed. He had gone to Europe to escape these very Hildreths.

"Yes," continued Mrs. McChesney "Yes, they come to-morrow. I want you to go down to the station, every day now, till they do come. Mrs. Hildreth is always so particular about having due respect shown her; and I would not offend her, for the world."

"How many of them will there be?"

"Three. Mrs. Hildreth; her niece, who is a young widow, Mrs. Gray is a beauty, I am told; and Carrie, who has just passed her twenty-first birthday, and has therefore come into possession of her hundred thousand dollars, left her by her father, you know."

"Yes, I know," assented Hugh, wearily. He had heard of that hundred thousand dollars every day, for a year. He had been shown a portrait, also, of the prospective heiress, which had hastened his departure to Europe.

"I wonder," he asked, lazily, as he rocked himself lightly in the hammock, "if Miss Carrie has any more flesh on her bones, than she used to have."

"Hugh," cried his mother, "I supposed you were a gentleman. I am surprised to hear such an ill-bred remark from you. Miss Carrie is a most estimable girl, and has good breeding, and a kind heart, and—"

"And money," interrupted Hugh, "which covers a multitude of deficiencies in man, a woman, always."

"You will have an opportunity to determine, before long," answered his mother, "whether money ain't of some use, after all. McChesney Place will be under the hammer, in less than two years, unless *something* is done to save it; and you and I will be beggars."

She gathered up her work, and swept away, as she finished; and Hugh covered his eyes with his shapely hand, and almost groaned aloud.

"Oh, my God, if she *knew*," he moaned. But, mercifully, Mrs. McChesney did not know.

Suddenly, a voice broke the silence, trilling a snatch of song,

> "I love my love, I love my love,
> I love my love, because my love loves me."

This is what the voice sang. The singer came up the orchard path, and was almost within reach of the motionless figure in the hammock, before she saw it.

When she started back, with a little, smothered cry; and a face grown suddenly crimson. She blushed and paled, so easily, did Flossie, the old gardener's young daughter.

"You are very happy, this morning, dearie," said Hugh, reaching out his hand to her. "Come here, and let me look at you. I have not had a chance, for more than a glimpse at your face, since I came home. Why, child, where has your flesh gone—you are as slender as a reed—you who were so round and rosy. Have you been ill, since I went away?"

"Oh, very ill."

"They never wrote me of it."

"I was not here. I went away to my sister's—you remember her—she that was Mrs. Tristan's governess. She married, and lives in the country. I was with her a long time, resting and recruiting."

All the time, Flossie's eyes had been turned away from the eyes of her listener, and the hand he held shook like a leaf in his.

"You are not strong yet, I see," he said, kindly. "You must take good care of yourself, child; for you are young to die: too young, too fair, too dear."

Again a wave of color swept over Flossie's sweet face. But just then, a voice from the house called to her, and she hurried away.

"How changed she is—in some indefinable way," murmured Hugh, as he looked after her. "She seems so much older, someway—poor child."



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He had known her from her childhood, and had made a pet of her, long before he went to Europe.

The next day the Hildreths came. Mrs. Hildreth, forty in years, and a thousand in society-wisdom and experience, and with one supreme desire in her soul, which was to marry her daughter to Hugh McChesney.

Carrie Hildreth came also, tall, thin, sallow, with pathetic eyes, that always seemed pitying her own plainness, which was rendered doubly noticable by the rich elegance of her toilets, and the lustre of her jewels.

Twenty-one in years, and looked thirty-five beside the splendid beauty of her cousin, Mrs. Gray.

Had it been possible to put Mrs. Gray out of the way, save by cold-blooded murder, Mrs. Hildreth would certainly have done it, before she would have brought her to McChesney Place. But she had invited her neice to spend the season with them, before Mrs. McChesney's invitation had been received; and she had been obliged to inform Mrs. McChesney, therefore, of this, and to bring Mrs. Gray with her.

Lisle Gray was, indeed, a rival to be feared. She had that rare combination, blue-black eyes, golden hair, and a brilliant bloom. She had, also, a warm heart, that held all its stores of passion yet untouched; for she had been an old man's darling; and though she had sorrowed for her husband as for a friend and protector, it had been no more.

Something new stirred in Hugh McChesney's heart and pulses, when Lisle's cool, fair hand first touched his. Something that made him restless, and afraid to look into her eyes; and, therefore, he was all to Carrie that Mrs. Hildreth could desire.

He turned Carrie's music, at the piano, and listened attentively to her beautiful voice, which was her one solitary charm. All a woman's love and power of feeling, and repressed longings, were in her voice, when she sang. And while Hugh McChesney leaned over her, at the piano, and listened, she was singing her heart away; hopelessly, she knew; but, alas! she could not hold it back. It was her doom to love him, and she knew it, from that hour. He was so kind to her for days; so thoughtful and attentive; and both her and her mother's heart leaped for joy,

Only Mrs. McChesney saw the truth. Once she caught his eyes, as they rested on Lisle Gray. She had never seen that look in his face before.

"Was your neice a wife, long, before she was widow?" she asked, carelessly, of her friend that night.

"Only a year."

"How very sad."

"No, not sad, for he was an old man, and left her wealth," Mrs. Hildreth answered; and then could have bitten her own tongue off, in her rage. She did not care, you see, to have Mrs. McChesney, or Hugh, know that Lisle Gray was rich as well as beautiful.

"Well, not exactly wealth," she hastened to add, "but a competence. Enough to dress her, and keep her in society. But she is very extravagant. It would require a fortune to support her. Luckily, she has a wealthy lover, now in Europe; and I am hoping, when he returns, she will marry him. But she is a sad coquette—forever making victims to her beauty."

"Ah!" was Mrs. McChesney's only comment. She knew her friend well, and made due allowance for her statements: and, after this, she looked at Lisle Gray with renewed interest.

"If she has wealth," she said, mentally, "she is a far more desirable wife for Hugh, than Carrie. All the McChesneys, for generations, have married handsome women."

A day later she was alone with Carrie. Mrs. Hildreth was taking her siesta; Lisle writing letters; and Hugh smoking his cigar.

"How beautiful your cousin is," she remarked. "Like a rare picture."

"Yes," responded Carrie, with a sigh. "I sometimes think I would give all the remainder of my life, to be only for one year, as beautiful as she is."

"That is extravagant language," said Mrs. McChesney. "One cannot expect to have everything. Some have beauty, some mental gifts, some wealth, some position, few have all."

"But Lisle has," responded Carrie. "She is bright, and good, and beautiful; and her husband added wealth, when he died. She has seventy-five thousand in her own right, free of incumbrances. But do not mention it. She does not like to have it known."

Strive as he would, Hugh McChesney found himself unable to control his real emotions. He was barely courteous to Lisle, and quite attentive to Carrie. Yet Carrie was not deceived.

One night, she went to her room, and threw herself on her bed, in a passion of tears.

"It is no use, no use," she cried. "He loves her. But he is trying to hide it—trying—oh, my God, he is trying to love me. Such a useless effort for any man."

While she wept there, Hugh McChesney was in the shrubbery, with Lisle Gray's hands, for the first time, clasped in his. Lisle's face was lifted, wonderingly, as she listened to his impassioned words.

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"I am, perhaps, mad," he said. "I have no right to love you—only I do. But I am tied—hand and foot—more helplessly, more horribly bound than ever man was before. And now, to have this come upon me. This passion, so mighty, that it takes hold of nerve, and soul, and brain, and will not let me rest, night or day. I could almost kill myself, when I think of it. I have no right to talk to you like this—to talk at all—only that these few words save me from instant insanity. Looking at you here, in the moonlight, I knew my brain would go mad, if I did dot speak." Then he turned away and left her.

Within, a woman, near the open window had sat, and heard all. It was his mother. She smiled, and said to herself: "It is time he knew."

Outside, another woman had heard also; and ad crept off, in the shadows of the shrubbery, like a wounded deer.

Mrs. McChesney tapped on Hugh's door, but no answer came. She entered. He was lying prone upon his face, on a couch, the picture of despair.

"Hugh," she said, tenderly, "I have a bit of news for you, which may surprise you. I would far rather have Lisle Gray for my daughter, than Carrie Hildreth. Do not fear my displeasure."

He turned and looked at her.

"Then you must have discovered that she, too, has money," he said, with a touch of scorn in his voice.

"Well, yes, she has money," answered the mother, coolly, "and you love her. She will be an honor to us all, and keep up the reputation for good taste in female beauty, which the McChesneys have always had. I hope you will not delay long. End Carrie's suspense, and make Lisle happy."

"God help me," he cried.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing! Only that I would bless the hand, that would put a bullet through my brain," he said, and rushed out of the room.

For a week, Hugh looked like an insane man. He ate nothing, slept little, and was pale as a corpse.

The ladies pitied him, and petted him; and Lisle lost flesh and bloom. She loved him, with all her heart; and the mystery of his words and behavior frightened her.

At night, she sat by her window, and heard the thud of his horse's hoofs, as he rode off into the darkness, alone. He would ride half the night, till his weary horse could not longer keep pace with his mad thoughts; and then come home, to toss the remainder of the night, in wild dreams.

"Ah, it was a wretched household, there at McChesney Place. At last, Mrs. McChesney grew to believe that some madness had come upon her son.

One night, they were all startled by the sudden appearance of the old gardener. He was pale and trembling, and could barely gasp out his errand.

"Flossie is ill—dying," he said, "and she asks for the young master—for Mr. Hugh. Where is he?"

Hugh was summoned, and hastened away with the old gardener, to the latter's little cottage, just outside the grounds.

"How strange," said Mrs. McChesney, "and yet not strange. Hugh was always so kind to her when she was a child. I have no doubt she feels that he can help her. Her childish faith in him was so great."

But the night went by, and Hugh did not return. Mrs. McChesney could not sleep. In the gray dawn, Hugh came in, pale, haggard, looking years older.

"How is Flossie?" his mother asked.

"Dead," he answered. "And I am going away, for a few days. Make my excuses to the guests. Imperative business calls me."

Two days later, he came back. With him came a woman, evidently a servant, and a child, a beautiful, laughing boy, a year and a-half old.

Into the presence of his mother and the guests, he bade them come.

"I have a confession to make before you all," he said. "I want you all to know me as I am, a poor, weak, miserable coward. You see this child. Well, it is mine, the child of my wife, who died two days ago. I married her secretly, four years ago. I admired her pretty face; and was fond of her, as one is fond of a toy; and so I married her. But I dared not confess it to my mother. When I repented of the step, I rushed away to Europe; and I never knew of this child's existence, till night before last, when its mother lay dying. Good God—to think of all she suffered for me. And I killed her. She heard my mad words to another woman, a week ago; and they killed her. She felt that she was in the way of my happiness; and she lay down and died, like a wounded lamb. And when she knew she was to die, she told me of our child; and asked me to care for it. And so I have brought it home, and you have heard the whole miserable story."

"Take the child out of my sight," cried Mrs.

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McChesney, turning fiercely upon the serving-woman.

"Mother!" cried Hugh.

But she silenced him.

"Do you think I will ever own it, or let it bear our name?" she cried. "The miserable, low-born child of a servant. Take it away, out of my sight."

The nurse turned to go. But a hand detained her.

"Give the child to me," said a soft voice, and Lisle Gray reached out her arms, and the child laughed and leaped into them.

"I am going away, to-morrow," she said, turning, with dignity, to Mrs. McChesney, "I will take the child with me."

"God bless you," cried Hugh. "But do not go. Oh, if you will do *this* for my child, will you not *stay* for me?"

She looked into his face, there, before them all, the child still upon her breast.

"I will come back, if you want me," she said, smiling. But only on condition that your mother will welcome me and this helpless little one. Otherwise, you must come to me."

So Lisle went. But in due time Mrs. McChesney thought of the mortgage on McChesney Place, forgetting her wrath, and sent for Mrs. Gray and the child; and even Mrs. Hildreth, when she read the marriage notice, sighed a sigh of relief.

"For, thank fortune," she said, "Lisle can't spoil any more of my plans."

But as for Carrie, ah, well, she hid her hurt, as proud women can.

## "WHY DOES JAMIE STAY SO LATE?"

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

Why is my boy so late, to-night,
Where can he like to roam?
The sheep and lambs are in the fold,
The kine have all come home;
The old kirk bell has rung for nine,
The candle now burns dim;
How can he think the old folks like
To wait so long for him!

I looked adown the meadow-path,
And up the woodland hill;
I listened for his echoing steps
To pass the ruined mill;
He little knows, how long the hours
Will seem, while he's away.!
Old hearts have not so many joys,
They can have one lad stray.

Then, "Jamie, Jamie," I call aloud;
A hand the gate flings wide,
And lo! a handsome, manly youth,
Is standing at my side!

And in this hushed and quiet hour,
The candle still burns dim,
The while he talks of hopes and joys,
The future holds for him.

I know the merry wedding-bells
Will fill his heart with joy;
But they will steal from home its light,
And take away my boy!
I well remember one glad time
When I could not say, Nay;
Another youth had wooed and won
My trusting heart away.

I kissed and blessed my hopeful lad,
And ere I fell asleep,
The memories of his childhood years
Were treasured up to keep.
"Soon, other eyes than mine," I said,
"For him, will watch and wait;
My foolish heart ne'er needs to ask,
Why stays my boy so late!"

## THE WAILING OF THE WIND.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

That night around the ruddy hearth
We numbered only four,—
Yet, well content we gathered close,
Nor wished our number more.

The fitful blaze, with wayward light,
Lit up the ancient hall,
And made four figures, still and dark,
Dark shadows on the wall.

The creaking doors, the rattling panes,
The dashing waves loud tone,
Lent to the night a wild delight,
Yet made us feel alone.

Upon the changeful blaze we bent,
And in low voices spoke
Of mem'ries sweet and solemn that
The storms deep wailing woke.

It battled with a heavy hand,
And made a noisy strife,
Arousing us to graver thoughts,
And wiser plans of life.

But when the wind had hushed its voice,
And folded down its wings,
We half forgot its many tones,
That moaned so many things.

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# THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 232.

## CHAPTER XI.

THERE was great commotion around "The Hollow," after that class-meeting. Before the sun had risen up half an hour, the next morning, some young members of the class had cleared a path from the gate to the front door of the minister's house, as the first piece of work that presented itself. After that was done, farmer Downs came up with an immense load of hickory, on his huge ox-sled, on which his two boys were mounted, with axes in their hands.

More even than this. The sweet home influence of the sex was exemplified that day with especial efficacy, for while the farmer and his boys were busy unloading the wood, John Patterson, the little shoemaker, came up, all in a glow of benevolence, with a foot rule and tape measure in his pocket, ready to measure the minister for the boots promised by his wife.

But good-hearted Mrs. Doolittle came through the house-yard, and met him before he could open the gate, saying,

"It's of no use to come in. I've been here since daylight, and the minister haint seemed to notice me. It seems as if he never would come to. Oh, brother, what if that heavenly sermon was the last we shall ever hear from him?"

"Is he so fur gone?" questioned the shoemaker, in an awe-stricken way. "Has God's judgment fell on us so heavy as that?"

"It may be a judgment, and agin it may be the beginning of a revival, sich as the society hasn't known since you and I jined it. That woman, it seems ter me, was beautiful and powerful enough to open the gates of heaven for all of us."

The shoemaker shook his head very sadly.

"Let's pray God that the minister aint called to go through first."

"Oh, brother, he is a'most there. It seems as though he never would come out of that arful fit. There he lies, now, on the bed that we took her away from, with both of his hands kind of folded over each other on his chist, looking up, with wide-open eyes, to the ceiling, as if he could see something, away back of the broken plaster, that no one else could make out. That's the way he's been a-lying all night long, ever since daybreak. The brothers and sisters have been a-coming and a-going, bringing things, and wanting to comfort him, but he didn't seem to know any of 'em, or hear a word they said; but lay there stark still, looking up and up, till it jist made one's heart ache to see him. Once in a while his eyelids would sort of tremble, but that was only when our Lucy spoke to him, or touched his hands."

"That looks as if he could feel yit," said the shoemaker, a little more hopefully. "What dux the doctor say?"

"He says it's the wust case of nervous prostration that he ever came across. Jist a break down of the hull system, that's been strained and strained, till it had to give way all to once."

"But dux he think it likely that—that we've got to lose—"

The poor shoemaker could not continue; but pulled at his woolen muffler, as if it choked him.

Mrs. Doolittle understood this, and her face was clouded with sympathy.

"He's doubtful, brother, I can see it in his face—that Doctor Gould is doubtful. He's been here once this morning, and stayed till nigh on to midnight, after they brought the minister home from the school house."

"That looks anxious," said Patterson, more and more despondent.

"Anxious! I should think he was; and as for that poor girl, in there, it's jist heart-breaking to see her lift that sweet, white face up to hisen, and ask, with them soft eyes of hers, what she is afeared to speak out."

The shoemaker turned away his head.

"Kin I do anything?" he said, meekly. "There don't seem to be much chance for his wanting the boots yet awhile; but I might bring in a pail of water, fill the tea-kettle, or something."

Mrs. Doolittle smiled rather sadly, and shook her head.

"That's what half a dozen of the neighbors have been a saying to me this morning; but there aint many sich chores to do up here; for nobody teches a mouthful, and it aint no use cooking, though plenty and plenty has been brought in,



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without the help of that sear— There, I didn't say the word, though it does come burning like a hot coal on the tip of my tongue, whenever I think of that serche and pharasee in silks and velvets, that's nested herself down in the old Wheeler mansion—oh, goodness me! There she comes now, 'like an army with banners.'"

Patterson gave a rather startled look up the road, and saw Mrs. Farnsworth's sleigh dashing down the hard snow of the track, scattering flashes of silver from the richly mounted harness, and revealing billows of warm red that gleamed through the costly furs that surrounded her. The lady had, no doubt, found her deep black wearisome, and kindled it up with gleams of rich colors, as overcharged clouds break and reveal an underglow of crimson and gold.

"Coming here, I reckon," said Mrs. Doolittle, setting her lips firmly together—"not as long as my name is Jerusha Doolittle! The doctor says he must'n't be disturbed, and he aint going to be."

Certainly Mrs. Farnsworth drove directly toward the minister's house, and drew up close by the gate, over which Mrs. Doolittle leaned, with her folded arms resting on it.

Mrs. Farnsworth threw back the furs, and made a movement to leave the sleigh.

The class leader's wife watched the movement with severe eyes; but stood immovable. The little shoemaker, comprehending the storm that was ready to break, crept up to the side of the sleigh, and said in the meekest possible voice:

"It aint no use, marm. Doctor Gould won't let anybody see the minister. He's clear broke down."

"Not let anybody see him!" repeated the lady, drawing back; "but I am Mrs. Farnsworth!"

"Jes so," answered Patterson, creeping back to his old place; "I didn't mean ter interfere."

Mrs. Doolittle looked at him scornfully, and her face flushed.

"Please to stand aside, my good woman, and let me pass," said my lady, stepping, with a dainty little leap, from her sleigh to the gate.

Mrs. Doolittle still kept her arms folded on the gate. Her mouth was set like a vice, and a gleam of some feeling, that could not be mistaken for the meekness of a Christian spirit, shone in her light gray eyes, as they turned upon the intruder.

"The doctor's orders are, no one whatsomever," she said, with a curt emphasis.

"But they could not include me."

"Jest that, and nothing else, marm. The minister aint in no condition to see anybody."

"But I am a relative. I come as a benefactress."

"Our minister don't want benefactresses; but brethren and sisters, such as are waiting to come the minute he asks for 'em."

Mrs. Farnsworth rose, and her eyes flashed.

"I will see Miss Hastings," she said. "If her father is so ill, I must assure myself that he wants nothing."

"I can testify that our minister has everything that any man can want, sick or well. There aint a mite of reason that he should have to go out of his own society for that. As for our lady, she's with her father, and wouldn't leave him a minute for the Queen of Sheba, if she stood here with her crown on, and a gold scepter in her hand."

"Who is this woman?" demanded Mrs. Farnsworth, turning to little Patterson, who stood shivering by.

The shoemaker came close to her, and answered in a timid, shaky voice:

"Don't, marm, don't aggrivate her. She's a church member, and the salt of the earth, when she aint put out by conterdiction. Jist go away now, like the high-stepping, grand lady you be, and by the time you come again, she'll be all right."

"Go away, while this creature stands barring my passage," cried the lady, stamping her pretty French boot on the snow. "Open the gate for me—push that virago aside, and open the gate!"

"But, marm, it ed be salt and battery afore the laws; besides, I couldn't think of doing it. She's our class-leader's wife."

"She's a grossly impertinent woman," retorted Mrs. Farnsworth, looking around in fierce helplessness. Her horses were restive, and the coachman had more than he could do to keep them quiet. It was impossible to call on him for co-operation, and there was no one else in sight save the two boys, who had ceased chopping, and were leaning on their axes, absorbed by the splendor of the equipage by the door. She gave them a signal. The boys came forward, shyly, and casting doubtful glances at each other. Mrs. Farnsworth put a hand into her jacket, as they came up, and drew forth a portemonnaie, which she unclasped with hands shaking with anger.

"Make this person move. Open the gate, and I will give you this—and this!" she said.

The boys looked from the two notes of fractional currency, fluttering in her hand, and at each other with sidelong glances. The temptation was great; but the task—how was that to be accomplished?

Mrs. Doolittle still leaned against the gate, and looked down on the boys with a grim smile.

"What are you a-going to do about it?" she said.

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The boys whispered together.

"If you'd jist step a one side, we'd open the gate, and then you could come back and swing on it, jist as much as you wanted ter," said the larger boy, in a half-frightened, half-coaxing way. "You might, now."

Mrs. Doolittle leaned her ample chest against the gate, and laughed a little unpleasantly.

"You young Ishmaelites," she said.

Sam, who had been greedily eyeing the money till now, drew close to the matron, stole his hand through the pickets of the gate, and pulled at her gown.

"Only jist think of it," he whispered, eagerly. "There's enough to buy two sleds."

"Is there?" she said, with a little relenting, for it seemed hard for the really kind-hearted woman to stand between the lads and their good fortune. "But the doctor's orders are strict. I've told her so, over and over agin."

"There he comes, now," Jake called out in great excitement. "I'll run and ask him."

Away went the boy up the road, with his red comforter flying in the wind. The doctor checked his horse a moment, listened to a few breathless words, then drove on again, with Jake racing by his cutter. There was a little change at the gate, when they reached it. Mrs. Doolittle had forsaken her leaning position, and stood upright, with one hand on the latch, as if ready to open it to him. Mrs. Farnsworth had drawn back from the contest, still flushed and angry, but with a gleam of victory in her eyes.

"Is it by your orders that I have been rudely denied the privilege of seeing my sick relative?" she questioned, turning upon the doctor.

"It was my orders that no one should be admitted," answered the doctor, with grave politeness. "Those nearest and dearest to him, most of all. The minister's life depends on perfect rest."

"I told her so," interposed Mrs. Doolittle, casting a superb glance on the lady.

"Still, if you desire it very much, come with me. Unless there has been some great change, your presence will not disturb him."

When Mrs. Doolittle heard this, she turned away from the gate, somewhat crestfallen, while John Downs rushed forward, and pushed it wide open, casting a look, half-triumph and half-appeal, as Mrs. Farnsworth passed through, still holding the money in her hands.

"I done it—I told the doctor just what was going on," said Jake, looking ruefully at his brother, "yet I don't believe she means to give us that ere money."

"Then our sleds 'll be knocked inter the middle of next week," answered Tom, digging the heel of his boot deep down into the snow.

"I s'pose we may as well go back to work. It don't seem to be no use waiting," responded Jake.

"Oh, let's hang around till she comes out."

They did hang about the gate, but not long; for in a few minutes the door opened, and Mrs. Farnsworth came down the walk, less erect than she had appeared a few moments before, and looking almost sad.

Well she might, for the scene she had intruded upon was mournful enough to quench all the angry fire of her temper when she went in. A room, quiet as the grave; the bed, she had seen once before, upon which a pale, stricken man was lying motionless, as some recumbent statue on a tomb, and, sitting by his side, a slender girl, white and still, whose eyes, heavy with continued pain, were scarcely lifted from her father's face, when the enforced visitor came in.

One moment the woman paused upon the threshold, subdued. Then, Doctor Gould, who stood in the room behind her, said, in a low voice:

"You see, madam, how impossible it is that my patient should recognize even kindess."

Mrs. Farnsworth held her place a moment, then drew back. The picture in there was, indeed, too sadly real, even for her interference. She had come to take that young girl from her home, to adopt her at once, into a new world, in which the father would hold no part—in fact, to break up the little household forever; but how could she intrude her proud benevolence upon a scene like that? She closed the door softly, and turned to the doctor:

"I have made a promise to care for my young relative; to give her a home worthy of the family she springs from," she said. "Having been informed that she has been thrown back among associates, that I cannot for a moment tolerate, I came to expostulate with the father, and, if he persisted, to remove her to my own circle, at once."

The doctor's face flushed, and he regarded the lady with a gravity that amounted almost to sternness.

"It would be as impossible to remove that young lady from her father's side now, as it would be to make him comprehend the benevolence of your purpose," he said. "If that is your object, madam, it will be a long time before it can possibly be carried into effect, unless, indeed, the death of my patient should leave her entirely an orphan."

Having delivered this answer, the young man bent his head gravely, and entered the sick room, closing the door after him.

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The color mounted to Mrs. Farnsworth's face, for the rebuke in this young man's voice stung her. She reached forth her hand to turn the latch, but threw it back again, and walked slowly from the house.

Jake saw her coming, and sprang forward to hold the gate open. Tom took off his cap, and stood reverently on one side, while the wind whistled through his hair.

This homage fell soothingly on the lady's wounded pride. She still held the currency crushed in the palm of her glove, and Tom's politeness reminded her of it.

"You did not force the gate open as I ordered," she said, smoothing out the bills over the soft kid of her gloves, as if rather reluctant to part with them; "but good manners are not so common in this neighborhood, that I should fail to reward them. Here, take this, and remember, it is not to be spent carelessly."

"Oh, no!" answered the boys, in a joyful chorus.

## CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Farnsworth did not drive directly home after leaving The Hollow; but ordered her coachman to proceed to the country town, some six or eight miles distant, where a cross road intersected one of the great iron highways leading to the New England metropolis.

Here she inquired at the post-office for letters, and among them found a dainty missive from her daughter, whom she had left mistress of her town house, in Boston.

This young lady, having a will of her own, was not only opposed to the purchase of an old homestead, that she had never heard of in her life, until a flaming advertisement and a smooth-tongued land-agent had persuaded her mother to the purchase, but had absolutely refused to undertake a mid-winter visit to the lonely place, after it was announced as one of the family possessions.

After this purchase was proclaimed (much to the astonishment of more persons than Olivia) the possession of this old family-seat became a subject of ardent gratulation to the mother. Nothing could be more touching than her thankfulness that the dear, old mansion had fallen back to the head of the family, even if it was by purchase. It had been the dream of her life, she protested, to become the possessor of that fine old hall, and the ancient treasure of books, pictures and furniture—heirlooms, every one of them—attesting to the aristocracy of the family, long after that branch of the family had ceased to understand the glory of it.

When Miss Olivia ventured to observe that it was a little singular she had never heard of objects so important to the family history before, the lady-mother shook her head with a deeply wounded expression of countenance, and wondered that anyone could be surprised at her silence, when an estate ceded to her forefathers by a Stewart king, was in the hands of a minor branch of the family, in which all pride of birth had been extinguished, generation after generation, till, so far as she could learn, the last owners had allowed themselves to be considered as little more than common farmers.

"Then, of course, the place can be in no condition to receive us," urged Miss Olivia, with a toss of the head, that never failed to disturb the dignity of her lady-mother. "Of what possible use could I be there?"

The question really was a very pertinent one. Just at this time the young lady could prove nothing but an incumberance, especially as the agent who had negotiated the purchase of the house, had been ever since that time exploring among the junk-shops and second-hand dealers of New York and Boston, in search of antiquities that would harmonize with the old building, and certify to its ancient grandeur.

So, without the unseemly contest that usually arose when the wishes of mother and daughter were at variance, Mrs. Farnsworth went down to her new purchase, only attended by her maid, resolved to arrange her country house without the questioning eyes of city servants, or the criticism of her own daughter.

In this way it happened that Nathan Drum became *major domo* of the Wheeler mansion, and his mother autocrat of the kitchen, while my lady arranged the artistic details of this new home.

"Of course," she said, in condescending confidence to her maid, "it will be expected that I should keep these honest retainers on the place. That is always the way, when estates change owners in the old country. With a little teaching, I dare say, they will become quite presentable, and I can trust them to take care of the place in my absence."

Indeed, the lady had found both these persons of great use, when quick wits and strong hands were needed in her service. After their Yankee fashion, they sometimes asked awkward questions. Shocked the lady with homely remarks about their former employers; but Nathan was quick to learn, and took deep interest in all that she told him about the ancient grandeur of her race; and what pleased her better, repeated it with artistic variations to the few neighbors who still ventured to call at the old house, and was

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quaintly eloquent about it in the village and at the county town, whenever he got a chance to visit those places.

This explanation will prepare the reader for Mrs. Farnsworth's unbounded surprise, when she tore the crested envelope of her daughter's letter, and read it, sitting there in the sleigh before the post-office, of course quite unconscious that a dozen curious persons were regarding her from the sidewalks and opposite windows. Olivia was not a prompt letter writer—at any rate, with her mother. So, if that lady was surprised by the letter itself, the length of it astonished her still more.

"My dearest mamma," it said. "I dare say you have been thinking me a selfish, naughty creature to leave you alone in that dull, cold place so long, especially now that you have been obliged to take refuge in funerals and charity work, as I see that you have by the society papers, that are giving brilliant accounts of your benevolence, your popularity, and the grandeur of your new, old home. The idea!

"I did not know what a sensation it was making till yesterday, when Mrs. Cross, the young widow who was spending her old husband's fortune so lavishly at Newport last summer, came in for a morning call. She has been here frequently since you left, and we have become rather intimate, especially as she is sure to pick up all the swell strangers that pass through the city, and occasionally brings one here, which is better-natured than some girls I have known of; though, of course, she doesn't do that till her own influence is so thoroughly grounded, that she thinks rivalry impossible. I should like to teach her a lesson on this subject, for sometimes I think her liberality with me is no compliment. Perhaps she thinks I am not handsome enough to be dangerous. If so, why did she bleach her hair so near to the color of mine; which, thank goodness, is natural, and pretends to no gold that don't belong to it?

"Well, mamma, yesterday, when I was sitting in my dear little room, with panels of blue and silver, the very place I would have chosen for company, who should come in but Mrs. Cross, with both hands out—you know her way—and her lips held up for kisses, as if she quite forgot, in her love for me, two gentlemen who waited near the door to be introduced. There was no real need of that, mamma; for I knew one of them already—that is, I had seen him at Newport, where you longed to have him introduced, but could not manage it—don't you remember that young English lord, Mrs. Shortlan got hold of, and guarded in her own set, as if the whole aristocracy of Great Britain belonged to her—I wonder how Clara Cross came to bring that man to our house; but she did, and with him an elderly person, more foreign-looking and wonderful handsome, who was introduced as Count Var.

"Lord Oram sat down near me, and was perfectly charming. He spoke of Newport, and said how often he had desired to be presented, and how fortunate he was to find himself in my presence at last. I tried to answer him in my old sparkling way; but though Clara Cross pretended not to be listening to the strange count, I knew that she did not let a word escape her, and could not be entirely myself, which was just what she intended, no doubt.

"Then the conversation turned, and I knew at once that Lord Oram had been reading the papers, for he spoke of Wheelerville, and of your grand place there, as if the old rattle-trap had been a palace, and I its heiress.

"'It must be a charming place,' he said, 'something to remind him of his own country. Singularly enough, a gentleman, who had come over in the same steamer with him from England, lived somewhere near my mother's place, and insisted that he and his friend, the count, should run down to him while the sleighing was at its best, and, perhaps, they might have the pleasure of paying their respects to madam.'

"Oh, mamma, you will understand how my heart beat, and my cheek burned, how sorry I was for that unkind refusal to explore the new estate with you—no girl was ever more suddenly smitten with repentance: but I did not allow these feelings to overcome me.

"'I am sure,' I said, 'that mamma will be delighted to receive you. Indeed, I am quite ashamed of being away from her so long—she is expecting me every day now.'

"Clara gave me a swift look, while the color came and went in her face.

"'I was not aware—I did not know that you thought of leaving town,' she said, with one of her sly sneers. 'It must be terribly dull in the country, as you were observing the other day.'

"'Yes, indeed,' I answered, in the sweetest way; 'but that is the best possible reason why mamma should not be left alone there.'

"'Ah!' exclaimed the widow, with a lift of the head that made my blood burn.

"'Besides, the sleighing down there is superb, and I really pine for a sight of the old place,' I continued.

"'Which you have never seen!' said the crafty thing.

"I turned to his lordship, and didn't pretend to hear.

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"'It will quite seem like a week in Russia,' said his lordship. 'The count has set his heart upon the trip, and I shall look forward to it now, with enthusiasm.'

"He put a little emphasis on the word 'now,' that brought the color into my face, and made Clara Cross restless to go. She stood up in a way that compelled the gentlemen to rise also, and began to smooth her muff impatiently, while they lingered in taking leave.

"'We will not say farewell, but *au revoir*, till we meet in the country,' said the count, bending over my hand in his graceful, foreign way, which Lord Oram did not attempt to imitate. What Englishman ever could?

"Then Clara led the way out, biting her lips, and carrying her head high enough. You may be sure, dear mamma, that some motive beside friendship brought her to our house that day. She is quite incapable of the magnanimity of an introduction like that purely for my benefit. I would give anything to know how it was brought about. Perhaps they desired it, and she could not refuse. The papers have been making quite a lioness of you these two weeks past, and that may account for it.

"Dear me, how easily the great wish of one's life may be brought about. All last summer we were toiling and managing to get a recognition from this English nobleman, but found ourselves baffled at every point. It was awfully provoking, and nearly broke my heart, while you were so cross. Now, when we had given up trying, this self-same nobleman almost drops at my feet, with Clara Cross looking on, mad enough to bite a tenpenny nail in two, when she sees to what her visit is leading. Only think, a long week in our own house, with two titled men coming and going. Sleigh rides by moonlight. Dear mamma, I hope you have got one of those pretty cutters that only hold two, with a fast horse. Dinners, music, and a waltz around the room now and then. Really, don't it seem providential?

"I shall certainly come the moment you give me permission. Had I better send down the servants; and how about the silver? There must be no lack of style among your antiquities. I have just been upstairs, and examined my wardrobes. Some of my dresses are fresh enough; but I will order one or two, unless your answer forbids it.

"Oh, you darling mamma, do write to me at once. Tell me what to bring, and how to come. I do hope you have got things in order, and that you will be awful glad to see your own

OLIVIA."

Mrs. Farnsworth read this long letter with great interest and some agitation. How was it possible to receive these gentlemen with proper consideration. Well, the old house was tolerably well arranged. The bric-a-brac agent had performed his commission well, and Nathan Drum had followed her orders with great industry. Let the strangers come when they might, she was a woman of resources, and would be ready to receive them graciously, like some chatelaine of the old world.

Folding up her letter, Mrs. Farnsworth drove, with heightened color, and some access of dignity, to the telegraph station, and wrote these words on a slip of paper, which were duly forwarded:

"Double lock the plate chest, and forward it by express, also the old Dresden China, well packed. Order the dresses, and come down with the servants, leaving only old Peters in charge.

C. F."

## CHAPTER XIII.

THERE had been a great noise of hammering and of furniture dragged in and out of place, at the old Wheeler mansion, during three whole days. After that letter came down from Miss Olivia at Boston, all the available force of the household had been brought in requisition, indeed, the emergency was so great, that my lady's maid was seen mousing about with a broom in one hand, and dust pan in the other, enquiring what she should do next of every one she met. Even Mrs. Farnsworth knotted a scarlet silk handkerchief artistically around her head, and applied to mother Drum for an apron. The old woman, deeming no common garment of the kind worthy of acceptance, went to an old linen chest, that still held portions of her first marriage outfit, or "setting out" as she called it, and took therefrom a "linsy woolsey apron," carded, woven, and spun by her own fingers, when she was a girl, which certainly was as much of an antique as anything in that house, if my lady had only understood the mechanism of it. She did not, however, but tied the sacred garment about her waist with a degree of indifference that brought the blood into that wrinkled face, and sent the old woman back to her kitchen in a fit of sharp resentment.

At last everything was in picturesque readiness. Mrs. Farnsworth, impatient for the arrival of her city household, had driven over to the station, hoping that some portion of it might arrive by the next train. Nathan Drum, thus left in charge, had rolled back logs into the throats of those old-fashioned fire-places, heaped wood upon the tall cross and irons, and sent more than one great flame carousing up the stone chimnies, till

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the smoke that billowed and curled from them seemed to warm the whole neighborhood.

"Now, mar, you jist step in here and see how we've fixed things up. You won't but jist know the out-room, with all them things in it," said Nathan, looking in at the kitchen door, where his mother was at work.

"Shouldn't wonder," replied the old woman, testily. "I don't seem ter know myself in this house. It don't appear like hum no longer, Nat, and never will agin, I calculate."

"Oh, well, now, what's the use—come in and take a look at the out-room, it's worth seeing, I kin tell you."

Mrs. Drum took off her apron, and followed her son across the hall, and into a long, low-ceiled room, whose windows, crowded with small six-by-ten panes of glass, took a greenish hue from the huge white pine that overshadowed them.

"Jist look at that!" exclaimed Nathan, pausing by the door, and stretching his hand toward a large block of tapestry, old, faded, and stained in many places, that half-covered the opposite wall. "Look at that feller with the trainer's cap on his head, and them cast iron gloves on his hands, a-prancing through them woods ter meet tother feller with his sword out, and them slats across his cap, as if he was a-looking through the bars of a gridiron. Don't that look like going to war in arnest?"

Mrs. Drum lifted one hand to her forehead, thus giving double force to the shade of her cap-border, while she examined that wonderful artistic curiosity. At last she turned with a sorely puzzled look to her son.

"But, Nat, aint them [illegible]-steppin' sogers taller than the trees?"

Nat raised one hand to his head, and sifted a lock of sandy hair through his fingers. Then his face cleared, and he turned a patronizing glance on the doubting old woman:

"That's 'cause the sogers in old times grew faster 'en the trees, don't you see? Them are the men we hear about, that keep on gitting greater and greater, arter they're dead and gone. It aint to be expected that sich fellers 'ill keep leveled down to scrub oak and hoop-poles."

"Mebly not," observed the old woman. "Only if them sogers was to git a little madder, they'd be tramping right over the tops of the trees to git at one another with them swords. It seems ter me that things ought ter grow more permiscous."

"That's 'cause you aint used ter antikertees, mar. Now jist turn yer eyes away, and look round on them tables and chists of drawers, and that are clock in the corner, and—and—"

"Goodness gracious, who's that?" exclaimed the old woman, unconsciously setting her cap for company; for Nat was interrupted by a loud, double knock at the front door, and was almost as much startled as his mother.

"It's some of the city quality," he said, "nobody in these parts ever knocks like that."

"Just let me git back in the kitchen afore you let 'em in," pleaded the old woman, retreating to her quarters, while Nathan demurely opened the upper leaf of the door.

There, waiting in the stoop, stood two men, who justified, by their appearance, the opinion Nat had given of them to his mother only a moment before.

"Is this the residence of Mrs. Farnsworth," enquired the youngest of the two, permitting no portion of the surprise that quaint head, peering over the closed half of the door, occasioned him.

"Yes, Mrs. Farnsworth lives here, I reckon that's what you want to know about," answered Nat, "but she ain't ter hum, just now."

The two strangers looked at each other evidently with some embarrassment, and were about to turn away, when Nathan swung back the door, saying:

"She'll be hum afore long, I reckon, so if you've a mind ter step in and get warmed up, there ain't no objection ter it."

The younger gentleman entered the hall, looking somewhat amused; but the taller and older man bent his head with the unconscious grace, which becomes second nature to a thoroughly well-bred man, as he passed beneath that strange roof.

"You'll find a fust-rate fire in the out-room, if you feel a-cold," said Nathan, pointing to a door, quite ignorant that it was his place to open it.

"Oh, we find this pleasant enough," answered the young man, throwing open his overcoat, and moving up the hall, evidently interested by what he saw there.

"Oh, well, if you'd a-ruther git acquainted with the annsisters, it don't make no odds ter me, and they never make any objections, just help yourselves ter chairs, and sit down as long as you want to."

The gentlemen sat down, and as the old potentates of the hall hung directly before them, became at once deeply interested.

"Old pictures, I fancy," said the young man, casting a glance at his companion. "They really do make one feel at home. I have not seen anything like them since our visit to Holy Rood."

A faint smile was all the answer given to this compliment or criticism, Nathan did not know which it was; but gave the first idea an eager acceptance.



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"No, sur," he said, quite at home in this department. "These old gentlemen ain't picters, but Velleskers every one of 'em, besides the slim lady, she's a Wheeler, took when that great King of England, that had his head chopped off, was so dead in love with her, that his par sent him off ter Spain, jest ter get him off from the idea. It wasn't of no use, but jest sot his face agin all foreign ladies like flint; for he considered one of the Wheeler wimmen jest as good as any dorter of the King of Spain, and wouldn't give in nohow."

"Very likely," observed the young visitor, when Nathan paused to take breath. "Our first Charles was celebrated for his obstinacy. It cost him first his crown, and then his head. No wonder he was faithful to a lady like that."

"That ain't all," continued Nathan, unconscious of the smile that quivered around the handsome mouth of his visitor. "Afore he would give in to his par so much as ter go to Spain, and have a good look at the king's dorters, he sot his foot down that he wouldn't stir a single inch without all the men of her relation should go along, and that is how they come ter be Velleskers, and hung up there; for the King of Spain, seeing as he wouldn't take the least of a notión to any of his dorters, wanted to keep something ter remember him by, but couldn't git him ter set for a Velleskers, without all the Wheelers sot too, which they did, and made heirlooms for the hull family. Not that there was any weavers among the Wheelers, but they sot everything by the heirlooms, and that's how them Velleskers came to be here."

"Very interesting, indeed," said the tall gentleman, with serene gravity; "but the lady?"

"You're speaking of her," replied Nathan, now launched heart and soul into the family history. "Why, she jist held up her head high as you please, till after the old king got wrathy, and made his son knuckle down and marry a French gurl, that wasn't no more to be likened to her than chalk's like cheese. Then she took her bible oath never to marry the best man that ever lived, king or beggar, and you may jist believe she kept her oath. That's how she got to be an ansesteress amongst the heads of the Wheeler family, and hung up there."

"And she was taken by Sir Peter Leley?" questioned the young man.

"No, sur; she never was took by anybody living, for she had sworn agin it; but lived jist as she hangs there, a pattern and a monument—but you seem to be kind of shivery. Hadn't you better step inter the out-room, there's more of 'em in there?"

"Then let us go in by all means," said the young man, whose visible tremor certainly had not arisen from cold. "Is this the way, my man?"

The next moment our two strangers stood face to face with the tapestried warriors, and in the beams of a glorious fire, that filled the whole room with mellow light, and quivered over the small window panes like a halo of gold. Two antique chairs, elaborately carved, stood upon the ample hearth.

"This is indeed pleasant," said the foreign gentleman, who had a soft hesitation in his speech, which, to a practiced ear, betrayed that he was not native to our tongue.

"Yes; something like comfort," answered the other, throwing himself into the vacant chair; "but as the mistress of the mansion seems long in coming, had we not better leave cards, and begone?"

"Don't be in a hurry," interposed Nathan, who had hospitably remained in the room, and now drew another chair towards the fire, upon which he seated himself, very still and upright. "May as well enjoy yourselves."

The elder gentleman smiled, the other laughed, at which a hospitable smile beamed on Nathan's face.

"Wouldn't mind a good, hot pitcher of filip, now. I shouldn't wonder," he said, animated by the thought, "there's an old woman in yonder, that can't be beat in making it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# DAY LILY.

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

Come close to me, my dainty bud of snow,
My spotless lily flower;
heavy perfume drug each vagrant sense,
Make perfect one bright hour.

O, give me, lily, of your joyous life,
Your radiant glad content;
Fling off these rays of real days and nights,
Clothe me with sentiment.

Hide me within, oh, white, oh, pure, oh, dear,
Your golden-hearted chalice;
Give me of peace and rest, my sweet, one hour,
One hour, forgetting malice.

O, lily, can you not be shield and pall.
Some rift my clouds to sever;
Perhaps I asked too much, but thou, my only,
Love me, my sweet, forever

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1.—We give, here, a pretty costume for house or street; stylish, from its extreme simplicity. The material is cashmere, of the color known as coachman's drab; this, or any of the lighter shades of gray, chocolate, or beige, will

No. 1.

be much worn this season. The plain, round skirt has, first, two very narrow knife-plaitings, two by two and a-half inches deep—overlapping each other, above these, another knife-plaiting, six inches deep, completes the trimming for the underskirt. The tunic is arranged upon this foundation skirt, the upper part of which may be of Silesia if preferred, the front is arranged in regular folds half way, and the back is a good deal looped and puffed. All short costumes will be wider in the skirt, and more puffed than they have been; the extra fullness being put into the

No. 2.

back. The fronts and sides will still preserve the clinging effect. The picket, which is similar to the Norfolk jackets, only longer in the skirt—is made with three deep plaits—turning back—on the fronts, beginning from the shoulder, same is repeated for the back of the jacket, observing to arrange the plaits to meet in the back, touch-



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ing at the waist. These plaits must all be laid deep enough to make fullness sufficient for the skirt of the jacket, otherwise the garment will hoop over the hips. Make on a tight-fitting

No. 3

Silesia lining—tacking the plaits on the waist part in position—those in the skirt are left loose. A belt of the material is worn with this jacket. Some are worn two inches wide, some three inches. It is almost needless to say this style of waist is only suitable for slight figures. No trimming, except buttons, is required. The edge of the tunic is simply hemmed, and several rows of stitching put in above the hem. The edges of the jacket and sleeves are finished in the same way. Ten yards of cashmere will be required.

No. 2—Is a walking costume for a young lady, the material of which is summer camel's hair cloth, light twilled flannel, de laine, de beige, albatross cloth, or any of the endless variety of spring fabrics, may be used for this style of dress. The skirt, has, first a narrow knife-plaiting two and a-half inches deep. Over this, a side plaiting, or more properly a kilt-plaiting, a-half yard deep, on to which a puff is laid, six inches from the bottom. This puff is gathered with a cord in the edge. The polonaise is a revival of the old fashioned Redingote—cut with loose fronts and a tight-fitting back—belted in at the waist to fit the figure. This garment is double-breasted, and finished with a rolling collar of silk or velvet. The belt, cuffs, loops, and ends, forming the garniture of the polonaise, are all made of silver silk or velvet, to match, or else of a contrasting color, or darker shade of the same color. From the illustration may be seen about how far in front to leave the garment open. The edges are simply piped with the silk. The full-

No. 4.

ness in the back is arranged in irregular pouffs. A similar bow of loops and ends is placed at the back, just below the waist line. The bows may be made of ribbon, if preferred. Ten to twelve

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yards of double width material will be required. For collar, cuffs, and belt, three-quarters of a yard of silk or velvet. One yard extra for loops and ends, or four yards of ribbon. Two dozen buttons. Fancy buttons are most fashionable.

No. 3.—For a young girl of thirteen to four-

No. 5—FRONT.

teen years, we give the back view of one of the polonaise costumes, with hood and turned-down collar. Our model calls for a pin-striped camel's hair. The skirt is kilt-plaited, on to a deep yoke of muslin. The polonaise is quite short in front,

No. 5—BACK.

and looped very high at the sides. The back is arranged by taking one breadth of the material, say two yards long, and begin under the panier at the back. Plait one end in long plaits, fasten it under the panier, and bring it down to within six inches of the bottom of the skirt, then arrange the folds—with pins—afterwards tuck them, turn or twist the goods and carry it up to the opposite side. A pointed end is added from the middle of the back to the left side, and edged with crinkled fringe. This same fringe edges the paniers at the back. The Capuchin hood is lined with silk of a contrasting color. The flaps, which turn over, are lined with the material of the dress, finished by two rows of machine stitching. The rolling collar is finished in the same way, also the cuffs. Ten to twelve yards of double width material, one-half yard silk or satin to line the hood. Three or three and a-half yards of fringe.

No. 4—Is an evening toilette of silk or fine

No. 6.

cashmere embroidered. Our model is of cream or ivory, or a very light shade of yellowish gray, called mastic. The embroidery is done in Kensington stitch, in a design of wild roses, buds, and leaves. Many young ladies, who are proficient in this kind of embroidery, work their own dresses, and some paint them. The painting, though, can only be done on silk, while the embroidery looks equally well upon either silk or cashmere. This is a very effective model for showing off the embroidery to advantage. Of course the basque, sleeves, overdress, and bands for the underskirt must all be embroidered before the dress is made up. The underskirt, which has only a short train, is gathered and puffed on the front, as may be seen, the two bands of embroidery separating the upper two puffs. The edge of the

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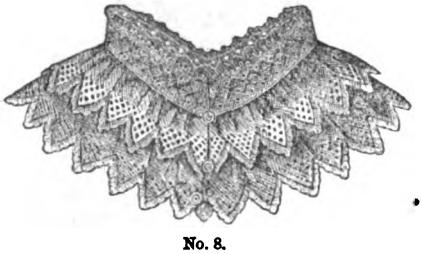
No. 7.

tunic has a box-plaiting set on the edge. The waist may be made a pointed basque back and front, or the back and skirt of the tunic are often times all cut in one, elbow sleeves and surplice front, cut V shape, and filled in with lace.

No. 5—Is a blouse costume for a little girl of six to eight years. The skirt is laid in box-plaits, and sewn on to a petticoat body. One row of stitching above the hem. The blouse is cut like a loose sacque, and then gathered by five rows of gaging at the waist. A wide sash ribbon is slipped under this, and ties at the left side in front. We give the front and back view, so it



No. 8.

may easily be arranged from the illustration. Pockets, cuffs, and the deep collar, also the edge of the blouse are piped with silk or bound with braid, as preferred.

No. 6—Is an out-door costume for a girl of six years. It is made of dark blue sateen, trimmed with white embroidery, or Russian lace. The embroidery or lace is laid on to simulate a paletot with pockets. Large collar and cuffs trimmed with the same.

No. 7—Is a manteau costume for a baby of two years, made of baby blue cashmere, and trimmed with Russian lace. The fronts are cut princess, and the back is plaited. The lace is laid on to turn up on the edge of the skirt, and many prefer it arranged in the same way on the cape and collar, as it is not so liable to become crushed and soiled.

No. 8—Is a child's round collar, made of embroidery, or of Torchon or guipure lace.

## LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked.

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| Princess Dress: Plain, | .50 |
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In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

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# CORSAGE PELERINE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our SUPPLEMENT, this month, the pattern of a corsage pelerine, of which an en-

FRONT.

graving appears also. The pelerine consists of

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF PLASTRON.
III.—HALF OF BACK.
IV.—HALF OF SIDE BACK.
V.—THE UPPER AND UNDER PART OF SLEEVE, WITH CUFF ATTACHED.

BACK.

CAPUCHIN HOOD, which consists of three pieces:

I.—HALF OF HOOD.
II.—HALF OF UNDER REVER.
III.—HALF OF UPPER REVER.

The letters and notches show how all the



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pieces are joined. The plastron is cut without any seam in the front; but there is a dart put in to fit the figure. This plastron is finished with button holes on both sides. The buttons are set upon the front on the dotted line, about one inch from the edge. The dotted lines also show where to place the darts. The dotted lines at the back of the skirt of the jacket, show where a hollow plait is laid. Our model is made of plain and plaid goods, and the front skirt of the pelerine is laid in side plaits, and added to the part given, beginning at the point 6, at the end of the plastron, and joining the back from I to K. The upper rever of the hood is made of the plaid, and a deep collar, either plaited or plain, is worn over the hood. The skirt of this costume has two tiny knife-plaited ruffles on the edge, above which is a deep side-plaiting of the plaid material. The over-dress is edged with a knife-plaiting of the plaid, headed by a narrow band of the same.

As we give the front and back view, the manner of looping and arranging the draping can easily be followed.

## CLASSICAL DESIGNS FOR OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in color, two designs of classical figures, to be worked in outline embroidery on tapestry canvas. *Tapestry painting*, on a large scale, requires appliances and preparations which are not within reach of everybody. But its combination with the now so popular outline embroidery is of easy execution, of excellent effect, and can be applied to many purposes of decorative needlework. Classical designs look especially well, but the outline drawings of children in fancy dresses, which we have published in former numbers, may be likewise used for ornamenting ovals, circles, squares, and oblong stripes of tapestry canvas, and afterwards inserted wherever a decorative medallion, plaque, or border, is required. On large and small screens medallions of this would look especially well, and might be placed within painted scrollwork and corresponding devices on the corners of the screen leaf. Door, furniture, and wall panels furnish other suitable placements for squares and medallions in outline embroidery on tapestry canvas. The materials required are tapestry canvas and a few liquid colors specially prepared for tapestry painting, and suitable brushes to lay on the chosen color of the ground. Black or colored silks, threaded in a strong well-tempered needle, are used for the outline work.

First the outlines of the figure or figures are traced on the tapestry canvas with pencil, and then the colored ground painted in. Great care must be taken not to over-paint the outlines. After allowing the color to dry thoroughly, the subject is finished in silk outline work, which we need not describe, and suitable border stitched around the oval or whatever the shape may be. Of course the color of the ground is optional, and ought to be in keeping with the surroundings on which the finished work is placed.

The figures we give are copied from antique statues and bronzes. Other figures may be copied from Flaxman's outlines or from the reproduction of Canova's work in the same style.

## LAMP MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a new and pretty design for a circular lamp mat, to be made of pale fawn-colored cloth, measuring eleven inches wide, and cut round the edge in large and small vandykes, which are embroidered with colored silks. In the centre of each vandyke, a small diamond is cut out, and filled alternately with brown and blue satin. The satin diamonds are worked in cross-stitch, and then filled up with glass beads.

Outside the diamonds, thus worked in, are chain-stitching of pink and blue silk. There are also lines of blue filoselle sewn on with pink silk, and the point russe and chain-stitches are worked with red and brown silk. Between the vandykes are balls of pink and olive wool. The circular lines around the border are done in chain-stitch in blue and red silk. Line the mat as far as the border with cardboard covered with Canton flannel.

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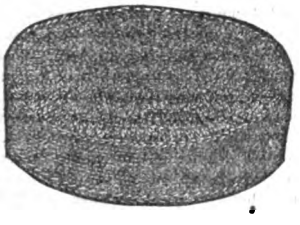
## BICYCLE CAP, IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: One ounce single German wool, and a small-sized bone crochet.—First row. Make a chain of five, join into a circle.—Second row. Double crochet, two stitches into each loop.—Third row. Two treble in each loop, making twenty-two rounds.—Fourth row. Double cro-



chet, taking the loop nearest to you.—Fifth row. Thirty-second treble, increase by working two treble in every alternate loop. In this round the loop at the back of the preceding row is worked, in order to mark the two loops of double crochet in the fourth round.—Sixth row. Two treble in every alternate stitch, making forty-eighth round, work the loop next to join throughout.—Seventh row. Sixty-four treble, two stitches between the increase.—Eighth row. Eightieth treble, three stitches between the increase.—Ninth row. Ninety-six treble, four stitches between the increase.—Tenth row. One hundred and twelve treble, five stitches between the increase.—Eleventh row. One hundred and twenty treble, six stitches; then increase, miss thirteen, then increase, miss thirteen, and so on. This round completes the crown of the cap. Finish the ends of each row by drawing the loop on the needle through the loop of the first treble. This loop must be drawn the same height as the treble. For the band round the head: Twelfth row One hundred and twenty double crochet: then twelve rounds of double crochet, taking the stitch through both loops of the chain. Another round of double crochet finishes the depth of headband. On the chain above this last round work a row of DC., also round the crown. These last two rows form a pretty finish to the cap, which must be lined with sarcenet.

## BABY'S BOOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, will be found our engraving of a baby's boot, of which, as will be seen, we give the half of the upper part. The sole is to be added afterwards. The boot is made of merino, or fine flannel, and the design is done in braiding and embroidery. The scroll is done in braid, either the flat or star braid, of white, or very light pink or blue silk. The flowers, leaves, and stem are done in silks of the same color. After the embroidery is done, line the pieces with Canton flannel, and bind all round with a narrow silk braid. In putting them together, over-seam them neatly by the edges. Work eyelets in the front of the boot, and tie with narrow ribbon to match the embroidery. Pale blue or pink merino may be used instead of white for the foundation, if preferred; but white will bear use and washing the best.

## EMBROIDERY FOR WINDOW CURTAINS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This beautiful design, which we give in the front of the number, may be worked with crewels on a foundation of thin muslin. It will form a very pretty and uncommon border for net or Swiss muslin window curtains. The design may be traced on transparent tracing linen, and placed under the muslin. It will also serve for a pretty stripe between others of guipure for antimaccassars, in that case the edge must be repeated, which is shown only on one side of the design. Heavy curtains may be worked on Java canvas, then the design can be followed by counting the threads. Pale pink, pale blue and two shades of olive make a pretty combination of color for this design. Individual taste in the arrangement is the only thing to be consulted.



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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Fondness For Fiction has characterized most of the greatest minds in history. Their mighty intellects found a relaxation from the cares of life in perusing romances and novels. No one read more novels than the first Napoleon. He was difficult to please, and used to toss volume after volume out of his carriage window, till the road from Madrid to Moscow was strewn with fugitive fragments of light French literature. He liked stories that were full of action, not the dull character studies that some critics are now trying to make fashionable. It was adventure that he cared for. And it was the adventures that amused Macaulay, even in the silly story where he noted that the heroine fainted some twenty-nine times in the course of her passionate experience. Thackeray, too, who was not prodigal in incident, reveled in Dumas' tales, which are full of invention. The truth is, events and adventures are essential to the keeping up of any prolonged and popular interest in fiction. Scott understood this, and hence his success. Jane Austen has never had a superior in analyzing character: but her stories lacked engrossing incident; and she has, therefore, never had anything like the readers that Scott, Dumas, and others have had. Life, in many respects, is so dry and hard, that it is a relief to escape, for awhile, into regions of romance. That there are wooden-headed people who do not see this, and who say that it is a waste of time to read novels, does not prove this to be untrue, but only proves that they have no imagination, poor souls! As well might one say it is a waste of time to walk in the sunshine; for what sunshine is to the physical nature, fiction is to the intellectual one. A really healthily developed mind craves for fiction, under certain circumstances; and that craving ought to be gratified. Of course, we do not defend immoral fiction, but, because some novels are bad, that is no reason we should not read good ones.

A Correspondent of one of the Cincinnati journals, writing from New York city, says that the higher you go in the social scale, there, the less beauty you find. He thinks the shop girls are prettier than the Fifth Avenue girls. "There is a theory," he adds, "that the product of several generations of high culture is a palpably superior article of woman, with small hands and feet, arched insteps, sensitive nostrils, and other points supposed to indicate physical and mental refinement. Observation proves that the truth is no such thing." The real fact is that long continued luxury and indolence destroy both health and beauty; and that the very rich, as a class, are not especially cultured, either in mind or body: on the contrary, they too often show, in figure and face, the results of the selfish lives of themselves and their ancestors.

New Contributors, who send articles, must keep copies, if they wish them preserved. We are not responsible for any manuscripts forwarded to us, and cannot even undertake to be responsible for their safe return.

We Have No Agents for whom we are responsible. Either remit direct to us; join a club; or subscribe through some local news agent. *Trust no stranger.*

In Our Next Number, we shall begin the novelet, "Held For Ransom," by Sidney Trevor. It is very powerfully written.

Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.—A leading daily journal takes exception, and very properly, to the use of the word "gentlewomen" in this country, calling it "a snobbish importation, belonging to an aristocratic society not natural to us." It says: "In England it has a very definite meaning, where a gentlewoman is a woman born of the gentry, or married into a family of the gentry, so called; and it is applied to none other. It is decidely more restricted in its signification than the term gentleman, except when that is used in legal documents. Gentleman has become, in this country certainly, a general term, and every man who wears good clothes is prima facie a gentleman. Whether a man has the qualities which distinguish the ideal gentleman is another question, and only those who know him intimately are capable of deciding it. And the general feminine term which corresponds to gentleman is lady with us. It means little or nothing definite, like the masculine term. It can be used very indiscriminately, and no one is deceived. Gentlewoman, however, has a narrower signification, and it does not belong in a republican democracy. Neither, for that matter, should the terms gentleman and lady be used here as freely as they are now. Plain man and woman are better, and if the individuals to whom they are applied have distinguishing qualities they can be indicated. If people do not like the term lady, they do not better things at all by talking of a gentlewoman. They only resort to an affectation, and introduce a term foreign to our society."

Tight-Lacing Is Not, in spite of all that is said, a vice of American women. Most of the savage philippics, which we read about it, are copied from English journals, for the practice is much more frequent in England than here. A Londoner's idea of a handsome figure, in fact, is disproportionately broad shoulders, and a disproportionately small waist. This is the peculiarity of Mrs. Langtry, and much of it, if not in her case, at least in others, is brought about by tight-lacing. In justice to American men, as well as women, it must be said that they have too fine a sense of symmetry, to admire figures so out of proportion.

The Heavy Snow Storms, all over the country, during the past winter, prevented many persons, we are told, from going about to get up clubs for "Peterson." Letters, speaking of this, come to us every day. *Now is a good time*, therefore, to remedy this evil. The spring has begun, pleasant weather has set in, the roads once more are passable: go out, therefore, among your neighbors, and raise a club, or add to the one you already have. Our subscription list has been greatly increased, this year, and but for the tempestuous winter, would have been still more largely increased. It is not too late, however, to subscribe. Go to work at once.

Realizing Its Value.—A lady, sends us two dollars, for 1881, and says: "I failed to take your magazine, last year, and realize, now, its great value. I would not be without it for any price." Plenty of such letters come to hand. Many complain of having been "taken in," to use their own phrase, by cheap, flashy monthlies, that are "dear at any price," as one of the letters says.

For Two Dollars and a-Half, we will send a copy of "Peterson" for one year, and either "Gran'father Tells of Yorktown, or the Illustrated Album.



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OUR PREMIUMS FOR THIS YEAR, for getting up clubs, are unusually fine. The first is from an original picture, by that distinguished American artist, Edward L. Henry. It is particularly appropriate, considering that 1881 is the Yorktown Centennial Year. The engraving is in line and stipple, in the highest style of art, by Illman & Brothers, of the size of 24 inches by 20, and is entitled, "GRAN'FATHER TELLS OF YORKTOWN." It represents a veteran of '76, in his old age, with his little grand-daughter between his knees, rehearsing the story of the surrender of Cornwallis.

*In addition to this* superb engraving, there will be given, for the larger clubs, a handsomely bound and ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, in which friends, or acquaintances can write their autographs, or inscribe verses. Or the Album will be sent, instead of the engraving, if preferred. See Prospectus.

For many clubs, as will be seen in the same place, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent to the getter up of the club. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or Album: and for some, all three.

*Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1881. The new subscribers have already greatly exceeded those of last year, Everybody is asking for "Peterson's." Send for a specimen to show.

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MOTTOES FOR CARD BOARD.—We have received such very frequent requests for designs for "Mottoes for Card Board," that we give several, in the front of the number, as an EXTRA PATTERN. Some eighteen months ago, we gave a sheet, similar to this, but the mottoes were different, with the exception of one. These mottoes can be worked of any size, if only you get card board with holes wide enough apart. On the same sheet is a design for a Napkin Ring, which may be useful to many, as it is easily worked.

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WE INSERT ADVERTISEMENTS, in a few extra pages at the end of each number, because it is a great convenience, especially to persons living in remote rural districts, to know where to buy articles they want, and get them by mail. But we assume no further responsibility. We give the advertiser a chance to speak of his wares, but the public must determine for itself whether he over-states his case, or not.

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ALL OF OUR READERS, we think, will be interested in the article, by Miss Mackintosh, on the genius and personal history of George Eliot. We would, ourselves, have gone further, however, than our contributor, and said that the "Mill On The Floss" was the best novel, and Maggie Tulliver the best female character, in the whole series of novels.

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IN OUR PARIS LETTER, this month, there are descriptions of some of the more costly dresses worn abroad. Very few ladies can afford such costumes, but nearly every lady likes to hear about them occasionally; and for that reason we give them now, and shall, every now and then, give others.

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BACK NUMBERS of this magazine can always be had of the principal news agents, or of the publisher. When the local agent is unable to supply you, write to us, remitting the price, and we will forward the number, by mail, postage free.

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"AN INSANE ASYLUM." A gentleman writes to us that a number of "Peterson" had miscarried, and adds "it is so missed, at my home, that doctors' bills, or an insane asylum, are inevitable for my wife, if you don't send the number soon."

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ALWAYS REMEMBER a kind act done to you. If there is any selfishness, meaner than another, it is ingratitude.

ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE to clubs for "Peterson" at the price paid by the rest of the club. It is never too late to make additions, as back numbers, from January, can always be supplied. *Nor is it ever too late to get up clubs.* Clubs may begin with any number, but all clubs will be entered as beginning with January, and back numbers sent, unless otherwise directed. All the members of a club, however, must begin with the same number. The new subscribers to "Peterson" for 1881 have already greatly exceeded those of last year. Everybody is taking this magazine; never was it so popular. Send for a specimen, and get up a club.

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PIANO-BACKS give a wide scope for peacock's feather application. Choice tail feathers may be laid on in flat sheaves, crossed and tied with a handsome bow of very wide ribbon, and a border of eyes being cut all round the edge of the back. Black plush or satin cloth make a handsome foundation for this device. Groups of three interlaced rings of eye-feathers, laid on flat, look well with a border of fronds round the edge of back.

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WHEN SUBSCRIBERS CHANGE their residence, and wish the address of their magazine altered, they will please notify us, not only of the post-office address to which they move, but also of the post-office address which they are leaving.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Minor Arts. Porcelain Painting, Wood-Carving, Stenciling, Modelling, Mosaic Work, etc. By Charles J. Leland. 1 vol.: 12mo. London: Macmillan & Co.*—The author of this little volume is known, both here and in Europe, as a man of the most varied accomplishments. No one knows more of the gipsies and their customs, no one is so deep in Rommany lore. His "Hans Breitmann" ballads have added a new character to American humor, and have done for the Pennsylvania Dutchman, what Lowell has done, in his Hosea Bigelow, for the Massachusetts Yankee. In the midst of his other pursuits, Mr. Leland has found time to prepare this work, which, in its way, is the best we have ever seen. The treatise is not merely intended, however, for the amusement of idlers. It has a more serious purpose. It seeks to teach, in a practical manner, the processes of several minor decorative arts, which may prove sources of profit or culture. The author writes, from practical knowledge, of wood-carving, boiled leather-work, mosaic laying, moulding, and other hand-made work, as distinguished from machine-work. Very properly, too, he urges the claims of the former as against the latter, not only as having more of true art, but as opening up new avenues for skilled labor. "I venture to assert," says Mr. Leland, "that, with the instructions given in this work, and a little knowledge of the simplest elements of drawing, the majority of pupils would, in a few weeks or months, attain a practical mastery of all which it treats." This is not an exaggerated estimate: it is, if anything, too modest. We cordially recommend the book.

*Queenie's Whim. By Rose N. Carey. 1 vol.: 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The author of this new novel is already favorably known to the reading public, her stories of "Nellie's Memories," and "Wooed and Married," being fictions of very considerable merit. We think her present work, however, better than any of its predecessors. It is an English story, domestic in its character, just the one to be read in a quiet family circle, or at the fireside. Like all the publications of this house, it is printed in distinct type, and on excellent paper.

*Asphodel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. 1 vol.: 4to. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Miss Braddon always gives interest to her stories, though sometimes she verges on the melodramatic. No one looks, from her, for such work as George Eliot did. But in her line, she has no superior, and "Asphodel" is quite above the average of her fictions.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS FOR FIFTY CENTS.—Many requests have been made to us that we should sell copies of our premium engravings. We, therefore, offer, *to subscribers to this magazine, but to no others*, to send either of the following for fifty cents:

| | |
|---|---|
| THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS, | (27 in. by 20) |
| WASHINGTON'S ADIEU TO HIS GENERALS, | (27 " " 20) |
| BUNYAN ON TRIAL, | (27 " " 20) |
| BUNYAN IN JAIL, | (27 " " 20) |
| WASHINGTON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE, | (24 " " 20) |
| THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM, | (24 " " 16) |
| "OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN," | (24 " " 16) |
| WASHINGTON AT TRENTON, | (24 " " 16) |
| BESSIE'S BIRTH-DAY, | (24 " " 16) |
| CHRIST WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM, | (24 " " 16) |
| NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE, | (24 " " 16) |
| CHRISTMAS MORNING, | (24 " " 20) |
| GRAN'FATHER TELLS OF YORKTOWN, | (24 " " 20) |
| WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE, | (27 " " 20) |
| THE ANGELS OF CHRISTMAS, | (16 " " 20) |
| THE PARABLE OF THE LILIES, | (20 " " 16) |

Always say, when remitting, which plate is desired. Address, Charles J. Peterson, No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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KITCHEN ECONOMY AGAIN.—Later tests made by the government chemist. The analytical chemist for the Indian Department of the Government, Mr. Edward G. Love, has made further analyses of baking powders, and this time of samples both of which were purchased by Dr. Love himself in open market.

As carbonic acid gas is the bread leavening power generated by the admixture of cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda, the following, copied from Dr. Love's certificate of analysis of the comparative yields of this gas by the powders examined, is of interest:

| *Name of the Baking Powder.* | *Available carbonic acid gas, cubic inches per each oz. of powder.* |
|---|---|
| "Cleveland's Superior" | 118.2 |
| "Royal" | 116.2 |

The sample of Cleveland's Baking Powder previously analyzed, with result shown in the original article on "Kitchen Economy," was furnished to Dr. Love by the Royal Baking Powder Company.

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MESSRS. MARCHAL & SMITH'S NEW organ (see advertisement on page 332) will be found by examination to be well worthy the attention of our readers.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

### No. IV.—CATNEP OR CATMINT—NEPETA CATARIA.

[Supposed to be named after a town in Italy.]

A perennial plant with a quadrangular stem, two to three feet high, branching, somewhat hoary; leaves, opposite, oblong-cordate, crenate-serrate, petiolate. Racemes of flowers, paniculate; corolla, bilabiate, ochroleucous with a reddish tinge and purple dots. Calyx, fifteen-nerved and five-toothed.

Found in fields, gardens, waste places, fence-rows—in fact it is common on our farms. The plant has a strong, peculiar odor, which seems to be attractive to the domestic cat. DE THEIS, a French botanist, says of this plant in his native tongue:—Le gout des Chats pour cette plante est tres-remarquable; ils la mordent, l'arrachent, et se roulent dessus avec transport. Il est cependant singulier qu'ils ne s'attaquent qu'à cette que l'on plante, et nullement à celle qui n'a point été deplacée. De là le proverbe Anglais, (hence the English proverb)—

"If you set it, the cats will eat it;
If you sow it, the cat won't know it."

It is held in doubt, however, whether our American cats have yet learned to make this nice distinction, and many seemingly have not even acquired "le gout pour cette plante" (the taste for this plant.)

Catnep, in ye olden time, was a highly popular domestic medicine with our good old mothers who practiced with, and had great faith in, *simples*, or *herb teas*. And it may be yet a question whether the old fashion is not better than the new—whether or no, too much medicine is given to the infantile race.

Catnep has a pungent aromatic, bitterish taste; and is much used by old-fashioned nurses in the country, especially for flatulent colic in infants 'during the month.' What a life struggle, in behalf of these little helpless beings, the writer has had with this class of mothers and nurses; with the former to be rational and sensible in nursing regularly, and with the latter against *stuffing* their tender charge with catnep, soot and other *teas*. But above all abominations and abominable mixtures is that of molasses and water given at birth. "Why do you give the infant this," said the writer, on one occasion to an old nurse; and the reply innocently was: "Why, bless me, to purge off the *economy*, you know!" She meant *meconium*, a black tarry substance in every infant's bowels, for which purpose the first milk of the mother is all sufficient. These primitive ideas, however, are passing away, and if the mother is unable to provide for it at once, it is allowed (or should be allowed) to sleep for the first few hours with or without a few teaspoonfuls of thin cream and water with a pinch of sugar, and even this should not be repeated oftener than two or three hours.

It is used in strong infusion, as other mints, pennyroyal, etc., when one wants to stimulate and warm up the system, in cases of colds, obstructions, etc.

The leaves chewed and held in contact with an aching tooth for a few minutes will sometimes relieve the pain.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

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### No. 101.—CHARADE.

A girl went into a crowded room,
And my *first* she held in her hand.
She spoke to my *second*, who stood close by,
And then to a lady grand.
Then she said, "I found it here, in the hall,
And its owner I cannot see!"
When my *whole* stepped forward and quickly said,
"It is mine! It belongs to me!"

*Marlboro, Mass.* BERTHA

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### No. 102.—GEOGRAPHICAL DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

The omitted letters, properly arranged, form a country.

| | |
|---|---|
| M—R—C—O | A country. |
| O—E— | A European river. |
| P—R— | A country. |

*Boston, Mass.* DUBBLE U. CAYENNE.

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### No. 103.—DOUBLE DIAMOND.

*Across:*—1. A numeral. 2. A serpent. 3. With reserve 4. An animal. 5. A consonant.

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*Down*:—1. A letter from France. 2. A nickname. 3. True. 4. High. 5. A consonant. TWILL.

No. 104.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in Effie, but not in May
My second is in sickle, but not in hay.
My third is in Robert, but not in John.
My fourth is in read, but not in con.
You'll find if you place the right letters together
My whole is a protection against the cold weather.

*Cottonville, Iowa.* CORA FIELD.

No. 105.—HIDDEN STATES AND TERRITORIES.

1. Emma, I never saw your friend.
2. The artist, Basil Lins, is going to Italy.
3. Has that gentleman from Baltimore gone.
4. Miss Lida, how are you advancing with your studies?

*Crawfordsville, Ind.* ANNA SNYDER.

*Answers Next Month.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

No. 97.

GAELIC
TRACED
NITRIC
DIESIS
CAMMAS
LEADER

No. 98.

Pen, Man, Ship. Penmanship.

No. 99.

H I N T
E M I R
L E O
I M P
O B O E

No. 100.

1. Longfellow. 2. Cowper. 3. Whittier. 4. Dickens. 5. Hemans.

## FLORICULTURE.

WINDOW GARDENS.—In the cultivation of plants outside the window, boxes should invariably be employed, apart from all considerations as to their appearance, because of the protection they afford the roots from extremes of temperature. When the pots are placed upon the sill without any protection, as is frequently done, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to maintain the plants in a healthy state, for not only are the roots subjected to an injuriously high temperature during periods of bright weather by the action of the sun upon the outside of the pots, but the moisture is so quickly evaporated from the soil forming the sides of the ball that it is practically impossible to prevent their suffering more or less from drought. The least troublesome, and as a rule the most satisfactory way of embellishing windows is to grow the plants entirely in the boxes, but if it is so desired they may be grown in pots, and be then plunged within the boxes in cocoa-nut refuse. This latter plan entails considerable labor, but it has the great advantage of affording facilities for changes to be made when thought desirable, and in some instances this would more than counterbalance the additional labor entailed. The form of the boxes, and the material of which they are made, must in a great measure be determined by the style of architecture of the house, and the taste and means of the occupier. For cottage and small villas, boxes of rustic wood and of deal, with a neat moulding along the bottom and upper edge, and painted dark green, brown, or chocolate, are the most suitable, whilst for more pretentious structures, boxes faced with tile are preferable. In the selection of tile boxes, those rather quiet in coloring should have the preference, as they show off the flowers and foliage with which they are furnished to much greater advantage than those of which the tiles are very brightly colored. In all cases they must fit the windows nicely, and they must be of sufficient width and breadth to hold a goodly quantity of soil, or the plants will not be much better off than they would be in pots. They ought, as a rule, to be not less than nine inches in width and depth, and if they project a few inches beyond the sill it will not be a matter of much consequence, as their appearance will not be at all objectionable, and they can be held securely with neat brackets, one at each end.

WHAT FLOWERS WILL GROW IN THE SHADE?—The question is put every spring by scores of city people, whose little patch which they wish to devote to flowers is so walled up by neighboring houses, that the direct rays of the sun never touch it. But few plants will develop their flowers there, and none will do it as well as if it were lighted up by sunshine a part of the day. Fuchsias, pansies, forget-me-nots, violets, lobelias, lilies of the valley, phloxes, and other herbaceous plants whose native habitat is shady wood, will do best, but even these languish if denied all direct sunlight. The best effect in such situations is produced by ornamental leaved plants, the beauty of which is not dependent upon their flowers. Among these may be ranked the gold and silver variegated leaved geraniums, achryanthus, alternantheras, begonias, caladiums, centaureas, coleuses, etc., which, if planted so as to bring the various shades in contrast, produce a pleasing effect, which continues during the entire summer months, and is not surpassed by any display of flowers.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### FISH.

*Salt Fish with Parsnips.*—Salt fish must always be well soaked in plenty of cold water the whole of the night before it is required for the following day's dinner. The salt fish must be put on to boil in plenty of cold water, without any salt, and, when thoroughly done, should be well-drained free from any water, and placed on a dish with plenty of well-boiled parsnips. Some sauce may be poured over the fish, which is to be made as follows: Mix two ounces of butter with three ounces of flour, pepper and salt, a small glassful of vinegar, and a good half-pint of water. Stir this on the fire till it boils. A few hard-boiled eggs, chopped up and mixed in this sauce, would render the dish more acceptable.

*Codfish Cakes.*—Soak three pounds of salt codfish in cold water till it comes to a boil; pour off the water; if too salt for the taste, add fresh cold water; don't let it boil; when soaked sufficiently remove all the bones and skin and chop fine, boil eight white potatoes till done, drain off the water, mash very fine, add one half-cupful of milk, quarter-pound of butter, beat well with a spoon and add to the fish, mixing thoroughly, using more potatoes than fish; roll with the hands into small round cakes an inch thick, and fry a rich brown in boiling lard.

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MEATS.

*Beefsteak Smothered in Onions.*—Take a juicy beefsteak two inches thick; broil it nicely; then have ready six onions, sliced and fried in butter; be careful not to let them burn; fry them a light brown. When the steak is done, and ready to serve, put several lumps of butter upon it, and pour two tablespoonfuls of boiling water over it; then pour on the hot onions, and serve immediately. The onions should be allowed to lie in salt-and-water for an hour, and then wiped dry before putting them in the butter to fry.

*Meat Pie.*—Season mutton chops (those from the neck are best) pretty highly with pepper and salt, and place them in a dish in layers, with plenty of sliced apples, sweetened, and chopped onions; cover with a good suet crust, and bake. When done, pour out all the gravy at the side, take off the fat, and add a spoonful of mushroom ketchup, then return it to the pie. The apples may be omitted or not according to taste.

*Hashed Fowl.*—Take the meat from a cold fowl and cut it in small pieces. Put half-a-pint of well flavored stock into a stewpan, add a little salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and thicken with some flour and butter; let it boil, then put in the pieces of fowl to warm; after warming sufficiently, serve with some poached eggs laid on the hash, with a sprig of parsley in the centre, and garnish round the plate with pieces of fried bread.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

*Apple Trifle (A supper dish.)*—Ten good-size apples, the rind of half a lemon, six ounces of pounded sugar, half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, whipped, two eggs. Peel, core, and cut the apples into thin slices, and put them into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of water, the sugar, and minced lemon-rind. Boil all together until quite tender, and pulp the apples through a sieve; if they should not be quite sweet enough, add a little more sugar, and put them at the bottom of the dish to form a thick layer. Stir together the milk, cream, and eggs, with a little sugar, over the fire, and let the mixture thicken, but do not allow it to reach the boiling point. When thick, take it off the fire; let it cool a little, then pour it over the apples. Whip some cream with sugar, lemon-juice, etc, the same as for other trifles; heap it high over the custard, and the dish is ready for table. It may be garnished, as fancy dictates, with strips of bright apple-jelly, slices of citron, etc.

*Salad Dressing.*—One teaspoonful of made mustard, one teaspoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, a tablespoonful of milk, two of vinegar, cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Put the mustard into a salad bowl with the sugar, and add the oil drop by drop, carefully stirring and mixing all the ingredients well together. Proceed in this manner with the milk and vinegar, which must be added very gradually or the sauce will curdle: then put in the seasoning of cayenne and salt. It ought to have a creamy appearance, and when mixing, the ingredients cannot be added too gradually, or stirred too much.

*Cream Cheese.*—Mix a pint of warm new milk with a quart of fresh cream, a lump or two of sugar, a spoonful of rennet; place it near the fire until the curd comes; make a shape of straw or rushes something like a flat brick; sew the rushes or straw together, make the top and bottom in the same way, but they must be loose; put the curd into the shape on the loose bottom, and cover with the top; take it out the next day, and turn it every day until ripe. A one-pound weight will be sufficient to place on this cheese.

*Cold Tongue on Toast.*—Take cold smoked tongue or ham; mince or grate fine, mix it with the beaten yolks of egg and cream or milk, with a dash of cayenne pepper; prepare thin, small, square pieces of buttered toast; place on a heated platter, putting a spoonful of the meat on each piece; cover with dish-cover, and send to table hot; for breakfast or lunch.

*A Savory Dish.*—Melt a quarter-pound good cheese in the oven. When sufficiently melted, add one egg and a wine-glass of milk. Beat together till it resembles a custard. Bake in a hot oven a light brown.

TOILET AND SANITARY.

*Scalds and Burns.*—These should be secluded as much as can be from the air. When the injury is severe, olive oil mixed into a thick cream with finely-powdered slacked lime, whiting, or flour should be laid thickly over the place affected. Where the injury is slight prick the blisters in two places, absorb as much as possible of the water with a soft cloth, and wash with tepid water. The burn should then be well floured from an ordinary dredger and wrapped up in soft cloths. Great care should be taken not to break the blister, but only to prick it, otherwise the air will get to the tender part, and possibly give rise to a painful sore. The flour should not be removed until the wound is nearly healed, except gathering sets in, when it should be washed off with warm water and linseed or bread poultices applied in its place. If the pain be very great, relief may be obtained by plunging the part affected into cold water without removing the bandages.

*Cure for Freckles.*—Wash in fresh buttermilk every morning, and rinse the face in tepid water; then use a soft towel. Freckles may also be removed by applying to the face a solution of nitre and water. Another good wash for freckles is made by dissolving three grains of borax in five drachms each of rose-water and orange-flower water. There are many remedies for freckles, but there is none that will banish them entirely.

*To Remove Sunburn.*—A little lemon-juice put into a cup of milk, and then the face washed with the milk, is a complete remedy for sunburn. We would not advise its being applied too frequently, as all things are more or less hurtful to the skin when applied too often.

## FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF YELLOWISH CASHMERE. The short skirt is trimmed with a narrow ruffle around the bottom. The front of the skirt is laid in plaited draperies across, and fastened under the back width, which is very simply draped. The bows are of the material of the dress, and lined with blue ribbon. Long, plain coat basque. Tuscan straw bonnet, trimmed with blue ragged ribbons.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED BUNTING. Deep side plaited flounces around the bottom. The side trimmings consist of four pointed pieces, trimmed with plaid silk; scarf draped below the bodice, tied at the back. Cuirass waist, with full shirred front, the same kind of trimming down the front of the skirt, bag sleeves and deep collar, trimmed with plaid silk. White chip bonnet lined with yellow, and trimmed with white feathers and red roses.

FIG. III.—CHILD'S DRESS of blue foulard. The ruffle and bodice are laid in kilt-plaits, except the front, which is gathered across.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK-GREEN CAMEL'S HAIR. The bottom is in large side plaits. The princess overdress is gathered crosswise in front, and draped slightly in the back, and ornamented with gilt buttons. Round cape with pointed hood. Black straw bonnet trimmed with blue and white plaid ribbon.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF STEEL AND BLUE SILK. The train is rather long, the skirt elaborately plaited, and fastened with bows lined with straw-colored silk. Mantle made of an India shawl, large, black straw hat, trimmed with many plumes.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED FOULARD. The bottom of skirt has a narrow plaited ruffle, beneath which is another ruffle of red satin; a narrow fringe, with a gimp heading is placed above the ruffles. Gimp trimmings

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ornament the rest of the dress. The coat basque is tight-fitting, and has a long hood lined with red satin. Bonnet of fawn-colored coarse straw, trimmed with a red plaid satin bow and a gay bird.

Fig. VII.—Walking-Dress of Light-Brown Camel's Hair, with a chestnut brown broché coat, and trimmings of the same on the skirt. The petticoat, vest and tunic are of the camel's hair. Light brown straw hat, trimmed with pink roses. The parasol is of brown silk, with an edging of the broché.

Fig. VIII.—Walking-Dress of French Foulard, with a double skirt, draped at the back, both skirts are edged with needle-work embroidery in the colors of the figured foulard; flounce of foulard on a plain underskirt; cloak mantle of beige-colored camel's hair; the skirt is kilt-plaited at the back. There are armholes under the large cape; the whole is trimmed with a rich braid. Small white straw hat trimmed with a plaid silk handkerchief and two wings.

Fig. IX.—Front and Back of an In-Door Dress for a young lady. The underskirt is of plain dark blue de laine, kilt-plaited. The overdress is of a soft woolen plaid in blue and gray, and the short round tunic terminates with a drapery at the back. Bodice with a coat-tail basque at the back; but it is round in front, and worn with a belt. Large square collar, forming a fichu on the heart-shaped bodice, bordered with lace, as are the deep cuffs. This costume would be very pretty in percale, or in two colors of bunting.

Fig. X.—House-Dress of Black Velveteen under White Crêpe. The black velveteen skirt has a plain train; but is laid in box-plaits in front, and the peasant cuirass waist, pointed back and front, is of the velveteen. The white overdress is made of a crêpe shawl, slightly embroidered, and with the fringe retained. There are several rows of shirring around the neck. Black velvet ribbon at the neck and wrists. Crimson row in the bodice.

Fig. XI.—House-Dress for a Young Lady. Skirt and waist of dove-colored silk. The skirt has one broad box-plait in front with smaller kilt-plaits at the side. The waist has a long point in front with a small coat basque at the back. The tunic and fichu are of white and gold Algerine striped material. The skirt is looped up at the back, and caught together in front with cord and tassels of the color of the tunic.

Fig. XII.—Out-of-Door Dress of Pale India Foulard. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three knife-plaited ruffles. The upper one being only slightly gathered in front, and down the front, and at the back with a ruffle of the foulard. A ruffle also commences at the knee in front on one side, and joins the back drapery; long loops and ends of ribbon also ornament the ruffles. Black silk jacket trimmed with black lace. Écru straw hat, trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon; put on in diamond style. Black ribbon and daisies and a yellow rose.

Fig. XIII.—Out-of-Door Dress of Chestnut-Brown Llama. The back confined by knottings of the material. The front kilted and headed by a draped scarf tunic, which is folded to form horizontal lines. Coat basque of écru cashmere slashed to admit plaits of dark brown satin at the back. Cream colored cloth may also be used for the jacket. Brown chip bonnet with a wreath of buttercups.

Fig. XIV.—Bonnet of Yellow Tuscan Straw, trimmed with a wreath of pink roses.

Fig. XV.—Hat of Black Straw, trimmed with white ribbon and large bunches of red cherries.

Fig. XVI.—Bonnet of Brown Straw, trimmed with soft, light, yellow silk, and large yellow roses.

Fig. XVII.—Little Girl's Hat of White Straw, trimmed with loops of light blue and white satin. Two rows of light blue velvet are placed on the brim of the hat.

General Remarks.—The counters of all our shops are laden with new spring goods, and yet there is nothing that can be called quite new in either material, or way of making dresses. Short costumes for the street are the rule, and longer ones for the house. Very plain and very much trimmed dresses are equally fashionable, ruches, lace fringe, bead trimmings, draperies, embroideries, flounces, ruffles, puffs, are all worn as taste may dictate. The coat bodice is worn equally with the round basque, and the open, trimmed neck, with the high close one. For the street, the sleeves are worn long enough to meet the glove; but in the house, the elbow sleeve, or the sleeve just a little longer, is preferred.

Coats, or coat bodices of a different color from the dress, are also popular, and this enables a lady to make a change in her toilette, by using the same bodice with different skirts. While dresses continue flat and close clinging in front, they are fuller behind, and most fashionable ladies add a ruffled *tonoure* to the back of the dress to get the required fullness. These *tonoures* at present consist of a long narrow piece, five inches wide at the top, and widening to nine inches at the bottom, with a series of small flounces. Some are made of crinoline, with whalebone put in casings. It is possible that this small affair may only be the precursor of the large hoop that deformed the human figure eighteen or twenty years ago. Black is always fashionable, for it is always so serviceable, and always so becoming; but many more light dresses are worn on the streets than used to be the case. The new goods come usually for combination dresses, that plain goods come with figured ones, to conbine in the same costume. Satteen, batiste, organdies, percales, and Scotch ginghams are old favorites with new faces, for the summer wear, while all the soft camel's hairs, buntings, nun's veiling, are again on the counter, in softer textures than of old, and of the loveliest shades of all colors. White is equally fashionable with black, and nothing can be prettier for a young girl or woman, than an inexpensive dress of white nun's veiling or French bunting, trimmed with some of the many new bows.

Mantillas will, to some extent, replace jackets for the later spring and summer, as they are much cooler than the jacket or sacque, but either is equally fashionable. Lace, fringe, and bead trimming are all used on these mantillas.

Bonnets and Hats have undergone but little change in shape; whatever is the most becoming in either, is considered in the best taste. Flowers and fruits are profusely used on some, and but a single flower with ribbon on others.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

Rue Neuve des Petits.

There promises to be but little modification in the shapes of bonnets this season. As was the case last winter, they vibrate between the large scoop shape and the close capote, the latter promising to be the most popular. Black lace bonnets are revived this season for elderly ladies. They are of the capote shape, the crown being covered with flat gathered ruffles of the lace, and the strings being formed of net, edged with lace. A very pretty one, just prepared for a Parisian duchess, has the front—which is of the diadem shape—covered with steel passementerie, a band of the same crossing the back. A tuft of small pale-blue ostrich tips is placed at the left hand side of the bonnet, towards the rim. Spanish lace is also a good deal used. A handsome bonnet is composed of a scarf of this lace, held down at one side with a large cluster of scarlet roses. The long ends of the scarf form the bonnet-strings, and are caught together in a graceful loop on the wearer's breast, with a second and smaller knot of roses. Gilt straws and fancy braids are a good deal used. The former are shown in dead gold, and

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are trimmed with dark garnet satin or velvet, slightly intermixed with old-gold satin. A pretty fringe for these bonnets is formed of gilt crescent-shaped spangles, a single row of which borders the brim and the back of the bonnet. Leghorn straws are a good deal used for the larger styles of bonnets; they are usually trimmed with ostrich plumes. The strings are wide, soft scones of tulle, of a hue to match the plumes, and are caught together under the wearer's throat with a small knot of flowers. One very elegant bonnet in this style had feathers of a pale yellow, exactly matching the straw in tint, as did also the wide scarf—strings of soft net, which were held together by a cluster of tea-roses. The inside of the scoop-shaped brim was lined with black velvet. Fancy braids, trimmed with flowers, and much resembling the old-fashioned gimps of long years past, are also worn.

If any lady possesses a long, plain, untrimmed skirt of velvet, she has a treasure. For fashion has set a seal of renewed approval on such articles of apparel. A Louis XV. coat and a scarf-drapery of watteau brocade make the velvet skirt an adjunct of full dress, while a corsage and looped over-skirt of cashmere convert it into a quiet house-dress. The daughter of one of the American Ministers to Europe recently appeared in a toilette composed of a skirt of dark blue velvet, over which was worn a Louis XV. coat and scarf-drapery of cream-grounded brocade, the pattern of which was small flowers in their natural hues. A black velvet skirt has been worn with a cuirass waist and draped over-skirt of black cashmere, the waist being trimmed around the basque in front with a wide band of velvet, sloping to a point at the sides. The over-skirt is looped at one side in a series of flat folds very high, and is fastened with a silk cord, tied in a bow, and with long ends finished with tassels. With the same skirt came a Louis XV. coat and scarf-drapery of pale blue-grounded watteau brocade, for dinner wear.

Dresses of black cashmere are now rendered exceedingly stylish by trimmings of Indian shawl patterned materials, or of Oriental silks, red being the predominating hue in both instances. A very handsome dress, worn by the wife of a noted American diplomat as a visiting toilette, is of black cashmere, trimmed with strips of French cashmere shawling, the prevailing hues of which are scarlet and white. Another very elegant dress of the same description in black India cashmere, is trimmed with red-grounded Oriental silk, interwoven with gold. The looped train is caught up with wide bows of the silk, and the same material forms the sleeve-cuffs, and borders the cuirass waist. A wide, square piece of the silk falls apron-wise, and with very little fullness over the front of the skirt. It is impossible by any mere description fo give any idea of how rich and tasteful these dresses look. The dead black of the cashmere sets off the brilliant hues of the trimming to the utmost advantage.

For evening dress, satins brocaded with silver are shown as the latest novelty, and very exquisite these new materials are, both in color and design, the latter being of small size, as befits such very showy materials. On a ground of pale pink satin is a pattern of tiny lilies of the valley in silver. Silver snow-balls (the flower I mean) are showered over a white satin ground, and a set star-shaped pattern adorns a groundwork of pale blue satin. These lovely materials are as costly as they are beautiful. Even on this side of the water they come to $15 a yard. They are used only for low corsage and the train of a ball-dress, the front of the skirt being composed of plain satin, either fulled into drapery, or laid in flat, perpendicular folds. The corsage may also be of plain satin, at the option of the wearer, but the dress so made is much less rich. Fringes and passementerie of looking-glass beads are used to trim these superb materials, and the dress, when made up, usually costs from $250 to $400. Trains are now often put on, not starting from the back of the waist and separate from the under-skirt, as heretofore, but opening in front at the waist, and sloping backward, being laid in three flat folds at either side, half-way down the skirt.

Plush is a great deal worn for spring wraps and spring costumes, but would be, I think, too warm for our climate. Among the new colors of the season is shown a very lovely pale yellow, called sunbeam color. It is at once delicate and brilliant. There is also a new tint called ice-color, which is a very pale gray with a bluish shimmer in it. The Grévy green, so named in compliment to the President of the French Republic, is a brilliant apple-green, which blends well with darker shades of the same color.

There is nothing new to chronicle in regard to the minor items of a lady's toilette, gloves, stockings, and slippers remaining in *statu quo*. There will be an effort made to reintroduce lace polonaises during the coming summer, as they were at once so dressy and so useful. They will be made of the worsted guipure, that lace being the only one that will stand constant wear, and will be profusely trimmed with jet passementerie and bows of ribbon. White muslin dresses, trimmed with Valenciennes, are also coming again into fashion.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT OF GREY CLOTH, striped with a darker shade of grey. The jacket, trousers, and vest are all of the same material, and the vest is fastened with large bone buttons. Grey felt hat; stockings of dark blue and grey plaid.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS OF DE BÉIGE. The plaited skirt is trimmed with three rows of brown braid. The coat basque which is open in front and has the skirt turned back, has the lappels, cuffs, etc., trimmed with the braid. A loose vest is formed of puffings, of light and béige colored silk. Béige colored straw hat with long loops of brown satin ribbon.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF NANKIN BLUE LINEN AND TORCHON LACE. Two skirt plaitings are added under a knotted scarf to a jacket trimmed with Torchon lace, and opened on a gathered front. Tuscan hat with a rolled brim covered by closely gathered muslin; yellow tip.


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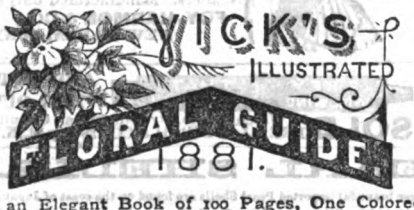


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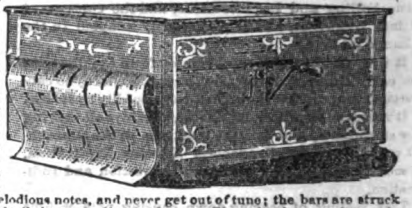

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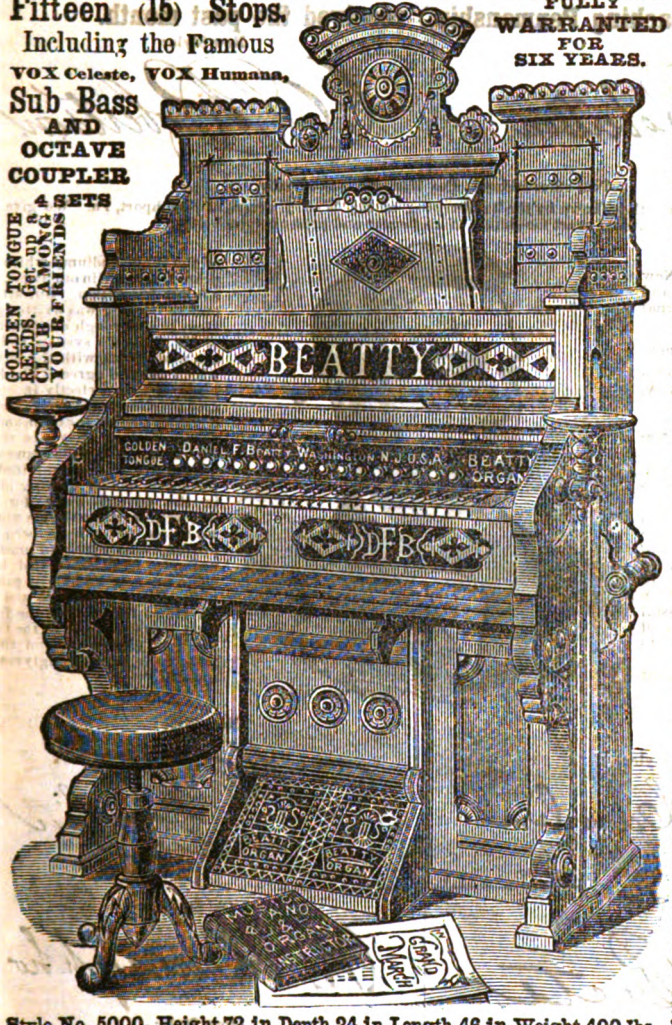


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9 Echo,
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**12 VOX CELESTE,**
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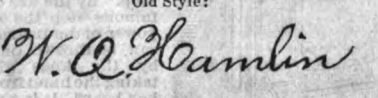

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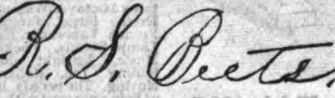
Old Style:



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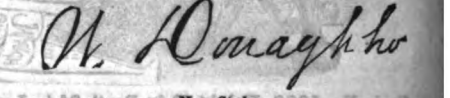

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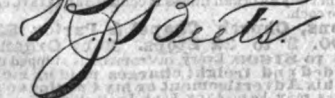

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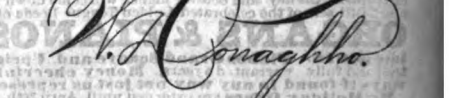

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MAY-VOL. LXXIX.

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Sub Bass & Oct. Coupler.

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A REDUCTION OF $5.

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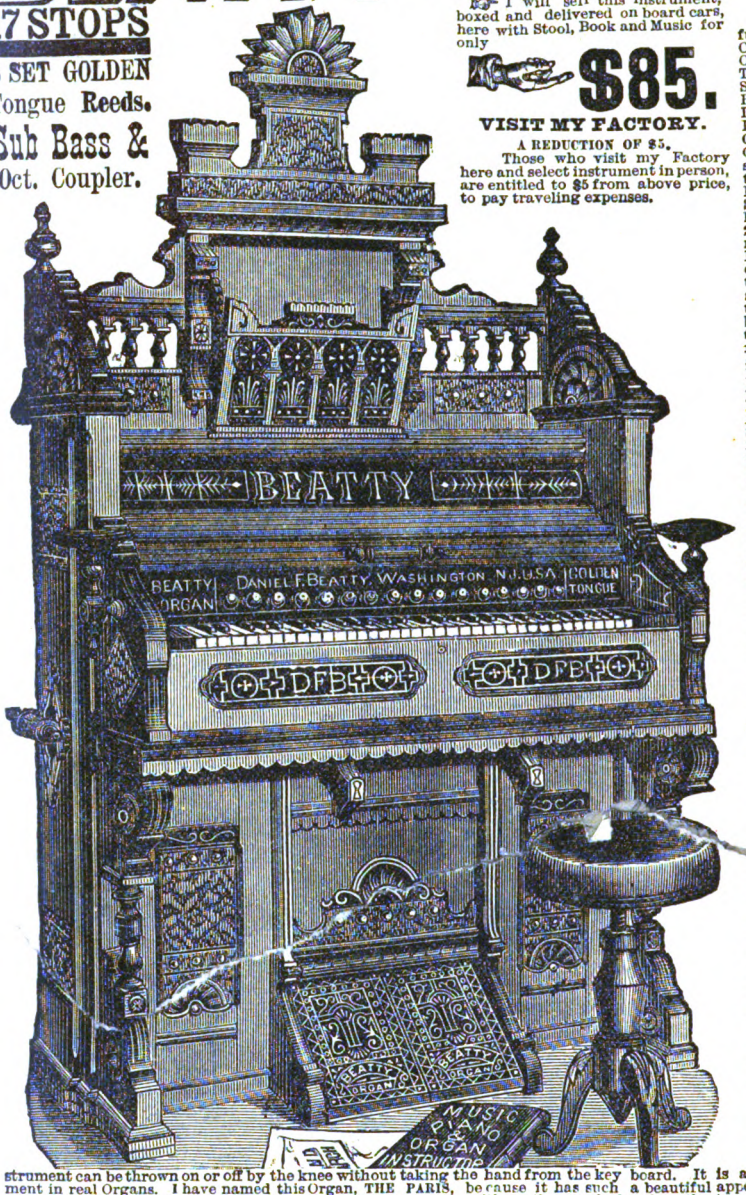


☞ This beautiful Piano Upright Cabinet or Parlor Organ (Like Cut), The **Paris** New Style, No. 5,300, Height, 70 in.; Length, 48 inches; Depth 24 inches; Contains (5) Five Octave, (5) Five set of the celebrated **Golden Tongue** Reeds, as follows: Set powerful **Sub Bass** Reeds, set of 2 octaves of the famous **Vox Celeste** Reeds which produce the sweetest tone ever heard, set of 1 octave of the new solo combination the **Celestina or French Horn** reeds, which exactly mitates a French Horn, besides 2 sets of 2 1-2 octaves each of the principal or regular Golden Tongue Reeds, making in all a beautiful combination, with which the performer can (by the aid of Beatty's new patent stop action) produce any variety of tone desired. It is, therefore, necessary to connect (17) seventeen stops with the above action in order to get the greatest possible variety. (No "dummies.") This combination is something entirely original. Names of stops are as follows: (1) Diapason Forte, (2) Principal Forte; (3) **Sub Bass**, (4) Bourdon, (5) Dulcet, (6) Diapson, (7) Grand Organ, (8) **Celestina, or French Horn** (9) **Vox Humana**, which imitates the [illegible] voice: (10) huma[illegible] Echo, Aeolian, (11) [illegible] (12) Dulciana, (13) Clarionet, (14) VOX CELESTE! which is by far the sweetest and most perfect that has ever been attained —Charming! is the universal exclamation of critics and lovers of sweet music who have heard it; (15) **Octave Coupler**, which doubles the power, (16) Flute Forte, (17) Grand Organ knee stop, by the use of which the entire power of the instrument can be thrown on or off by the knee without taking the hand from the key board. It is a valuable improvement in real Organs. I have named this Organ, THE PARIS, because it has such a beautiful appearance; the case is built of solid black walnut, elegantly carved, fancy veneered, with costly wood placed on the top, front, and ends, as shown in cut; handles, lamp stands, fancy pocket for music, two knee swells, rollers for moving, upright bellows, made of the best quality of rubber cloth; steel springs. The pedals are covered with metal, instead of carpet, which will last a life-time. This Organ is truly a beautiful piece of parlor furniture, and the home of the wealthy, the millionaire, banker, or business man will find it an ornament to their parlor. I will sell this instrument, boxed and delivered on board cars at this place, including Stool, Book and Music, for only $85. ☞ Please send in your orders at once. You may order by letter or telegraph; can be shipped at an hour's notice. Remit by Post Office money orders, Express prepaid, or registered letter, or by bank draft. **Money Refunded** and freight charges will be paid by me both ways if in any way unsatisfactory, or you may pay me only after you have **Fully tested it at your own home.** Send reference or evidence of your responsibility if you do not send the cash with order. Every organ of my manufacture when introduced in a new locality, sells many more. Often 25 sales are traced from the first instrument sold. It becomes a **Standing Advertisement** at your own home) If you do not want an instrument yourself, will you please hand or mail this offer to a friend who wishes to purchase Nothing saved by long correspondence. **Order direct** from this Advertisement.

NOTICE.—Those desiring to buy the above instrument are earnestly requested to visit my Factory here and make their own selection in person. To all such I will allow a reduction of $5 from the above price to pay your expenses. This is certainly a very fair offer. Please come and examine the instrument IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF. If you do not purchase now, no harm done; you are at least heartily welcome to look through my establishment.

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"NOW, YOU'LL MIND ME NEXT TIME."

SEE THE STORY [illegible]

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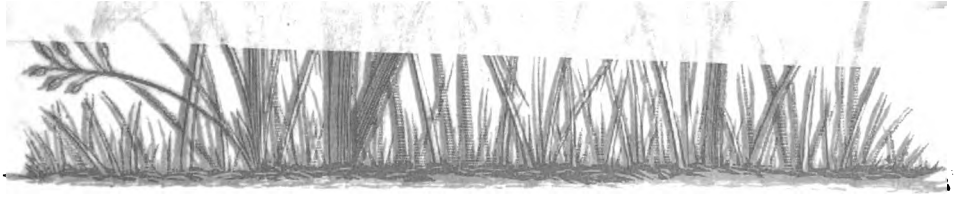

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OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS. HOUSE DRESS.

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NEW STYLE WALKING DRESS: FRONT AND BACK.

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SPRING STYLES FOR WALKING DRESSES.

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NEWEST STYLES FOR HOUSE DRESSES.

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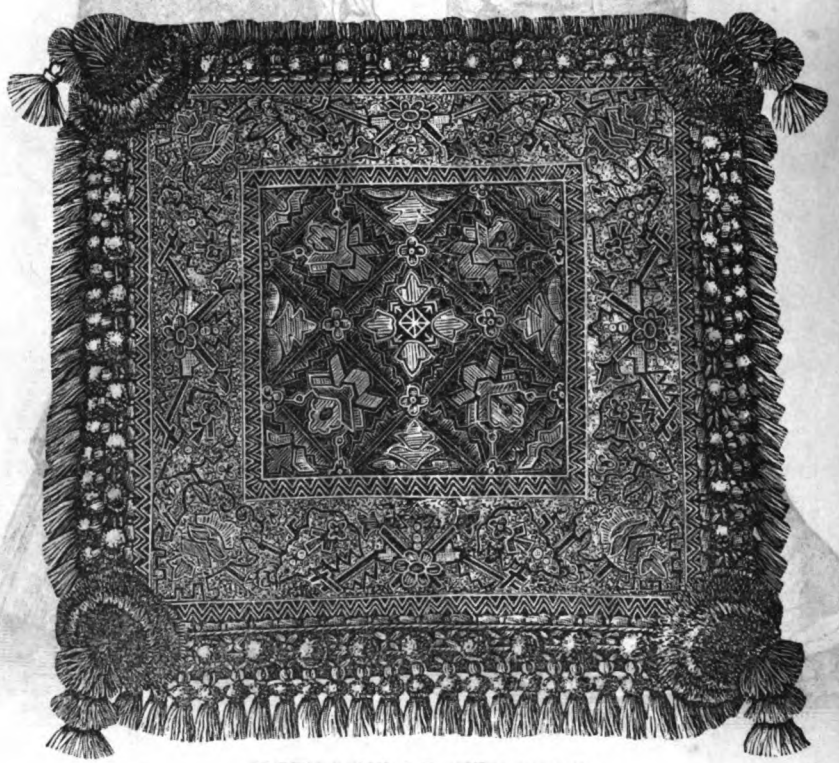

SOFA CUSHION, WITH DETAIL OF PATTERN, FULL SIZE.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1881. No. 5.

## FROM WARWICK TO COVENTRY.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

LEICESTER HOSPITAL.

IN London, at a dinner-party, it was once proposed that each guest should write, on a slip of paper, the name of what he thought the prettiest road in England. When the ballots were collected, it was found that some read, "from Coventry to Warwick," and some "from Warwick to Coventry," but that there were no others. Everybody had selected the same road.

The rural highways of England are unquestionably the loveliest in the world. Howitt in the last generation, and Jennings and others in this, have familiarized readers with them. The blooming hedge-rows, the spreading elms, the vine-trellised cottages, the peeps at stately mansions half-hidden in ancestral parks, and the historical and poetical associations that make almost every mile eloquent, leave these country roads without a parallel.

Both Warwick and Coventry are curious old places. At Warwick, travelers usually content themselves, with visiting the castle, and perhaps the church of St. Mary's, and so miss making acquaintance with a very charming old-world borough. The little, sleepy place is like a bit out of the middle ages. Timber houses are frequent, and queer gables everywhere. In Leicester hospital one sees an almost unaltered building of Queen Elizabeth's time. This is a retreat for decayed veterans, which was founded by Robert Dudley, the favorite of the virgin monarch. Such eleemosanary foundations are frequent in England, most of them centuries old. There is one, near Winchester, established five hundred years ago, that still gives bread and beer, to any wayfarer that asks for them. At Leicester hospital are twelve brethren, each receiving an annual stipend of about four hundred dollars, with a room to himself, and food supplied from a common kitchen. The chapel, belonging to the endowment, is built partly across the street, and there is a promenade at the top, with a flight of steps leading up to it, all very odd and quaint. The hospital itself is on the right of the chapel. It is a white-gabled edifice, with many and fine carvings. The galleries and carved stairs, in the quadrangle within, are marvels of beauty. We were invited into the room of one of the brethren. Nothing could be neater than the apartment. The quiet and seclusion were perfect. No bustle of traffic from the outside world was heard: only the twitter of swallows, and the drowsy murmur of leaves. It was just the retreat for old age.



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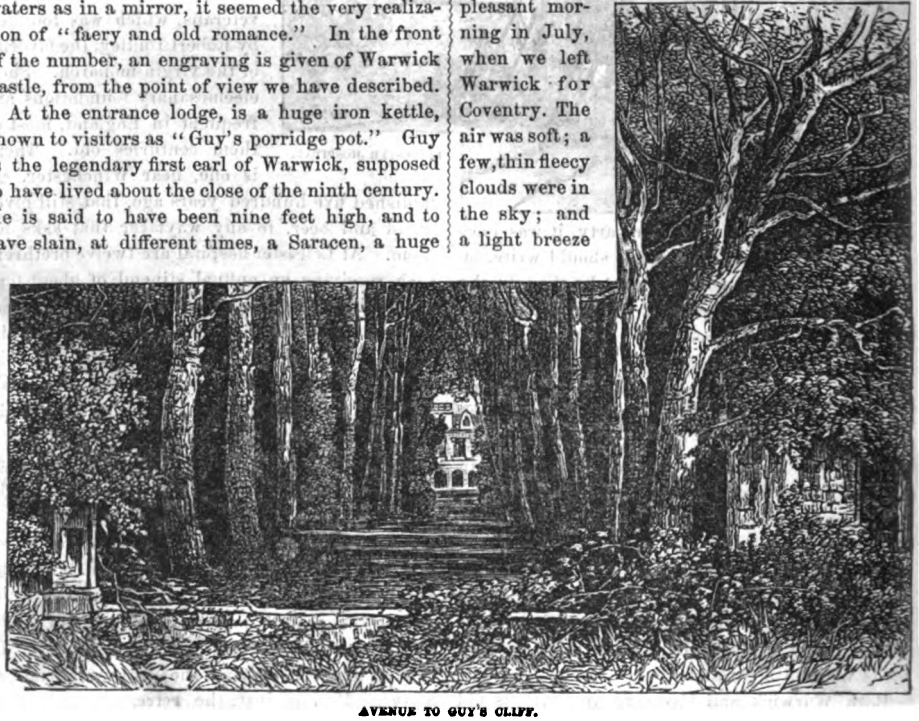
CÆSAR'S TOWER: WARWICK CASTLE.

Warwick castle is one of the most picturesque in England, and one of the few real, medieval ones, that is still inhabited. The best view of it is to be had from the opposite side of the Avon, whence it is seen, rising steeply, from amid luxurious foliage. On a still, dreamy afternoon, such as when we first saw it, when not a leaf stirred even on the topmost twigs, and when the gray walls and towers were reflected in the smooth waters as in a mirror, it seemed the very realization of "faery and old romance." In the front of the number, an engraving is given of Warwick Castle, from the point of view we have described.

At the entrance lodge, is a huge iron kettle, shown to visitors as "Guy's porridge pot." Guy is the legendary first earl of Warwick, supposed to have lived about the close of the ninth century. He is said to have been nine feet high, and to have slain, at different times, a Saracen, a huge wild boar, a green dragon, and an enormous dun-cow. "This 'ere," says the old crone who shows the lodge, "is the punch-bowl of Guy of Warwick, and it 'olds—" And then she goes on, in a high, sing-song voice, with her tale of Guy's prowess, and ends with, "When an 'eir of Warwick comes of hage, the pot is filled with punch for the retainers to drink." Of course, we gave her the usual shilling, and affected the usual astonishment, but went away, laughing in our sleeves, for all that.

In the Beauchamp chapel, attached to St. Mary's church, in the borough, are some celebrated monuments, noble specimens of fifteenth century sculpture. The great "king-maker," who set up and threw down monarchs at his pleasure, lies here. One of the best of Bulwer's historical romances, "The Last Of The Barons," has this puissant nobleman for its hero. He had married the heiress of the Beauchamps, who had inherited Warwick castle; and for awhile his great possessions, and his military skill, made him invincible. But he was anything rather than the ideal knight of chivalry. He was crafty and treacherous, cruel and relentless; and it was well for the world, that he fell on that bloody field of Barnet, carrying down, with him, feudalism forever.

It was a pleasant morning in July, when we left Warwick for Coventry. The air was soft; a few, thin fleecy clouds were in the sky; and a light breeze



AVENUE TO GUY'S CLIFF.

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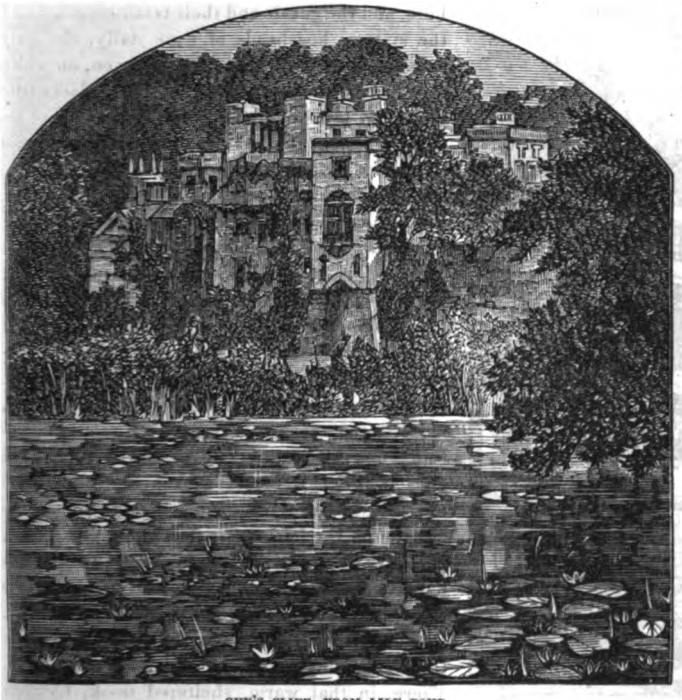
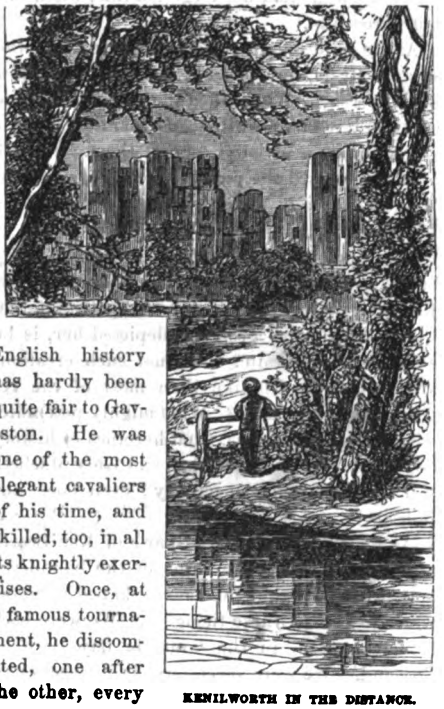


GUY'S CLIFF, FROM LILY POND.

just stirred the foliage. Over everything hung the [illegible]very haze, which is peculiar to England, [illegible]ch no artist has caught and reproduced [illegible]fully as Constable. All the way, the [illegible] shaded by lordly chestnuts, noble oaks, [illegible]planes, and venerable elms. Our first [illegible] place was Guy's Cliff, where the giant, [illegible]clining years, is said to have lived, a [illegible] mansion is approached through an [illegible] and old trees, that throw their black [illegible] a turf as soft and thick as velvet. [illegible] the entrance to the castle of the [illegible]eauty," we said, as we looked in. [illegible]view of the house, however, is from the [illegible] it is seen rising like Warwick castle, [illegible]ly from the cliff. The Avon, at [illegible], spreads out, into a miniature lake [illegible] with water-lilies, and the mansion is [illegible]ross this romantic bit of water, beet[illegible] above the precipice. This is the same [illegible]ember, that comes, after a few miles, [illegible]rd, and lingers, for awhile there, [illegible] under the shadow of the grey old [illegible]here Shakespeare lies. We wonder, if, [illegible]calm, deep sleep he prayed for, he ever [illegible], as it whispers among the long reeds, at [illegible], or sings softly to the summer stars! We have always thought it a pity that Shakespeare, who was so fond of woods and fields, was not buried, as was Lowell's poet, where the daisies could grow over him.

"Poet, lonely is thy bed,
And the turf is overhead,
Green earth is thy cover.
Now thou slumb'rest full of peace,
'Neath the murmur of green trees,
And the warm hum of the bees,
In the drowsy clover."

Soon after we had left Guy's Cliff, we came to Blacklow Hill, where, in a field to the left of the road, Piers Gaveston, the favorite of Edward II., was beheaded, by the jealous nobles, after he had surrendered on the promise of his life. The little knoll, on which he knelt at the rude block, slept quietly in the sunshine. How different the scene was, from that, on the wild morning, nearly six centuries ago, when he was dragged here to die. We have always thought that English history has hardly been quite fair to Gaveston. He was one of the most elegant cavaliers of his time, and skilled, too, in all its knightly exercises. Once, at a famous tournament, he discomfited, one after the other, every



KENILWORTH IN THE DISTANCE.

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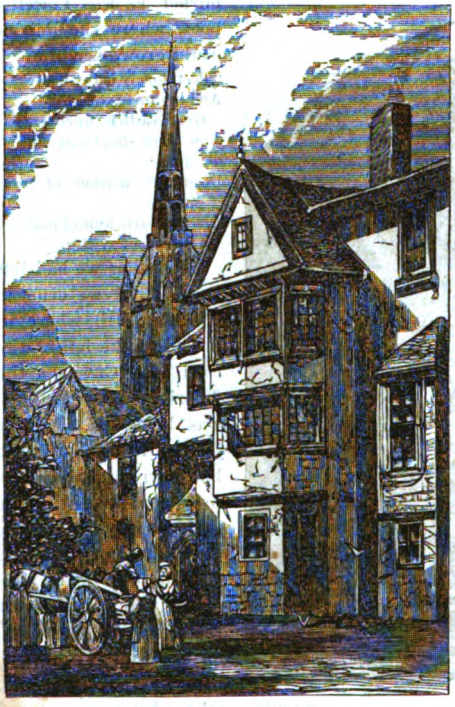


OLD HOUSE IN COVENTRY.

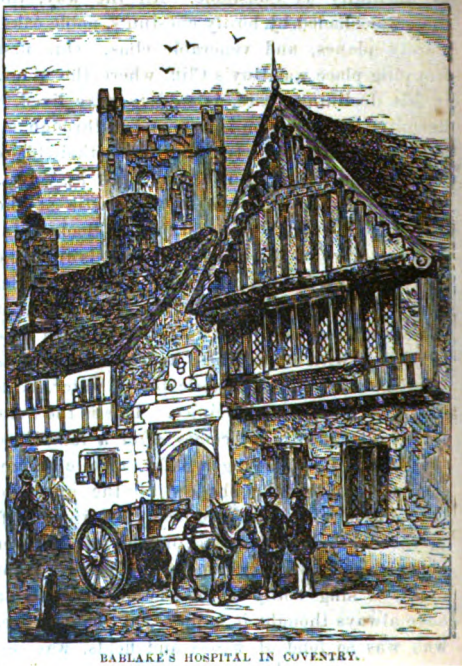
antagonist that offered. Perhaps the brutal, unlettered barons had not forgotten this, when they murdered him.

As we went on, great fields of corn, on either side, as far as the eye could see, were undulating in the breeze. We recalled the old Greek legend, and wondered if the swift-footed goddess, Camille, was skimming, invisible, across them. Directly after, we passed the picturesque village of Leek Wootton, literally buried in roses. "And so," as Pepys would have said, "to Kenilworth."

The vast, crumbling pile brought, vividly, before us, Queen Elizabeth, Leicester, and Amy Robsart. What though dry antiquaries tell us that the latter, as Scott has depicted her, is but a fiction of the brain? Are not such creations, after all, more life-like than most of the real personages of the Past? What mighty potentates, what beauteous queens, what heroines of history, do we know, as we know Lear, and Lady Macbeth, and Cordelia, and Imogen, ay! even poor Amy Robsart?

As we entered the court-yard of Kenilworth, and looked up at the ruins of the banqueting hall, with its exquisite, lancet-shaped windows, we were full of these thoughts. We were back, in imagination, in the "merrie days" of old England. We were spectators, as it were, of the jovial times, when Dudley kept "high state" here, and the guests and their retainers consumed the sixteen hogsheads of wine daily, the forty hogsheads of beer, and the ten oxen, on which the garrulous chroniclers, in their black-letter tomes, so love to dilate. There rose, before us, as in a vision, the gay cavalcade that welcomed the Queen; the brilliant dresses of the courtiers; the great banquet; the princely port of the host; the maiden monarch herself, vacillating between her fancy for her favorite and the fear of her people. Then we saw pretty, wronged Amy Robsart steal in, and wait her opportunity to throw herself at the feet of Elizabeth; the start of the haughty, insulted princess; Dudley cowering before her; and all the rest of the tragedy.

The way onward from Kenilworth to Coventry, led between avenues of trees, even more magnificent than those we had passed before. The elms of this part of Warwickshire especially are unrivalled. And what adds greatly to the fascination of the journey, is that you are reminded, at every step, of Shakespeare. This is his native county, and its woods and fields are the same, to-day, as when he walked amid them, three hundred years ago. Yonder, surely, is the very bank, where the wild thyme grew. There, in that warm, sheltered nook, blew the early violets, daring "the winds of March with beauty," before even "the swallows came." Off to the right, is a wood so dense, so wild, that it might be Arden itself. Nay, is not that the



BABLAKE'S HOSPITAL IN COVENTRY.

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gnarled old oak, by the brawling brook, where the poor stag came to die? Are not those his antlers, glancing down the glade?

Everyone knows of Coventry, through the legend of Lady Godiva. A hideous effigy of "Peeping Tom" greeted us, as we went down the principal street: so hideous that we had half a mind to turn back. But the picturesque old edifices, in which the town is especially rich, tempted us on. Quaint, old-world hospitals,

OLD GATEWAY IN COVENTRY.

churches, and ruins of monastic buildings, met us everywhere. We stopped first at St. Michael's, famous for its beautiful spire, three hundred and three feet high, one of the most exquisite in the kingdom, and one of the loftiest. The edifice itself is principally of fifteenth century Gothic, and is spacious enough for a cathedral, at least for one of the second class.

Opposite to it is St. Mary's Hall, which remains, in the reign of Victoria, much as it was in that of Henry of Agincourt; and proves that the sturdy burgesses of that day entertained, officially, with as much state and splendor as the proudest earl. They were high-spirited and independent, too, those townsmen of the middle ages, notwithstanding a very current opinion that the great nobles cowed them. It was a Mayor of this very Coventry, that arrested "Prince Hal," for disorderly conduct, and committed him to jail. The vast room of St. Mary's Hall is not unlike the similar apartment at Haddon, only it is more spacious, and in every way superior; and you cannot look at it, without thinking of the mighty feastings it has witnessed; the boar's head, the spiced cup, the vast joints, the roasted peacocks, the jest, the laugh, and the minstrels "harping" in the gallery above.

Bablake's hospital is an equally curious old affair, founded in the latter part of the reign of Henry VII. It is an excellent specimen of the civic architecture of that century as St. Mary's Hall is of a century earlier. Ford's hospital is another of these ancient foundations, that meet you everywhere, as we have said, in England, and prove that Christian charity and the sense of a common brotherhood prevailed, five hundred years ago, quite as much, perhaps, as now, in this boasted nineteenth century.

We left the town, by an ancient gateway, under which, centuries before, many a cavalcade of gay courtiers and mailed knights must have ridden. As we drove back to Warwick, the cool summer evening set in, bringing with it the long twilight. It was chilly enough for a thin overcoat, as it generally is, at this hour, in England, even in July. The stars began to twinkle overhead, long before we reached our destination. In the half-light everything seemed unreal. The air was slightly damp, bringing out the perfume of the roses, that clustered thickly on every cottage that we passed. The lights in the villages were already out, and the whole landscape slept, in profound quiet. The lines of Sir Galahad came up to us:

> "When on my goodly charger borne,
> Through dreaming towns I go."

And thus we came back to Warwick, and thence, towards ten o'clock, to Leamington; and thus ended our day FROM WARWICK TO COVENTRY.

## "MAY IS HERE."

WINTER cold is dead and laid
  In his grave beneath the yew;
March and April, boy and maid,
  Sleep beneath the mournful dew;
Oh! farewell—for May is here,
  May, the darling of the year.

Children, fly to field and grove,
  All the flow'rs are wild with mirth;
Youths, it is the time when love
  Makes a garden of the earth:
Maids, be kind—for May is here,
  May, the darling of the year.



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# THE ARCHERY QUEEN'S GLOVES.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

THERE was to be a test round of the Maysville Archery Club. To make the occasion more enjoyable for her cousin, Mr. Harley Paige, who was on a visit to her from the city, Miss Somers was giving, in the woodland adjacent to the village, a kind of garden *fête*, with music, dancing, refreshments, and all the pleasant accessories of such an entertainment.

Of the blithe spirits gathered at the *fête*, none were blither than the young hostess. It was openly said, too, that she would win the prize, when the time came to shoot for it; but in the meanwhile, she was unwearied in her efforts to please her guests; and Harley Paige was indefatigable in assisting her.

"He is a perfect model of the chivalric cousin," said Madge, to a group of her friends, a moment after Paige had departed to execute one of her commissions.

"It is at least easy to see," said Miss Trevor, "that he hies to do your bidding, with the swiftness of an Ariel."

"A Machiavellian Ariel," said Marian Stoddard, who was thinking of her cousin, Walter Lyndon, and did not wish to see him supplanted in Madge's regards.

No more was said on the subject, as, at that moment, Harley Paige returned, and with him Walter Lyndon. They came to prefer a request, that the archery should not be longer delayed.

"Very well," said Madge. "Cousin Harley, will you speak to the musicians, and tell them to stop; and will you," looking at Lyndon, and slightly lowering her own voice to an echo of his tender tone, "will you attend to having the ground marked off, and see that everything is in place there? Marian, will not you, Miss Trevor, and the rest, hunt up those stray couples, in the grove? I will see the croquet players, and have them suspend their games awhile, in order to see what proficients practice may make in the art of drawing bows."

"Bows—or *beaux*, fair cousin?" called back Harley Paige, as he and Lyndon went in different directions to do her bidding.

"I will not be ready to decide upon that question until after our archery meeting," she answered him, laughingly. He stopped, and half-turned back.

"Perhaps there may be questions of graver import for you to decide then," he said, firing a random shaft.

It went straight to the mark, evidently, for his beautiful cousin colored deeply; but her natural coquetry came to her aid, and, as her companions were all gone, she asked quickly:

"Why? Have you a riddle of life to propound to me?"

A heavy frown contracted his brows for one second, then moving closer to her, he said, significantly:

"It may be the riddle of more lives than one, though I be no Sphinx, and you no Ædipus, sweet cousin."

She had never seen just such an expression in his eyes before, and somehow she resented it.

"Not aspiring to be an Ædipus, I may decline, either to hear or answer riddles," she said. "Anyhow I shall have no interest in anything, until I have won this archery prize."

"But, when you have won it, will you be in a frame of mind to answer a question, which will be no riddle, but will only require a simple 'yes,' or 'no'?"

Madge could but understand the significance of his manner, but she caught at a device for evading his intention.

"If I lose, if you hit the 'gold,' I will engage to answer any question you may choose to ask."

But at the same time she smiled wickedly, knowing that she shot better than he did.

Hesitating but a second, he answered, gravely:

"Very well. Only you know, that as the challenged party, the 'code of honor' grants to me the choice of weapons, target, etc. On these conditions I am willing to risk such a trial of skill with you."

"I accept the conditions," she replied quickly, seeing Lyndon returning toward them, "of course, I reserving to myself the right to answer your question, 'yea' or 'nay,' as it suits me best."

He bowed, but a dangerous flame kindled in his eyes, as she turned to greet Lyndon, who had come back to tell her the Archery club had all assembled.

Madge moved off with Lyndon, and Paige fell back, joining one of the other girls. "Now," said Lyndon to himself, "is my time;" for he was tormented with jealousy of Paige; and as they walked on, he told her of his love, a love



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which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, he said. And indeed, in telling it, he was but giving voice to what, up to to-day, he had supposed had long been understood between them. Madge was coquettish enough, however, to keep him in suspense for a while.

"If," she said, drawing off the dainty, embroidered glove from her left hand, and tossing it toward him, "if I hit the 'gold,' or make the best score, I will give you the mate to this, and you may regard it as 'my hand with my heart in it.' Will that do?"

"You cruel Miranda," he said, reproachfully. "Surely, Ferdinand was never so tormented."

The 'cruel Miranda' started forward with an exclamation of distress. They had paused by a spring, that lay in their way, but her glove, that she had given to Lyndon, had slipped down the rock toward the spring. Lyndon sprang forward to catch it, when, lo! his watch dropped from its chain, and fell with a crash upon the stones.

"Ah! how sorry I am," said Madge, looking bewitchingly penitent. "I fear your beautiful watch is quite broken to pieces."

"No, I hope not," he answered, gathering up the dilapidated time-piece. "It is principally the crystal, I think, though the hinge is loosened too. But, Madge, dear," he went on, glancing up at her, and speaking in their old way of wheedling, "if you really are *awfully* sorry, you can pay me back for this as well as for all the other mischief you have wrought for me. Give me the mate to your glove now—mateless, a glove that is of no use to any one, or for any thing."

"Yes, it is," answered the wilful girl. "There is no use for this one, now. Give me the watch and glove, and I will show you."

Without a word, he obeyed. Deftly removing the fragments of the crystal from its dial-plate, she dropped the watch into the glove, securely tied the tassels about its wrist, and then smilingly handed the improvised watch fob back.

"There, you see, you have watch, hinges, and everything, safe until a jeweler can see if the mechanism be quite spoiled. Put it in that upper side pocket to keep it safely."

"Safe enough it will be," he answered, obeying her directions, and slipping the glove and watch inside his breast pocket, "and close to my heart too, Madge. But it is very lonely. Give me its mate, dear, will you not?"

Miss Somers shook her head, but how she might have withstood his persistent pleading, none can say; for, at that moment, came a shout from the archery ground. "They are calling us," cried Madge, and hurried on, and Lyndon was fain to follow.

But Harley Paige, though apparently engrossed by Miss Trevor, had been noticing the couple, and quite understood the new light in Madge's eyes, and the half-triumphant look of Lyndon.

"There is a new understanding between them," he hissed through his clenched teeth. Then, as they came up, he caught a gleam of yellow light just above Lyndon's breast pocket. He glanced suspiciously from it to the long, buttoned glove that Miss Somers had, on her right hand. The yellow light was from a gilt button exactly identical with the eight that shone on his cousin's glove!

A hearty round of applause greeted Miss Somers' first effort with the bow, for she made a close shave of the "bull's eye." Her cousin was the first to congratulate her.

"I shall never be able to cope with you at archery, Madge," he said, smiling. "But I do not give up hope; for I have the choice of weapons, you know. I have, too, selected a target, which I know will steady and nerve my arm."

"Ah?" she asked, interested. "What have you chosen for a target, then?"

He glanced at the glove she was twirling.

"Do you think I might be able," he asked, "to shoot that top button from your glove, if set up in your 'garland,' over there?"

She shook her head. "I think not," she said.

"Nevertheless I choose your glove, as my target, at that distance."

"But—but," she stammered, slightly embarrassed. "I do not care to have my pretty glove ruined so. Why not choose some other mark?"

He laughed a little oddly.

"I chose that, because you gave me the privilege of choosing; but I would be quite as content with the mate of that one. Where is the left hand glove? I would prefer it."

"My other glove?" asked Madge, coloring still more deeply. "Oh, I lost it, somewhere."

"Ah!" he said, speaking with an affectation of indifference. "Somewhere about the spring, doubtless. Well, this one will have to do; and as its fellow is lost, the loss of a button from a mateless glove can make no difference to you."

Still smiling, he turned away, as other archers came to claim Miss Somers' attention. After that, she drew her bow in desperate earnest, anxious, if possible, to distance her cousin.

She did distance every competitor, not only winning the title of Archery Queen, but gaining the silver-shafted arrow, which was chief prize.

Her cousin was the one selected to make the presentation speech. Having gracefully acquitted himself of that duty, he begged the indulgence of the Club, while he should accept the challenge of their Queen to a trial of skill, with weapons

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chosen by himself. In the place of the "gold," in the center of their "garland," he would set up, he said, Miss Somers' glove; and with a pistol shot, fired from the utmost bounds of the archery ground, he hoped to rob it of one of its tiny buttons. In this way, he added, he might prove to her Majesty, that his aim was not always as false as in the contest just passed.

"My fair cousin, the glove, if you please," he said, stepping down from the platform.

She hesitated an instant. Her glance wandered to Lyndon, a few yards distant; but the latter's face was partly turned from her, and appeared cold and stern. Madge rebelled at once, at what appeared premature as well as unjust judgment of her. She laughed, lightly, therefore, tossing the glove to Paige.

"Only," she said, "you are to flatten the button; but not to make a hole in the kid."

He bowed, but moved away, without a word. When he had pinned the glove to the center of the "gold," with the gilt button in full view, he took his case of pistols from the servant, whom he had sent to the village for them.

"Here are the pistols—you can take your choice," he said to Miss Somers.

"But I do not want either of them," she said, indignantly. "I have an utter horror of the cold, treacherous thing, you know."

He smiled, showing his white teeth.

"But, fair cousin, if you do not fire one round with me, how are the judges to decide whether I win, or you lose, in the contest?"

"That is a problem I leave for the judges' wise heads to decide. At all events I'll never touch those pistols," she answered.

"Then you must appoint your proxy," he said.

The Archery Queen looked around upon her circle of subjects, who were crowding about her, many of them evidently eager to be selected for the honor proposed. Lyndon was on the outer edge of the circle, and was the only one who seemed indifferent.

"Mr. Lyndon," called her clear voice, "you made the second best score in our contest—will you now uphold the prowess of your leader?"

He came forward immediately, and, with a single glance at her, accepted the pistol.

Harley Paige bowed to them both, and led the way to the stand. Somehow Madge Somers felt awfully, to see those two pitted against each other, with deadly weapons in their hands. She held back, shutting her ears.

There was another shout of applause, like that which had greeted her own triumph. Going forward, she found that Harley Paige had won. His bullet had sped straight to the "gold."

The Archery Queen was a little pale and tremulous, but she tried to smile gayly, as she inspected the glove, that was now brought to her.

"But, cousin," she objected, thrusting her finger through a hole in the palm, "you have not kept your agreement. Here is my glove pierced quite through."

"My aim was at the button, as you will see," said her cousin, coolly.

Lyndon bit his lip. "I fear I am the guilty one," he said.

A tender light flashed into her eyes, and her cheeks grew rosy, as she turned to him.

"Then it does not so much matter," she said, "for the glove was to be yours, you know."

Harley Paige made one stride toward them.

"I heard no such agreement," he said, fiercely.

Miss Somers faced him, mockingly.

"Cousin Harley," she said, in her most dulcet tones, "does it invariably require three, or more, to enter into an agreement, which can only concern two?"

"But," he answered, hardly able to master the tempest of passion rising within him, "my understanding was that the glove was to be mine."

"For a target, yes! To be retained as a memento, no! Of what service could a mateless glove be to any one, cousin mine?"

"Ah!" he said, recovering his cool self-possession, "your champion has then found the left hand glove, which you lost at the spring? Nevertheless, I still assert my claim to this."

"A claim which I shall deny," said Walter Lyndon, quietly reaching forward to take the mutilated glove from Madge.

As she yielded the disputed trophy into his hand, she cast a half shy look at him, and one wholly deprecating toward her cousin. The latter lifted his hat, turning away without a word.

Madge heaved a sigh of relief. Her cousin had decided then to accept her fiat. The few revelers, lingering still on the archery ground, were not a little surprised by the peculiar turn the affair was taking They could not understand, indeed, Mr. Harley Paige's quiet acceptance of his cousin's decision against himself, and in favor of his rival. One or two, possibly, had a suspicion that the iciness of his manner belied the red-hot anger seething in his heart. Of all this, Lyndon, probably, had a clearer insight than any other. But he forgot everything else, when, at last, he and Madge found it possible to slip away together.

The happy pair only returned from their woodland stroll, when warned by muttering thunders that a storm was threatening. Reaching the pavilion, they found the dancers, croquet players,

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all the party indeed, intent upon a hasty retreat to the village. Some of the chaperones had already departed, and others were crowding into phaetons and carriages, anxious to be gone. Lyndon soon found the Somers' coachman, and, as the carriage was a large, covered one, several of Miss Somers' lady guests deserted the less secure landeaus, buggies, and other open conveyances, to crowd in with their young hostess, who made room for as many as could enter.

"We will take you in, too, if you want to come," she said, with a bright smile, to Lyndon.

"Thanks," he gayly answered. "If I had to die just now, it would be a happy fate to expire, surrounded by so much sweetness."

There were smiles and bows, and farewell wavings; then a fading nebulæ of bright faces; and Will Somers, linking his arm in Lyndon's, drew him back from the pavilion.

At the far end, Harley Paige and Col. Hanson were talking, earnestly, together.

"Walter," asked Will, when they were beyond hearing, "what is this romantic foolishness, between you and Madge, which has brought Harley and yourself to daggers' points?"

Lyndon looked amazed, then indignant.

"I do not understand," he said, coldly. "There is no romantic foolishness, between your sister and myself, unless you think her promise, given me, to-day, to become my wife, is that."

Will's eyes glistened, and he clasped his friend's hand, enthusiastically.

"God bless you and Madge both, Walter. I did not know of this."

"Neither," said Lyndon, with a smile, "have I known of it, for more than two or three hours. Nor would I have told you of it, yet, but for your question. But what do you mean about a trouble between Paige and myself? I know of none, unless, indeed, he intends to dispute my claim to the glove, which Madge gave me, this afternoon."

"That is just it," said Walter, excitedly. "I heard him tell Col. Hanson you must surrender it, or answer for the consequences."

"I shall not relinquish the glove," said Lyndon.

"For heaven's sake, Walter, do not say so," pleaded Will, eagerly. "Give the miserable, tattered thing, if Harley wants it. It is nothing. Madge can give you a score of better ones. Think of her, Walter."

"I do think of her, Will. It is because I think of her, that I refuse to relinquish her glove. You do not know the circumstances of the gift, Somers. Nor have I time to explain; for there comes Col. Hanson, to meet us; and he is the bearer of a note, I see. I will not give up the glove. It is enough for me that it is Madge's, and that she is my promised wife. But you will stand by me, Somers?"

"To the bitter end, Lyndon. Yet, I beg you to let us compromise this matter if possible. If not for your sake, for the sake of Madge."

There was no time for further expostulation, as Col. Hanson was already within hearing. He advanced quickly toward them, and, with a grave bow, handed a note to Lyndon.

Walter opened, and read it, hurriedly, a flush of anger rising to his cheek. Crushing the paper in his hand, he passed it on to Somers, saying, haughtily, to Col. Hanson:

"Please tell your friend that my answer to his proposition is an unequivocal one: I decline to surrender the glove."

"I hope," said Col. Hanson, "that you will reconsider this determination. My friend is much in earnest. If your answer is final—"

"I do not usually change my decision, without reasons, and, as it stands, I certainly decline to surrender the glove, and that decision you may convey to your friend as final."

Col. Hanson gravely lifted his hat.

"Then, acting for Mr. Harley Paige," he said, "I must beg, Mr. Lyndon, that you will, at once, fix a time and place for the settlement of this disputed matter.

"I am ready to allow Mr. Paige whatever satisfaction he thinks himself entitled to," returned Lyndon. "Nor can I think of a more convenient season than now, or a more suitable place than here. However, for more definite arrangements, I refer you to my friend, Mr. Somers, who will confer with you."

The conference followed, without further debate; pistols were the weapons agreed upon; and the place of meeting was to be the archery clearing in the woodland. The meeting itself was to take place, as soon as the *fête* ground was cleared of stragglers.

"But, I tell you, it's my opinion, Col. Hanson," said impetuous Will, his heart shrinking with fear for his friend, "that it will be nothing less than a cold-blooded murder, for Harley is a dead shot, while Walter is quite unskilled."

"I certainly never saw a finer shot than that of Mr. Paige's, this afternoon," said the colonel, "nor a worse one than Mr. Lyndon's; and it would be better if the latter would reconsider—"

Young Somers made a gesture of fierce impatience. "Walter is not one to reconsider, in such a matter; and, for my part, I can not see why Harley, or any man, should wish to fight for a glove, when it is that of another's affianced wife. Lyndon and my sister have become betrothed, since that matter of the glove came off."

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Col. Hanson started, looking surprised.

"If that is so," he said, "the face of affairs is altered. If you will kindly permit me to communicate this to Mr. Paige, we may yet compromise this unfortunate affair."

"I will tell Harley myself," said Will, quickly. "He is surely not the man to persist in such a claim, under the circumstances, unless he has simply set his heart on Lyndon's destruction."

But when he had remonstrated with his cousin, concluding with the announcement of his sister's betrothal to her old playmate, the handsome face of Harley Paige grew cold and gray as flint.

"I can not see," he said, with a slight, satirical smile, "how that circumstance can possibly affect the point at issue between us."

"If you kill Lyndon, it is my opinion you will be guilty of a cold-blooded murder," said Will, hotly.

"I believe I have not asked for your opinion," returned the other, coolly. "Col. Hanson," he added, glancing up at the sombre sky, overhead, "don't you think it advisable to hurry up this little affair? The storm is imminent, and the grounds seem deserted."

"Yes," returned his alternate, "there is no one here, now, beside ourselves, and my servant with the drag-team. We are quite ready, when Mr. Somers and his friend are."

"We are at your service," returned Will.

The paces were measured off, and the two principals stepped into position. The expression of Paige's face was cold, determined, cruel. Lyndon's was resolute, but showed no defiance.

There were a few short directions given. Then the fatal command rang forth, in Col. Hanson's deep tones.

"One—two—three—Fire!"

A single sharp report followed, rounded off by a distant roar of thunder. At the same instant, young Somers uttered a quick exclamation, and sprang forward. Lyndon had staggered a pace or two, and now fell heavily to the ground.

Harley Paige still stood erect, his discharged pistol lowered to his side. Col. Hanson also hurried to the aid of the wounded man. But Will had already lifted him in his arms.

"He is dead," he said, with a quick shudder. "See, the ball went in here, and must have gone directly through his heart. Harley," he cried, lifting his anguished face to his cousin, who now came forward, "I hope you are satisfied. You have murdered Lyndon, and broken my sister's heart. Are you content?"

"If I had the glove I might be," answered his cousin.

With a sudden, angry impulse, Will thrust his hand into Walter's side pocket, and drew forth the gray glove.

It had now another hole through its dainty embroidery, and the long tassels, and the fingers were stained with blood. He dashed it at his cousin. It fell across Harley's extended hand. But with a bitter imprecation, the latter shook it off. It struck the ground, with a dull little thud. But on Paige's hand was a splotch of blood.

Will saw it.

"Ha!" he cried, excitedly, "may you know, Harley, what it is to have Walter's blood, on your soul, as it is on your hand. May that stain haunt you, as Duncan's blood haunted Macbeth. May it give you no repose, day or night, till it call down God's vengeance upon you."

Meanwhile, Col. Hanson had been carefully examining Lyndon's wound.

"He is not dead, at least," he said, looking up, at this moment. "The aim was only too sure. But something has diverted the ball, causing it to range below the heart. Ah! here is the explanation," running his hand into the pocket, from which Will Somers had drawn his sister's glove, and pulling out Lyndon's watch, wrapped in the other glove, the one which Madge had given him at the spring.

Col. Hanson, as he spoke, had passed the package to Will, and for a moment there was a significant silence between the two.

Paige, who had turned away, with a muttered curse, at Will's words, now came up.

"What is it?" he asked, speaking huskily.

Will Somers showed him the battered edge of the watch, and its torn wrapping.

"Madge's poor little gloves have been the cause of an immense deal of mischief, Harley," he said. "But, I trust in God, they have been the means of saving Lyndon's life, after all."

Again, with a muttered curse, his cousin turned on his heel, and strode off, only, this time, he stooped and picked up the other glove, carrying it with him to a tree, some distance away, where he sat down, laying the trophy, so fatally won, across his knee.

Col. Hanson, who had some surgical skill, busied himself, meantime, putting a compress on Lyndon's wound, and very soon he announced to Will, that he thought Lyndon might be moved.

"My drag-team and servant are at your service," he said, courteously. "I must remain, to return with Mr. Harley Paige, when he is ready to go back to Maysville."

Accepting his offer gladly, Somers and he, with the groom's assistance, soon had the wounded man lifted into the drag. There, supported by Will, he was driven slowly, to the village.

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Col. Hanson watched them disappear, and then reported himself at once to his principal. But Paige angrily refused his company.

"I shall not go back to the village, until the officers come to take me thither," he said, harshly. "They will, doubtless, swarm, like vultures, in the next hour or two. Meanwhile, I would prefer to be left to myself."

In vain the colonel sought to change his resolution.

"It will," he said, "make against you, in the trial." But Paige was not to be influenced, and Col. Hanson, at last, turned from him, and mounting Lyndon's horse, rode briskly in pursuit of the drag. Secretly, he hoped, too, that Paige might take advantage of his absence, and make his escape. By way of precaution, however, he was careful to carry away the brace of pistols.

He had scarcely overtaken the drag, when the storm, brooding so long, broke upon them with terrific violence. Fortunately, they were in a close neighborhood to the village, and Lyndon was soon safely housed; and the most skilful surgeon in Maysville promptly in attendance.

With such terrific force did the storm rage, that, for two hours or more, the duel was kept a profound secret. Then the officers of the law got scent of the affair. Paige was arrested, without difficulty, for he had not moved from the place where Col. Hanson had left him.

He was sitting at the root of the giant oak, his head thrown back against its trunk. One of his hands rested on the little, blood-stained glove, lying across his knee. His upturned face was white and rigid, but wore still an expression of sullen anger, or baffled malice.

From the top to the bottom of the oak tree, ran a gaping, jagged seam. The lightning, in cutting its channel, had taken Harley Paige in its course. So Walter Lyndon's would-be murderer had been already brought to justice. From the bar of Supreme Judgment, he could not be remanded to any petty, Earthly Tribunal.

But Lyndon did not die, and when they told Madge how her gloves had wrought so much mischief, they told her, too, the better mission they had accomplished, in saving the life of her lover.

## THE POET'S SONG.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Born of an hour's deep woe,
Watered with bitter tears;
White with a pain's white snow,
Paled with the patience of years.

Sweet with the roses of love
That never drew breath in the light;
Grand with the mute heart-break
Of a breaking heart in the night.

Tender with lingering smiles;
Solemn with breathless sobs;
Deep as the ocean, and calm
As the sea's great heart in its throbs.

Fragrant as hidden blooms;
Thrilling as shaking storms;
Dreamful, as in our dreams
Walk silent, formless forms.

Mystic as thoughts of God;
Rapturous as a kiss
From lips that are not our own,
In a sad love's parting bliss.

Born of sorrow and pain,
Born of a life gone wrong:
A sweet, heart-breaking strain—
This is the poet's song.

## APART.

BY MARY M. BOWEN.

Ah, me! the graves that will not fold
Their gen'rous mantles o'er the dead,
But with remorseless fingers hold
The frames whence being long hath fled.

Yet still, with steps that faltering go,
Our ways among them we must take,
Haply, if tears that scalding flow,
May bathe the weary hearts that break.

How hard to watch the changeful eyes,
Through years of solitary pain,
With love, that lifts her ceaseless cries;
To wait and pray—and watch in vain!

To touch the hands, nor feel a thrill
Of answer through the pulses steal;
To know dumb Silence watches still
The bosom that will not unseal.

O, God! in other plans than these
Shall sovereign hands the shadows bend,
And souls that holy morning frees,
Find recognition in the end?

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# BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY HARTINGE AYRAULT.

OUTSIDE the circus, indeed forming part of it, was the traveling wagon of the caravan. On its low shelf, called the bed, lay a poor woman, mortally hurt by an accident in the ring. She had lain, in her agony, since the night before, partly overlooked, in the bustle of a thriving business, or partly from the inconvenience of getting a doctor in those country parts. Two or three of the other female performers were about her, trying in their small way to alleviate her increasing suffering, and helping her to bear it patiently by their ready sympathy.

By the dim, flaring kerosene light which hung from the roof, one would have judged her both young and pretty, though her cork-grimed eyebrows, cracked lips, and half-rouged cheeks effaced any freshness of youth, while it told that she too had appeared before the public for its amusement. It was, in fact, during one of her daring bare-backed feats of the evening before, that through a sudden and careless movement of one of the audience, her horse swerved, and instead of lighting on his back, she had been brought heavily to the ground. None noticed the accident, save the experienced ring-master, who, seeing she could scarcely stand, had handed her out, courtesying and kissing her hand in the usual style, amid rapturous applause. But, once behind the curtain, she had dropped down in a swoon, and had been carried to the wagon, where she now lay.

One of her companions was smoothing back the tangled hair, removing some of the tinsel that still adhered to it, and trying to bind up its heavy tresses by braiding them.

"Bear up, Liz," she whispered. "We've heard of a doctor, and Jakey has gone on the old gray to fetch him. He'll be here pretty soon now."

"Ah," moaned the dying girl, "it's too late, Fan, I shan't never go round any more."

"Don't talk that way, dearie," urged her companion, "the doctor'll fix you up all right, and you'll be in your old place among us before the week's out."

Just at this moment, a roar of such laughter, as is only heard at a village circus, fresh and genuine, shook the sides of the wagon.

"Oh, Tim will be here soon now, won't he?" asked the poor girl, a faint smile hovering over her ashen face.

"Yes, yes," answered one of the women standing by the door. "Your Tim'll be through in three minutes now. He's only two more points to make."

A fainter peal of laughter told that the "points" were made, and then Tim, the clown, hurried in.

"How is Liz now?" he asked, in a voice whose anxiety contrasted strangely with his tawdry dress and paint-daubed face.

"I am better, Tim," she answered, striving in vain to be cheerful. "Can't you come and stay with me a few minutes?"

"Yes," he said, "it ain't my turn for some time yet," as he drew a box and sat down by the bed, taking his wife's hand between his own.

"Don't despond, Liz," he murmured, softly, bending over and kissing her, "the doctor'll be here right away."

"Never mind him, Tim, dear," she answered. "I feel better, but something tells me that I'll never put on the togs any more."

"Oh, Liz!"

"Listen to me, Tim, for I haven't much longer to stay, and you mustn't set your heart on my getting well. I am ready to go, and there ain't nothing bothers me but just that one thing—"

"Oh, yes, I know," said the man, half-angrily, as if wishing to avoid the subject. "Don't bother over that now, Liz," he added, more gently, "it's all right."

"No, Tim, it's not all right so long as you don't believe me, and I must 'bother' over it because I think I am dying, dear, and I want you to think of me when I am gone as I truly am, Tim. That man, with the foreign name," she continued, growing more earnest as she went on, "that fellow that followed me about, when we were out West, and that you said you thought there was something between us, there never was."

The man made no answer.

"Tim, you *can't* think I'd lie to you *now*."

"No, Liz, nor any other time," he hesitated.

"Where's Fan?" interrupted the girl.

"What do you want, Lizzie?" said the woman called for, coming forward.

"Fan, I want you to fetch Lily to me. I know she's asleep, poor darling, but I must have her in my arms a minute. You'll fetch her, at once, won't you?"



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The woman appealed to, went outside the wagon a moment, but returned presently with a chubby child of some two years, asleep.

The clown stretched up his hands, and took the sleeping child, while its bearer, hastily putting her gauzy professional dress to rights, left for her turn in the ring.

"Now, Tim, raise me a little," pleaded the suffering girl.

"There, never mind," said he, "it'll pain you so. And don't worry, dear."

"Oh, Tim, do please just raise me a little. I wish you would, dear. I don't care about the pain, and I *must* speak what's on my mind."

He did it at last, after some trouble, and some suppressed groans.

"Tim," she said, looking hungrily in his face, as though her life depended on his answer, and laying both hands on her little child's sleeping head. "Tim, you know I was a good and pure girl, when you married me?"

"Yes, that you was, Liz."

"Well, dear, hear me swear, that as I was good and pure then, as I believe myself to be a dying woman now, I tell you, as I did at the time, that there never was anything between that fellow and me. You didn't believe me when I told you so then, though you never said so, and you hardly believe now," she went on, in agonized energy—"but I swear it by our child's life. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, yes, I do, I do!" cried the man, as though some spell over him had broken. "I do, Liz. Oh, Liz, forgive, forgive me. What a fool I've been, what a coward to do you such wrong."

The girl raised herself with terrible effort, and cast her arms around his neck. Kissing his paint-begrimed face, over which the great tears were coursing, she said, "I can die happy now, Tim. I knew you'd do me justice, some day."

"Oh, wife, don't die," sobbed the man, while they kissed and clung to each other, "don't leave me, but live to forgive me."

The woman only drew his head to her, and kissed him long and passionately, smoothing the while her child's sleeping face.

"Clown's wanted," was shouted at the door.

The man started to his feet, dazed; but his wife, reminding him that he wanted "touching up," painted out the traces of tears on his cheeks, by broad streaks of red and white.

As the clown went out, the doctor came in. The latter was a short, stout, jovial-looking man, with a brisk manner, which at once secured obedience.

"Why didn't you send for me, before," he asked, as he examined the sleeping woman.

"We didn't know where to find no doctor," answered one of the women in attendance; "and—"

"Doctor," interrupted the patient, "how long can I live?"

"Oh! I hope you'll live many years yet," cheerily said that functionary.

"No, doctor, I feel I am going fast—"

"Oh, nonsense, you'll soon get over this," said he, striving to raise her depressed spirits, and talking encouragingly to her, while he did what he could to soothe her pain.

Presently the clown came up to the group of women outside the door, the doctor having turned all of them except "Fan," out of the wagon.

"Well," he asked, eagerly, "what does the doctor say?"

"He says she'll be all right, soon," answered one of the women.

The clown left at this, and soon his voice was heard, shouting some old witticism in the ring, as though his heart were light and careless, instead of weighted with grief. Back he came, in a few minutes, out of breath, and panting with the last somersault. Pushing cautiously at the wagon door, he partially opened it, and entered, his face looking joyous as the wail of a new-born babe greeted his ear.

"What is it, a boy?"

"Yes," said Fan.

He did not hear the answer though; for there, stretched out, stiff in death, lay the mother. The accident and its consequences had proved too much for the poor girl. Her hollow eyes were sunken and glazed, and made unnaturally bright by the traces of rouge on the cheeks beneath them, stared into space; her whole body was rigid; her jaw fallen. She, with whom he hoped to share his whole life, his joys and his cares, now that the only difference they had ever had was removed, was gone forever.

With a piercing cry, the man fell by her bed. He was stunned. A strange pair they looked—he in the paint and gew gaws of his calling—she, still wearing its traces—dead.

"Bear up, Tim," said Fan, approaching, with the child, "it's a boy, my man, and poor Liz said it was to be called after you."

"Dead, dead," he wailed, not seeming to hear the woman, but grovelling on the floor by the bed, and taking one of the inert hands between his, and kissing it gently as though he feared to waken her. "Dead, dead!" he cried, laying his face close to hers, and kissing the rigid lips with frantic eagerness.

"Dead, dead, dead," still came between his choking sobs, and he put the little girl away, whom

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the women moving to and fro in offices about the new-born babe, had brought to her father, hoping, thereby, to recall him to himself.

"There, there, Tim, don't go on so," said one of them, trying to raise the man. But she spoke to deaf ears, for he only wailed, "Dead, dead," while the heaving chest and bursting heart found relief in tears.

A noise outside now attracted them to the door.

"Here's a put up job," said a harsh, loud voice, "there never was a boss worse treated than I am. Here's Giles, drunk as a beast, that he is, so he can't go through his part, and Tim sulking because his woman's sick."

"She is dead, boss," said one of the women, quietly.

"Dead! the deuce she is! Well, I do call that too bad," as though his loss were caused by her neglect. "Here we're only just started the show in these parts; and her riding has just crammed the tent full—there aint standing room. Dead!" he said again, "it's a shame. What's to be done?"

Here he was obliged to leave, for an uproar in the circus, above which the cry of "clown, clown!" was audible, required his presence.

Presently he returned. "Where's Tim?" he said.

"Tim," said Fan, touching his shoulder, "here's the boss wants you."

"Who wants me?" asked the man.

"Here, Tim, *I* want you," said a voice, at the door.

Fan passed her arm around the stricken man, and led him to the door.

"See here, Tim," said the boss, persuasively, "here's Giles drunk as a pig, and can't go on, and the crowd yelling fairly for you. *Can't* you go?"

The clown pointed to his dead wife's body. "No, I *can't* go," he answered, sullenly.

"I'm sorry, Tim; but I can't let you off. I've tried 'Jack the Giant Killer' and the 'Red Ingin' but there's nothing'll do but you."

Here another, and a louder cry of "clown," reached them.

"There, you hear that, and that's in face of the 'Corsican Brothers,' who are tearing around the ring now, till the piebald wont be able to move for a week to come. It's no go, you'll have to come."

"I can't do it, boss—I'll be no use, if I do."

"Oh, you'll get through, all right; beside you *must*, or I'll have to throw up the agreement; and you know you're overdrawn, three weeks, already."

The man evidently wavered, in face of this threat.

"Come, now," pursued the other, seeing his advantage, "take a pull at this, to put some heart in you, and come on, if only for five minutes."

Taking the proffered flask, the clown drank deeply.

"You'll come, wont you?"

"Yes, I'll come."

So, all tear-stained and besmeared, not daring to turn back to where his wife's dead face would meet his gaze, the wretched man left the wagon.

Bursting into the ring, with a succession of somersaults, leap followed leap with a reckless daring that nothing could equal, and that brought round after round of applause. Never had the clown been more agile, never more witty.

At last, it ended. With plaudits still sounding in his ears, the sad jester left the ring, and returned to the wagon and, alas! to what?

Crouching in his old position, close to the body, with her hand locked between his, and his haggard eyes fixed on her face, he heard—at the conclusion of the juggler's feats—a noise of clapping hands. Then a lull, and then a still louder thunder of applauding and stamping feet, above which loud calls were audible.

"What's that?" he asked.

"They're calling for *her*," answered Fan, gently, pointing to the rigid form on the bed.

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# ENGLAND ON CARLYLE.

BY CLARENCE H. URNER.

The heavens are bright as far as eye can reach;
  But on the heart falls queer autumnal blight:
  The flower of hope lets fall her petals bright,
Which sadly utter more than human speech;
Wan grief clings to the heart, as if a leech,
  And drinks the crimson drops in sheer delight.
  Our central sun has sunk in utter night,
And all the wisdom, priests and sages teach,
Somehow now fails to school a nation's breast,
  To brook so keen a loss resignedly.
  Yet as one light is quenched, no more to burn,
Another shines within the heavenly crest;
But, when shall ever rise, o'er land and sea,
  The star to which our eyes as gladly turn.

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# HELD FOR RANSOM.

BY SIDNEY TREVOR.

## CHAPTER I.

"PERHAPS I *did* stare, *rather*," he said, "but, my dear fellow, your sister is so lovely—if you will let me say it here, between ourselves."

"She is rather nice—the little thing; though I don't quite fancy her style." This was said with all the insufferable conceit of the English brother, added to the English swell.

"Rather nice! I like that!" With irony.

"One's sister, you know, is rarely the ideal beauty," said the other. "Now the Roman type, with the Neapolitan slenderness—the clear brown skin, with a bloom shining through, and melting black eyes, whose long silky lashes soften their fire—"

"Excuse me, my dear Treherne, but all that is because of your own Vikinger coloring—red, white and blue, with the yellow curls. You must make awful havoc with these brown, Latin beauties. Now I am of their own tint, and they will none of me."

"They think you ought to be a red-skin, doubtless, in war-paint and scalp-locks, being Americans. Now I know better. Your fishing my sister out of the sea has changed all my opinions about you Yankees. I only knew them before, from the stage type; now I see how mistaken I was."

The steamer had left Naples behind, and was making its noisy way across the moonlit bay, the fires of Stromboli scarcely visible, amid the distant outlines of Ætna, which loomed up, a faint silver curve, against the dark blue of the sky.

"At any rate, Treherne," said the American, "I shall bless your sister's insecure footing, if her health does not suffer. She was hardly a minute in the water."

"Clumsy child! I can't think how she could have slipped, and I am sure it is awfully kind of you to take a ducking, with such good humor. Are you long for Sicily?"

"Only a few weeks. And you?"

"I've been asked to look after the vineyards, you see. My mother was a Miss Wodehouse, and our interests are involved. There has been some trickery, we think, and I'm come to take a spy upon our manager."

"You'll not venture into the mountains?"

"What! are you going to cry wolf, too? I thought you Americans were afraid of nothing. At all events, no Sicilian brigand would dare to touch an Englishman, and Malta so near."

"Ah! well, I suppose so," said the American, politely. "But we must go below, if we mean to be up in time for the morning view of the famous coast." So the two fellow voyagers shook hands, and separated for a few hour's sleep.

When Kenneth Sherwood came again on deck, a soft, English voice addressed him.

"Good-morning," it said. "I am looking to see if the sharks bear you any ill-will, for having cheated them of me, their expected supper?"

He turned quickly, his black eyes delightedly encountering the speaker's laughing blue ones, as he held out his hand to meet hers.

"They are awfully savage, Miss Treherne. But there are things as savage. Your brother tells me you are going into the mountains. Is it so? Will even the Ægis of England protect you from the tender mercies of Capo Leone, Randazzo, Zuto and company?"

"Oh! but it would be delightful," she answered, gaily, "to meet real brigands. Don't you think so? Actual Fra Diavolo, you know."

"Seriously," said the other, gravely. "I hope you won't try the mountain roads—at least, without an escort."

"The troops shall be called out for your especial protection, Mr. Sherwood—never fear," said the young lady, mockingly. But before her companion could reply to this retort, her brother joined them, creating a diversion.

The entrance into the harbor of Palermo, with its wonderful tints of sea and sky, now absorbed them; and soon the custom-house officers appeared and clutched at their baggage. Every traveller knows what that means. At last they were free to go to the Trinacria, where rooms had been secured for the Trehernes by telegraph. The American had letters to an old Palermitan family, whose rambling palace filled one side of a block, on the via Macqueda, near the *Quatro Cantones*. Sicily is not the only country, where poverty is concealed as a crime. A Neapolitan relation of the Marquis Rucellai had made all arrangements for young Sherwood, so that he should seem to be treated as a guest, while he was allowed to pay liberally for his hospitable reception. Accordingly, the young Conte Rucellai was on the deck, when Sherwood landed, and



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escorted him to the ancestral hall, devoured, all the time, with a desire to ask about the beautiful blonde *Signorina Inglesi*, whom he had remarked on the steamer, in Sherwood's company, but too well-bred to ask, as yet, about her.

They soon reached the palace. There were, in all, three floors and six courts, with something like four hundred rooms; but the Marchese inhabited a high second floor, in one corner of his ancestral home; the rest of the huge edifice being parceled out in apartments, and let to his less impecunious neighbors.

They entered a bare room, whose only furniture was spindle-legged, though richly gilded chairs and sofas. Cemented floors, mouldy mirrors, smoky paintings—all contributed to make a gloomy interior. But when the Conte's father, tall and Moorish looking, with venerable white hair, appeared, the chill of the rooms was made up by the graceful courtesy of the old noble.

"The Giuistrello does not know the stupendous favor he does me, in giving me the honor of receiving the *gentillissimo* Signore," said the prince, after a half-hour's conversation. "My son will share with me the felicity—and—and, contrary to our expectation—will the most amiable Signorino permit me to say, contrary to our national habitudes—I shall also share that pleasure, with my daughter, unexpectedly returned from her convent, by the development of a contagious malady, among the damosels in tutelage there."

At table Sherwood met this daughter, barely sixteen years old, and shy with the modest self-depreciation of healthy youth. She was a new revelation to our hero. She was tall and pale, with the ivory pallor, which, in Italy at least, does not mean delicacy of health. Two splendid thick braids of night-black hair fell behind the column of her neck; and the coral tint of her lips seemed to light up the depths of her great dreamy eyes when she spoke. Sherwood was conscious of wishing that Treherne could see this wonderfully lovely girl.

No one seemed to expect her to join in the conversation, and she took her dinner in silence. The brother vouchsafed the information that the next evening—or rather night—would be a *festa*, even for the nobles; for at midnight began the *corso*, or promenade in open carriages, in which every one in Sicilian society is expected to join. Gelsominé's eyes began to dance, as her father told of the new costumes made for this yearly festa, the illumination of the Villa Giulia, the cavaliers on their horses, the ladies in open carriages, and all the gayety which the Santa Rosalie means to Palermitans, rich and poor, great and small.

Sherwood went to drive later with the Trehernes, out on the road to Monreale, from whence you can see the villas of the Conca d'Oro gleaming in the moonlight; and exhausted himself in superlative description of the Contessina Gelsominé.

At first, Miss Treherne laughed at his extravagance, and quizzed him about his susceptibility; but in proportion as her brother became animated and interested, the young lady seemed to lose her vivacity.

"So sweet and entertaining of you, Mr. Sherwood," she said, languidly. "Quite makes one forget sea and mountains. Tell us more."

"A thousand pardons, Miss Violet. I forgot that one lady doesn't take much interest in the beauty of another—"

"But her hands and feet are probably long and thin—shaped like a bit of shingle," broke in Treherne, in a meditative tone. "Tall women rarely have pretty hands and feet."

"If Signorina Rucellai's feet correspond to her dainty hands, they are models of aristocratic beauty: slender, and tapering, and white."

## CHAPTER II.

The days fled, on enchanted wings, at least to two persons in our trio. One evening, after strolling in the English garden from sunset to moonrise, Sherwood reluctantly left Miss Treherne and her brother, at their hotel, and went home.

Entering the palazzo, what was his dismay to find the garden gate ajar. Had he failed to close it, securely, on going out?

Suddenly came to him, through the darkness, the beautiful Italian girl herself, her face blanched to the lips, and her eyes quite blazing.

"*O signore forestiero!*" she said, "the father has had such terrible news, we know not what to do. But he can do nothing, I fear, nothing, nothing!" And she turned, and led the way back, Sherwood following.

They passed by a verandah, and entered the old man's sleeping-room—such a bare desert of a sleeping-room—and found him pacing up and down, wringing his thin, ineffectual hands.

Sherwood went to the old man, and put an arm about his thin shoulders, leading him to a seat upon the poor bed; and then, still keeping his arm affectionally around him, asked the trouble.

"If you will try and believe me a true friend," he said, earnestly. "I may be of service to you. Dispose of me, I beg."

"It is the *mafia*," whispered the girl, while the old man rocked helplessly to an fro, clinging absently to Sherwood's hand. "They have written, and if we do not send them twenty

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thousand *liré*, before the end of two weeks, they will take away my father, or brother, and keep him till every *soldo* is paid, or kill him in case of failure."

"But how? If you know, beforehand, surely the police can protect you," said Sherwood.

"How little the signore knows," said the old man. "They asked money of me once, and when I refused, they took my son—my brave Hamilcaré. I did not believe them, and sent the police. The police brought me back my poor boy's body, cold and dead!" And he made no effort to conceal his tears, in which the beautiful Gelsominé joined.

"But signore, the ransom? It is not much. If they do go so far as to take your son, we must find the sum, in some way."

"Ah, signore *forestiero*, it is nearly impossible. If I must send this money, I must take the whole portion of my beloved daughter. Then she can never marry, and must enter a convent. I have saved and spared to get the sum together, knowing that it would bring about the happiness of my darling; and now it must go."

"Let us at least hope," said Sherwood, to whom this dreadful story seemed almost incredible. "We will be wary. Your brigands shall steal no one. The palace is certainly secure."

"Oh, signore, we must indeed try; but I have no hope. No palace is secure. Our oldest servants have sons, brothers, fathers in the *camarilla*, and people disappear, in broad day, when they are wanted by the *mafia*."

"Have the police no authority?"

"Kind friend, so many of them are also leagued with the brigands. Two days since, I went to visit an old friend, and found his palazzo in a tumult. The celebrated Capo Leone had just gone up to the floor above him, to visit Rufi, the most famous advocate in the Sicilian courts, who owns so many farms and vineyards. He would have no harvest, if he did not make interest with the brigands. The daily paper has always three columns of robberies of sheep, cattle, and grain, but never one from Rufi's farms, because the head brigand comes thus at midday to seek his price; and the police are wilfully blind."

"A singular country, marchesé."

"What would you? The government is afar at Rome, and the *mafia* rules here."

"Courage," urges the American, almost unable to credit such anarchy.

The days went by, and a close watch was kept in the palazzo Rucellai. The Trehernes could not believe the wild story, and were inclined to chaff Sherwood, about his fears.

Meantime, certain rather curious cooking of accounts had come to light, in the course of young Treherne's surveillance of the Palermitan branch of their house; and he resolved to pursue his investigations as far as some vineyards and presses, which formed a little village, just behind one of the mountains, whose shining summits made a crown of pearls above the velvet-robed plains near Trapans. He laughed at the idea of danger in the expedition. But so earnest was Sherwood's pleading, that he consented to leave his sister at the hotel, with her maid, during his absence. The three dined together, the evening before he was to start. Treherne made his adieux, before going to bed, as he was to leave at dawn, in the diligence.

"I hope you will remember, Miss Treherne, that you are left in my care," said Sherwood, chaffing, "and remember you are to treat me in all respects as a brother."

"General of the illustrious rear guard, I shall seek safety in your vicinity, in case of danger," she answered, with a mock courtesy.

"Do you really mean, that you think I am afraid?" he asked, flushing.

"Perhaps you might defend the lovely contessina at a pinch," she answered, teasingly.

"I will get Capo Leone to steal you," he threatened, in retort, as he took leave.

As he passed the Madonna church, on his way homeward, a carriage dashed by, the three horses galloping, under a furious lashing. Sherwood imagined, for a moment, he heard a cry for help. "No, it is the constant talk of such things, which has put the idea into my head," he said to himself; and lounged awhile in the English garden to smoke his cigar, before going on to the palace; and to think over the evening's conversation. He had noticed, before, a tiny bit of sharpness, in Miss Treherne's late talk of the Contessina Rucellai. Might he, dared he, interpret this sign, favorably? Had she not blushed yesterday, when he kissed her hand, and not withdrawn it either? She was no grand, stately beauty, Violet Treherne, but, oh, what a sweet, womanly face was hers. Just the face to greet a man at his own fireside. How much better such a face was than beauty. With these thoughts, warm at his heart, he touched his lips to the hand, which had last held hers, and went along the *via Toledo* to the corner nearest his quarters, with a light heart.

As he turned into the court-yard, someone ran against him, and then staggered back to the wall, crying out. It was the old Marquis' voice. But the aged noble was gone, the next instant. He had ran off, down the moonlighted street, waving his arms and moaning. Sherwood hastened after him, shocked.

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He soon overtook the poor old gentleman. "What is it?" he asked, holding him fast. "What has happened?"

"She! She!" cried the other. "My lamb of God! My little, tender girl! She—in the hands of her brother's murderers! Oh, Holy Virgin, listen! St. Joseph plead for a poor old man!"

Sherwood's blood froze in his veins. Alas! there was reason enough for the wretched man's craze. That beautiful girl among those ruffians. No wonder Rucellai's brain had given way.

"*Bimbita mia*, oh, where are you?" he sobbed. "Come back to your grieving father. Saints and angels help her! Deliver her from those murderers of her brother! *Oh, Dio mio!* I hear her cry out for help, and I stop here!"

He would have fallen, but for the help of Sherwood, and that of the landlord of the Trinacria, who chanced to be passing.

"Why, it is the Signore Marchesé, the Rucellai," said that last. "Ah! if only the son is at home. I saw the servant, old Cecchina, get into a carriage, which departed with flying horses. I fear me the contessina was already within; but it was not my place to know. A Sicilian closes his ears, and looks heavenward, when he hears any sort of noise; and I think I heard a pistol-shot; but I saw nothing;" and the landlord crossed himself religiously.

"What are we to do then?" asked Sherwood, aghast. "There was only the old woman-servant, and you saw her abducted?"

"Abducted easily, if the signore will. It was her grandson, Cecco Amorini, who was on the coach-box."

"We must take the poor old gentleman to the hotel, then," said Sherwood, decidedly.

"Most certainly, since the *nobil Signore* is willing to be responsible for the cost," the host answered, shrewdly, though humbly.

"Naturally, I am responsible," and he added, to himself, "you old ghoul!"

With much difficulty they coaxed the Rucellai within the hotel, where he was put to bed, and a doctor summoned. As soon as a sleeping potion had taken effect, Sherwood went to the palace.

Young Rucellai seemed to have just entered; but in some mysterious way he was aware of his sister's abduction, and was evidently vexed that Sherwood had taken the father to the hotel. He did not show any special alarm about his sister, either. He gnawed at his moustache, while his eyes flashed in ill-concealed rage.

"My father had best pay the ransom," he said, gruffly.

"But your sister's future? You would not ruin that?"

"What is better for a woman than a convent?"

"You think she would be sent back—and harmless?"

"I'll engage to produce her, in ten hours after the ransom is paid," said the young man, hastily—then frowning at his own careless speech, he added—"of course she would be sent back at once. Every Sicilian knows that."

The day that followed was a confused and anxious one. With Treherne away, his sister could hardly decide to go out; but Sherwood finally persuaded her; a brisk drive by the sea refreshed them both.

The sick man's babblings greeted their return. Miss Treherne had gone to see him, and he was seized with the strange whim that she was his daughter. It was pitiful to see his tears of joy, and his evident content in Violet's society. The soothing touch of her hand, on his white head, calmed him like magic.

Next morning, as Miss Treherne came into the breakfast-room, she saw many curious glances turned on her, and noticed that Sherwood hastily put his newspaper out of sight. He rose, and came to meet her, giving her his arm to the table.

"Have you news from Reginald?" she asked.

"No. There wouldn't be time yet, I fancy," he stammered.

She gave a quick glance about. She saw the pitiful looks of the strangers near her.

"Quick!" she said, turning from the table. "Come to my room. Tell me—what is it?"

The small hands clasped themselves over his arm, with a caressing hold. She lifted her great blue eyes, swimming in tears.

They had reached the private parlor of the Trehernes.

"Will you tell me?" she said, her lips quivering, her voice like a sob.

"All is well, at present, with your brother," he replied, taking her two small hands in his.

"But he is—"

Her voice failed her. She still gazed up, beseechingly, into Kenneth Sherwood's face.

"Courage! He has been taken by the brigands, and is held for ransom; but the ransom will be quickly sent."

"Oh, Regy! Regy!" she moaned, and her head fell against Sherwood's shoulder. The young man scarcely breathed, he was so afraid she would remember herself, and be embarrassed by this unconscious action, which sent such a thrill to his heart. "Oh, Regy, my darling brother!" she continued. "He quarrelled with the manager here, and they may not send the ransom; and the time will be too short to get it out from home!"

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"No; do believe me; you are mistaken," urged Sherwood. "We shall soon hear from him. At present we have only news of the capture. When the ransom is named, I will telegraph to England, and we can have an answer within the twenty-four hours. Miss Treherne—Violet, darling, he is as safe as you are. Could I look you in the face, if it were otherwise?"

The paleness of terror in her sweet face slowly yielded to a deep flush, as love and hope, hand in hand, entered in at the portals of her heart, and she turned her face away from her lover's adoring gaze.

He possessed himself of her hand, and whispered "A thousand pardons!" She did not withdraw it; and after renewed assurances of her brother's safety, he left her, vowing to make those assurances good, even at the expense of his life.

## CHAPTER III.

The rocky defiles, behind Caltanisetta, were touched by the last rays of sunlight; and the western sky, from glowing like a furnace, began to cool into pale green, rose, and violet.

A ruined Saracenic tower, which overlooked the sea, was still gleaming goldenly; but the cool wind of evening had come, and soon the wide plains, beyond these cliffs, would be deep in shadow.

The yellow-greenish, sunset sea cooled too, and its molten-lava tints became a deep purple, over which the white gulls circled madly. Soon, amidst the afterglow, the stars came out, one by one.

Along a rude road, back of the cliffs, crept a string of country carts, drawn by oxen. Their wheels were made of a disc of wood, such as one sees in ancient pictures. They were the same kind of carts, unaltered, that the ancient Greeks had used, in Sicily, three thousand years before.

A peasant, clad in sheep-skin, walked by each cart. Each peasant was armed, not only with a gun, but with pistols and knife. These latter, stuck in red woolen sashes, gave an unusually warlike appearance to the caravan.

The night was clear and starlight. But there was no moon. That luminary would not rise before two in the morning. Suddenly, at the bottom of a dark, rocky defile, a singular call, like that of the little horned owl, brought all the carts to a standstill. This cry, after a few moments, was answered in a shriller note, which was twice repeated. The signal came from the heights above. The oxen began to low at this, and the echo boomed far away. Directly, out of a thick underbrush, a-half dozen men appeared with lanterns.

Their leader was a powerful, wiry, gray-eyed man, who looked sufficiently picturesque, with a scarlet Catalan blanket tied about him, his legs in gaiters, and a broad brimmed straw hat, worn very much aside on his black curly hair, which seemed as if it had never known scissors.

"To work, the cattle are tired," he said, laconically, and at once bags, casks, and bales, were tumbled from the carts.

Before a-half hour, they were all empty but one, which had a sort of tilt for cover. The contents of the carts were swung up, over the rocks, out of sight, by the aid of ropes, which descended from the darkness above. It was all done hastily, and nearly in silence.

"You will take carts and oxen back," said the leader now.

"But the—these two?"

"Into the basket—one at a time, and take care!"

"*Ma, Capo*, we are afraid that the—the *raggazina* is ill," said a man.

"*Vedremo*," responded the chief. As he spoke, he took a gourd, from the strap where it was suspended at his back, and approached the cart.

A man brought a lantern. The leader lifted the canvas curtain. The light shone in upon the forms of a man and woman. They lay, bound hand and foot, with gags in their mouths. The man's gag though was of leather, but that of the woman was a silk handkerchief.

"Who has done this?" growled the leader.

"It was necessary, chief. They both have the courage of the devil. They cried out, each time they saw a soldier. Luckily, the first ones we met were our own; but one of the new companies, which passed later, would have overhauled us, but for these gags."

"Ah!" said the chief brigand, but he cut the cords nevertheless, and removed the gags.

Reginald Treherne, for he was one of the prisoners, sat up on the straw, and looked around. The first thing he saw was the Contessina Rucellai, pale and fainting. Then he looked, angrily, at the brigands.

"What do you mean, you rascals?" he said. "Are you going to murder the lady?"

"Silence," cried the leader. "You'll have enough to do to take care of yourself. Here, send the girl up, aloft."

The brigands made haste, at these words, to put her into a wide sort of basket, which disappeared upward, into the darkness, only to descend again to receive Treherne.

Arrived at the top of the ascent, he was compelled to march for a brief distance among the rocks, until he reached a large plateau, well

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lighted with pine knots, and surrounded by huts, and grottoes hollowed out of the rock. At least fifty men were visible, clustered about, and quite a number of peasant women. These last were gathered around a hammock, suspended between two trees, where Galsominé dei Rucellai lay, looking as if her soul had already quitted its fair earthly tenement.

Treherne made an effort to reach the girl, but was held back. "Curse you, can't you be quiet?" said the leader. "Won't you take warning?"

Meantime, a rough-looking brigand, whom they called Randazzo, arrived, and Treherne soon saw by his mode of procedure, that he knew something of surgery.

"No bones broken," said this man, passing his brown hands over the girl. "Ah! she's as lovely as an angel. Have you frightened her to death? If you have, just take care of Salpietra, when he comes; he will kill you all."

But, notwithstanding all their efforts, nothing seemed to awaken the poor girl from her swoon.

The chief brigand began to look concerned. Finally, Treherne managed to get a hearing. "I can restore the signorina," he said, "if you give me my dressing-case." He remembered having a bottle of smelling-salts there, belonging to his sister. They brought him his dressing-case accordingly. It had been conveniently opened with his own stolen keys. He soon found the bottle of salts. While this was being done, the women had put the contessina on a bed, in one of the cabins. Treherne now sat beside her, a basin of broth near, and his finger on her scarcely perceptible pulse.

It was a new experience for him, to sit there, gazing unrebuked on this fair girl, who had never flirted, never had a lover. This slender hand, that he held in his, had never thrilled under masculine touch. A new sacredness invested womanhood in her.

"She must have her head lower," said Treherne, to the women, some of whom still remained. As he spoke, he lifted her in his arms, with her head on his shoulder, while the women arranged the bed. As he held her against his heart, she seemed to be awakened by its furious beating; for she opened her dreamy eyes, and looked up, vaguely, into his. Then she sighed, a long, soft sigh, and as he touched her hand with his lips, a faint rose tint stole, at last, to her cheeks, and a light crept to her eyes.

Putting her back on her pillows, Treherne knelt beside the low bed, and with caressing murmurs, brought her to swallow drop after drop of the broth, and then sips of wine, until, after another half-hour, she was able to speak.

"It is the Signorino Inglesi, who has given you life," said the women, unused to such tender and patient masculine care.

The two had become slightly acquainted, early in their captivity, before the sight of soldiery had tempted them to try to escape, and brought the gags and bonds. The Italian girl felt as if her fellow prisoner, whom she knew to be Sherwood's friend, was a sort of acquaintance of her family. As her only ideas of young men had been gained from her surly brother, she thought this golden-haired stranger, who was as beautiful as he was kind, some new and strange revelation, and innocently showed her astonished admiration.

As for Treherne, he no longer recognized himself. He only knew—or thought he did—that life, without this beautiful girl, would henceforth be impossible. He was with difficulty persuaded that the patient had no further need of him.

When he rose from his rude couch, next day, his only thought was of his lovely neighbor, whom he might hope soon to rejoin, and his heart grew light, in spite of his captivity.

It was only after a long and difficult interview with the head brigand, that he began to remember this was no party of pleasure, and that the failure of his people to forward the sum demanded for his ransom, would cost him his life. He had been instructed to write a letter to the House at Palermo, demanding a sum equal to some thousands of pounds sterling, and indicating an early date, when the sum must be paid. He wrote, of course, in English.

Later in the day, he ascertained that no such letter had been required at the signorina's pretty hands; but he was too happy in her society to lose his time in conjecture about it.

The young girl, still weak and exhausted, lay in the hammock under the trees, and her smile of welcome was accompanied by so sweet a blush, that Treherne straightway forgot all else.

"The signorina is not suffering?" he asked, bowing, bareheaded.

"No, signore; at least, only when I think of my poor father."

"But he has been warned, and he will soon send the ransom. In a few days, we shall rejoin our friends, and forget it all."

"Not I, signore," said Galsominé, sadly. "I must go to the convent, to remain all my life, now that my portion must be paid for my ransom."

This idea was quite a thunderstroke to the young man.

"But your brother? He will not permit them to shut you up for life," he declared, indignantly.

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"He can do nothing." And then, seeing the consternation in her neighbor's face, she added; "But the good sisters are kind."

"Why will you not marry—say, some one who does not want a portion, some one who would love you, as they do in England, for your dear self—"

He stopped short, embarrassed by his own unwonted warmth.

"Alas! That is not done in Sicily," sighed the girl, looking down, timidly, conscious of Treherne's agitation, and sympathising, but without comprehending. "It must be the convent," and she sighed.

Treherne was annoyed; why, he could hardly tell. But soon, in face of her radiant loveliness, he began to rally her.

## CHAPTER IV.

Later, he went for a walk. He found that the road, which mounted to the great plateau, was an old water-course. He strolled down it, without encountering anyone, except a priest, and soon arrived at the sea-shore. Just as he began to decide that he might easily escape in that direction, he saw a brigand lying on the sand, his gun safely laid out upon his mantle; and strolling as far in the other direction along the shore, he came upon another black bearded fellow, busily engaged in fishing from a rock which extended into the sea. Treherne would have gone further, in this direction, but the brigand coolly took aim at him, on which he turned back. In the distance, meantime, and almost hull-down, he saw a vessel carrying American colors. He thought of Sherwood. "If he only knew," said Treherne, "how near to the shore this nest of robbers is, he surely would find a means of rescuing us, without awaiting the ransom."

Strolling back, to the village, if we may call it such, he was surprised to find the contessina in her room; and here she remained, for the next few days, without making any sign.

Ill? No. The signorina was not ill, said the women; but their big eyes looked sympathy, into those of the *Signore Inglesi*. Evidently they did not dare to explain further. "Why did she avoid him thus?" he asked himself. "In another week, his ransom would probably arrive; and how could he go away, leaving his heart here, and while she was in these dangerous hands?"

One night as he lay on his mattress, by the open door of his cabin, counting the stars, and trying to lull himself to rest with the tinkle of a falling rivulet near, Gelsominé dei Rucellai herself suddenly stood before him.

"No noise," she said, in imperfect French, holding up her lovely hand, "or you will destroy us both."

Treherne sprang up, and seated the girl on his couch, forgetting to release her hand.

"My angel, my love, my beautiful," he whispered, "do I see you, at last?" And then, feeling that she trembled, he hurried on. "Don't fear me. Only tell me that you will love me, and be my wife—my own, and I shall find a way to carry you off safely to your father."

Gelsominé trembled still, but it did not seem from fear. Treherne's arm held her close, and she did not resist.

"Oh, what a time to talk of love!" she sighed.

"Only tell me, that I may talk of it, later," cried Treherne. "You do, you will love me, my beautiful darling?"

"I will be your wife," she said, with soft straightforwardness. "Oh, I will be your wife, *if I can*. But listen," and she sought his other hand, and held fast to it like a child.

"Tell me, *Bellina mia*."

"It is horrible, but Leone—the *Capo Brigante*—he is a friend of my brother's. I recognized him instantly. He has been often at the palace, and my poor father thought him a person of good family. I have sometimes seen him there; and when you went away, to walk, he came to me, and—and he said that I was stolen to become his wife! That he had long loved me!" Here the poor child hid her face on Treherne's breast, and sobbed softly, while he was dumb with astonishment and rage.

"Don't—don't weep, my darling. I shall ransom you, and they can never refuse the sum I shall offer them," he said, at last.

"Oh, I fear—I fear them! He said that my brother should be sacrificed, and my father, too; if I did not consent willingly."

"Just wait till I can discuss the question with him," said Treherne, affecting a confidence he was far from feeling.

"But he says I am not to see you again, and am to marry him, here, as soon as your ransom arrives," sobbed Gelsominé. "He told me that we should go to Rome, and be blessed by his Holiness, and travel as much as I wish—"

Some one stirred, in the next cabin. Gelsominé started, and glided away, like a ghost. Then all was still.

Treherne slept little, that night. Towards morning, the sound of a smart fusillade, on the high-road, aroused the whole camp, and him with it. A belated train of carts had been attacked by a company of the newly-arrived Italian soldiers; and it was only after a smart skirmish that the



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guards were put to flight, and the cart-loads of plunder finally hoisted to the plateau.

The days lagged fearfully. Yet nearly every night brought Treherne a visit from the lovely Rucellai, who innocently confessed that there was only one man in the world, whom she could marry, and he an Englishman. Yet each day, she said, the preparations for the chief's marriage were going on.

"Two days more, and there will be news of my ransom," said Treherne, at last.

"And I? How shall I bear to have you leave me?"

"I shall tell them you are mine, and promise—oh, such a sum of gold for you, that they will not be able to resist," declared Treherne, and he kissed her slender fingers.

"But Gaetano is to come with the ransom, and he will kill me, if he knows—"

"I will not leave you, my queen, my darling," vehemently declared Treherne. "I shall remain to protect you until I can ransom you."

"Alas! To think that I, who love light and the warm sun, could—could learn to love you so much, that I would die if they gave me to another!" faltered the girl, naïvely.

Treherne was thrilled with this quaint confession, and could not resist touching her pure lips with his own, for the first time. Released, she fled silently, as usual, and her lover's ecstacy was rudely interrupted, by the sound of an oath, mingled with a cry of fear. He dashed out of his cabin to meet Capo Leone face to face, and see Gelsominé dei Rucellai held fast by one arm in the bandit's grasp.

In one instant he had struck a blow at the brigand, and snatched the girl away. A dozen men came running, however, at their chief's call. The chief gave an order in Sicilian.

The Italian girl heard and understood it. She broke from Treherne's arms, and flew to the brigand's feet, where she knelt. But she looked back, at the same time, and cried in her broken French to Treherne:

"Oh, be quiet—my soul! Don't stir, in the Virgin's name, or you will be shot."

Treherne, turning his head, saw the gleam of a dozen gun-barrels pointed at him. But he did not flinch.

"Have no fear," he cried. "Do not kneel to that animal. They will never forfeit the ransom."

At the magic word ransom, the guns were really lowered. But a rush was made for him, he was thrown down, bound, and flung on his mattress, while two brigands stationed themselves, on each side, to keep guard.

Long days and nights followed. He neither saw the signorina, nor heard of her. Hope began, at last, to die out. No word came of his ransom. Could it be that none would ever come? Would those dishonest men, at the offices in Palermo, leave him unransomed, hoping, by his death, to delay, or avoid exposure?

And the contessina? The beautiful creature who loved him. What was to hinder her being married to the bandit chief? Perhaps she was married already. Perhaps she had been married, the very day after they had been discovered together. He writhed in torment, and forgot his bonds, as he thought of all this, till they cut into his manacled wrists.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

# DARLING! WHY?

BY MARMADUKE CAMERON.

'Tis but a broken, withered flower;
Though rich in perfume still;
A souvenir of love's bright dreams,
That yet my pulses thrill.

You gave it then in perfect trust,
No cloud had come to mar
The bright sky of our future bliss,
Or dim hope's guiding star.

The flower is faded now, and crushed;
Its leaves are falling fast,
But, ah! its fragrance lingers still,
Like mem'ries of the past.

Your heart was truthful, and a gift
Richer than diadem;
But now, the casket broken lies,
And shattered is the gem.

Thus as I gaze on this frail flower,
Its petals falling fast,
It tells a dream of hope and love,
That was too sweet to last.

Oh, darling! Why this bitter cup?
Has Heaven decreed it thus?
Or has the iron hand of fate,
Estranged and parted us?

I cannot see why mercy's hand
Should aim such deadly darts,
Yet still, the hand that wounds, may heal
These quivering, bleeding hearts.

If God so will it, let us bow
To his behest, and pray,
That he in mercy still will lead,
Though clouds dim all our way.

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# "OUR JOHNNY."

BY S. DAYRE.

JOHNNY was our pride and pet. His mother had wished for a girl, and could never quite get over the disappointment. She dressed him, as a girl, as long as she could, tying up his hair with blue ribbons, and adorning him with the widest of blue sashes. It almost broke her heart, when, at last, she had to put him into trousers, and so confess, after all, that he was a boy.

Johnny early developed certain masculine qualities, too, which gave her great grief. He had a masterful way, from the first, as all healthy boys have. He would fly, sometimes, into a rage, if crossed, or injured. One summer afternoon, when his mother had put him to bed, for a nap, she heard a noise, and rushing into the room, found him, in his little shirt, standing over a huge jumping-jack, which he was castigating. "There, now, will you mind the next time?" he shouted, after every blow. It seems, he had woke up, and began to play with the toy, and had somehow got hurt by it; and he was now taking his revenge out of it, as boys will. My wife told me the story, with tears in her eyes. "I'm afraid he'll grow up with a temper," she said. "Oh! if he'd only been a girl, gentle and bidable." I tried what I could to re-assure her. "He'll learn to control himself, dear," I said. "A man isn't good for much, unless he is more or less masterful."

At last the time came when Johnny had to be put into jacket and trousers. It was a great event in the household. His jacket fitted his plump little figure to perfection, and was covered all over with exaggerated buttons. We regarded him admiringly. Even his mother felt, that, since the thing had to be done, it was a good thing to have it done so satisfactorily. Never, we thought, had there been such a pretty sight.

"I think we ought to begin, now, to take him to church," said Amelia. "He's old enough, and it might help to cure that quick temper of his."

Now I shrewdly suspected that my dear wife, of course unconsciously, was led to make this suggestion, quite as much by the pretty new suit, as by anything else; but I had a little of the same parental weakness, and assented to the proposition, though I thought to myself, that his mother's influence, at present, was better than even the best sermon would be.

I felt quite patriarchal, I must confess, as I ushered Johnny into my pew, on the next Sunday morning. During the opening service, he was occupied in looking about him, and he listened to the singing of the first hymn with commendable attention and evident pleasure. He sat beside me like a little preacher, with his baby thumb holding down the opposite page of my hymn-book. Amelia, seeing him so decorous, cast a triumphant glance at me.

But, during the quiet which preceded the ensuing prayer, I was petrified by the appalling distinctness of the whisper, which shrilly broke upon the religious hush.

"Fen is dey goin' to dance?"

I had taken him to a Tom Thumb matinee, within the past week; and I saw that he was now looking for the same style of entertainment here. In shame and confusion, at being obliged to whisper at such a time, I tried in few words to silence his persistent questions, every one of which seemed to cut the air like a knife.

"Fy don't dey dance?"

"Isn't dere tany 'ittle dirls and b'ys?"

"Fy not?"

"Tan't dat man dance?"

"Fy not?"

"Fy don't de folks stamp dere feet?"

"Fen will de band play more?"

His mother drew him to her end of the pew, and kept him seated for about three minutes. Then he stood on the seat, and she set him down. Then he stood on the footstool, and it tipped up with him. Then he came back to me, and climbed on the seat again, gazing quietly about him. I thought he might do worse, and let him alone, trying to address myself to the service. I was congratulating myself on the prolonged quiet, when a slight exclamation roused me.

He had had, in his pocket, unknown to his mother, some of the paper toy equipments, which small boys delight in. A pair of pasteboard spectacles were on his nose; and the exclamation had followed the fall of a pair of wool moustaches in to the seat behind. I was just in time to see them solemnly returned by Elder Graves. I turned the boy around, and set him decidedly down, spite of his undertoned clamor, to be allowed to make one more face at "Sarley Smiff," a boy he knew, whom he had spied out some distance back.



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Happily, Johnny's displeasure at the interruption was diverted by more singing, during which, however, the absence of dancing again drew disapproving comment from him.

I anticipated the forty minute sermon with horror. Johnny had become so possessed with the spirit of restlessness, that I felt myself entirely unequal to the situation. At home I was master of my young heir, but here he certainly was his own master, and, perhaps, mine, too. He had the advantage, and knew it.

Finally, Johnny made a raid on my pockets, and captured my gloves. He tried them on, then turned them inside out, finger by finger, and tried them on again; then turned them back by the same slow process. This took up time, and to gain time, I would cheerfully have sacrificed the freshness of more than one pair of gloves, although particular about such things.

Then Johnny climbed on the seat again, and I was pleased to observe that he seemed attracted by the sermon. The doctor had reached a point which called forth his most fervent eloquence, accentuated with impassioned gestures. I hung upon his glowing words, till Johnny's motions drew my attention; and I suddenly became aware that he was attracting general notice. His eyes were fixed on the reverend speaker, and he was closely imitating his every movement. His head turned from side to side, or bobbed solemnly up and down. The arms gesticulated in every direction, and the index finger was pointed upward, or impressively shaken.

The "dumb orator" was promptly suppressed, to his great indignation. He now made another attack upon my pockets, and I submitted, for I had become reduced to a state of absolute fear. I submitted, even when he insisted upon having a blade of my knife opened, despite the severe facial remonstrance of his mother.

As a natural result, a small cut soon appeared on his finger. Amelia managed to keep down the outcry, which I was sure would follow; but Johnny sobbed under his breath, and his sniffs echoed in every corner of the church. He wiped the blood with her handkerchief, and soon forgot his trouble in amusement at the small round spots it made. He made a row of them, and squeezed out all he could, but at last no more would come, and he held out his hand, motioning for me to make another cut. Upon my refusal he angrily pitched the handkerchief into the aisle. He then seized my light cane, and with its hooked top fished for it, till he exultingly raised it aloft, and dropped it into his mother's lap. I set my teeth hard, and said to myself: "Wont I serve you as you served the jumping jack, when I get you home, my lad?"

I would not assert that Dr. Long preached twelve hours that day. But nothing can ever induce me to believe that the ordeal was not prolonged in some hideously mysterious manner. But the end did come at last. The closing excitement was occasioned by Johnny's desire to unite with me in an act of benevolence. I gave him some silver to put in the plate. He kneeled on the seat, in an effort to see where his money went; and, losing his balance, fell against the plate, which went to the floor. I caught him, as he was following it, and in the midst of the fearful rattle of change, that blessed organist struck up the final doxology.

All the brightness had returned to Johnny's face by the time ho got into the sunshine, and out of undue restraint. All my irritation against him had evaporated, before we were half way home. But I could not help saying to my wife: "Church-going, my dear, doesn't improve Johnny's temper, as you see." At which, poor soul, she burst into tears.

Johnny did not go to church again, until he was about six years old. He behaved then, not quite as well as I had expected, but about as well as the average boy of his age. Meantime, however, he is learning to control his temper, as even his mother admits.

"It is your tender counsel, my dear," I tell her. "A mother does better, at first, than even church-going. Boys of three are too young for that."

# KEATS.

BY FOREST WILDE.

WRITTEN in water?" Nay, not so:
Sweet echoes tell us thy enlaureled name
Cherished in pensive souls will ever glow
With tender radiance spreading into flame.
And hearts that love thee, ah! if thou couldst know
The living years yield thee the meed of fame—
Will breathe a prayer that in eternity—
From whence a poet's needs were born to thee—
Thou art so recompensed for all life's woe,
So blest in realms from whence thy spirit came,
Thou wouldst not barter heaven for a name,
While pardoning the hand that laid thee low.

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# LEARNED AT LAST.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The door closed—he was gone. She heard his quick, firm step pass down the corridor, then pause. It was not too late; she might call him back and tell the truth, as aunt Margaret had counseled her to do, as she had believed was her intention when he entered the room. But he would give her no opportunity—she had kept telling herself that during the whole interview! She would have been obliged to blurt out her confession in plain words, and though Nannie Vane did not wish to be deceitful, she liked to soften and sugar unpleasant facts before presenting them to her friends.

Had she better run after him, tell the whole, and be done? She half-rose, then sat down again with a sensation of mingled regret and relief, for aunt Margaret's high-pitched, cheery voice was heard, as she entered, saying,

"I met Mr. Moore. He is perfectly satisfied, which is more than a good many men would have been! But now you see how right I was, in insisting on your making a clean breast of matters! There's nothing so dangerous as concealments between engaged people, though you can seldom persuade girls to believe it."

"Dear me, how you always abuse girls—you were one yourself once," returned Nannie, rather pettishly.

"Hallo!" cried aunt Margaret, walking up to the sofa, and looking sharply at her niece. "If Moore hadn't said he was satisfied, I should begin to think you hadn't told him."

"Well, I didn't," said Nannie, and burst out crying.

"Why not?" asked aunt Margaret, sharply.

"He—he didn't give me any chance," quavered Nannie.

"Courageous people make chances, in order to do right," said aunt Margaret, and her voice sounded pained rather than irate.

This show of sympathy, inconsiderable as it was, subdued Nannie. She wiped her eyes.

"I know I'm not courageous, aunt Margaret," she said, "but I want to do right—indeed, I do! But I do so hate to be scolded, and I can't bear to distrust anybody I like," Nannie said.

"And your excessive love of approbation has a great deal to do with it, also! Nannie, Nannie, an over desire for approval becomes a vice—yes, a vice! That, and what you call hating to be scolded, leads girls into more scrapes than innate wickedness ever does. As for you, you'd never get into trouble, but for those weaknesses—it is those make you—well, I hate to say, untruthful—"

"No, no, I never told a downright lie in my life, aunty!"

"Well, but you prevaricate—you tell half the truth—you keep silence about things. Child, child, if it were not for those faults, you would be as good as anybody need to be; but you could not possess two weaknesses more dangerous. If you do not overcome them, you will risk ruining your happiness—worse than that, the happiness of those who love you."

"You are very hard on me, aunt Margaret, but I suppose I deserve it," sighed Nannie.

"As for Tom Marcy himself—"

"I begged you to write and tell him I was engaged—you know I did," exclaimed Nannie.

"And I insisted on your doing it yourself," replied aunt Margaret, "but I begin to think now you were not really frank with him. Nannie, did you say, outright, you were engaged?"

"N—no! It seemed so harsh and brutal," said Nannie. "I'd written him, over and over, that it was all nonsense—and anyhow, for the last two months, there hasn't been a word in his letters about—about being in love with me."

"I wonder if you know your own mind, Nannie," exclaimed aunt Margaret. "Do you love Herbert Moore, or do you love Tom?"

"I never loved Tom—not in that way—but when he bothered me so, and behaved like a madman, what could I do?"

"You engaged yourself to him just to get rid of importunities?"

"Oh, we never were really engaged—"

"Come now, call things by their right names, for once."

"I've written him, over and over, that it was nonsense—"

"Yes, in a coquettish fashion, that meant nothing! Well, you are in a worse box than I thought. You've not only got to tell Moore the truth, but you have got yet to write to Tom."

"Oh, aunt Margaret, if you would only do that!"

"I will, on one condition, Nannie."

"Oh, I'll promise anything you like—anything. I'll tell Herbert," said Nannie, "I'd send



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for him now and get it over, only he is busy and could not come."

"I'll write a line, and tell him he must dine here, to-night," said aunt Margaret.

"Oh—but that cousin of his is coming, to-day," sighed Nannie.

"Mr. Hardy? Very well, Moore can bring him—we must make his acquaintance. Nay, not a word. You want an excuse for putting off the promise you have just made—I knew you would find one," she exclaimed, severely.

"I don't—I don't! Write to him, aunt Margaret—ask him to come," said Nannie, ready to burst into tears again: but clutching desperately at her courage. "I want to tell him, and get it over—not—not just to get it over, aunty—but I want to do right!"

"That's my good girl," said aunt Margaret, kissing her. "Now, Nannie, I'll write to Tom Marcy also, and when Herbert shows me that you have told the exact truth, I'll send the letter—I give you my word that you shall have no more trouble."

"You are very good," said Nannie, brightening up. Then, in a moment, she began to grow frightened, and asked: "Do you think Herbert will be very angry?"

"Not if you tell the exact truth. He will think you a soft-hearted little goose, but he wont mind."

Nannie Vane was as sweet and good as she was pretty, with the exception of those two faults aunt Margaret condemned so sternly. But as the girl was not yet nineteen, her relative hoped she might cure herself of them, before they did any serious harm to her character. To say no when any person begged hard for her to say yes, was dreadfully difficult to Nannie; she was not a flirt, though fond of attention; and the men would get in earnest; and twice already, only aunt Margaret's decision had saved her from engaging herself to adorers, for whom she did not care a bit.

Tom Marcy was her second cousin, and they had been baby-lovers in the ancient days, when they played as children in the wood, near the beautiful country-seat, where aunt Margaret spent long months each year. The two grew up; Tom went off to California; and neither he or Nannie remembered their childish loves, except to smile over them, till about a year previous to the time of which I am writing, when Tom came East on a visit.

He was a handsome, rattle-brained fellow of five-and-twenty, with plenty of energy and good sense, under his follies, to make one hopeful for his future: a good business man, too, though with more of a fancy for speculation than aunt Margaret approved. It was spring when he arrived, and joined his relatives at the old country place. He and Nannie were idle, and the weather lovely, and Nannie grown so pretty and bewitching, that a little love-making between the young pair seemed as natural as it does for birds to sing.

Tom Marcy was of a very inflammable composition, and decided that he was fathoms deep in love; and at first Nannie almost thought she was herself; but Tom's wanting to be engaged showed her that she had made a mistake. She tried to hint this fact; but he raved and ranted to such an extent, that she was ready to do anything in the world to comfort him; and when his visit ended, and he went back to California, he insisted on calling the terms upon which they stood, an engagement; and though Nannie said, and wrote afterwards, that it was not, she sugared over her negatives so thickly, that they sounded like so many affirmatives.

In the autumn she returned to town with aunt Margaret. The winter passed, and about Lent, destiny brought Herbert Moore across Nannie's path. He was some ten years the girl's senior: a handsome, proud, retiring man; unusually clever, and thoroughly worthy of respect. He fell in love with Nannie at once, and greatly to his own astonishment. But he did not fling himself at her head, as other men had done; and during that quiet Lenten season, Nannie learned, for the first time, what love really meant. There was no doubt now: she loved him! When she discovered the truth, she was quite shocked with herself. It seemed bold and unmaidenly to care for a man, who had only been gentle and kind.

Lent came to an end, and Herbert Moore put his love-story into words; and all Nannie's doubts and reproaches vanished. Their engagement was now nearly a month old, and the period would have been one of perfect happiness, except for the remembrance of Tom Marcy, and the necessity for writing him the whole truth.

Had she written to Tom Marcy? She said she had. But her conscience pricked her, for instead of telling of her engagement, she had only given vague hints; and if on one page she dealt a blow to Tom's hopes, it looked so cruel, set down in black and white, that, on the next, she had to make amends. This was fulfilling her promise in the letter, but breaking it in the spirit.

That afternoon, came a beautiful bouquet for Nannie, and a note for aunt Margaret—both from Herbert Moore.

"Is—is he coming?" asked Nannie, turning away her head to give a little private kiss to the

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flowers, somehow feeling as if she were doing something to deprecate Herbert's possible anger.

"Oh, yes—very glad to," replied aunt Margaret, cheerfully. "There is no secret—you can read what he says."

So Nannie read the hasty lines, and began to shiver at what lay before her, wishing she could invent some excuse to put off Herbert's coming. She even began, in a roundabout fashion, to plead with aunt Margaret to tell the story for her; but her relative received the hint with such sternness, that Nannie dared say no more. Still, in spite of being prim, the spinster was very kind, and petted and encouraged her, and Nannie did her best to keep a stout hold of her faltering courage.

She grew so restless and miserable, that, with her usual common sense, aunt Margaret decided occupation was the best thing to offer, so she brought out her account book, desired Nannie to verify several long rows of figures, and left the girl to herself.

Nannie sat alone in her room, and went through the task. So many disturbing thoughts intruded, that she had to add up the lists half-a-dozen times; and sometimes the amounts were a great deal too much, and sometimes too little; but at last they consented to settle into the same numbers as aunt Margaret had originally written.

By this time, Nannie was very tired, and her head threatened to ache, so she took a novel, and lay down on the sofa, but discovered presently that she had not read a word; was only wondering if Herbert would be angry, and assuring herself that Tom had always known she did not love him. But he might be unhappy—and oh, how silly and wicked her conduct showed—if she had only been honest and truthful. She saw clearly, for the first time, that compromises are always wrong. If she had done as she ought, long before this, Tom would have got over his fancy; and as for her own confession to Herbert Moore, why, if she had uttered it in the beginning, he might almost have regarded it as a compliment. When he told his story, she could have said frankly that now she knew what love was. She had tried to care for Tom just to please him—she loved Herbert in spite of herself. But she had not been honest; and now aunt Margaret declared that she was engaged to both men; and she had to confess to Herbert; and he was so proud, and agreed so completely with aunt Margaret about the cowardice of deception. And then Nannie began to weep bitterly, and perhaps this was the best thing she could have done; for it stilled her weary nerves; and finally she fell fast asleep, and dreamed that Tom had come, and told Herbert himself, and laughed over the affair, and they were all happy.

When she woke, it was twilight. She sprang up in great haste, thankful that it was so late. She had no time to think. She must dress—oh, perhaps her dream was a good omen—she would believe so.

She lighted the gas, and began her toilet. Aunt Margaret's maid usually came to assist thereat, but, to-night, Nannie did not want her. She arranged her beautiful auburn hair, in the fashion Herbert liked. She put on a lovely, soft, creamy, white gown, he admired, that was relieved by knots of vivid blue. She lingered over her dressing, yet all the while oppressed by a sensation of breathless hurry, and as tired as if she had walked ten miles up hill. But she would not yield to her fears, she said. She would tell the truth. As long as she lived, she would never again, have another concealment—never.

Then there came a knock at the door, and aunt Margaret entered, saying:

"Oh, you are dressed. I looked in, awhile ago, but you were so sound asleep, it seemed a pity to wake you. I knew you would have time enough."

"I was so tired after those awful accounts," said Nannie.

Aunt Margaret looked pityingly at her, but Nannie was fastening some flowers in her corsage, and did not notice; fluttered and troubled the spinster looked too, but very determined. She was dreadfully sorry for Nannie, but firm in her intention of making this lesson one the girl would never forget, and circumstances had combined to render it more terrible than poor Nannie dreamed possible.

"I've got some news for you," said aunt Margaret, almost gruffly.

"What—what? No bad news?" cried Nannie, already so nervous that she began to shake like a leaf.

"That's as you take it," said aunt Margaret.

"Oh, what is it?" demanded Nannie. The door-bell rang a loud peal. "That can't be Herbert already," she exclaimed.

"It isn't Herbert," said aunt Margaret, "it's—it's Tom Marcy."

Nannie grew white as a ghost, and dropped into a chair, staring at her aunt, with wide-open, frightened eyes. This was what Tom's silence, for the last fortnight, had meant. He had understood her last letter. He had come to insist upon his claim.

"I shall die," groaned Nannie. "I shall die."

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"Child," said aunt Margaret, "death does not come so readily. When we do wrong, we have to live and face the consequences—thankful to God when it is not too late to atone."

"Send him away," cried Nannie, "Send him away."

"Do you think he would go, at my bidding?" returned aunt Margaret.

"Tell him—tell him—"

"Do you think he would accept my telling?" interrupted aunt Margaret.

"Oh, help me, help me," pleaded Nannie, past tears, past any convenient feminine weakness, which might have given her temporary aid. "Aunt Margaret, for pity's sake, help me."

"Nobody can help you—you must help yourself," came the answer, and though aunt Margaret's features trembled and worked, there was no relenting in her voice.

"What can I do—what can I do?" moaned Nannie.

"Tell the truth."

"Oh, aunt, have a little mercy—"

"Child, you have put it out of my power to help you, however much I might wish. No human being can aid you."

"What shall I say—"

"The truth, the truth."

"Aunt, aunt, go and tell him."

But deaf to the pleading voice, aunt Margaret went on.

"Tell the whole truth—just how your weakness prevented your doing so in season—say that if you must give him great pain, it is not because you were deliberately wicked, only weak. He may tell you that to spare him at first—to try gradually to soften the blow, was cruelty—but be honest at last—be honest, whatever comes to him or to you."

Nannie sank back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands. Aunt Margaret took that opportunity to wipe her eyes, in which the tears had gathered; but stood firm and unyielding as ever. Presently, Nannie lifted her head, and said, slowly:

"You are right, aunt Margaret, I deserve it all. No, I haven't been deliberately wicked; but I have been a weak, miserable coward, and that is more contemptible."

"Even a courageous person may have cowardly moments," replied aunt Margaret. "At least, remember you had already determined to be brave."

"Yes—I was going to tell Herbert—I should not have faltered—I know I should not."

"So do I. Let that be a little comfort. You won't have to feel that you speak now, simply because circumstances force you to. Go and get it over. It won't be so hard as you think. Things are always worse in anticipation. Every second's hesitation is only a useless, voluntary misery. Go, child, go."

Nannie turned, without a word, and flew down stairs. Aunt Margaret stood, lost in meditation. She wiped away a few more tears; but she looked relieved and satisfied through it all.

Fast as Nannie went, it seemed to her a long, long time, before she reached the drawing-room. But there was no faltering in her mind, no desire to turn back. She wanted to tell the truth, the exact truth, the whole truth. Whatever came, she must relieve her soul of the burthen, which weighed upon it.

She opened the door, and saw Tom Marcy standing in the centre of the apartment. He hurried forward, seized both her hands, and kissed her cheek, crying gaily:

"Taken you by surprise, eh? Good gracious, Nannie, you are prettier than ever. Are you glad to see me? Say you are glad."

"Yes, yes. Of course I am glad," she answered, breathlessly. "Only it is so sudden. Why didn't you let us know you were coming?"

"Started off, at a moment's notice. Had some important business," said Tom, in his headlong fashion. "There was no time to write. I did think of telegraphing, on the road; but I remembered a telegram always frightens aunt Margaret half to death; so I concluded to appear, without warning. I thought you'd be glad to see me. You *are* glad?"

"Yes, yes," was all Nannie could say. She wondered that Tom did not notice how strangely she behaved. She wished he would, and demand an explanation. But no, he seemed utterly blind to her agitation, though he was regarding her with so much affection and tenderness, that his glance, sent a sharper pang of anguish to her heart.

He continued talking, eagerly, all the while.

"I knew my last letter would, somewhat, prepare you to expect me, before long. What did you think of it, Nannie dear? Rather stole a march on you, eh? Well, well, let's talk it all over, comfortably."

"I don't know what you mean," cried Nannie, shivering and shrinking away from his gay laugh. "I haven't had a letter, lately. You didn't answer mine."

"Bless me, yes I did. Why, didn't you get it? Aunt Margaret didn't tell me. You were asleep, when I came, first. She sent me back to dress and come to dine—"

"Oh, Tom, Tom, I want to tell you something," broke in Nannie.

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"Of course you do," returned he, putting his arm about her waist, and so effectually striking her dumb, for an instant. She tried to shrink out of his embrace; but he did not observe it. "Lots of things, and I you. Oh, you darling, little chick. How nice it is to see you again. By Jove, I'm as happy as an emperor!"

"Tom—wait—listen to me. You know what I wrote—you—"

Before she could add another word, the street bell rang again, a thundering peal—Herbert Moore's ring. Nannie fairly shrieked. She thought she must faint or die outright. She caught Tom's arm, pleading in a hoarse whisper.

"Come into the next room—quick—I must tell you before you see him—I—"

But the servant had opened the drawing-room door; and aunt Margaret was saying:

"I don't need any introduction to your cousin, Herbert. You have talked so much about him, that I feel that I know him already. Very glad to see you, Mr. Hardy. This is a day of cousins. Nannie has one arrived also."

Then Nannie saw the three enter. She knew that Herbert addressed her; that aunt Margaret presented Mr. Hardy to her and Tom; she saw Herbert and Tom speak, as if they had lately met; she felt aunt Margaret's kindly, protecting touch on her arm; she knew that she herself spoke; but what she said, or what anybody else said, was perfectly unintelligible.

There was only one thought, clear in her mind; she had had no time to tell the truth; and now it was too late. Any instant, betrayal might overtake her. Aunt Margaret, seeing Tom so calm and self-possessed, might think she had told. Mr. Hardy might feel it his duty to say something about his pleasure in meeting his future relative; and then Tom would burst out, and demand what it all meant? Oh, then, perhaps the two men would quarrel, before her face, each claiming her. No, Herbert would throw her off; he would turn on his heel, and leave her to her misery and remorse; and Tom would hate her too—oh, she should die—no, she should go mad.

Some wild idea of rushing out of the room, and hiding herself, crossed her mind; but it was impossible. Her dazed brain could invent no excuse. She must wait. The exposure would come, in a moment or two—and then, then.

She found herself seated on a sofa, and Mr. Hardy beside her. How she got there, she did not know. Aunt Margaret sat near the fire; Tom was bending over her chair; Moore was leaning his arm on the mantel, joining in their conversation, though his eyes were fixed on her, lovingly. And they were all talking and laughing, Mr. Hardy's monotonous voice buzzing in her ear. She heard herself say yes and not mechanically, but what she meant, she had not the least idea. Oh, it seemed a whole year, that this intolerable scene had gone on. She could not endure it—she could not! Better hasten the catastrophe. She longed to rise and shriek the truth in their ears. But she could not. She could not stir.

At last, the dining-room door opened. Dinner was announced, and aunt Margaret rose, saying:

"Mr. Hardy, I shall resign you to my niece I must take care of these two bad boys, else they will get into mischief."

In a moment more, they were at table. Mr. Hardy was talking—oh, those slow, sententious tones—how they irritated her—and he wore a wig, and it did not fit well—and Tom and Herbert were smiling at her—she wondered nobody noticed how she looked! She thought she must be pale as death; have turned withered and gray and old; but the truth was, her eyes were blazing with excitement: her cheeks were scarlet: she looked so much handsomer than usual even, that the three who knew her best, were thinking they had never fully appreciated her beauty.

And now it seemed as if they had been at least two years at table. It seemed as if they should sit there forever. Forever, unless, indeed, some careless word betrayed her secret, and set Tom and Herbert by the ears, or else caused them both to turn upon her with anger and contempt. Her bewilderment increased. Nothing was tangible but her misery! Everybody talking—laughing—she, too; Tom telling an amusing anecdote of his journey; she herself relating some absurd thing; all eyes upon her: the lights dancing before her eyes!

Then suddenly all this agitation died, and left her icy cold and despairing. The climax was coming. Aunt Margaret was bringing it on. Nannie heard her say:

"Now, the servants are gone, I shall give a toast. We are quite *en famille* If it is necessary to blush, Mr. Hardy and I will do it, and save you young folks the trouble."

"Remember how modest I am, aunt," Tom interposed. Herbert smiles at her, Nannie, across the table.

It was coming. Let it! She was past caring now. The world had come to an end—she had lost everything!

"But I shall have to give two toasts, else you'll be obliged to drink your own healths,"

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said aunt Margaret, "you modest young people! You, Tom Marcy, stop looking so ridiculously happy!"

"I wont!" said Tom.

"And that Herbert Moore is just as bad," cried aunty.

"I'm worse, and I mean to be," cried Herbert.

"These impertinent creatures wont let you speak, Miss Anson," added Mr. Hardy. "Now your first toast."

"Well, here is long life and happiness to Tom Marcy and his California Kitty, and—"

But just then, poor Nannie's head sank on Mr. Hardy's shoulder, and with one low gasp for breath, she fainted completely away.

When she came to her senses, she was lying on a sofa, in the little study, back of the dining-room; and Herbert's arms were about her; and aunt Margaret was holding a bottle of hartshorn to her nose.

She started up, and pushed them both away. But Herbert held her fast, saying:

"Lie still, darling. Don't try to get up yet! It was the heat, I suppose. The room was too warm. How you frightened us. But you are all right now. Drink some of this water!"

"Aunt, aunt," moaned Nannie, "tell him—tell him—all!"

"Why, you wicked mouse," laughed Herbert. "Do you want me to think you object to Tom's marrying his Kitty? He hadn't time to tell you the story. He saved her life—and it was all as romantic as possible."

But Nannie was past understanding.

"I meant to speak the truth," she cried, "and now it is too late!"

"I told him," said aunt Margaret, softly. Then she went out of the room.

"Are—are you angry, Herbert?" shivered Nannie.

But he was not. In fact, he thought aunt Margaret had been rather too hard upon Nannie. She might have put the girl out of her misery, by revealing the fact that Tom knew she never really loved him, and that, meantime, he had found consolation, in the affection of a girl more appreciative.

Aunt Margaret's surgery was well meant, but had been too severe. But Nannie had no mind to blame her aunt, and she put her whole soul into the promise, exchanged between her and Herbert before they went back to the others, never to allow any half-truths to cast a shadow between them again.

"Never, never, at any cost," said Herbert.

"Never," repeated Nannie. "Oh, I've learned, at last, it isn't the telling that costs—it is the keeping back."

# LOVE AND DUTY.

BY E. J. WHEELER.

One dewy morn, when flowers were fair,
And odors sweet perfumed the air,
And bees went humming here and there
  Amid the clover bloom,
Fair Love and Duty, strong and true,
Together passed the wildwood through.
The rustling trees their branches drew
  Aside to give them room.

With golden locks and azure eyes,
Love laughed aloud in glad surprise
At flowers and birds and butterflies
  And purling waterfalls.
While Duty, resolute and stern,
Pressed straight ahead nor cared to turn
His glance to right or left to learn
  What caused Love's eager calls.

Love, loitering, oft turned aside
To seek the flowers where they hide,
But still with ready tones replied
  When Duty's call pursued.
And when the way grew dark and wild
He clung as close as any child
And with his sunny smiles beguiled
  His comrade's sterner mood.

And thus they journeyed, so they say,
Till one fair morn Love went astray
In listening to a wood-nymph's lay,
  And Duty called in vain.
Enraptured by the witching maid
He followed her afar, nor paid
Regard to time, until the shade
  Of eve wrapped wood and plain.

Then overcome by sudden fright
His cries of terror pierced the night,
And in the dawn of morning light
  They found his lifeless form.
Ah, well-a-day! With sob and tear
They buried Love, and o'er the bier
The woodland nymphs still weep to hear
  The moaning of the storm.

And Duty? Ah, with heavy soul
He pressed ahead and reached the goal,
But found success could not console
  The grief which Love's loss gave.
And oftentimes they tell of how,
With visage harsh and gloomy brow,
His lonely form is seen e'en now
  At times around the grave.

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# THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 314.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE young Englishman stood with the pitcher of flip in both hands, quite at a loss what to do with it, when Miss Octavia Farnsworth entered the old parlor, with a jaunty fur cap on her head, and one hand buried in a small sable muff, which was snuggled up to her bosom like a live kitten. Her face was all in a glow from the frosty air, and her slim figure contrasted gracefully against the more stately form of Mrs. Farnsworth, who had halted on the threshold, breathless with amazement, which was just merging into indignation, when Olivia said,

"Indeed, this is a happy surprise. Mamma, you will be delighted to welcome Lord Oram and Count Var."

The frown that had gathered on the brow of my lady was instantly swept away by a smile so cordial and radiant, that it seemed to drive ten years out of her life. She came forward grandly, holding out her gloved hand, which fell in dismay when she saw how impossible it was for the English lord to accept her welcome in the offered fashion.

"Excuse me, I beg," said the young man, far more awkwardly than an American student would have done, and he turned toward Nathan, with a look of appeal, to which that individual did not respond, so he sat the pitcher carefully down upon the hearth, where it foamed gently over while he performed a tardy bow to the young lady. The count was, that moment, bending over the hand of Mrs. Farnsworth, which was raised almost to his lips, apparently unobservant of the lightning flash shot at Nathan Drum, which would have made any other man sink into the earth.

"Ah, madame," he said, in those soft, foreign accents that have charmed so many women out of their thousands, "I am so pleased to offer this homage—everything here is so charming. Your snow, your fierce winds that cut across the face like a stiletto—and still more, the sleigh riding that reminds one of St. Petersburgh. Pray accept my assurance that we find it delightful."

The hot color was still in madame's cheek, as she said, with a deprecating smile:

"You have been received with what must seem strange hospitality. This is an old retainer, who would think it rude not to offer the New England drinking-cup to any visitor on a cold day like this." Then drawing a step nearer to Nathan, who still kept his ground, well pleased with the situation, she whispered in a low hissing voice, casting a side glance at the pitcher,

"Take that thing away!"

"But they haint had a drink yit," protested Nathan, in a shrill whisper that was more penetrating than words.

Mrs. Farnsworth's foot trembled in its French boot, and she almost stamped it on the floor.

"Do as I tell you," she said, maintaining a cautious whisper, though it grew sharp as the hiss of a reptile.

"Jest so," answered Nathan, and drawing two red hands from his pockets, he lifted the pitcher between them, and holding it well out before him, bore it from the room, sprinkling the floor with ruddy foam as he went, and leaving the door wide open.

Once in the hall, he lifted that obnoxious vessel to his lips, and, while Lord Oram and the disgusted Octavia looked on, took a deep draught of the flip, drew a long breath of satisfaction, and passed on toward the kitchen.

"The national drink must be a delightful beverage," said his lordship, smiling into the young lady's flushed face, after following Nathan, rather regretfully, with his eyes.

"I—I don't know—I never heard of it before," answered the young lady, ready to cry with vexation.

"His family were old retainers on the estate, and it would be cruel to send what is left of them off; so we keep one or two, in spite of their eccentricities," observed the lady mother. "The poor fellow has never been off the place, and his officiousness is sometimes absurd; but he's a kind-hearted creature, and devoted to us."

"I should like to have a fellow like that about me, you know," answered his lordship, "something original and out of the way, that makes one remember that he's not at home. I was quite getting acquainted with him when you came in."



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"And thinking that we were barbarians to keep such a servant, I feel quite sure," said Octavia, with a reproachful glance at her mother.

"On the contrary," said the lady, "I feel confident that his lordship can appreciate the feeling that forbids me to send anyone from the estate that was born upon it. Noblesse oblige. Remember that, my daughter."

"I only remember that he is an odious creature."

"And so we will forget him," observed my lady, sweetly; and she turned toward the count, whose look of admiring homage, quickly drove all the disasters of the morning from her mind.

Lord Oram, too, in a more frank fashion, soon succeeded in tranquilizing the wounded pride of Miss Octavia, and when the two gentlemen took leave, it was with an understanding that their visit should be often renewed, and that some weeks might elapse before they left a part of the country now so full of interest.

## CHAPTER XV.

As time went on, David Hastings grew slowly better. The gentle nursing of his daughter, and the tender pity with which he was regarded by the congregation that had neglected him so long, were like the soothing effect of a mild atmosphere upon him.

For a time, the congregation almost adored this man, who had ministered to them so long and faithfully, and during his sickness, every member who worshiped at the red school-house, was busy in preparation for a grand donation party, that was to shed cheerfulness and plenty over the minister's diminished store, and wipe out the reproach that had fallen upon the society.

Thus old-fashioned spinning wheels were brought out, and kept in motion; for without hanks of yarn, a donation party would lose its best traditions. Old women flashed their knitting-needles in and out of fast-growing socks and mittens. Small pigs were shut up in their pens, fattened by double rations of meal and skim-milk. Chickens were pampered into plumpness, by an unlimited feed of corn, and hen's eggs were stored away with great care, because their scarcity in winter made them a luxury worthy of great occasions; and to these primitive people, a donation party that included the whole society was a matter of wonderful importance.

Mrs. Farnsworth heard of these preparations with scornful indifference. No one had asked her aid to lift these low and common efforts into the dignity of a great charity. That little Methodist community, humble as it was, had kept aloof from her patronage, and seemed determined to carry on their work of atonement, without help or favor from the great house.

That her countenance had not once been invoked, or her money solicited, was a cause of offence, that would have held my lady silent on the matter; but news of the donation party got abroad, and somehow reached the ears of Lord Oram and Count Var, who had renewed their visit to the Wheeler Mansion more than once, since Miss Octavia became an inmate there.

In their way from the country town, these gentlemen were sure to go through Wheeler's Hollow, whenever they visited the old mansion, for once, standing at a window in the minister's house, they had seen a vision of female beauty, so fair, so delicately lovely, and out of keeping with the ruinous surroundings, that both had absolutely been startled into exclamations of wonder. They had also seen a tall, slender man, walking to and fro along the beaten road, when the sunshine lay upon it, with feeble step.

"I say, Var. There is something in that face that reminds me of our feature by the window," said the English lord, turning his eyes on the grave, thin features of the minister, as he stepped aside, that their sleigh might pass. "Shouldn't wonder if he were her father, you know."

Var looked back, and examined the minister keenly. There was something more than curiosity in his glance; but he made no reply to his companion's remarks; but touched the horse he was driving so sharply, that a jingling of the bells followed, and Mr. Hastings was soon left out of sight.

"I wonder if the girl lives in that old house, or if the man really is anything to her," said Oram, still following the idea that had so suddenly possessed him. "I say, Var, would you have thought that anything so stunningly lovely could be found among these ragged pines. I would give a cool thousand to have a fair look at her, by Jove!"

Count Var drew his horse up with a vigorous jerk, for there, walking slowly through the pine woods, was a young girl, clad in deep black; but with a network of soft, white worsted gathered like a cloud, over the bright disorder of her golden hair.

A sudden curve in the road had brought these three persons face to face, and, for a moment, the girl stood still, frightened and motionless, while a hot color came into the Englishman's face. Count Var, still reining in his horse, bent forward, and with that soft and caressing address, which fair women had never resisted, asked if the young lady would kindly tell him, if he was on

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the direct road to the residence of Madame Farnsworth.

"The house is perhaps half a mile up the road," was the quiet answer. "You have but to drive straight forward." And with a slight bend of the head, Lucy Hastings passed on, while the count lifted his hat, and took to the road again.

"By Jove, Var, you are a cool hand," said Lord Oram, still flushed with embarrassment from the suddenness of this meeting.

Var smiled, and touched his horse lightly.

"I have heard her voice, and looked into her eyes. That is something you will admit."

"Yes; but upon my soul I could not have done it."

"Ah! that is the hot English blood. Men of your nation have not the capacity of repose—you falter, you blush. That is a disadvantage."

"Falter and blush. Why, Var, I don't believe you ever did such things in your life."

"Perhaps. I can hardly remember," was the quiet reply. "But here we are. It would be as well not to mention our little adventure. The fair Octavia might not be pleased."

The two men walked into the yard between those prim old poplar trees, and were soon admitted into the boudoir, or Bower chamber as her mother called it. There, seated on a spindle-legged sofa, they found Mrs. Farnsworth with a ponderous embroidery frame before her, in which the great family tree, taken down from its place in the front entrance, and placed against the opposite wall, was being copied in glowing silk and worsted, with dashes of gold here and there rippling through its leaves, as if representing some vein of wealth underlaying all that pride of ancestry.

A quantity of gorgeously tinted silks and worsted was heaped by her side on the sofa, and with one foot advanced on the base of the frame, she was poised like some noble chatelaine of olden times recording the deeds of an illustrious race.

After paying his respects, Count Var seated himself by the lady with a certain degree of familiarity in his homage, that bespoke a progress of intimacy hardly warranted by the brief acquaintance commenced that other morning in the parlor below stairs. Mrs. Farnsworth left her needle in a leaf of the tree, which she was embellishing, and pushed the frame aside, but in a direction that left it directly under the observation of her guest, who gently drew it toward him, and fell to a close examination of all its leaves and branches. To a man well acquainted with the heraldry of nations, this gorgeous mass of ancestral foliage betrayed many breaks and complications that nothing but a vivid and reckless imagination could have filled in—dates were constantly conflicting, and names so evidently mythical, sometimes appeared so bunglingly tangled up with the record of real personages, that the count felt a smile creeping over his mouth as he examined them.

Mrs. Farnsworth watched that handsome face with a look of well-pleased interest. The deep solicitude with which he examined her embroidery, either as a work of art, or from some more flattering motive, was intensely gratifying. She did not, perhaps, observe that he had seized upon one name half-hidden among the gorgeous foliage on one of the branches, and was tracing it without much regard to the rest, upward to a point where the descendants of this man had landed in America. Somewhere nearer to the trunk a title had been lost sight of, and having traced the first American Wheeler up to the topmost branches, where it only left a female name half-buried among the twigs, he turned back to the lost title, and studied that with even greater solicitude.

"You will find," said the lady, flushing with pride when she saw one of his long, slender fingers—which was circled by a priceless intaglio—pressing upon this one proud point of the family history. "You will see that our family has not been badly represented in the nobility of England. If the title has died out, the blue blood still remains to us."

Count Var smiled, bent his head; but directly turned his eyes upon the embroidery, in a thoughtful, searching way. He was well acquainted with Burke's Peerage, had swiftly compared dates in his mind, tracing upward from this name to a point that certainly did not end in that of Mrs. Cornelia Farnsworth, though a less expert searcher might hardly have discovered the beautiful enlargements of embroidery that concealed this one important fact.

"Yes," observed the count, turning his eyes from the warm glow of colors into the rather anxious face of his hostess. "It is a grand old family that you represent. This James Wheeler, Lord of Ainsworth, had ancestors that were powerful, when the barons of England were king-makers."

"You have seen his portrait down in the entrance hall," said Mrs. Farnsworth, "done by the great Spanish painter, Valesquis. It has the reputation of being a capital likeness."

The count had no objection to a falsehood, when occasion seemed to demand it; but to join in one that cast ridicule on his own intelligence, wounded his taste; and knowing that Valesquez died half a century before this James Wheeler

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became Lord of Ainsworth, he only bowed and smiled like a man convinced.

Just then, Miss Octavia came into the boudoir, clad in white, from head to feet, with scarlet ribbons knotted in her hair, and on her bosom. A handsome girl, with dark eyes and quantities of dusky hair, that always seemed to have just come out of the wind. Lord Oram, who had been looking blankly out of the window, while his friend was busy at the embroidery frame, came forward now, flushed and cordial. He was grateful to his friend for all this apparent devotion to the widow, and fully believed that it was a sacrifice to himself, still he did not quite understand the interest so lavishly thrown into his intercourse with the lady.

Octavia, too, remarked the conscious looks of her mother; but only gave her head a careless toss, and passed to receive the person she was most interested in.

"What are you all doing? I do wish mamma would take to something more cheerful; for my part, I hate antiquities and heirlooms, unless they come in the form of hard cash," she said.

Lord Oram blushed crimson, as if some accusation had been conveyed against him in this reckless speech; but the serene calm of Count Var was undisturbed.

"By the way, mamma," said the young lady, occupied with a new idea. "Great doings are going on down in Wheeler Hollow. All the people in the neighborhood are getting up a queer kind of entertainment, which is to be a sort of gift party for that poor clergyman you talk about so much. I suppose we must be represented. It will never do to set up for my Lady Bountiful, and permit this opportunity to pass. How much is it to be this time?"

"My dear Octavia. You speak of something our guests will fail to understand," said Mrs. Farnsworth. "They have no idea of the strange habits that grow up in these rural districts."

"But these are the very things we are most anxious to see," said Lord Oram. "One gets so little idea of the interior life of a country, without mingling with its people, you know."

"There, mamma, I told you that there would be lots of amusement in this Hastings' donation party. I am dying to see it, my lord; and you, count, will be delighted. I invite you to go. The minister, who is to be inundated with good things, is a relative of ours, you must understand."

"A relative, and his name is Hastings," said Count Var, very quietly; but with a certain intonation of surprise in his voice.

"Not in himself," broke in Mrs. Farnsworth, hurriedly. "His wife, who lately died, was a Wheeler—very remote from the main branch—but still a Wheeler, and as such, of course, I recognize her and her daughter."

"She has left a daughter then," said Var, in his soft, low voice.

"I should think she had," cried Octavia. "One hears of nothing else from morning until night. A clumsy, awkward country girl, I dare say; but mamma talks of bringing her into this very house, not as a servant even."

"Have I not said that Lucy Hastings is a Wheeler?" retorted my lady, severely. "How then could she prove clumsy, or awkward? I assure you, count, she is quite worthy of the blue blood in her veins. That is sure to speak out, wherever it is found."

The count smiled in graceful acquiescence, and observed, with languid interest:

"You call her name Hastings, I think."

"Yes; her mother was born and brought up in the old mansion here."

"What was her name? I think you mentioned it a rather singular one."

"Not in this neighborhood, I fancy," answered my lady. "They are given to old-fashioned names here. Hers was Eunice."

"Ah! and she was born in this fine old mansion—died here, perhaps?"

"No. Having married a penniless clergyman, of course she died in his house, a mile or two down the road."

"A storm-beaten, brown house, with a huge tree bending over the roof, shutterless windows, and—"

"Certainly. You have seen the crazy old shantie," said Octavia. "That is where the donation party will be given. The poor minister knows nothing about it, I am told, and will be taken by surprise. I am dying to witness it all. Mamma's *protégé* will be queen of the feast. I suppose, then, one could get a good look at her, my lord. Oh, count, isn't it cruel for mamma to refuse me this chance of an introduction to my relative?"

"But she will not refuse," said the count, turning a look of soft entreaty on Mrs. Farnsworth. "If I might be permitted to request—"

Here the adroit man broke off, still pleading with a glance from his half-closed eyes.

"You think it my duty then?"

"In our country," said Lord Oram, with sudden animation, "the head of an estate thinks nothing of dancing with his tenants on a *fête* day. Nothing can be more jolly."

"Let me persuade you," whispered the count, leaning gently forward. "I may presume but—"

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"You could not presume," said the lady, with downcast eyelids.

"I hope you will always be able to acquit my presumption so easily."

All this was said in a low voice; but Octavia, who had a keen ear, heard it, and a smile quivered around her mouth.

"Well, has mamma decided?" she said, with a light sneer in her laugh.

Mrs. Farnsworth arose with gentle dignity.

"My dear, no urging is necessary, when your mother is once certain of her duty. I have all along intended to indulge you in this. We will be present at this gathering, if my lord and the count will consent to join us."

"Consent," cried Oram. "I for one shall be delighted."

"And I," added the count, bending to kiss my lady's hand, which was delicately white, and sparkled with diamonds, "shall always remember that it was to my request you yielded." With this he looked at Oram, and the two rose to leave.

Nathan Drum stood by the gate holding their horse, as they left the mansion.

Oram attempted to thrust a piece of money upon Nathan, as he took the reins. But much to his astonishment, that individual was wholly oblivious of the coin, which fell to the earth, leaving a round hole in the snow. Nathan stooped and fished it out.

"Seems ter me as if you'd dropped something," he said, extending the coin out between his thumb and finger.

"But, my man, it is for you," said the young noble, astonished—as any Englishman might well have been—by this return of money.

"What for? I haint sold you nothing as I know of," said Nathan, with a half-puzzled, half-defiant look.

"But you have held the horse, my good fellow," was the equally puzzled reply.

"Well, what on it? What has that got to do with your money?"

"Upon my word, you are a very remarkable servant, not to understand that!"

"Servant!" repeated Nathan, tossing the money into the road, and clenching his empty hand. "Look a here, you sir. We don't keep that kind of cattle on the old humsted, except when they are sent here from Bosting, or York State. Hired men of my stamp, earn their money afore they take it, as a gineral thing, you can reckon on that."

Lord Oram laughed, with good-natured enjoyment of the countryman's anger, which he took a little pleasure in prolonging.

"But you have earned this little gratuity, my good fellow."

"Don't know about the gertuerties, never having traded in them things; but if you don't want ter see a feller about my size wrathy all over, you'd jist git inter that cutter and drive off, without riling him clear through. I took a sort of a notion to you from the fust, and don't want ter change my mind."

Lord Oram took this advice, leaped into the cutter, and drove off with a laugh in his blue eyes.

In the hall, Nathan met one of the new footmen sent down from Boston, and accosted him, with a backward jerk of the hand.

"If you've a mind ter dive yer hand inter the snow, jist outside the gate, you'll find some money them visitors left for you," he said, with a gleam of contempt in his eyes.

The man hurried down the walk, searched awhile in the snow, and came back again the richer by a half-eagle gold piece.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Jerusha Doolittle was a woman of resources and great energy. When she undertook an enterprise of any kind, it was sure to become a success; for she had the great talent of bringing forth the latent energies of others, and by her own strength of purpose, invigorated theirs. From the first, she had been the heart and soul of this contemplated donation party, and for once, her hard, common sense was exalted into romance by a dash of the imagination. Donation parties, she said, had become common in all the churches, and she was not willing that their society should always tread in the footsteps of other denominations. For her part, she felt it both a duty and a privilege to come out and be separate, even in their Christian charities. Therefore, if the sisters could be brought to agree with her, she would recommend that something a little bright and cheerful should enliven the donation of gifts into a little festival. The minister might object to this. Indeed, it was doubtful if he would consent to a reception at his house, while the shadows of a funeral hung about it; but all they intended was for his own good, and a little deception would be no sin, if practiced under a benevolent sense of duty. Her idea was to make the donation a surprise party also.

Some of the sisters, who had gathered in consultation, started a little under the shock of this proposed innovation; but the younger members were kindled to enthusiasm by it, and Mrs. Doolittle carried her point almost by acclamation.

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"In the first place," she said, addressing the little assembly gathered around her own tea-table, all heads of committees ready to report progress. "We must fix up the old house, and make it a credit to the society. No end of carpet-rags, all cut and rolled into balls, have been sent in, and Hannah Smith has got a web half through the loom, striped crosswise, beautifully, with red, blue, black, and ever so many colors, that will light up the old house like a bank of spring flowers. Some of the young members are going into the pine woods to hunt for evergreens, and the probation class must make up lots of paper roses, and string lady apples amongst the green. We must all have an extra dip of candles to light things up with, and I want the singing class to practice something sacred but patriotic, with considerable jubilation in it."

While Mrs. Doolittle was sitting like a queen at the head of her table, suggesting the arrangements already settled in her own mind, a loud knock was heard at the door, and when she called out "Come in," a dapper little fellow in livery entered, and taking off his hat, which was ornamented by a cockade of unusual loftiness, presented a sealed letter to that rather antonished matron.

Mrs. Doolittle examined the handwriting, and a crest of red and gold on the seal, with great curiosity, before she opened the letter, from which a bank note dropped into her capacious lap. This she gathered up with the fingers of one hand, while she proceeded to inform herself of the meaning those spider-like pin strokes conveyed. This was not easily done, and it seemed a long time to the expectant group of ladies around her, before that extraordinary missive was expounded.

At last, she laid the letter in her lap, rinsed a tea-cup and saucer in the slop-bowl, and lifting the Britannia tea-pot, politely asked the messenger to sit by, and if he took sugar and cream in his tea.

The man hesitated, flushed a little about the eyes, and declined the offered hospitality with a low bow, saying that he was directed to return immediately, with a reply to the letter.

This politeness rather stimulated Mrs. Doolittle to emulation. Reaching forth her hand, she lifted a plate, still cumbered with the ruins of a huge cake, and held it toward him.

"Anyway, you can jist help yourself to a bite of pound cake," she said, beaming with hospitality. "There'll be more than time enough to eat it, and there's plenty more where that come from."

The cake was light and golden, so thus graciously tempted, Mrs. Farnsworth's footman helped himself to a wedge, smiling half in contempt, half with pleasure, as he filled his mouth with its sweetness.

Then Mrs. Doolittle gave a signal, and all the female guests followed her from the room, and once safe in the kitchen, gathered eagerly around her.

"This letter and this bank bill," said the matron, holding up both these objects in her hand, "are from that scar—I mean the new lady up at the old Wheeler House. She wants to come to our festival, and has sent this twenty dollar bill."

"Twenty dollars!"

"Yes, sisters, twenty dollars, new and crisp, right from a Boston bank, and a letter that melts like butter in your mouth. See here—a sort of a gold riband, and a deer's head. Then, Mrs. Lucian Doolittle, President of the Ministerial Donation Party. Shall I read it out loud?"

"Oh, yes, read it, read it," answered a chorus of voices.

Mrs. Doolittle read with some gesticulation, and much emphasis:

"Mrs. Farnsworth presents her compliments and best regards to Mrs. Doolittle, and begs her to accept the enclosed trifle, in aid of her generous efforts in behalf of that stricken saint, minister Hastings. With Mrs. Doolittle's permission, Mrs. Farnsworth will have the pleasure of presenting two distinguished gentlemen, Count Var and Lord Oram, to her and her associates on that occasion, which she trusts will prove in all respects a success."

"There isn't any name at the bottom," said the matron, somewhat puzzled by that fact, "but it's writ out in full, up here amongst the writing."

"Just as large as life," said Mrs. Patterson, standing on tip-toe, while she got a glimpse at the writing. "How crinkled and spidery the stuck-up cretur writes."

"Stuck-up cretur," rejoined Mrs. Doolittle, severely. "It seems ter me that nothing can be politer expressed. Calling names aint Christian-like, Mrs. Patterson."

"I didn't call her names—scarlet woman, or anything of that sort," retorted the little woman, demurely, but with a swift flash of temper in her black eyes.

"Who ever did, I should like to know? This is the very first time that I ever heard that orful name on a Christian sister's tongue. That's an unruly member with you. Curb it conscientiously, sister, or it may lead to discipline. I say nothing. I hope the sisters will be charitably

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silent, and that it may never reach the ear of Mrs. Farnsworth, that her letter and her money was met with anything so ungrateful."

Mrs. Patterson's face reddened.

"We must send some answer. Don't you think so, sister?" said Mrs. Doolittle, satisfied with her triumph over the little woman. "Mrs. F. will reckon on that!"

"If the school-mistress had come with us," said Mrs. Dean, apologetically.

"Or if my boy, Jake, was only here," rejoined Mrs. Down, rather proudly. "His hand-writing is something like."

By this time Mrs. Doolittle had regained her self-reliance.

"I will see about this myself," she said. "Of course our new neighbor expects to hear from me. Jist go into the other room, sisters, while I write the letter."

There was a general departure from the room, and then the good woman brought forth from a cupboard an inkstand, and a quill pen, stained with dry ink, and a half-sheet of foolscap paper, which she doubled into a rather clumsy semblance of the satin note paper, on which Mrs. Farnsworth's missive had been written.

Having arranged these things on the table, she drew a Boston rocking-chair close to it, seated herself on the patchwork cushion of blue and red cloth, and fell into a state of profound deliberation, with the pen in her fingers.

At last she aroused herself, thrust her pen into the inkstand, and took it out, dry as it went in.

She started, exclaiming: "Plague on Doolittle, he never does have a drop of ink in the stand. Heaven forgive me for saying it, and he a class-leader."

Then she poured a teaspoonful of water into the stand, shook it up vigorously, and went to work in earnest, with her elbows squared on the table, and her comely mouth firmly set, as it had been, years before, when she was first learning to write in the district school at Wheeler's Hollow. In this fashion her task was accomplished.

Mrs. Lucian Doolittle, President of the Donation Association, sends the best of good wishes to Mrs. C. Farnsworth; also to the lord es who wants to partake of our festival, and share in our good intentions. As a gineral thing, the society is close communion in its good works, keeping one hand ignorant of what the other is a-doing, and had rather not invite strange denominations into the interior of their domestic sanctuaries; but hoping that both you and the lord are open to convertion, and in regard to the twenty dollar bill so generously donated, we hereby invite Mrs. C. Farnsworth, her lord and count, to the Surprise and Donation Party, which, weather permitting, will take place at the minister's residence, down in Wheeler's Holler, next Thursday, about candle light.

JERUSHA DOOLITTLE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE SILENT LAND.

BY JAMES THOMSON.

WAKING one morning,
In a pleasant land,
By a river flowing
Over golden sand:—

Whence flow ye, waters,
O'er your golden sand?
We come flowing
From the Silent Land.

Whither flow ye, waters,
O'er your golden sand?
We go flowing onward,
To the Silent Land.

And what is this fair realm?
A grain of golden sand,
In the great darkness
Of the Silent Land.

## OUR MISSION.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

OUR mission is here by the fallen,
By those who are burdened with care,
Who fill up the lanes and the alleys,
And starve in the haunts of despair.

Our fields are the dwellings of sorrow,
Where fever and poverty kill.
Oh! gird on the armor of heaven,
And work, "the Glad News to fulfill."



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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—We give, here, a new design for making up a Madras costume, either of wool or gingham. These handkerchief-border goods come

No. 1.

in fine wool and cottons, either woven in squares, with border all round, or with the border on one or both edges of the plain cloth; or the plaid. Byadere stripes, or brocaded goods can be bought by the yard, and put on as a border. The

No. 2.

Byadere stripes are the newest thing out, in the way of combination trimming. Our model here



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is of fine wool, with handkerchief-border. The round skirt is trimmed with a side, or as it is often called, a kilt-plaiting, half the width of the goods, which is a yard wide. Allow three times

No. 3

the fullness for the plaiting. A very narrow skirt is required; but little over two yards in width for the foundation. On to this the plaiting is arranged. Two handkerchiefs are then disposed of, forming a pointed tunic, which is fastened in front with a knotted end at the knee, as seen in the illustration. The back is formed of two more handkerchiefs, with the fullness placed in irregular pouffs. The long basque-bodice is gathered on the fronts, at the neck and waist, the border of the handkerchiefs forming the hem for buttons and buttonholes, and also making the turned-back revers. The back of the basque is looped up *en panier*. Handkerchief fichu, knotted at the throat. Coat sleeves, with pointed cuffs of the border. From ten to twelve handkerchiefs will be required, with plain material enough to make the foundation of the skirt, which must match in color and quality as near as possible. These wool handkerchiefs cost from fifty cents to one dollar and a-half a piece. The cotton or Madras ones from thirty-five cents to fifty cents each.

No. 2—Is a costume of striped and plain zephyr cloth, chintz or gingham. The round skirt is very narrow, and bordered with a deep kilt-plaiting of the plain goods. The princess tunic has an independent tablier, or apron-front, placed underneath the basque part of the front where the buttons end. This is very much wrinkled, as may be seen, and the sides of the tunic gather on to it, with a ruffle. The back is pouffed, and has the effect of being buttoned on to the sides of the skirt. This polonaise, or princess tunic as it is called, is made of the striped material. The sleeves are quite tight, and button on the outside seam with two or four buttons. Six yards of plain, and six to eight yards of striped material will be required of yard-wide goods.

No. 3—Is the Mojeska costume, of which we give the front and back view. It has a pouffed yoke in the body of the polonaise, and the sleeves are gathered at the top and at the wrist. It is semi-loose at the waist, and belted in to fit. This style will only be becoming to slender figures. Our model is made of blue cashmere, of a summer texture, and has a petticoat of the cashmere, with longitudinal stripes of blue brocade, either set on or inserted. A striped goods corresponding, may be used for the petticoat, if preferred. This would be not only the most economical, but at the same time the most easily made. Six to

No. 4.

seven yards of plain double-width cashmere, and three yards of striped goods for the petticoat, which will be set upon a deep yoke at the waist, or else made upon a foundation of Silesia.

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No. 5.

No. 4—Is a new and stylish design for a house-casacque. It is in our model made of black damassé satin, but any of the pretty cashmeres, either plain or brocaded, would be equally suitable. You will see by the illustration that the back (between the side forms) is gathered with ten rows of gathers in a group, beginning about two inches above and extending to three inches below the waist, and so arranged as to fit the figure. This fullness is adjusted to the lining, which fits tight, and then the side forms are filled to this centre piece. The fronts are fitted to the figure with darts. The tiny hood is lined with satin; also the inside of the gathered pocket, forming a frill top and bottom. The sleeve is demi-large, terminating at the wrist with a plaiting of the material, headed by a sort of plaited cuff, held in place by two rows of gathers at short intervals. This is lined with the colored satin. Four and a-half to five yards of single width material, or three yards of double width will be required. Three-quarters of a yard of satin for lining hood, etc. Soft surah silk may be substituted for the satin.

No. 5—Is a new pattern for a little girl's apron. It has three large box-plaits both front

No. 7.

and back, which are stitched in a little below the waist; from there the fullness forms the skirt. It is shaped at the neck, and finished with a band of insertion, edged with a narrow ruffle, or some serviceable lace, such as torchon or crocheted lace. A similar band belts the back from the seams under the arms, and a ruffle finishes the

No. 6.

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armhole. Above the hem make several tucks. These are the directions for making the apron of nainsook, or plaid muslin. If made of linen, trim with rows of white braid.

No. 6—Is the back and front of an outside garment, for a little boy or girl of two years. It is made of cashmere, either white or colored, and trimmed with lace and soft surah silk to match. Across the front the silk is gathered in a bunch, and then the fullness is drawn back, and laid in flat plaits as far as the side seams. Under this is a row of lace. The plastron up the front is also gathered in groups, and the lace arranged on both sides. The garment buttons underneath. Collar, cuffs and pockets trimmed with lace. Dark blue, garnet, or brown cashmere, or camel's hair goods, trimmed with Russia lace—which is very serviceable—laid on flat, makes a very stylish little costume, and will bear every-day wear.

No. 7—Is a sailor suit, for a boy of four to six years, made of flannel—dark blue for every-day wear, and white flannel for a dressy suit. Buttons and braid are the only trimmings. The anchor may be embroidered.

### LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked.

Patterns designed to order.

| | |
|---|---|
| Princess Dress: Plain, | .50 |
| " " with drapery and trimming, | 1.00 |
| Polonaise, | .50 |
| Combination Walking Suits, | 1.00 |
| Trimmed Skirts, | .50 |
| Watteau Wrapper, | .50 |
| Plain or Gored Wrappers, | .35 |
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| Coats, | .35 |
| " with vests or skirts cut off, | .50 |
| Overskirts, | .35 |
| Talmas and Dolmans, | .35 |
| Waterproofs and Circulars, | .35 |
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### CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dresses: Plain, | .25 | Basques and Coats, | .25 |
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| " Fancy, | .35 | and Ulsters, | .25 |

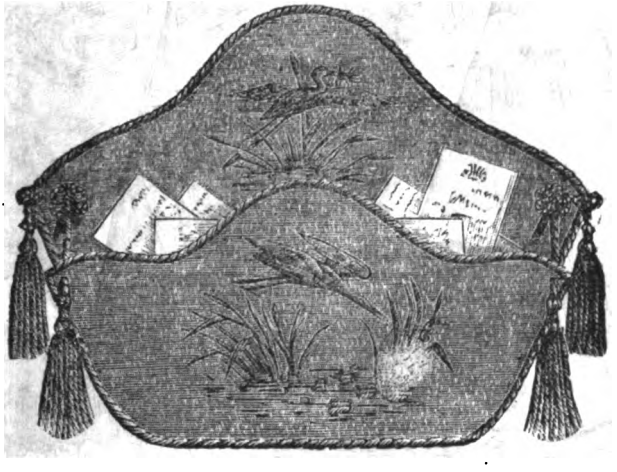
### BOYS' PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jackets, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Pants, | .20 | Gents' Shirts, | .50 |
| Vests, | .20 | " Wrappers, | .30 |
| Ulsters, | .30 | | |

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

## WALL BASKET, FOR LETTERS OR SCRAPS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This useful receptacle is made of silk or satin, painted by hand, or embroidered. After the work is done, stretch it over cardboard, line the back, and finish the edges with cord, and the tassels match the cord. The embroidery may be done in Kensington stitch—filled in, or outline-stitch—and linen or Java canvas may be used instead of silk or satin. For those who can neither embroider or paint, we would suggest birds or flowers cut out of cretonne, and appliquéd on any of these materials, according to fancy, or the place in which the basket is to be hung.

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# PRINCESS POLONAISE: WITH SUPPLEMENT

We have received so many requests for a Polonaise pattern, that we give one, this month; and also a SUPPLEMENT, with full-sized patterns, by which to cut it out. This SUPPLEMENT is folded in with the number.

The Polonaise is somewhat novel in character,



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in fact the newest thing of its kind. Its novelty consists in the fullness or gathering, both in the front and at the back. The pattern consists of three pieces:

I.—Front.
II.—Half of Back.
III.—Half of Sleeve.

The letters and notches show how they are put together.

On the front, the dart is shown, which comes under the arm, marked E, E. The dotted lines, on the skirt of both front and back, show where the pattern turns over, giving the full length of the skirt of the polonaise.

The fullness must be placed, as seen in the illustration above. The gathers in front should commence at the bust, and there should be five or seven rows of gathers to the waist line, and as many more below it, according to the figure. The fullness of the back is given in the projecting piece. The material must be cut back on each side, about an inch and a-half, following the dotted line, and the fullness gathered to it.

The back is draped according to the illustration above. Some prefer to have a lining fitted tightly to the figure (and we think this the better way) and the fullness drawn and sewn in place. It is much the easiest way of getting the gathers to lie in place. Our model is a dotted foulard, trimmed with ecru lace, but it has been drawn without the figures, to show the make more clearly.

## TABLE-COVER, IN KENSINGTON STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The table-cover is made of cloth, although sateen, linen, Java canvas, or felt is much used. The design is in wild roses, buds and leaves. We give one corner of the cloth, showing how the bunches and sprays of the roses are arranged. After the work is done, and nicely pressed, line with Canton flannel, and finish the edge with a heavy silk bullion cord, and add tassels, as seen.

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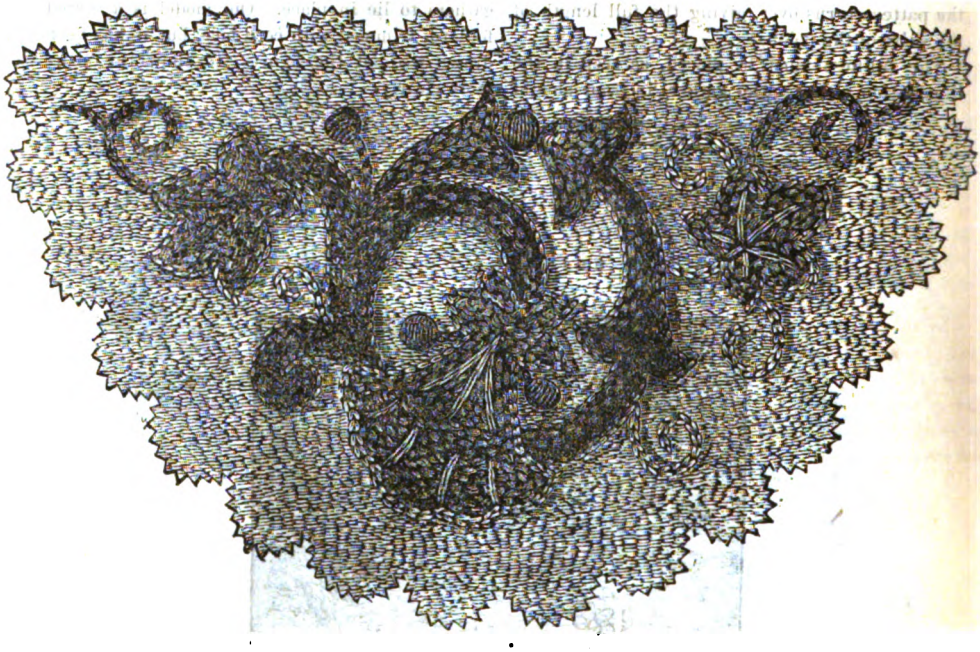
# EMBROIDERY DRAPERY.

## FOR ORNAMENTING BRACKETS, EDGES OF SMALL TABLES, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Olive-green cloth or felt is used for the foundation. We give the design, full size. The edge of the cloth is pinked, and the design is in worked chain-stitch, and long stitches with crimson, and two shades of olive silk or crewels. A tassel of crewel, combed out, ornaments the drape between each section. This is a very pretty design for draping a waste-basket or flower-pot.

# COLORED DESIGN IN CREWEL WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a new and very beautiful pattern, in crewel work, designed expressly for this magazine. The pattern is of such a kind that it can be used for almost any purpose. It is both simple, and effective, and is very easily worked.



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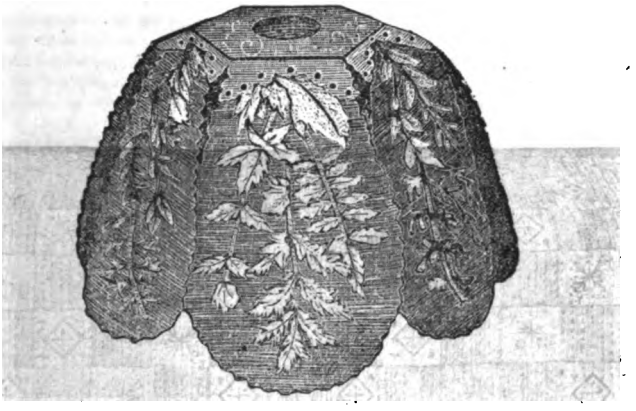
## LAMP SHADE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The silk flaps are cut out of white tissue paper, and lined with light green paper of the same kind. The vandyked border is made of white glossy paper, and pasted on the flaps. The top consists of two hexagons, made of cardboard, and covered with white moiré paper. The flaps are fixed between the two top hexagons. Care must be taken to prepare the colors for the spatter work as dry as possible, so as to prevent their running on the tissue paper. The leaves must be arranged not to lie one above the other, as this would interfere with the transparency

## THE ACORN BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A strong foundation should be made of pasteboard, and the acorns glued thickly over it. A tin receptacle is then fitted in, and painted brown, so as to hold wet sand or water for the flowers. The handle is made in the same way as the basket. Flowers or ferns arranged in a basket of this kind, keep fresh a long time, and the effect is much prettier than in a dish or vase.



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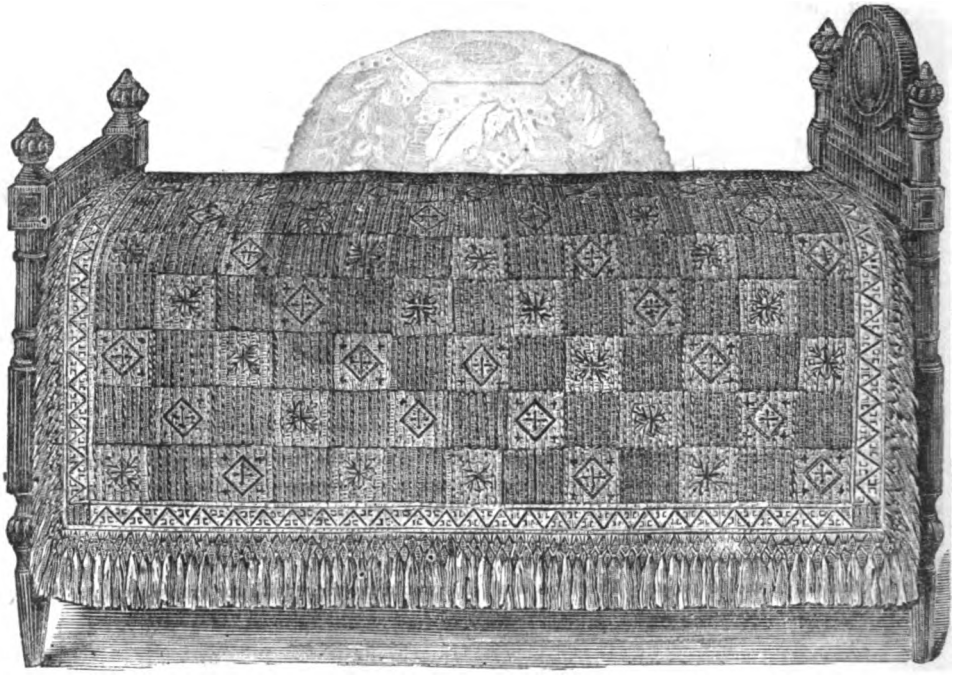
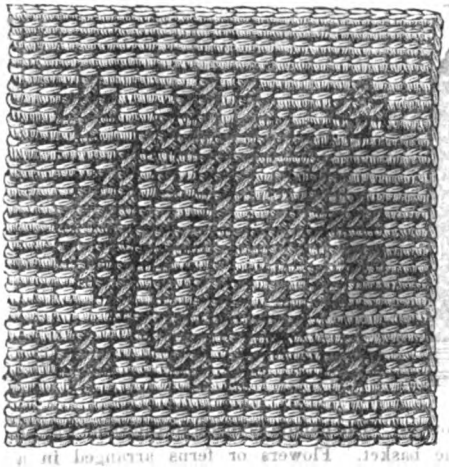
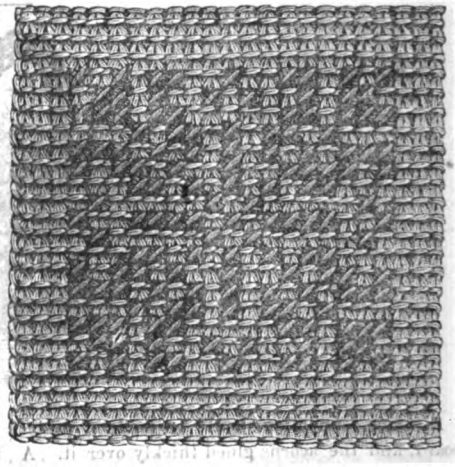
# BED-SPREAD IN CROCHET

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, an engraving of a BED-SPREAD IN CROCHET, a very pretty affair, and one that can easily be made. This bed-quilt is worked, in crochet, *tricotée*, with Saxony wool. It is done, as will be seen, in alternate squares of white, and some other color suitable for the furniture of the room. The white squares are embroidered in cross-stitch, as seen in the two







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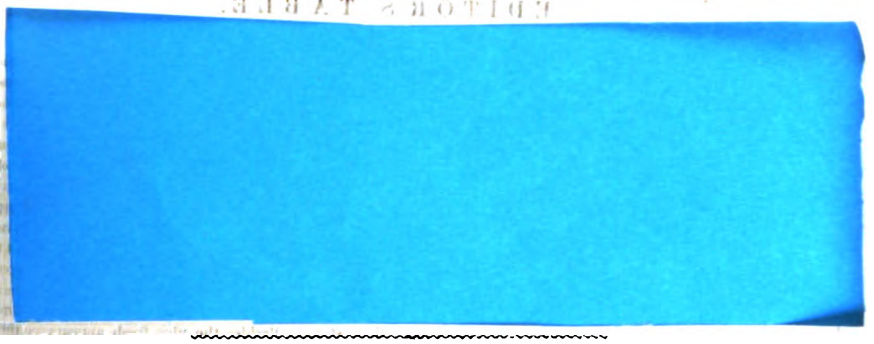
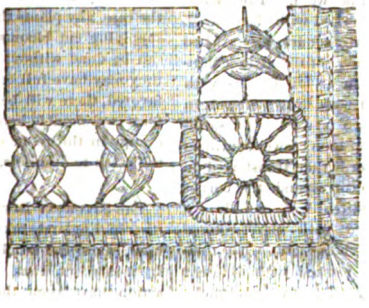
patterns we annex; and the border is in darned crochet, as seen in the engraving below. The squares of the solid color are left plain. Saxony wool is light in texture, and washes well, especially if bran water is used instead of soap. Germantown wool will also be found very suitable for such a Bed-Spread, as it is both light and cheap.



## BORDER FOR TEA D'OYLIES, IN DRAWN-THREAD WORK.

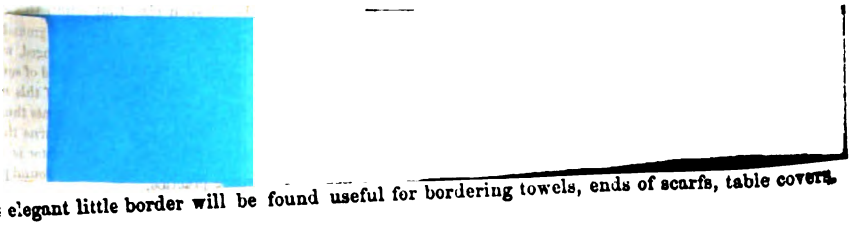
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Use coarse linen, either bleached or unbleached, draw the threads, hem-stitch in the border, and then cross the threads, as seen. Some are done in white, and some in red and blue mixed. The edge is buttonholed in long stitches with the colored cottons. The corners are worked in lace-stitch. The initial, or a small design in outline-stitch may be added. We have given several designs for these, and when done in red and blue marking-cotton, they are very effective, and there is now a great rage for these embroidered d'oylies.

## BORDER IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This elegant little border will be found useful for bordering towels, ends of scarfs, table covers,

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eight inches wide, is cut away. The border of blue cloth has on each side a band of brown cloth, one-third of an inch in width. We give, not only the cushion, but the design for the fourth part of the embroidery of the centre. Trace the pattern upon the black cloth, and in the centre square, work the leaves with pale pink crewels in satin stitch, the veins with the same color in overcast-stich, he outlines in overcast-stitch with blue silk. The corner patterns are worked in satin-stitch, with light and dark olive crewels, outlined in overcast-stitch with pink wool. The chain-stiches between these patterns are worked with claret wool. The vandyked lines round the centre square, are worked with steel-gray crewels in satin-stitch, outlined in chain-stitch with brown wool, and the four trefoil flowers with pink crewels in satin-stitch, outlined with brown crewels in chain-stitch. The rest of the pattern is worked in satin-stitch with pale rose, and two shades of blue crewels, outlined with contrasting colors. The border is then transferred on to blue cloth, and is embroidered to correspond, the corner patterns being outlined in chain-stitch with gold-brown wool. The aster, which is worked with claret-colored crewels in satin-stitch, is outlined in chain-stitch with gold-brown. The rest of the pattern is worked with different colored wools, outlined in contrasting colors, the buttonhole-stitches being worked with blue and pink wools. The appliqué border of blue cloth is worked on each side with buttonhole-stitches of brown silk, the narrow strips of brown have a centre line of chain-stitching, worked with brown wool. The brown strips of cloth are worked in vandyked lines, with double threads of blue and olive silks crossed with white wool. A fringe of different colored silks ending in tassels, finishes the outer edge of the appliqué work. At each corner of the sofa cushion are balls and tassels of the wools used in the rest of the work.

We also give, in the front of the number, engravings of a fashionable PARASOL AND FAN, both being the very latest styles. Elsewhere we give numerous new and beautiful patterns for the Work-Table.

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THE NEW COLORS rival the tints, in a forest, on an autumn

their stems. Besides the nice fresh appearance this has, it is of great use both for the above-named purpose and for keeping the flowers in any position they may be placed in, so that they may be quickly and easily arranged. One reason why many flowers are so short-lived when cut, is, that to get them in quickly they are sometimes subjected to more heat and confinement than is good for them, and when to this there is loss of light, as occurs in shaded rooms, the petals must inevitably become thin and flimsy, in which state a dry air at once affects them unfavorably. This being the case, any plants that are being grown for the purpose of supplying cut blooms should be stood as near the glass as can be done without touching, and in such positions that they may have full benefit of all the sunshine available. So favored, there will be little difficulty in keeping them fresh for a considerable length of time, provided the situation they occupy in the room is not too hot, and not where they are subjected to draughts.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, one of the highest critical authorities in England, takes, in a late issue, the same view we took, in our last number, as to what makes a successful novel. It points out, that, not only now, but always, novels of action have been the most popular. "Even the ancient Greek novels," it says, "were anecdotes of adventure strung on a slender thread of love story. Hero and heroine were constantly in the direst straits, and exposed to all the tribulations from robbers, pirates, storms, and sea, and fire. The action was always vehement, the situations were constantly changing, the interest of the reader was constantly on the stretch. The whole of literary experience proves that, though there is room for other schools of fiction—for the reflective, the humorous, the sentimental—yet stories of adventure have the most permanent hold."

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OLD FRUIT AND MEAT CANS, that generally are thrown away, can be utilized in growing new fruit. Pierce the can, for example, with one or more pin-holes, and then sink it in the earth near the roots of strawberry or other plants. The pin-holes are to be of such size that when the can is filled

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ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE to clubs for "Peterson" at the price paid by the rest of the club. It is never too late to make additions, as back numbers, from January, can always be supplied. *Nor is it ever too late to get up clubs.* Clubs may begin with any number, but all clubs will be entered as beginning with January, and back numbers sent, unless otherwise directed. All the members of a club, however, must begin with the same number. The new subscribers to "Peterson" for 1881 have already greatly exceeded those of last year. Everybody is taking this magazine. Never was it so popular. Send for a specimen, and get up a club. Our clubs, and the premiums, are as follows:

Two copies for one year for $3.50, or three copies for $4.50, with *either our large steel engraving,* "Gran'father Tells Of Yorktown" for a premium, or our elegant, gilt, quarto ALBUM.

Four copies for one year for $6.50, or six copies for $9.00, or ten copies for $14.00, *with an extra copy of the magazine for* 1881 *as premium.*

Five copies for one year for $8.00, or seven copies for $10.50, or twelve copies for $17.00, with *both an extra copy for premium, or either the steel-engraving,* or ALBUM.

These terms are so low, these premiums are really so valuable, that *no other magazine can enter into competition with them.*

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TO BE ECONOMICAL does not imply that you must be mean. There is a wide difference between extravagance and sordidness. The true rule is never to waste money, on the one hand; and on the other, not to stint yourself and family. Indulge yourself in what you can well afford. It not only makes life happier for you, but it helps to support other people. If nobody spends, nobody can earn. Thrift does not mean miserliness.

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WE COMPLY WITH as many requests for patterns, etc., as possible, but we are unable to comply with all. To do that we should have to print a magazine of five hundred pages monthly. We, however, select the things which seem to be most in request, and so, as we cannot gratify all, we gratify the greatest number.

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"CHEAPEST AND BEST."—The Central Falls (R. I.) Visitor, noticing our last number, says, "Peterson's fully sustains its reputation as being the cheapest and best Ladies' Magazine published. It should find a place in every household."

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FOR TWENTY YEARS.—An old subscriber sends us two dollars for 1881, and says, "I have taken 'Peterson' for nineteen years, and feel that I must take it this to make twenty." We hope she may live to take it for a hundred.

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EVERY WOMAN, RICH OR POOR, ought to understand household affairs. It is as much her business as it is that of her husband to follow his profession, be at his office or store, work at his trade, or take care of his investments.

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FOR FIFTY CENTS we will send, to any subscriber, a copy of "Gran'father Tells of Yorktown." Every family, really, ought to have this picture. Remember, this is the "Yorktown Centennial" year.

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"CAPTIVATE ANY LADY."—The Shippensburg (Pa.) Chronicle says of our last number: "It is just the kind to captivate any lady. Peterson's keeps its rank as the leading lady's magazine of the country."

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"BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE."—The Peekskill (N. Y.) Messenger says. "Peterson is on hand, first in time as in excellence. All who wish the very best family magazine should be sure to get Peterson."

WE INSERT ADVERTISEMENTS, in a few extra pages at the end of each number, because it is a great convenience, especially to persons living in remote rural districts, to know where to buy articles they want, and get them by mail. But we assume no further responsibility. We give the advertiser a chance to speak of his wares, but the public must determine for itself whether he over-states his case, or not. We do not guarantee advertisements. No magazine or newspaper does, or can.

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"ALL THE OTHERS COMBINED."—The Rayville (La.) Beacon says of this magazine: "Its low price, numerous fashion plates, patterns, engravings, and especially the entertaining character of its reading matter, seem to render it the favorite of our lady friends, *for more of them ask us to order it* for them than all the other magazines combined."

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Linda. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is one of those rare novels, which can be read, with the same pleasure, by this generation, as it was, when it first appeared, by the last one. The tale is one of the lower Mississippi, and is not only full of incident, not only a charmingly told love-story, but is one of a semi-historical value, for it depicts a state of society now passed away forever. The career of Linda is followed, from earliest childhood, up to her happy marriage; a career full of vicissitudes, and one made almost intolerable, at times, by a tyrannical step-mother. The character of the hero, Roland Lee, is a very noble one, and is powerfully sketched. The Messrs. Peterson, we believe, intend issuing new editions of all Mrs. Hentz's novels. We are glad of this, for, in the whole range of American literature, there is nothing of its kind superior to these fictions. They are emphatically for the domestic hearth.

*Gleanings In The Fields Of Art. By Edward D. Cheney.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—We have here a work of real merit. Greek art, early Christian art, Byzantine art, the art of the Renaissance, and modern art (German, Spanish, French, English, and even American) are all discussed, with breadth as well as impartiality. Of course, in the comparatively limited space of three hundred pages, these subjects cannot be handled exhaustively. But they are treated of at sufficient length for popular purposes, and as it is to the general public that the book is addressed, we do not see how the treatise could be improved.

*Poems Of Many Years And Many Places. By William Gibson.* 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The most ambitious of these poems is "Castellamare," but there are others equally good, though generally shorter. Some are in rhymes, some in blank verse, but we prefer Mr. Gibson, when he uses the former, better than when he tries his hand at the latter. The poems bears the impress of travel in many lands, and are full of reminiscences of Italy especially. The volume is very beautifully printed and bound.

*Lenox Dare. By Virginia F. Townsend.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Miss Townsend has a special circle of literary admirers, who will welcome this volume with real pleasure, for, in her line, she has no superior. More than this, the story will interest the general public, having in it elements of universal popularity. The volume is handsomely printed.

*Parlor Varieties, Plays, Pantomimes and Charades. By Emma E. Brewster.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A very excellent collection of its kind, which will be found useful for persons wishing to get up charades, parlor plays, etc.

*Lost In A Great City. By Amanda M. Douglas.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is a story of very unusual power. The incidents, though so strange, are quite probable, as those familiar with our great cities know.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS FOR FIFTY CENTS.—Many requests have been made to us that we should sell copies of our premium engravings. We, therefore, offer, *to subscribers to this magazine, but to no others*, to send either of the following for fifty cents:

| | |
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| THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS, | (27 in. by 20) |
| WASHINGTON'S ADIEU TO HIS GENERALS, | (27 " " 20) |
| BUNYAN ON TRIAL, | (27 " " 20) |
| BUNYAN IN JAIL, | (27 " " 20) |
| WASHINGTON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE, | (24 " " 20) |
| THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM, | (24 " " 16) |
| "OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN," | (24 " " 16) |
| WASHINGTON AT TRENTON, | (24 " " 16) |
| BESSIE'S BIRTH-DAY, | (24 " " 16) |
| CHRIST WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM, | (24 " " 16) |
| NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE, | (24 " " 16) |
| CHRISTMAS MORNING, | (24 " " 20) |
| GRAN'FATHER TELLS OF YORKTOWN, | (24 " " 20) |
| WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE, | (27 " " 20) |
| THE ANGELS OF CHRISTMAS, | (20 " " 16) |
| THE PARABLE OF THE LILIES, | (20 " " 16) |

Always say, when remitting, which plate is desired. Address, Charles J. Peterson, No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MORE IMPROVEMENTS.—Enlargement of the Beatty Factory. Increasing business has made necessary an enlargement of the Beatty Organ Factory, at Washington, N. J., and the erection of a new foundry and machine shop, in order to meet the demand promptly. The main building is to be extended 100 feet, with an additional wing 80 feet long. A new engine of 150 horse power will also be purchased. He has also bought 11 acres of land, adjoining his factory, for piling away lumber, residences for his workmen, etc. Mr. Beatty offers Parlor Organs at extremely low prices, and to any purchaser who will visit his factory, and select the instrument in person, he will deduct $5 from his advertised prices to pay their travelling expenses. He is only too glad to have intended purchasers visit his establishment. It is said that Mr. Beatty is very successful in his business, and that he is selling more instruments, that are sold direct to the public, than any other house. Mr. Beatty earnestly requests that intended purchasers visit him, and see that the instruments he advertises so largely are just as he represents them. Read his *new* advertisement.

THE BEST CATALOGUE of cheap, yet entertaining, novels, is that of T. B. Peterson & Brothers. They publish all the most readable fictions. Catalogues are forwarded gratis. Send for one, and select your summer reading.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

### No. V.—CASTOR OIL PLANT—RICINUS COMMUNIS.

This is a stout annual herb with large peltate palmi-lobed leaves, divided into seven to nine lance-shaped lobes, smooth on both sides, and of a bluish-green color. *Flowers* are monoecious, apetalous, forming a pyrimidal terminal raceme, the lower ones *male*, the upper ones *female* flowers. The stem is erect, hollow, smooth, somewhat purplish towards the top, branching and from two to eight feet high in temperate climates.

It seldom requires a second planting in gardens, as the seeds are blown out of the open capsule and again deposited in the soil, and thus plants are reproduced year after year, often to the annoyance of gardeners. The tree-like plant, for it grows to the height of fifteen to twenty feet in warm climates, presents quite an ornamental appearance and a few plants are often allowed to remain as an unique and pretty variety of vegetation. The fruit is a roundish, glaucous capsule, with three projecting sides, covered with tough spines and divided into three cells, each containing one seed, which is expelled when the pod or capsule bursts.

These seeds resemble small beans; are oval, compressed, very smooth and shining, grayish with reddish brown spots, etc.

Mothers should caution their children against picking up and eating these seeds as they drop, as from three to five have produced alarming consequences to the stomach and bowels by their violent action. A wife of a well-known physician, on one occasion, nearly lost her life by the imprudent eating of less than a dozen of the seeds, as she loitered in a garden. The process of boiling, heating and expressing the oil from the seeds, seems to remove this acrid quality.

The plant is a native of the Indies, but is cultivated largely in this country, especially in the States north of the Ohio river, Missouri, etc., for its seeds, whence is abstracted by boiling, or roasting and expression, the oil so well known in every nursery in the land! When homœopathy displaces this agent from the household, it will still find a useful place in the arts, as a grease for iron axles, etc.

The *medical uses* are well known to every old mother and nurse in the land, we presume, and little need be said here. A decoction of the green leaves has been applied locally to the breasts to promote the secretion of milk, and it is claimed that an infusion of the leaves given internally will produce like favorable results when there is a deficiency of milk in the young mother. In diarrhœa, dysentery, painful condition of the bowels, cramps, colics, etc., castor oil, with or without laudanum, still holds its prime rank. When there is spasm of the bowels, the action of the oil will be facilitated and relief more promptly obtained by combining two or three drops of laudanum with the oil for young children, or ten to twelve drops for adults. In infantile diarrhœa, small doses of castor oil, one-half to one teaspoonful on camphor water, or fennel-seed water, will soon change the color of the discharges for the better. "Castorea" comes in well in these cases. *Habitual costiveness* has been overcome in many instances by the following plan: A tablespoonful or even two, should be first taken so as to empty the bowels well. On the next day, half-teaspoonful less should be taken and each subsequent day a like reduction should be made until the dose is reduced to less than a teaspoonful, which will continue to act sufficiently well.

Locally castor oil is used in India as a dressing to ringworm and other cutaneous affections. It has been used by mothers in this country to cure the *itch*, by destroying the insect; as a dressing to burns, scalds and erysipelatous inflammations. A thick coating twice a day is applied.

Various expedients have been resorted to, in the administration of castor oil to lessen or disguise its taste. We shall mention but two or three. It is absolutely disguised in fresh, lively porter, or porter froth: pretty well in hot sugared coffee; less so in hot sugared milk with some salt added: floating on wine; or peppermint water; mixed with an equal quantity of mucilage of gum arabic and the juice of a sweet Florida orange and swallow promptly. If fresh and pure, it can scarcely be said to be either acrid or nauseous.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited

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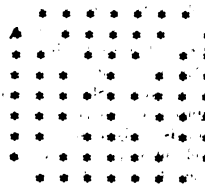
to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.—ED.

No. 106.—MALTESE CROSS.



TOP SECTION.—(*Read across.*)—1. Introspection. 2. A giver. 3. To petition. 4. A letter.

BOTTOM.—(*Across.*)—1. A letter. 2. To obtain. 3. Sounds. 3. A clique.

LEFT.—(*Read down.*)—1. Fastidious. 2. Belonging to trees. 3. A serpent. 4. A letter.

RIGHT.—(*Down.*)—1. A letter. 2. A horse. 3. A runner. 4. A small surface.

CENTRALS.—Down, are who is unable to pay his debts. Across, Impudence.

*Plainfield, N. J.* VIOLA.

No. 107.—ZIG-ZAG PUZZLE.

1. A little boat. 2. A sailor. 3. A tree. 4. An animal. 5. Bustle. 6. A liquid. 7. A pronoun. 8. Cunning. 9. Fear. 10. A pen. 11. An enemy.

Commencing at the upper left hand corner, read in a zig-zag line and you will get bell-shaped.

*Quarryville, N. Y.* LEE F. LEE.

No. 108.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A covering. 3. Fondled. 4. Hard, brittle metals. 5. Decoration. 6. Rant. 7. Deprived of reason. 8. Toothed 9. To tell. 10. A song. 11. A letter.

*Santa Clara, Cal.* COMET.

*Answers Next Month.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

No. 101.

Watchman.

No. 102.

Maroceo, Oder, Peru. ECUADOR.

No. 103.

L
B O A
C O Y L Y
B A T
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No. 104.

Fire.

No. 105.

1. Maine. 2. Illinois. 3. Oregon. 4. Idaho.

## HOUSEKEEPER'S DEPARTMENT.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR PIANOS.—Ladies frequently act towards their pianos as if nothing could injure it. Yet there are few things so sensitive. The instrument, it should be remembered, is constructed almost exclusively of various kinds of woods and metal; cloth, skin, and felt being used also in the mechanical portion. For this reason atmospheric changes have a great effect on the quality and durability of the instrument, and it is necessary to protect it from all external influences which might affect the materials of which it is composed. It must be shaded from the sun, kept out of a draught, and, above all, guarded against sudden changes of temperature. Moisture is the greatest enemy of the piano, and it cannot be too carefully guarded against. In a very short time damp will destroy every good point about the instrument. The tone becomes dull and flat, the wires rusty and easily broken, the joints of the mechanism stiff, and the hammers do not strike with precision. Therefore, do not put your piano in a damp room, or between the door and the window. Never leave the piano open when not in use, and, above all, when the room is being cleaned. A leather cover should be kept on the instrument when not in use, and removed every day for dusting. Never leave the piano open after a musical evening or dance. Employ the best tuner you can get, and, if a new instrument, let it be tuned every two months during the first year, and three times a year afterwards; but it may require it even oftener.

KEEPING OUT MOTHS.—A correspondent of that excellent paper, the Germantown Telegraph, says: "We never have moths in our carpets or clothing, and I am tempted to tell how we purchase immunity from their depredations. In May we take everything out of the closets and clothes-rooms, and spread bed-clothes, clothing, furs, etc., where the sun and air have free access to them. We then wash all the wood-work and floors of the rooms, and allow them to air thoroughly. Before the sun goes down we gather up the articles that have been sunning all day, shake them well, and store them in their appointed places. We pin the furs up closely in a cotton cloth, saturated with camphor, and lay them away in their boxes. This is all we have ever found necessary; but some people in addition tie up little pieces of camphor, and lay them away in their boxes. A friend, who does not take up her parlor carpet every year, cleans her rooms, then lays a strip of wet muslin along the edges of the carpet, and dries every inch of it with a hot iron. She says this will effectually keep the moths away."

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### MEATS.

*Beef Cake.*—The remains of cold roast beef, to each one pound cold meat allow one-quarter pound bacon or ham; seasoning to taste of pepper and salt, one small bunch of minced savory herbs, one or two eggs. Mince the beef very finely (if under-done it will be better), add to it the bacon, which must also be chopped very small and mix well together. Season, stir in the herbs, and bind with an egg, or two, should one not be sufficient. Make it into small square cakes, about half an inch thick, fry them in hot dripping, drain them, and serve in a dish with good gravy poured around.

*Tomato Meat Pie.*—Cover the bottom of a dish with bread-crumbs, then a layer of cold roast mutton, chopped fine, then a layer of tomatoes, sliced, another layer of bread-crumbs, another of meat, and another of tomatoes; cover with bread-crumbs, and bake until the crust is done brown; season as you put the the different layers in with salt, pepper, and small pieces of butter; it will bear high seasoning. Serve hot.

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*Cold Lamb.*—Cut up the lamb in small pieces, place in a skillet, with one chopped green onion, salt, pepper, one bay leaf, and peas in quantity with the meat, a little of the cold lamb gravy, flour and butter, and water just sufficient to cover it evenly; let simmer half an hour. When done, add the juice of a lemon.

VEGETABLES.

*Soufflèed Potatoes.*—This elegant preparation is not very difficult to execute. Peel potatoes; cut them, in the direction of their length, into slices a quarter of an inch thick; fry them, till they are three parts done, in moderately hot fat. Take them out, drain, and let nearly get cold. Then throw them into very hot fat, and plenty of it; keep them moving with a slice till they are well soufflèed or swollen, and of a nice light brown, which takes place almost immediately. Take them out, dust with a little very fine salt, and serve at once.

*Turnip-Top Purée.*—Take a quantity of turnip-tops, picked clean and washed, put them in a saucepan with a little water. When thoroughly done, put them on a hair sieve to drain. When all the water is thoroughly drained from them, pass them through the sieve. Mix in the saucepan a tablespoonful of flour, with about one ounce of butter, add the turnip-top purée, stir well, put in pepper and salt to taste, and serve hot in a dish garnished with fried sippets of bread.

*Stewed Peas.*—Melt a-quarter of a-pound of butter in a saucepan, then add one and a-half pints of young peas, pepper and salt to taste, a couple of small onions (whole), a small bunch of parsley, and half a head of lettuce, tied up together, and a pinch of sugar. Toss on a slow fire till the peas are cooked, then remove the parsley, lettuce, and onions, and serve with a little finely-minced parsley mixed in the peas.

*Asparagus.*—Boil in salted water until tender; have very thin buttered toast on a hot dish, and place a layer of asparagus, with the heads all one way; then more toast, and a layer of asparagus, with the heads directly opposite from the other layer; and so proceed until you use up the asparagus; cut with a very sharp knife the asparagus across the middle, and pour your drawn or melted butter over it.

*Spinach.*—Wash it well through several waters, as it is apt to be gritty. Put it into a pot without any water; let it cook slowly, until it is very soft. Then drain and chop it fine, add a piece of butter, pepper and salt to the taste. Put it in a vegetable dish, and strew over the top eggs, which have been boiled hard and finely chopped, or poached eggs.

*New Carrots.*—Trim a quantity of the smallest new carrots that can be obtained, and boil them in salted water. When done, drain off the water, add a piece of fresh butter to the carrots, some parsley, finely minced, a dash of pepper, a little powdered sugar, and a squeeze of lemon, moisten with a little stock free from fat, and serve very hot.

DESSERTS.

*Bread-and-Butter Pudding.*—Butter your dish well, and strew the bottom with currants and candied peel; then place alternate layers of bread-and-butter in rather thin slices, and the peel and currants, until the dish is nearly full, observing to have currants at the top; then pour over, slowly and equally, a custard of sweetened milk, and two or three eggs, flavored to taste, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

*Custard Pie.*—Four eggs, one quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Flavor with extract of vanilla or lemon. Beat the yolks and sugar light, and mix with the milk; flavor, whip in the whites, which should be already a stiff froth, mix well, and pour into shells. Grate nutmeg upon the top. Bake this as a cup-custard, or a custard-pudding, in cups, or a deep dish set in a pan of boiling water.

*A Very Good Pudding.*—Beat lightly the yolks of ten eggs, and the whites of six, with three-quarters pound sugar, the rind of an orange or two lemons grated, six and a-half ounces flour; add one pint of boiling milk. When nearly cold, mix in the eggs and sugar, and add a wine-glassful of brandy, one-half pound melted butter. Bake it an hour and a-quarter, and turn it out.

*Stewed Apples.*—Make a clear syrup of one-half pound sugar to one pint of water. Skim it; peel and core the apples, without injuring the shape. Let them be in cold water till the syrup is ready, to which add the juice of a lemon, and the peel cut very fine. Stew the apples in the syrup till quite done. Quarters of oranges may be boiled in the same syrup instead of apples.

*Apple Eggs.*—Pare and core a convenient number of apples, leaving them whole; fill with sugar and pour over water; then place in an oven; when nicely baked, take eggs prepared as for an omelet, pour in and over the apples, and return to the oven for about ten minutes; grate over them nutmeg, and serve hot.

*A Good Plain Family Pudding.*—One pound flour, or flour and bread-crumbs mixed, one half pound suet, one-half pound plums, one-half pound currants, one-quarter pound brown sugar, a little salt and spice, a teacup of milk. Mix as stiff as possible, and boil from six to eight hours.

*Snowdon Pudding.*—One-half pound bread crumbs, one-half pound beef suet, one-half pound moist sugar, the rind and juice of two lemons, three eggs. Boil two hours, serve with wine sauce.

## FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—AFTERNOON-DRESS OF LIGHT FAWN-COLORED FRENCH BUNTING.—The skirt is made of two deep ruffles, the upper one edged with cardinal red silk. The over-dress is princess shaped, is draped from the front, and is simply looped at the back, and falls in a short train. The waist is made with plaitings on the shoulders, is cut square at the neck, and filled in with gathered muslin. The trimming of the dress is of richly figured satin foulard. Yellow straw bonnet, trimmed with fawn color.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT OF BROWN FLANNEL.—The Knickerbocker trousers come to the knees, above long red stockings. The blouse-waist has a large collar and loose sleeves.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF HELIOTROPE-COLORED FOULARD.—The ruffle at the bottom of the dress is laid in deep side-plaitings. The over-skirt is plain and shawl-shaped, and only slightly gathered. The basque-waist opens over a silk vest of purple silk, and all the trimmings of the dress are of purple silk. White chip bonnet, trimmed with a long white plume and purple ribbon.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT YELLOW NUN'S VEILING.—The bottom of the skirt is finished by two gathered ruffles. The lower of the over-skirt is pointed at the sides, and the upper one round, and trimmed with a silk of the same color, figured with light brown. The two skirts are draped at the back. The basque is double-breasted, opens slightly in front, and is trimmed with the same material as the skirt. A shirring of the plain material extends from the basque to the top of the upper ruffle. Bonnet of Tuscan straw, bound with poppy-colored ribbon, and trimmed with yellow and white feathers.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN CAMEL'S HAIR.—The bottom of the skirt is plain in front, and laid in kilt-plaits at the sides and back. The upper part is laid in upright folds, and draped at the back. The bodice is made of pearl-gray camel's hair, laced down the front, and trimmed with foulard silk of the color of the bodice, figured in the color of the skirt. Hat of white straw, trimmed with brown ribbon, a white feather and red roses.

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FIG. VI.—VISITING-DRESS OF DUN-SPOTTED GRENADINE.—The skirt is elaborately trimmed with white lace and scarves of the grenadine. The deep, tight-fitting waist is cut with deep points on the hips, and a smaller one at the back. The sleeves, front of the dress, and neck, are trimmed with the white lace. Large white straw hat, lined with silk of the color of the dress, and trimmed with ribbons and feathers of the same color, and with yellow roses.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK GREEN BUNTING.—The deep-plaited flounce is trimmed with a bias plaid satin in small lines, dark red, green and blue. The loose princess over-dress is fastened at the waist with a cord and tassel, and has a turned-up piece of the plaid satin, forming a milk-maid skirt. The cape has a collar of the satin, and the cuffs are made of the same material. Straw hat, trimmed with bias satin and red roses.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BATISTE AND LACE.—The round skirt is trimmed with three deep kiltings, edged with lace. The tunic opens in front, and is draped and puffed at the back. The blouse-bodice is plaited back and front, and is edged with lace, and a jabot of lace descends down the front of the bodice.

FIG. IX. AND X.—BACK AND FRONT OF WALKING-DRESS OF DELICATE BROWN AND CREAM-STRIPED LIMONSINE.—The skirt has one deep kilt, edged with a figured satin of the colors of the dress. A band of the same is inserted part way up the kilt. The scarf-drapery is tied in front. A long, narrow drapery at the back. The blouse-waist has a hood, lined with cream-colored silk. All the trimmings are of the figured satin. Brown straw hat, with brown feather and cream-colored gauze.

FIG. XI.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK TERRA COTTA RED SATEEN, with polka dots of cream color. The dress is of the princess shape, with a very deep-kilted flounce. The drapery is of the same material and colors, but the dots are larger than on the rest of the dress. The collar is also made of the large-figured material. Straw hat, trimmed with cream-colored lace and dark red satin ribbon.

FIG. XII.—AFTERNOON-DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE SATIN, figured in pale yellow. The two deep-kilted flounces are edged with white embroidery. The princess waist is finished by a scarf-drapery, which is edged with the embroidery, and is tied carelessly at the back. Elbow sleeves and square-cut neck. The chip bonnet is trimmed with light blue surah silk and tea-roses.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF CREAM BARÈGE, striped with cream silk. Princess tunic, heliotrope satin skirt, and very pale heliotrope satin trimmings on the tunic. The skirt is bordered with two kiltings. The tunic, which is cut square in front, opens below the waist to show the skirt, and is fastened together again with dark satin bows. The back is crossed with a plaiting of the lighter silk, and draped with flat bows of the darker shade. A similar plaiting borders the top and the square-cut opening. The sleeves are trimmed with satin bands

FIG. XIV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF POMPADOUR SATINETTE, trimmed with coffee-colored lace. The skirt is formed of three deep plaitings. At the back there are four looped-up draperies, and in front a small tablier, arranged as a demi-tunic, with upright folds. Long bodice, with square basque in front, and a small, longer basque at the back. Large revers at the top of bodice, which is open at the throat. Sleeves with small flat revers, edged with lace.

FIG. XV.—PALE BLUE DRAWN SATIN BONNET, trimmed with satin ribbon of the same shade, long, loose loops and feathers at the top of the crown, and narrow blue satin strings tied carelessly under the chin.

FIG. XVI.—COARSE BLACK STRAW HAT, trimmed with dark red surah silk around the crown.

FIG. XVII.—LEGHORN STRAW HAT, with a large bow of gold-colored ribbon and a bunch of poppies on the crown.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Bayedere stripes are shown, to be used in combination with plain goods, or with goods striped lengthwise; but they are not nearly so elegant, nor so becoming as the lengthwise stripe, as they cut the figure, and should *never* be worn except by tall women. It is quite impossible to describe all the new, soft, thin woolen, or wool and silk materials that appear, though they do not differ materially from those that have appeared for the last few years. Soft buntings, very thin camel's hair, de bége, and small sheperd's plaids, hold their own in popular favor. The cotton goods, as Sateen, Cheviot, Alsace, etc., come in dress patterns of both plain and figured material. The plain is used for the under-skirt, and the figured for the upper-skirt, draperies, waist, etc. Many of these cotton dresses look as if painted by hand, with exquisite bunches of tea-roses, or poppies, thrown on the draped skirt, or with lilies of the valley, rose buds, carnations, or the iris, scattered over the material. One very beautiful sateen dress, just imported, has a dark blue skirt, with a light blue over-skirt and waist, on which bunches of tea-roses are thrown. The short skirt of dark blue is trimmed with deep ruffles of the same, headed by narrow ruffles of the light blue, with wreaths of the tea-roses upon it. This has rather a Pompadour effect; but there are other quaint designs in Japanese patterns, to say nothing of the fruits, birds, etc., which distract one with their beauty.

The foulards are also extremely beautiful this season, and pongees are cheaper than they have been for several years.

Though the skirts of short dresses are very narrow, the draperies are usually so arranged that they have a much fuller, puffed-out look. Even when dresses for the house are made with trains, the trains are shorter than those worn a year or so ago. Large, round basques, shorter postillion waists, coat-bodices and princess dresses are all equally popular, thus the wardrobe of any woman can present the greatest variety. A dress-waist may be close and high, or open, square, or heart-shape, as suits the wearer's convenience; and the sleeves may be of the coat style, or full both at top and bottom, like the old "bishop sleeve," as may be desired. Kilt and knife-plaitings on skirts are dividing the favor with puffs and gathered flounces. Black lace, and lace woven with steel beads, is much used for trimming black dresses; and black dresses are by no means out of fashion, especially for middle-aged women.

MANTLES are in the greatest variety; some are large and loose, with shirred sleeves and yokes, and others are only small capes that sometimes reach to the waist, and sometimes only cover the shoulders. These capes are made of silk, and richly trimmed with jet, lace, or fringe; and sometimes are made of net, entirely covered with lace, or fringe. More serviceable wraps are made of camel's hair, Cheviot cloth, flannel, or other light woolen fabrics, and are of some of the many mantle shapes.

BONNETS AND HATS are of Tuscan straw, leghorn, chip, and some fine English straws called Dunstable, as well as the coarser kinds of straw. They are of all forms and sizes, but the small poke and cap, or cottage bonnets, will most likely be preferred to the larger ones; and the hats will be preferred small for the early summer, and larger as the sun grows hotter. Flowers are sometimes profusely employed, and sometimes only one large bunch is used.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The fashions, as the spring goes on, are turning more and more to the sober and subdued in the matter of walking toilettes. Cashmeres in varying shades of dark blue (the marine blue has been rechristened admiral blue) dark red, and dark green, are the favorite materials for such costumes,



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satin being the trimming most in vogue. Black cashmeres, trimmed with satin, are of course always in good style. These sober, quiet-looking dresses are a reaction from the plaids, and mixed goods, and fancy worsted brocades, that have been fashionable for a season or two past. They are made with a scarf mantelet or with a jacket, which may be either half or tight-fitting, by way of a wrap. The corsage is made pointed before and behind, and sloping up a good deal upon the hips. The close coat-sleeve maintains its popularity. As to the skirts, overskirts of every style are going out of fashion. Three plaited flounces, wide enough to extend from the hem to some little distance above the knee, are met by a scarf drapery laid in flat folds, and falling in long looped ends behind. Or else the three plaited flounces, and the scarf-drapery form the trimming of the skirt in front, while the back is covered with looped draperies of the cashmere. Still another style has the skirt covered with three wide-plaited flounces. These reach to the edge of the corsage, which is a deep cuirass. Under the edge of the corsage is placed a flat scarf of watered silk, with long, broad ends, which are looped behind. Then I have seen a skirt covered up the front with narrow flounces, headed with three shirrings, these flounces alternating with puffs of satin. A plaiting of satin edged the skirt all round. The back was of cashmere, caught here and there, into a slight fullness, and bordered all around, and up the juncture with the front of the skirt, with a bias band of satin. The corsage was made with a pointed vest of satin.

Dresses in two materials, and in two shades of the same color are extensively worn. Short skirts are all the rage for all dancing ladies, even for the largest of balls, and the most sumptuous of materials. They are made positively short, the hem clearing the ground by full an inch all round. For young girls, satin corsages are worn with skirts of tulle, that graceful material having superseded the heavier nuns' veiling. For young married ladies, satin continues to be the material most in vogue, especially for short ball-dresses.

Only middle-aged or elderly ladies, who have given up all ideas of dancing, still cling to the long, stately train. The introduction of these short skirts is bringing about a revival of the use of fine real lace for dress-trimming, as the Chantilly or point lace flounces can be used on them without any dread of the delicate fabric being torn to shreds, as was the case when the long trains were so decorated. The flounces are set straight across the front of the skirt in slightly gathered ruffles, or they are arranged to fall over narrow plaitings of satin, set in at either side of the skirt. In the first named instance, the lace flounces are sometimes caught here and there with tiny bouquets of very small flowers. Worth has just introduced a very beautiful style for long-skirted ball-dresses, namely that of shaded dresses; the train being of the darkest shade, the side breadths or revers a tint lighter, and the front of the lightest hue. For a beautiful married lady of the American colony, a tall, pale, stately brunette, he has just finished a magnificent satin dress in that style. The train is of a new vivid hue, something between orange color and golden-brown color, which is called *girofle* color. The side-pieces of the skirt are in old-gold color, and the front is of a delicate pale yellow, crossed with bands of fine embroidery on white floss silk in transparent white gauze. The low-necked and short-sleeved waist are trimmed with bands of the same embroidery. In three shades of pink, the toilette would be equally beautiful. For an older lady, he has made the corsage and train of emerald-green velvet, the side-pieces of the skirt in apple-green satin, and the skirt-front of satin in the very palest shade of green, a new and delicate tint called April-green (*vert d'Avril.*) Scarves of shaded silk are also shown as an adjunct to the dresses of young ladies; they are very wide, and are composed of a soft twilled surah that does not crush in tying. The darkest tint runs along one side, and is shaded to the faintest one at the other. They are finished at each end with a large tassel of shaded floss silk, intermixed with seed-pearls.

Flowers are a good deal worn on evening-dresses now. They are put on *en cordeliere*, that is to say, in a flat garland extending from one shoulder to the opposite side of the waist. Clusters to match are set amongst the draperies of the skirt, and a small knot is placed on the wearer's hair. The flowers most usually employed are large crushed roses, or very large poppies, and are worn without any foliage. A black satin, decorated with large, dark red poppies in that fashion, forms an effective toilette for a brunette. Pale pink roses are employed on cream-white, or pure white dresses, and white roses on pale pink satin. A charming garniture for a pale blue ball-dress is composed of large white poppies, their petals shaded to a pale yellow at the centre.

Bonnets composed of beads are the latest novelty in the millinery line. They are very handsome, very effective, and will prove very desirable. They are of the capote shape, and are trimmed with flat ostrich feathers, matching the beads in hue, and set on around the brim and the back of the crown. Garnet beads and small jet beads form handsome bonnets for elderly ladies. A bonnet of pale blue beads, with a trimming of pale blue and yellow feathers, or one all in white jet, and trimmed with white ostrich plumes, are very lovely for younger wearers.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S DRESS OF DARK GREEN PLAID.—The trousers reach to the knee. The deep blouse-waist has a yoke, and is confined by a belt.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS OF BRONZE LINEN, trimmed with colored Russian embroidery. The jacket and tunic open in front over the skirt, which is trimmed with three kilt-plaited ruffles. Brown straw hat, trimmed with a heavy cord and brilliant wing.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS OF DEEP BLUE PERCALE, figured with red spots. The colors are reversed in the bias trimming. The bodice is plaited in front, and cut in long points on the sides to correspond with the handkerchief-shaped tunic. Straw hat, trimmed with a long white plume.


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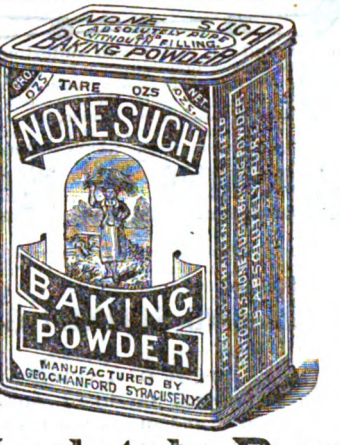


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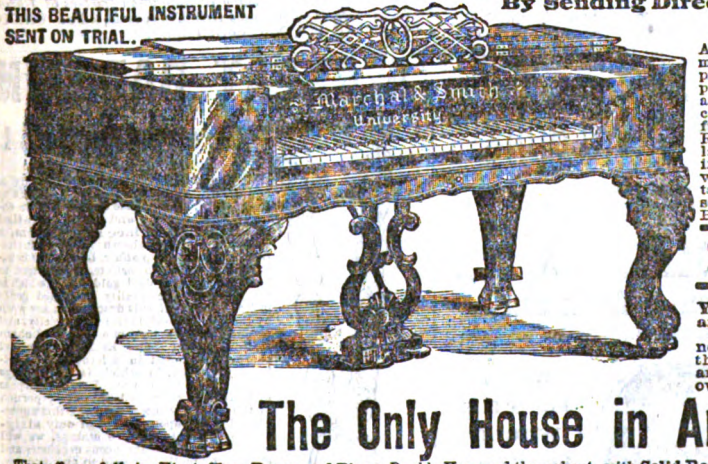


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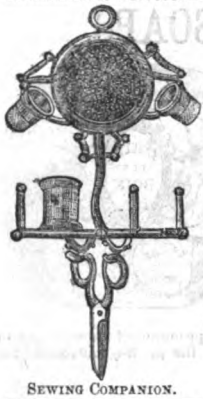

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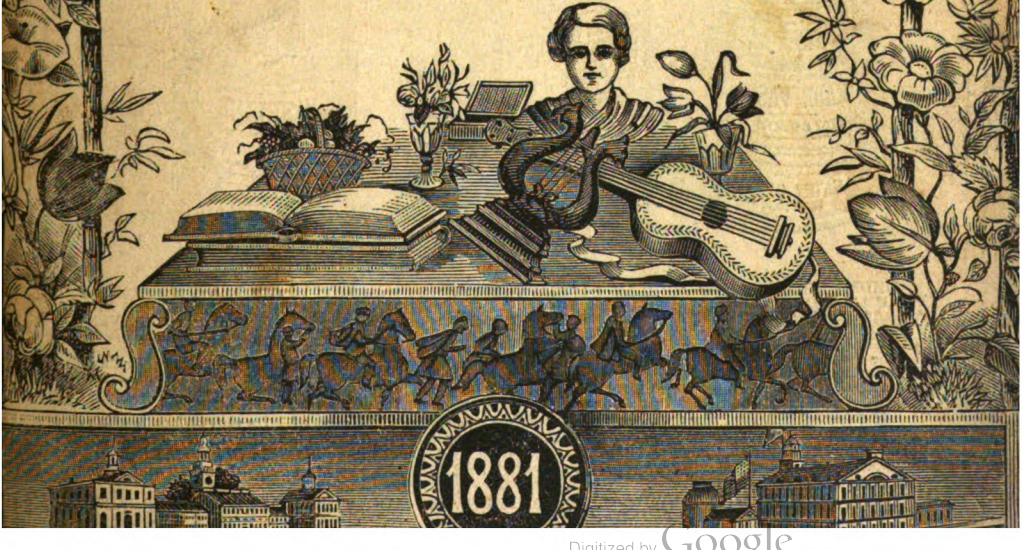


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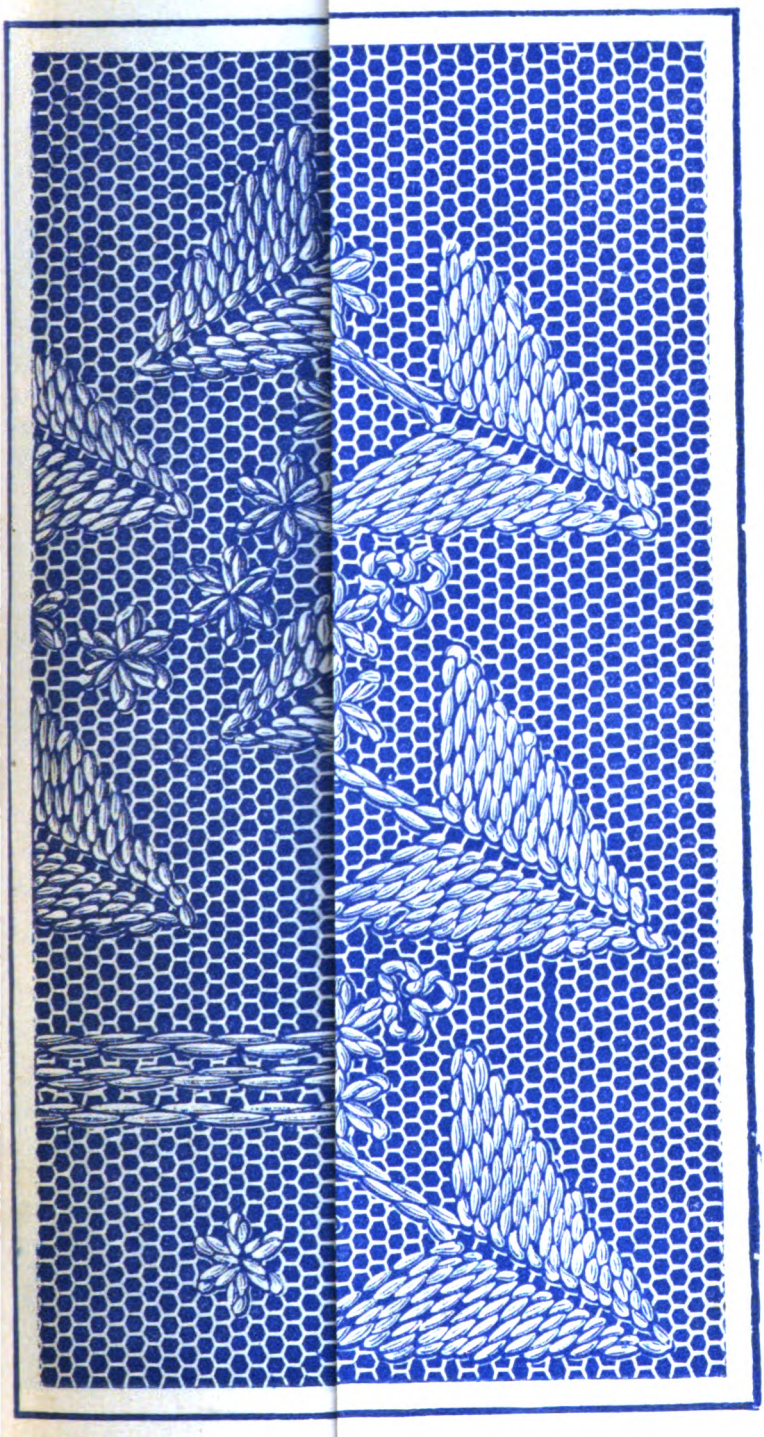

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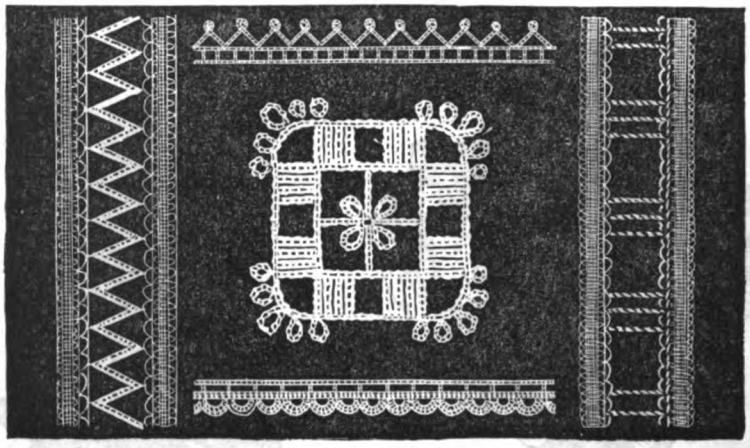

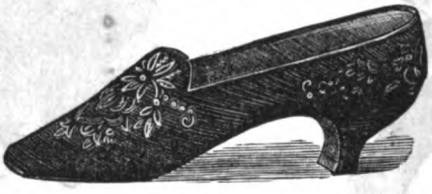

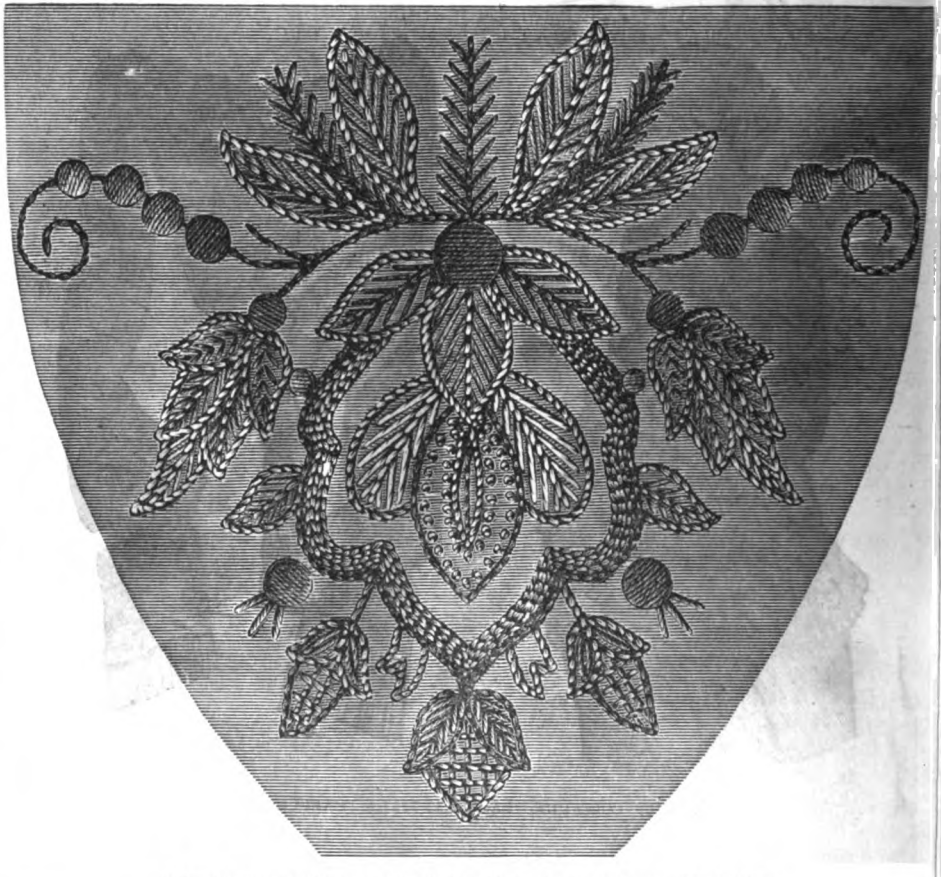

PATTERN IN CROCHET. LADY'S SLIPPER: WITH DETAIL, FULL SIZE.

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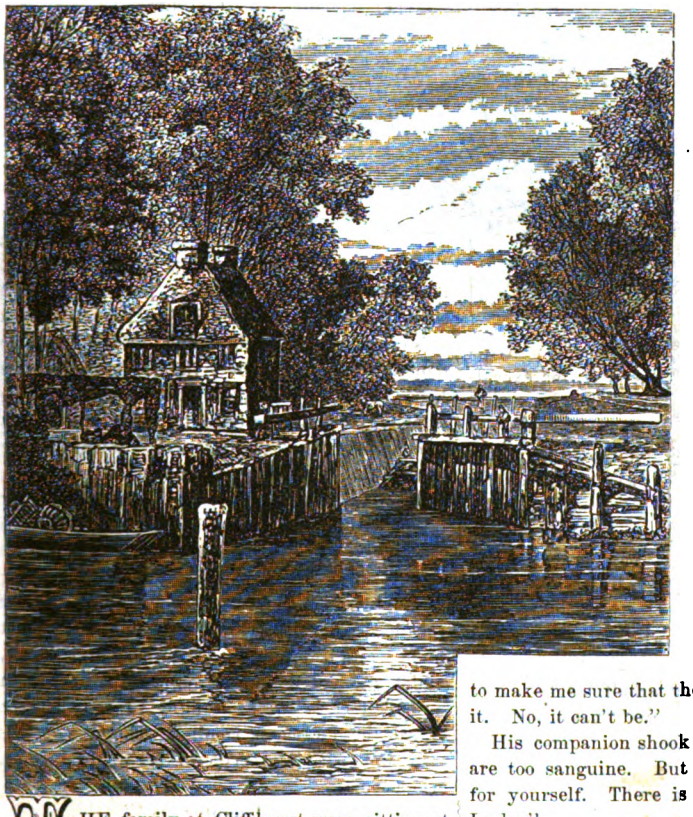
# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1881. No. 6.

## THE TRAGEDY IN THE FOREST.

BY GEORGE C. MAXWELL.



THE family at Cliffhurst were sitting at breakfast, when Gresham, the District Attorney, drove up to the door.

"Come with me to the Forest," he said to Mr. Mordaunt, in some excitement. "There has been a terrible murder committed there; and I want your advice."

Mr. Mordaunt was a retired lawyer, who had been particularly celebrated in criminal cases, and who spent his summers at the estate he owned, called Cliffhurst; a few miles from Berkton.

"Willingly," he said. "I confess I still take an interest in all difficult cases."

When they were seated safe in the carriage, Mr. Gresham said:

"I was not more explicit, before the ladies, because the accused is one they know—Miss Stray. She has killed her father."

"Impossible," cried Mr. Mordaunt, in an accent of horror and incredulity.

"So I said, when I first heard of it. But the proof is unanswerable. She is now in Berkton jail."

"I don't believe a word of it," retorted the other. "We know her slightly, yet well enough to make me sure that there's some mistake about it. No, it can't be."

His companion shook his head. "I fear you are too sanguine. But you will see and judge for yourself. There is to be an inquest at the Locks."

The Locks, as the name implied, were on the Canal. There had always been a small settlement there, but since the railroad had been built, and a depot, followed by a post-office, the hamlet had grown considerably. Close by was a gap in the South Mountain, which led to what was called the Forest, a wild stretch of woodland, from five to ten miles wide, running between nearly parallel hills, and extending for some thirty miles from north-east to south-west. The



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name was well deserved, for excepting a few small houses, scattered here and there, the whole district was covered with its original growth of oak and chestnut, with here and there grim hemlocks and pines. The settlers were principally of German descent, their ancestors having come from the Palatinate, a century and a-half before. They retained, in a remarkable degree, the manners and customs of the Fatherland. Their houses were generally of stone, frequently with overhanging stories, and often with stone stair-cases built outside.

In one of the wildest parts of this Forest, high up on a spur of the sandstone hills, lived, or had lived, old Wilhelm Stray, a usurer, a miser, the cruelest of creditors, it was said, and a tyrant to his family and all under him. He was supposed, however, to be the richest man in the county; and it was his only child who was now accused of his murder.

"It seems," said the District Attorney, "that his daughter has been clandestinely meeting a young man, and that her father, hearing of it, fell into a great rage, and threatened to turn her out of doors. There was nothing against the lover, unless it was his poverty: his father, Col. Wolcott, was once member of Congress for the adjoining district; he himself is a rising young lawyer. The girl had first met him, at the house of an old school-mate; she was at Mrs. Collingwood's boarding-school, as perhaps you know: for stingy as old Stray was, he appears to have wished his only child to be brought up like a lady. What passed, in the interview, between father and daughter, is not fully known. The servant girl over-heard angry words, but could not always distinguish their purport: she is sure, however, that, just before the altercation was over, the father threatened to disinherit the daughter. Shortly after, the old man left the house, on foot, to walk to the Locks, where he intended to take the train to Berkton. Almost immediately Miss Stray followed. Within twenty minutes, a forgeman, going home, came on her, in the Gap, standing over the dead body of her father. Her agitation, on being detected, was, as he says, conclusive evidence of her guilt. But that of course is only opinion. The damning facts are the quarrel; an intelligent motive for the deed; blood on the linen cuff of her right hand; and the finding of an Oriental dagger, which she had long used for a paper cutter, in a thicket close by, as if flung there, when she heard the forgeman coming. The dagger was still wet with the crimson stain, by-the-bye, when found."

"What does the daughter say?"

"Oh! she denies it of course. Says she had just discovered the body, and that she was horrified at the sight, a horror which the forgeman mistook for proof of guilt. The dagger, she declares, was last seen by her, that morning, on her table. The blood on her cuff she explains, by saying she had stooped to see if her father was really dead, and so stained the linen."

"Well, I believe her."

"That's because you know her, and pity her. Who else could have done the deed? Who had

any motive? Really, you are too old a man, too experienced a lawyer, to let sentimental motives cloud your judgment. The best that can be said for her is that she did it in a fit of sudden passion: they say her temper is high; she was goaded to it, perhaps. Another Beatrice Cenci."

"God forbid," said the other. "But come, we'll say no more, till we have seen for ourselves."

The two gentlemen first visited the scene of the murder. There were no signs of a struggle, such as both had expected to find. But Mr. Gresham said, "The stroke was too quick and sure for that, I suppose. The old man fell and died, like an ox, stunned by a single blow."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Mr. Mordaunt. "See, here is where his shoes were planted, firmly, in the soil: the deep indentation is unmistakable: it looks to me as if there was some little resistance, at least."

"But there is no sign of any other footsteps."

"No. Perhaps the assailants stood on this rock here. By-the-bye, the moss seems to me slightly abraded,"

"I don't see it. I rather think the assailant wore shoes that would not make an indentation, a woman's shoe, in fact."

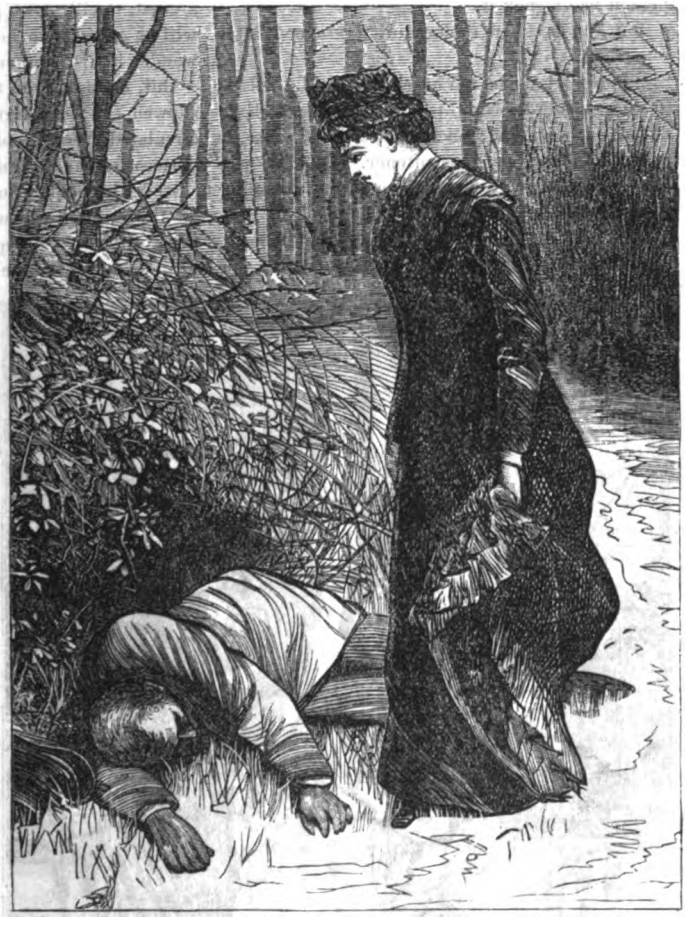
"But what is this?" cried Mr. Mordaunt. He stooped, as he spoke, and picked up, about two yards from where the body had lain, a curiously-shaped button, with a small fragment of green cloth attached to it. The button lay just at the edge of the thicket, concealed by the overhanging laurels. "Here is something that may give a clue. It looks as if the button had been torn off in a struggle."

"Pshaw," said the District Attorney. "A mere coincidence. The button has been there for years, probably. Don't you see that it is quite unlike any one you ever saw before?"

"Nevertheless, note down where we found it."

The next place visited was the house of the murdered man. The corpse was lying on a bed, but with the clothes still on, awaiting the coroner's jury. A constable kept watch, to prevent any interference, until the inquest should have met. He was as garrulous as Dogberry himself.

"I'll take my 'davy,' that I will," he said, "that the gal's sweet-heart put her up to it.



The thing stands to natur'. But they do say she has a temper of her own. There's where the dagger went in," he added, lifting the sheet.

"A single blow seems to have been sufficient," remarked the District Attorney.

"It was a much stronger one, in my opinion," said Mr. Mordaunt, after a pause, "than any girl's hand could have dealt. Ha!" he added, in a whisper, "what does this mean?"

"What?" asked Mr. Gresham, while the con-

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stable, having replaced the sheet, walked to a window.

"Don't you see? The blow was a left-handed one. Now Miss Stray, as I happen to know, is not left-handed."

"This really does look like something, at last," said the other, reflecting.

For even he could see that the cut, instead of going from right to left, which would have been the case if the blow had been dealt in the usual way, went from left to right, as if a left-handed person had struck it.

But Mr. Gresham's incredulity returned, after a moment.

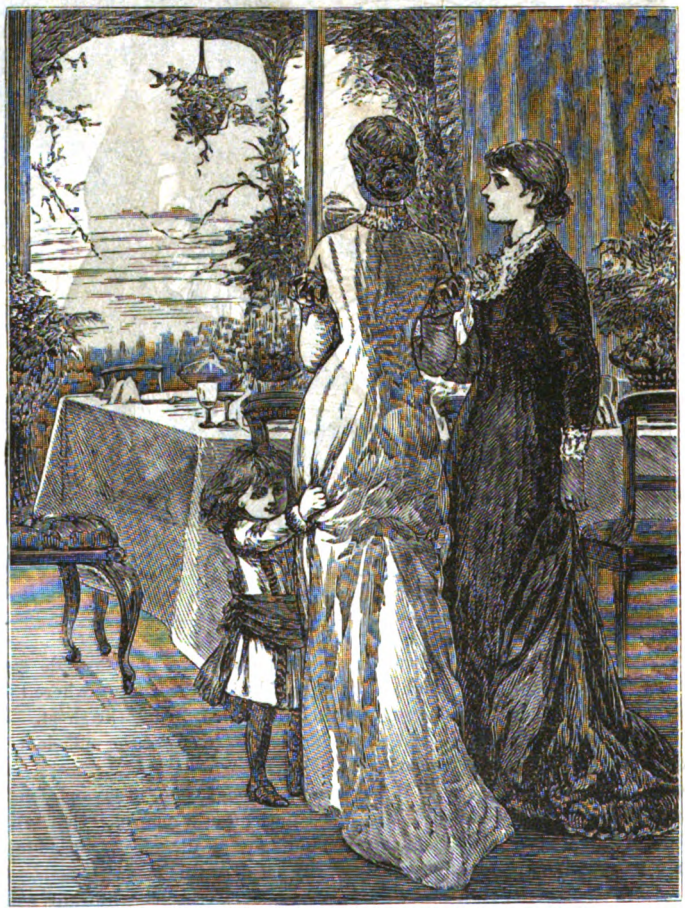
"Don't let us be too quick," he said. "It is not impossible for a right-handed person to have struck such a blow: once in a score of times, it might happen; perhaps oftener. Besides, you can't explain away the dagger: that damning fact remains."

"It will all explain itself, in good time," answered Mr. Mordaunt. "I had faith, from the first, in the girl's innocence. Now, I am sure of it. At present, I am going back to the Locks, where everybody about here is known. I am looking, you see, for a left-handed man, who had some interest in this murder."

Mr. Gresham shrugged his shoulders, but quietly followed his friend.

The inn, at the Locks, was crowded. Everybody, from a circuit of twenty miles around, had been attracted thither, by the report of the tragedy. "The real criminal," Mr. Mordaunt argued, "will, most probably, be there; for he will be anxious to hear the coroner's verdict: I wonder if his manner will betray him to me."

But, amid all the throng, he saw no one, who showed the least sign of guilt. The beer-mugs circulated freely, and the room was filled with tobacco smoke. A dozen voices, at once, discussed whether the lover had been an accessory, for the opinion was universal that the daughter was guilty. No, not quite universal, for one man, a hill farmer, from the Forest, ventured to dissent.



"For where is the money?" he said. "I paid him three hundred and fifty-six dollars, the evening before; some money I had borrowed from him last year. He was, I saw, afraid to keep it, in the house, over night; he feared robbers; he told me he would take it to bank, the first thing, the next morning. Now there was no money found on him."

"The girl robbed him, after killing him," said a harsh voice, in answer. "No doubt of it."

Mr. Mordaunt looked around, quickly. The man spoke in German, with a Bavarian accent. As if to emphasize his words, he plunged his beer-mug down on the table, with a vigor that made the pipes, lying there, rattle. *That beer-mug was held in his left hand.* More than this, the button which Mr. Mordaunt had found, was the button belonging

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to the uniform of the railway employees of Bavaria, as he happened to know.

Mr. Mordaunt turned to his next neighbor.

"Who was that fellow?" he asked.

"Well, I hardly know. A new-comer here; just from Germany: lives off in the Forest, by himself. They say he's been making up to the servant girl, at old Stray's, however: she's believed to have saved money. She has, probably, told him that her mistress robbed the old man; he seems so positive about it."

But this solution was far from being that of Mr. Mordaunt. On the contrary, he attributed the accusation of the man, to a desire to screen himself. As if by a flash, the whole tragedy, from this moment, became clear.

Mr. Mordaunt rose, and leaving the room, sought the District Attorney.

"I want two search warrants," he said. "One for the trunks of the servant girl at Stray's, and another for the house, or cabin, of a Bavarian, living, I am told, at the three mile cross-roads, in the Forest. Three, or four officers, also, as we may have to make arrests."

"This is rather unusual, as you well know, but we'll stretch a point, to please you," said Mr. Gresham. "I'm afraid your zeal, for once, however, has outrun your judgment."

"Trust me for that," replied Mr. Mordaunt. "My intuitions, in these matters, have never misled me."

Accordingly, he found, on searching the Bavarian's house, just what he had expected: the green uniform of a flag-station guard, in Bavaria, *with one button missing*. The button had evidently been violently wrenched out. The bit of cloth, attached to the button, which Mr. Mordaunt had picked up, exactly fitted the rent.

"So far, so good," said Mr. Mordaunt. "Now for the servant girl."

On examining her trunks, a roll of notes was discovered, which the farmer from the Forest, who was brought to the house for the purpose, indentified as part of the money he had paid to the old man. "See, here is my mark," he said, showing a peculiar cross on each note. "I always put that on every bill."

When this was made known to the servant, the bravado, which she had shown at first, gave way, and she confessed all. The murder had been suggested by the Bavarian, who was in the kitchen, when the farmer came to pay off his loan. "The miserly wretch has lived long enough," he argued; "his death wont harm any body; this money will make us rich. He's sure, you say, to go to bank with it, to-morrow. We will throw suspicion on his daughter."



It was then, in discussing this part of the tragedy, that the girl spoke of the dagger of her mistress. "That is just the thing," cried the Bavarian. "Get it for me, to-morrow. I will hide in the edge of the woods, watching, till I see the old man go out: then I will steal down to the back-door, and get the dagger from you. Leave the rest to me."

All this happened several years ago. The Bavarian was arrested, tried, condemned, and hung. The girl, by turning State's evidence, saved her life. It was not, it was discovered, the first serious crime of the murderer. He had fled from Bavaria, to avoid arrest for a homicide committed there. He had never worn his old uniform, except on the day of Mr. Stray's death: and he put it on then, thinking it a disguise. "But 'twas the devil who suggested it," he said, wrathfully: "had I not worn it, I would have never been found out. Yes! the old man held on, tight, and cried for help: it was some time before I could make a sure stroke; and I wasn't going to make but one."

Miss Stray lived in the strictest seclusion, for more than two years after the tragedy, and then was married to her lover, in the quietest way, only the Mordaunts being present. Her husband is now one of the leading members of the bar, at Berkton, where they reside, for she never went back to the house in the Forest. The old edifice is fast falling to decay, and is said to be haunted, strange noises being heard at nights in it, wailings, groans, prayers for mercy, or so the excited imaginations of the neighbor's fancy.

It was only the other day, that one of Mr. Mordaunt's daughters was dining at Mrs. Ellicott's.

"Let us go out on the piazza, and look at the sunset," said the hostess, as they rose from table. "Yes, darling, you may come, too," this to her little girl, who was clinging to her dress. "Do you know, that people who have been abroad, tell me that the view from here, down the valley, is not unlike that from Fiesole?"

"I have seen that view," answered the other. "All this one wants is the white villas scattered over the slopes. The scenery is quite as fine."

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Ellicott, after a long gaze, "how thankful I ought to be. I never thought to be so happy. Under God, too, I owe it, my dear, in a great degree, to your father. He it was that lifted me up from out of that awful, awful gulf."

She suddenly covered her eyes with both hands, and shuddered. And that was the only time she was ever heard to allude to the TRAGEDY IN THE FOREST.

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# "SAUCY EYES."

BY ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

SHE came, smiling, across the fields, her arms laden with hawthorn bloom. Harold Carleton, as he saw her, thought her the very incarnation of Spring, she was so young, so fresh, so full of exuberant vitality. Yet she was only a cottager's child, apparently; for her dress, though neat, was cheap. She glanced up at him, as she passed, with her great, eloquent eyes, half shyly, half mischievously.

Harold was fresh from Harvard, and at eighteen thought himself quite in another sphere, even in point of age, from this rustic of thirteen. He was disposed to be patronizing.

"What's the hurry, little saucy eyes?" he said. "Stop, and give a fellow a kiss."

"My name isn't Saucy Eyes, and you know it. Gentlemen," and she emphasized the word, "when they speak to me, call me Miss Kent." She had stopped, for a moment, to say this, and she now walked on, with head erect, and the air of a born princess.

"Whew," whistled Harold, "but I've made a mess of it. No cottager's daughter has an accent like that. Who the deuce can she be? A regular, little spit-fire, though—"

He ventured to ask the landlord about her, at the small inn where he lodged. He had come to this picturesque, hilly region, on a trout-fishing excursion; and knew no one there.

"Oh! that's the minister's daughter," was the reply. "Had her arms full of hawthorn, you say. Yes! there's plenty of it, about here; one of the few places there is. We've miles of hedges. Kate was taking the bloom home to deck out the parlor, I guess. She's a rare one for flowers. You should see her fix up the church at Christmas. All the young ladies give way to her in that, though she is but a child as yet."

"If she grows up as pretty as she is now, she'll make many a fellow's heart ache," said Harold, philosophically, as he helped himself to another brook-trout; and in five minutes more, so excellent was the dinner, he had forgotten all about the child.

Years passed. Harold, who was in his sophomore year when we first met him, had taken his degree, and was now studying law, the profession of his father, the judge, and his grandfather before him. Just before the summer vacation began, he had a letter from home.

"We shall certainly expect you, dear," his mother wrote, "this year, and will take no excuses. It has been two years since you were home, remember. We have had such an accession, too, to our society. Our new rector is a most excellent man, and has such a charming daughter: a very pretty girl, and so bright, intelligent, and high-bred."

Now Harold, who had gone, the summer before, to Niagara, the Lakes, and the White Mountains, had thought, this year, of going salmon fishing to Labrador; had almost given his promise, in fact; but at this appeal, he wrote back that he would come home, and spend the whole vacation at "Inglewood," for that was the name of Judge Carleton's place. "Dear mamma, it was so hard on her, last year," he said to himself.

The very day that Harold came home, the rector went away, on a four weeks visit, with his wife; and the last words he said to his daughter, as he got into the carriage, were, "Good-bye, Katie, and don't forget to go up to Judge Carleton's, and ask to have the gardener, to come to see to the garden. The judge told me to send for him, only yesterday. With his aid, we can manage to keep the garden very nice."

"I suppose I might as well go, at once," said Kate, when the carriage had disappeared. "Dear old papa, I am sorry you and ma have gone; but I'm going to have lots of fun, with nobody but old black Nannie to look after me." And her eyes fairly danced with the mischief of eighteen.

Harold Carleton himself was in the garden when Katie came in. He had arrived, unexpectedly, the night before, a week sooner than he had expected. He was fond of a little amateur gardening, at times, and was just now bending over a moss-rose bush, hoe in hand. His back was toward Katie, and she, supposing him to be the gardener, called out:

"Oh, Adam! that's your name, I hear, please ask Judge Carleton, if he can spare you for a couple of hours, this afternoon. It's Dr. Kent's, you know, at the rectory."

Harold glanced mischievously at the pretty face, half hidden by the tall lilies, which she had stooped to smell, as she was speaking. Here was a chance for some sport. Kate had never probably seen the new gardener, who had come only two days before. Why could not he personate



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the old fellow? It was fortunate for him, that he had an old coat on, he thought.

So, calling Adam, he took the old man into the plot, giving him a dollar for hush money; and in the afternoon made his appearance, at the rectory; and knocking at the back-door, asked for orders.

"Oh, Adam, is it you?" cried Kate, coming forward. "Let me show you your work. I'll put on my garden hat, and be out in a minute."

Harold presented rather a curious appearance, as he followed Kate down the long walk. His usually elegant attire had been exchanged for a jacket and trowsers of coarse jean; and his dark, curling hair was covered by a red wig, similar in color to Adam's fiery locks. He had assumed the same shuffling, awkward gait also.

"Here is your work, Adam," said Kate, "tie up these roses; and then weed this bed of hyacinths; train this westeria; and if you have any more time, come to me for further orders."

Harold bowed awkwardly, while a mischievous gleam shot from the brown eyes, as he proceeded to tie up the wayward roses.

"This is getting interesting," he observed. "I wonder what my next order will be. By George! but Miss Katie queens it well. What a perfect little beauty she is. Whew, how hot it is." He wiped the perspiration from his heated brow. "I begin to understand how the original Adam must have felt, when commanded to earn his bread, by the sweat of his brow. There! the wisteria is tied up. Faith, mum," he said, as Kate re-appeared, "I wus jist comin' to see whatever else there was to be did."

"How nice you've made things look," cried Katie, as she glanced at the roses and wisteria. "But it's warm work, isn't it? Adam's your name, I believe. I am glad," affably, "to make your acquaintance, Adam."

"Faith, mum, but it is that same, as you say," replied Adam, drawing his straw hat further down over his eyes, still further to hide his face.

"Well, Adam, train up this hedge and then you may go," she answered, and swept away.

Several days went by. The pretended Adam never failed to be on hand, in the afternoon. But in the morning, Harold Carleton, in his own proper person, had fishing, boating, and pic-nic excursions, most of which Katie attended, for, by this time, the judge's wife had called, bringing her son, and of course, after that, Katie was included in everything that went on. Katie, too, learned to like Harold Carleton very much, for no one more genial, and whole-souled ever existed. He was generous to a fault, frank and open-hearted as the day, and had outgrown the conceit and coxcombery of his youth.

One morning, when Katie went into the garden, unexpectedly, she found Adam fanning himself with his straw hat, which was usually drawn so closely over his eyes, and she caught a quick glance that reminded her of Harold. But it was only for a moment.

He had not seen her, nor did he see her, when she quietly seated herself, in a vine-colored summer house, and took out some pretty, graceful work, with which she soon became quite absorbed. The long, drowsy afternoon was wearing away. Nothing but the tinkle of the little brook, back of the rectory; the sound of the scythe which Adam was wielding; and the murmur of the bees broke the silence of the place. Suddenly, Katie's ear was arrested by a clear, manly voice, singing a bar from a favorite opera, in a rich, ringing tenor. She started to her feet, and looked out. Only last evening, she had sung, with Harold Carleton, that very song; and this surely was his voice again. But no one was in sight, except Adam, who was industriously hoeing peas. The truth was, Harold, ignorant of Kate's presence, had forgot himself; but he was now furious at his indiscretion; for he had heard Katie, and knew what called her out.

"Adam, has Mr. Carleton been here?" she asked. "I thought I heard him, just now."

"No, mum, it's not yet that I didn't say him," said the apparently stolid Irishman.

"I was sure it was his voice," said Kate, looking just a trifle disappointed.

He would cross-examine Katie a little, and thus discover her real feeling toward himself. So he asked, carelessly, though his whole heart was in her answer.

"Did yees wish to say him, Miss? For it's mesilf as will be afther sinding the likes of him to yees."

"No," said Katie, decidedly. "Stop talking, and go to work. I am afraid you are getting lazy," and Katie walked off, with her most queenly step.

"Whew," whistled Harold. "She's too bright to be caught in that way. Thinks Adam will tell on her. Getting lazy, am I? Well, it ain't because I don't work hard enough," with a doleful gaze at his blistered hands, as he set vigorously to work, adding, "Even as Adam, I must win the good opinion of my Eve."

The next afternoon, Katie went to call on a friend, and Harold, discontentedly, watched her departure. It was so pleasant to know that she was in the summer house, or about the grounds, that he did not like her to go away.

He did not notice her return, nor that she came to the arbor, soon after. But when he had

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finished his last order, he threw himself down on a mossy seat, and, tossing off his wig, began fanning himself, vigorously, with his straw hat.

"I can't wear that confounded wig any longer," he exclaimed. "It's color even is enough to set me on fire. Now this is refreshing. Beppo, you scamp! Bring back that wig. What if your mistress should come? Whew, must I chase after that dog, this scorching day?"

Beppo, Katie's dog, had run off with the wig, as the reader has conjectured; and, on chase being given to him, rushed to the summer house, and laid the wig at his mistress' feet.

"Why, Beppo, what have you there?" she cried. "It looks like the scalp of old Adam. I wonder if there are any red-skins about." And she broke into a fit of ringing laughter, as she met the astonished Harold, face to face.

"Mr. Carleton!"

"Miss Katie!" Then, unable to resist it, he also broke into a hearty laugh.

"Oh! so you're not Adam," said Katie, demurely, at last.

"No, but I will be, if you'll only be my Eve," he cried, with a touch of his old boyish impudence. "Oh! Kate, Miss Kent, darling, I've learned to love you so dearly; say you will. We'll make another paradise, where we can be happy together, and—I shan't be obliged to work so hard," breaking into laughter, as he saw Katie's roguish look, and wiping his dripping forehead.

"Very well," said Katie. "I'll think of it. But you must remember, that it was not a woman, who made trouble in the garden, this time." And she added, archly, "but I'll forgive you for deceiving me, if you will forgive me for—for—"

"For what?" asked Harold, as she hesitated.

"For not letting you know, before, that I guessed your secret. I knew, from the beginning, that you were not Adam. That first day, when I pretended to be smelling the lilies, I had seen you were, at least, not a gardener."

"And you let me work all this time? And it so hot," with a crestfallen look.

"Yes. You deserved it, for your trick. But I am glad you *can* work, and obey orders. You may have to do so some time, you know."

"Every man has, they say, when he falls in love," he retorted.

"Yes," she said, saucily. "And you musn't hope to be an exception. But there, there, isn't that quite enough?" For he was devouring her with kisses. "I declare you're as impudent as you were, five years ago."

"Five years ago!"

"Yes! Oh! you've forgotten. Men always do. It is only women who remember."

"What do you mean?"

Her eyes danced with mischief. She was enjoying his perplexity to the full.

"Well. I'll tell you a fairy tale. Once on a time—there, stop now, or I'll never get on—there was a little girl, coming across a field, with her arms full of hawthorn bloom." He gave a quick start. Katie went on demurely. "And she met an impudent young fellow, a Harvard collegian, who thought himself a prince, but wasn't. And he called her 'saucy eyes,' the conceited—"

"What! You're 'saucy eyes,' are you? Oh! I remember it all. Who'd have thought it? Why, it's the jolliest fairy-tale I ever heard. Only, then, she wouldn't let me kiss her; and now—"

"Now, somebody will get his ears boxed, if he doesn't behave himself. One must draw the line somewhere, and half a hundred, surely—"

"Well, since you are so cruel. But when did you first recognize me?"

"The first time I saw you, at leisure, the day you called with your mother."

"And," said Harold, reflectively, "there was always something in your face, I thought familiar. Yes! after all, you *are* SAUCY EYES."

## YESTERDAYS.

BY MAJORIE MOORE.

He took my child upon his knee,
And tenderly caressed
The golden head, that trustfully
Nestled upon his breast.

I saw with half-averted eyes,
Saw but I could not speak;
The scarlet stain of swift surprise
Flush up from heart to cheek.

Did he remember or forget
Those dreamy golden days?
He rifled beds of mignonette,
I wore the slender sprays.

He sang an old, sweet song to me,
One day among the flowers;
Now rocks my child upon his knee,
*My* child, but, ah! not *ours*.

What had life been, had all the dream
Of olden days been true?
The things that are—the things that seem—
Which would we, if we knew?

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# HELD FOR RANSOM.

BY SIDNEY TREVOR.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 374.

## CHAPTER V.

TAKING his cue from her, Kenneth Sherwood comprehended the sweet gravity with which Violet Treherne met him, some hours later, when he returned from a visit to the offices of the Marsala company. He made no further reference to his ill-timed declaration, deferring it to the time when, if ever, her brother should be at liberty.

The next day brought the letter from Reginald Treherne to his firm, with the demand for ransom, and Sherwood found new cause for alarm, in the attitude of these men, who had the life of his friend, virtually, in their hands.

An Englishman, named Benton, who was in authority at the offices, went so far as to intimate to Sherwood, quite plainly, that his interest in the affair was superfluous; and the Italian employées took their tone from him. When Miss Treherne came, however, they were obsequious and devoted, promising all reassuring things, and protesting that there was no slightest danger to her brother.

But Kenneth Sherwood had learned enough, from young Treherne, of his suspicions of the honesty of these men, to be anxious to have proofs of their good faith. He, therefore, was eager to know if they had sent telegrams to England, for the necessary sums, to make up any deficit for the ransom of his friend. But the closest watch, upon the offices of the Palermitan marine telegraph, showed him no emissary from the Marsala company sending such telegrams. His uneasiness became almost unconcealable, as the first few days passed, before the demand was sent; but it was sent, at last. It had been delayed, however, until the news would be likely to reach London by ordinary means, and provoke inquiry; but now, of course, the necessary sum would be immediately telegraphed, and he tried to be at rest.

Meantime, Violet Treherne displayed the firmness, which is so eminently characteristic of a sweet, quiet woman. She kept herself so occupied during these first days, that she left little time for brooding and real discouragement.

The low fever of the poor old marquis dragged its weary length, under the antiquated ministrations of a Sicilian doctor; and Miss Treherne and her maid had enough to do to supplement the Sister of Charity, whom the young count soon installed as his father's nurse.

It happened, oddly enough, that both English consul and clergyman were away, and so no one came to disturb the enforced quiet of those sad days. Sherwood, in his torment of anxiety lest the delayed ransom should cost her brother his life, was little with Miss Treherne, and made several journeys over to Naples, ostensibly for his own affairs, which excused his absence.

One night, when the invalid had, at last, babbled himself to sleep, with Violet's hand in his, content to think over his lost daughter, the poor girl's fortitude gave way for a little, and, in spite of herself, the tears dropped silently on those clasped hands, as she thought of what her life might be, without the dear brother, who had been father, mother, all, to her tender years.

Suddenly, a sound of steps brought Count Rucellai before her. To her surprise and horror, on seeing her tears, he fell on his knees, and snatching her hands to his lips, poured forth vows of adoration, mingled with promises to save her brother, if she would listen to him.

Poor Violet, unused to this tropical heat of protestation, and in some sort outraged by such a scene, beside the bed of his sick father, repulsed the young man with ill-concealed indignation. She was shocked with his bad taste, and unheard of presumption.

"The signore forgets," said she, "that the moment is ill-chosen for such words, even if the illness of his father, and the absence of my brother, did not forbid."

She stood up bravely, looking into his dark, passionate face, though her own paled, and she trembled almost perceptibly.

"Oh, cold Northerner! *Bella bionda*, how could I be silent, when I saw your tears?" the Italian burst forth. "How can I await the return of your brother, when you will not say the words, the only words which can release him?"

What could he mean? Violet asked herself. And, oh, where was Kenneth Sherwood now, when she needed him most? She looked about



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her. The night-light flickered dimly over the features of the Sister of Charity, asleep at the bed's foot, and made the sick man's pallor ghastly. For some moments she could not speak. A nameless terror, born of her lonely position, held her fast. No one to come if she should call. But she thought of her brother.

"What can you mean, signore conte?" she asked, with feigned assurance. "How can anything I say affect my brother's release? And you, signore—what can you have to do with robbers?"

"Oh, loveliest *Inglese*," he whispered, hoarsely, evidently encouraged in his wild passion, by her seeming calm. "I meant to wait, to be patient—believe me—but your brother will die before the ransom comes—it will be delayed until too late, unless powerful influence is exerted—"

Violet felt her blood deserting her cheeks, and her heart laboring, but she struggled bravely; and, even then, spoke quietly, if not calmly.

"And the influence, if it is yours to exert, will surely not be lacking? Think, signore conte, of his life so dear to me, and save it, if you can. My gratitude shall be yours—my friendship—"

There was a pleading tremor in her sweet voice, as her clasped hands and wet eyes besought the man before her; but he seemed only moved by her loveliness. His breath came in deep, gasping inspirations, and his eyes shone dangerously as he leaned forward and whispered in her ear.

The tiny pink whorl blushed an outraged crimson, as it conveyed the Italian's words to Violet Treherne's pure heart. Could it be, that, under the guise of love's holy name, any creature, wearing man's shape, would bargain with a delicate woman in distress? Buy a wife with her brother's life. And what was this boasted influence, which should be able to save Reginald, in default of ransom? As she stood before him, pale and trembling, thinking these thoughts, with her hand pressed upon her struggling heart, there came to her, through the open window, the sound of Kenneth Sherwood's voice, and it seemed to the poor girl that help had at last arrived. How, she knew not; but she felt as if she were saved from great peril, by this friend's mere presence.

The Rucellai frowned, ominously, at this sound from below.

"If you tell the American what I have said," he whispered, hoarsely, "I shall desert your cause; and then your brother is lost. Let him beware how he crosses the path of the Rucellai."

"But he will assist; he will do all, anything for—for my brother," Violet protested.

"A word to him, and he, too, is lost," responded the count, from between his teeth. "The *mafia* knows how to dispose of meddling persons."

With these warning words, he left the room, going out by one door, as Violet's maid, sent by Sherwood, came to seek her by the other.

Violet Treherne was so pale and fragile-looking, as he greeted her after this short absence, that Kenneth Sherwood longed to fold her in his arms and caress her like a suffering child; but he felt that he must not take advantage of her solitude, grief, and anxiety, if he could even be sure of her own willingness; and so he checked the loving words on his lips, even when she came hurrying to him, and put both her small hands, confidingly, in his, making his heart leap with ardent hope.

"All goes well," he said, in a cheerful voice. "Why do I find you so sad and worn? I must stop here, and not let you tire yourself out with the old marchese."

"Oh, are you sure that all will be well? Are you sure that there can be no doubt about the ransom? Is there no way to provide against a possible failure?" And Violet's tears threatened to drown her sweet eyes, as she held fast to Sherwood's hands, and poured out her fears.

"You may rely upon everything being done, that is humanly possible," pronounced Sherwood, with the slow deliberation of a vow, and a tremor in his tones, that betokened the deepest feeling. More explicit he dared not be.

"Forgive me," she said. "I should have known that you would leave nothing undone; but the long night hours—the fears that I cannot avoid—oh, I cannot tell you all I dread—"

She checked herself, hastily, to Sherwood's great astonishment; but he made no observation.

"What is really the *mafia?*" she asked, after an absent pause.

"It is a Sicilian society, or worse, a band of brigands, which counts among its numbers some of the highest and cleverest, as well as the worst and most ignorant, blood of the island. I suppose there is no reason to doubt that princes and potentates, as well as the poorest beggar in the streets, are affiliated, and equally bound to obey the behests of its *camarilla*. But why should we talk of such infamous things, done in the name of liberty become license?" he added, seeing in Violet's face a new terror, for which he could not account. "We will recover your brother, and then turn our backs upon this misgoverned island, leaving its beauties and treasures of antiquity to be developed when infantine United Italy is older, and better able to cope with and govern her disobedient children."

"If we might but escape," sighed Violet.

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"But we shall escape, of course," said Sherwood, cheerfully.

"But if the ransom-money should be stolen, *en route*, by other brigands?"

"Then there are even other ways. Trust me, Miss Violet, Treherne shall not die while I live. Will you try to believe it?"

With a deep blush, she gave him her hand for answer; but at that moment I fear it did not greatly reassure her, to think that he, too, might risk his life to save her brother. It seemed to her sacrilege to think of any one but Reginald, and yet this stranger would be a cruel loss.

## CHAPTER VI.

Then followed long, weary days for Violet Treherne; each one filled with alternate hopes and fears, and brave efforts against despair; while each night brought Count Gaetano, whose visit she dared not avoid, with his threats and promises and cruel tenderness; and the Sister always slept soundly, during the long hour of his visit.

Many a time, in that week, did Sherwood insist that Miss Treherne should leave the old marchese. This daily duty, in these hours of cruel suspense, were, together, too much for her. They seemed to wear upon, and exhaust, the young girl, in a manner unaccountable to him. But the fear of increasing her brother's danger, by resisting the young count's addresses, openly, brought her always to the old man's bedside, at the usual hour.

"Why should you wish to marry me, if I do not love you?" she asked her tormentor, constantly.

"But young *ladies* do not know what love means, until after marriage; *that* is for *contadine*," he asserted, with wide-eyed astonishment at the question. "You will adore me, when we are married. I shall make you most happy; and then mine is one of the best names in Sicily, as you surely know."

"But how can you save my brother, even if you wish?"

"Leave me the task. Give me only your little hand, and a vow to be mine, and I shall—I shall *pay* the ransom."

"How is it you can pay so large a sum, at once, when you were to have the American in your house, for the sake of the money he could give you?" she shrewdly demanded, in a moment of sick, helpless fear, and anger at his cowardly persistance.

"It is he, then, who has dared to tell you this, and who keeps you from promising that which I demand? Know, then," he said, savagely, "that I will have him, too, stolen by the brigands, if I see him again near you, in the English garden, as yesterday. He shall pay with his life for aspiring to one who has been chosen by the Rucellai. *That I, too, am of the mafia, you may know, but dare not tell!*"

This, then, was the secret of his power. And she, Violet Treherne, had been thus intimate with a thief! Not even with a brigand, but with one who concealed himself beneath title and position, while fattening on the gains of his physically braver, if not more worthy, comrades! Violet's heart turned sick at the thought of comparative complicity with such a wretch; but still she dared not yet rebel outright. Each day she hoped for news of the arrival of the ransom, and then she was sure she would be relieved from this horrible incubus.

Since the count's threat, she became even afraid of being seen with Sherwood, lest he, too, should be spirited away. The papers were full of a similar abduction, which had just taken place. A young Sicilian had disappeared from the principal theatre of Palermo. He had gone out, between the acts, and his companions had seen no more of him. Some days later, he was exchanged for a large sum of money, sent to the brigands, by his terrified family. Violet Treherne dared not ask herself what it would cost her to know Sherwood captured; so she avoided him by every gentle means, seeing him rarely; and passed the long hours in hoping for news of the ransom.

As the days went by, and each effort to obtain information at the Marsala offices was so ill-received and so ineffectual, Sherwood began to fear that Reginald Treherne's life was to be sacrificed, by those who had already endangered the young man's fortune by their dishonesty. Then came the last days of the respite; and Sherwood seemed animated by a feverish activity, which even Miss Treherne noticed.

Was he wishing to leave Sicily? She asked herself, by what right he should be expected to remain, longer than he originally intended. Was he anxious about the beautiful Italian girl's fate, when her own brother had never once mentioned her? Certain it was that he found many things to occupy him, and keep him from Miss Treherne's society; and the poor girl, feeling it without allowiug herself to name and face the fact, added this new trouble to her already heavy burthen. Sherwood, too, on his part, avoided a *tête-a-tête*, lest he might chance, by word or look, to let his cruel anxiety about her brother appear. None the less was he sensible of a chill, from Violet's consistent following of the same line of conduct.

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"Is she doubting me, because I have been able, so far, to do nothing to restore her brother?" he thought. "It is true that I make a seemingly contemptible figure, remaining supinely here at her side, and looking on at the daily paling and thinning of her sweet face; but I must not speak—no! that would be worse still."

The hot dawn and hotter sunset painted glorious colors on sky and sea, but poor Violet saw them not. The soft starlit night fell, and brought no sleep to her weary eyes. Each day was so fearfully long. And yet how horrible to see their number dwindle, without bringing the ransom. If only she could have the comfort of Sherwood's society, and be cheered by his confident certainty!

Here he came, along the hot, empty street, just under her balcony, and her tired heart fluttered, as she heard his steps.

"I am come to say good-bye, for my last day away. Wish me success," he said, trying to speak cheerfully, though his eyes were full of traitorous sadness, as he took Violet's small hand in his. "Only one day, or, at most, not more than two; and then we will both come back—our runaway, and your devoted slave." And he kissed the little hand, almost roughly.

"There is some *fête* in Naples, surely," she said, her sad eyes noting a bright blue suit and scarlet cravat, which gave Sherwood an entirely new and scarcely tasteful look.

"Only a small concession to the national love for color," he stammered; and then hastened out of the room.

Violet wondered if everything and everyone was to change like him; and sat for long hours dreamily brooding, till the afternoon waned, and the dreaded time for Count Rucellai's visit approached. She had refused to dine; and was summoning strength to go to the marquis, encouraging herself in the hope that this might be the last visit she should have from her tormentor, when a servant rushed in, breathless, and bringing terrible news. A detachment of brigands had carried off another diligence load of travellers, and among the number the *Signorino Americano!*

Her informant believed that the raid had taken place in the outskirts of the city, and mine host of the Trinacria confirmed the news of Sherwood's capture.

Her last friend gone! And possibly by her own fault!

Violet Treherne's was no feeble character, but this came near crushing her. She was stunned; but it seemed to her she must do something; and yet, what could she do for this stranger—this merest travelling acquaintance, in the world's eyes? She sat weeping and trembling, and even forgot the old marchese's hour in this trouble. What would the interview be, now that the count had fulfilled his threat? And how could she permit him to touch the hand, that Sherwood had last held?

She sent for Benton.

He came, vowing that the ransom would still be in time, and declaring that his couriers were ready to go off with it, at whatever hour it might arrive.

Miss Treherne also commanded him to seek the American consul, and take all possible steps for Sherwood's safety; but alas! she knew nothing about his friends, or their power to ransom him.

Benton promised all things, but added:

"If Miss Treherne permits me, I think she is rid of a meddling impertinent, who might, later, have forced his acquaintance upon the family, perhaps, with fortune-hunting intentions."

These last insolent words sealed Miss Treherne's lips; but in her heart she sighed:

"Oh, Regy, if you were here, he would not dare—"

## CHAPTER VII.

The day but one before that named for his ransom, dawned upon Reginald Treherne, after a weary, sleepless night. He lay, still bound, and gazing from the door of his cabin. The stars had faded, one by one, from his sight, and now the "earliest pipe of half-awakened birds" heralded the sun, at last. To-morrow he might hope to hear of his release: at least, it would surely not pass without news. But then it might be brigand-fashion, to put defaulting hostages to death in the morning.

To die thus, like a dog, and he not yet thirty! If he could but fight for his life, and sell it dearly, as a man should. And then Gelsominé, his beautiful darling. It would not bear thinking of, if he would keep from utter despair.

Suddenly, there was a stir among the huts, nearest the path to the windlass basket. Treherne could hear the signals from the sentinels. Someone had arrived, and he waited in a fever of impatience.

A soft breeze blew over the sea, and as the sun came up in glory, the blossoms began to droop; but soon a general stir became evident, among the high-banked, white clouds, which hung low over the sea, and shut in the distance.

The basket creaked, as it went down and up, down and up. But it was too far off for Treherne to be able to distinguish its contents, as they were brought to the plateau. At last, he was sure of two human arrivals, and one—bound like himself,

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but probably also living, was left lying in his bonds, while the chief welcomed the new comers, and read a letter they brought. Then certain packets changed hands, and Treherne's heart leaped, thinking of his ransom. Perhaps it was come at last

But what did he see? Someone cut the bonds of the man who lay there, and all at once he recognized Sherwood himself.

Sherwood here? And who was left to care for Violet? All at once he became aware of the fact, that his tranquility of mind, where his sister was concerned, had depended on Sherwood's vicinity to and protection of her. Oh, would Sherwood never leave off gazing stupidly about him, and come near—near enough to be questioned?

There seemed no chance of it.

First, he had a long conversation with Capo Leone, and he, too, wrote the usual letter, probably commanding the payment of his own ransom. Then Treherne was witness to a leisurely breakfast, to which the young American did ample justice, not neglecting the sandwiches of figs and ham, and the mare's-milk cheese. Would he never finish, and approach, that he might give news of Violet and Palermo?

Apparently not, for, having satisfied his appetite, he put a large white silk pocket-handkerchief over his hat, in the guise of a *puggeree*, and strolled off; not even in the direction of the sea, but climbing the nearest peak, with great effort, after his night's fatigue, and standing in full relief against the hot blue of the sky, near the ruined tower. Treherne remarked that he was dressed in a startling suit of vivid blue, and wore a big scarlet neck-tie; and yet he could not remember in Sherwood a taste for such bizarre apparel. That, however, was not singular, when he recalled the brevity of their acquaintance. Would the donkey never cease regaling his taste for a sea view, and come nearer?

At last! Sherwood took off his hat, with the small sheet by way of *puggeree*, and waved it over his head, as if saluting the sea. Then he came gingerly down, and reached the plateau, as Treherne was taking his coffee and black bread breakfast.

What did the fellow mean? He stuck a glass in his eye, as he approached Treherne, and discharged his face of all expression. Before that astonished young man had time to ask an explanation, Capo Leone appeared. A portion of Treherne's ransom, it now seemed, had been sent, as a sort of sop to Cerberus, and it was prayed that the Capo Briganti would have patience for yet some days, when the full sum would be made up out of funds telegraphed from England.

So much difficulty, however, had the Sicilian bandit to explain this to Treherne, who only half-understood his *patois*, that he turned and called Sherwood to his aid.

"Tell the *Signore Inglesi* that another week is all that I shall grant, and that his life will pay for any further delay," said the brigand, savagely. "He knows that the money will not save him, if he tries to speak to the other prisoners," was added, significantly.

Sherwood lounged up to his former friend, and gaping skywards, with well-feigned stupidity, mumbled, in a low voice, in English,

"Not a word! Be wide awake for anything. Your sister is all right. Where is the other girl?"

"In the third cabin," responded Treherne, his voice nearly suffocated with renewed hope, yet puzzled as to what it all meant.

"If anything happens, look out for her, and make for the sea." He then began to interpret. Finally, he lifted his hat, and strolled away, as if bored with the duty.

All day long Treherne watched his friend, who did not approach. At dusk Sherwood again wandered aimlessly about, and chanced to come near Treherne. He took off his hat, and bowed politely again, offering a hand-shake, which left in his friend's hand a small, sharp knife, strong enough to cut his bonds.

"At moon-rise," he said, as if saluting, and went off toward his own allotted cabin.

A large detachment of brigands, headed by their renowned chief, had tramped away early in the afternoon, probably upon predatory thoughts intent, as they had knives as well as pistols in their red sashes, and their rifles gleamed over their shoulders.

Night fell. The others went to bed. Sherwood strolled down to the shore quite late, and visited all the sentinels, the last thing before disappearing into his cabin.

Treherne lay, looking out over the dark sea, which reflected, on its tranquil bosom, the myriad stars in the heavens, when the silver sickle of the sweet new moon peeped over the brow of the next hill. Almost at the same instant a rocket was seen to mount from each of a couple of yachts, becalmed in the space between the headlands, and two boats put off from each vessel, making shorewards.

The time had come now, Treherne felt intuitively, to sever his bonds; and in a few moments he was a free man. But he lay quiet still, until he should see what he could do with his liberty.

One of his jailors snored outside, the other was smoking a meditative pipe within.

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Suddenly, there was a crash of firearms, below the cliff, and in a few moments the bed of the dry water-course, which served as a road-way, was full of struggling men, upon whom the new moon threw a soft light. Oaths, blows and pistol-shots rang out on the still air, and Treherne's guardians, feeling sure of his bonds, ran off to have a share in the fray.

Quick as thought, Treherne dashed into the next cabin but one, and shoving the resisting women out of his path, found the lovely Italian weeping on her couch.

With a tender cry she ran to his protecting arms, and they fled together across the plateau, and down the steep water-way, into the middle of the knot of struggling men there. The brigands were fighting bravely, but the surprise had caught many without arms; and the besieging party, being double the number of their adversaries, the victory was soon decided. Meanwhile, Treherne had fled to the shore, and lifted Gelsominé into one of the boats.

Presently, down the hill came the victorious party, and assembled on the shore to re-embark.

"My brave fellows, what is the damage?" called out Sherwood.

"A broken head or two, and certain flesh wounds—I think that is all," responded someone.

"And where is Treherne?"

"Here am I," he answered, exultant. "Has anyone a boat-cloak?"

Someone counted up the numbers; none were missing; so a speedy embarkation was effected; and soon all were on board the two yachts.

The Italian girl was warmly welcomed by Sherwood, who told her of her father's illness, though able to promise his speedy recovery, with her help.

"Where in the world did you find all these jolly tars?" asked Treherne, never able to leave off shaking them by the hand.

"Part of them are English, from a ship in port at Palermo, and part recruits from an American merchantman at Naples. We were only about forty, and we trounced those Italian beggars finely.

"I was to be captured on purpose," continued Sherwood. "so as to signal to the yachts the exact spot where you were to be found; then, at the first peep of the new moon, the blue-jackets were to come ashore, and swarm up the road. I think we cooked their goose completely. The sentinels are still asleep, from the effects of my drugged segars."

"And the ransom?"

"That's the deuce of it, you see. There's likely to be foul play at your place. I fear your managers are hand-and-glove with these beggars," said Sherwood. "I had no end of trouble, just to see your letter, although your people knew that Miss Treherne trusted me. When they showed it, on her demand, I saw your phonetic message, with the description of the coast and tower. How did you know anyone understood the signs?"

"I didn't know; but I hoped it. You Americans dabble in all sorts of knowledge,"

"Luckily, I should say; for no one at your place noticed the crabbed characters."

"Does Violet know of your expedition?" asked Treherne.

"Not a word. How could I tell how it would succeed? And she needed no new anxiety. She thinks me in Naples, about your ransom."

Sherwood was courteous to the young Italian girl, but asked his friend no questions; indeed, question and answer were scarcely needed, so complete was Treherne's devotion.

The night breeze soon wafted the two out to sea, but, alas! the morning found them still within a good day's sail distant from Palermo, and in a dead calm.

It is to be doubted if Reginald Treherne would have grumbled, however, if the voyage had been longer; but his accounts of Gætano dei Rucellai's complicity with the brigands, lengthened Sherwood's face, and wrinkled his brow, though he said nothing.

To what end should he tell her brother, that Violet Treherne was nearly alone, in the villain's society, in their absence?

Patience! A stiff breeze would soon bring them into the midst of the matter.

If only this pink of Sicilian birth and breeding should not spirit her also away, before a favoring breeze could bring them to her assistance!

## CHAPTER VIII.

The long, sultry day draws to a close, and with the approach of evening, the sea, which had, all day, shone like a furnace of melted steel, took on iridescent tints, softening into purple in the shadow of the hills. The "African wind," which had blown steadily for a week, its hot breath taking life from the air, and strength from the tense nerves, at last died away; and the beautiful city, on fire from the glowing water's edge to its loftiest glittering spire, with the sunset's glory, began to fade into a series of white silhouettes, traced upon the violet background of the evening sky.

The streets, so lately deserted, now become peopled again. Men and women sat, propped

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against the lintels; and tiny babies, without a scrap of clothing, lay on the stones, in the narrow streets, quite silent, their great black eyes astonished to see the stars come, one by one, out of the vaporous film which clouds the sky, donkies and horses turning carefully out of their path, without guidance, to avoid walking on the innocent creatures.

The street Arab, the same genus, with trifling variations, in all known countries, having slept away the afternoon oppression, comes out in great force, and of both sexes; and as soon as the dusk is really decided, sets about the successful persecution of the Palermitan noblesse, which has begun to fill the wide streets, the Villa Giulia, and the English gardens.

It is too late in the season for *forestieri;* but many a kind glance is bent upon the shadowy form of the only representative of that class, solitary, in the high hotel balcony; the *povera Signorina Inglesi*, whose brother is with the *cammorra*, and who sits looking hopelessly out into the night. Her sweet, fresh checks are now pale enough, and her eyes have a wildness, quite foreign to their usual gentle expression, as she awaits the nightly summons to the bedside of the Marchese dei Rucellai—the poor, old man, who calls her by the name of his lost daughter, and is happy in her visit.

That horrible visit, which will begin in peace, and the benison of the gentle old man, and end—how?

The last interview had been stormy enough on the lover's part, and Violet had feared that she would be obliged to call for help. And yet, how could she dare him to do his worst, with Reginald—with both those dear lives, perhaps, in his unscrupulous hands?

A message came from the old marquis; and still she lingered, sick at heart, with dread of what must follow. A second summons. Why should she distress the sick man? At least, this one kindness remained to do; and she rose and went slowly down the long corridor.

After a few loving words, the marquis began to drowse, and under the magnetism of her touch, he soon murmured his accustomed blessing, and dropped asleep.

Sister Hieronyma trotted softly about the chamber for a while; but with the last bell-notes of the *Angelus*, she, too, sought her accustomed easy chair; and soon the sound of her murmured orisons ceased, to be followed by a faint noise, as of a distant and laboring steam engine—the gentle snore of her evening nap.

The silence became oppressive. More than once, poor Violet started up to take refuge in her own rooms. But if the Rucellai should seek her there, with no one but the helpless and incomprehending English servant for protection?

At least, here, beside his father's sick bed, there could be no real personal danger, and she might be able still to temporise.

Steps! The count was coming, as usual, to make his daily visit to his old father—at least, this was his ostensible errand. The door has opened softly, and, in a moment, he is before her, his usually dark visage blanched to a yellow pallor, by strong emotion, and his eyes shining covetously. He strides straight toward Violet, and seizing her hand, kissed its trembling fingers, passionately.

She started to her feet; but he holds her hand fast, with a warning gesture toward his sleeping father; the exulting smile on his blanched face filling her with new speechless terror.

"Did I not tell you that I only could save your brother?" he whispered. "What would you do, now that the ransom comes not, if I could not grant you his life—I whom you love not? And that accursed American—call him now to your rescue."

Even then, with death in her heart, her brave soul would not yield. She threw off his detaining hand, and, facing him, courageously, said:

"In my country, a brave man would scorn to frighten a woman, and she unprotected. Stand there, Count Rucellai, and tell me what you mean. There are yet twenty-four hours, in which I hope for my brother's ransom. Even Sicilian brigands," and here she looked at him scornfully, from head to heel, "keep their pledged word."

"*Brava signorina!*" he sneered, though he kept his distance. "And what if I tell her that there will be no time to send the money to the mountains now, though it should arrive to-morrow, as it doubtless will do. To-morrow, at the hour of twenty-three, when the sun sets, her brother will die—unless—unless she gives herself to me so soon—so soon that I can send a mounted courier with orders to ride his horses to death, that he may be in time."

He saw her face change, as the cruel truth came home to her. He saw, and exulted in the hunted, despairing look which came over it, as her shaking hands held her temples fast, and her form swayed to and fro. One wild glance about the quiet chamber, and then she turned and fled down the corridor to her own rooms, perhaps only to escape him, or with some vague idea of help in the presence of anyone else. The door of her salon was wide open, and the maid not

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there; and as if this trifle were the added straw to her terrible burthen, she fell fainting to the floor.

## CHAPTER IX.

The count, who had followed her, lifted her insensible body to a sofa. Then kneeling beside her, he devoured her hands with eager kisses. As he was about to touch her pure, defenseless lips, with his cowardly ones, a sound of hurried steps in the corridor arrested him; and while his excited brain strove to define the meaning of the interruption, some one made a leap from the door behind him, and seizing him by his long hair, dragged him backward across the room. He lay there prone, amidst furious English faces, a man's foot on his chest, whose pressure warned him to lie still.

What was this? The young Englishman, kneeling in the same place by his sister, and kissing her in a very un-English fashion; while Gelsominé, the daughter of the proud Rucellai, knelt, in her turn, to his own victor, pleading, with tears, for his release!

A few moments more, and Sherwood, grimly, permitted him to rise. Then he cleared the room of all but the persons immediately concerned. As he was about to close the door, Count Rucellai, who had by this time recalled himself, made a motion to pass out, ordering his sister to follow him.

"*Scuse, signore mio,*" said Sherwood, "but my friend there will have something to say to you, as soon as his sister is restored to consciousness; and so, you will pardon me for detaining you."

With the lovely Gelsominé's assistance, Treherne had soon brought back life and color to his sister's face; but the sudden joy of his presence was too much for the poor girl's sorely tried strength; she fainted, a second time; and then it was all to do over again. It was not until Sherwood himself carried her to an arm-chair, on the wide balcony, that she could really believe she was not dreaming.

Leaving her, with her hand in the contessina's—the two sweet girls already sure of loving each other—to hear and recount all the events of these past terrible days, and the good news of the approaching convalescence of the old marchese, the two gentlemen returned to the baffled Sicilian within.

He seemed to feel the shame and dishonor of his conduct, as a man and a gentleman, very little. With him, in spite of his long lineage, the rank was "but the guinea stamp." At heart, he was utterly selfish; and as soon as he heard of Treherne's proposal for his sister's hand, he took heart of grace, and began to bargain, like an old fishwoman, for the retention of her small dowry by her family.

Treherne wished to reject all idea of receiving anything with his wife; but Sherwood made him promise to do no such thing under the circumstances. It would be time enough to be generous, he said, when the marquis should be party to the bargain. The American was shrewd, and saw that young Rucellai would be glad to be rid of the future care of his sister, on any terms, now that her escape from the brigands, with the two young *forestieri*, would render her somewhat ineligible for any Italian marriage.

Meantime, the two young men were obliged to conceal their indignation at the man's unscrupulous pursuit of poor Violet. They did this for his sister's sake; and Miss Treherne herself never told the full history of those terrible days. What would be the use, since Rucellai was soon to be her brother-in-law?

The old marquis seemed quite unaware of the substitution of his own daughter for Violet, when she made the usual twilight visit, which the physician had insisted she should await, lest any shock of unnecessary premature information should retard her father's cure.

"You are getting well, darling father," she whispered, as she held herself resolutely quiet, and even restrained kisses as well as tears, in this dear moment of reunion, lest he should suspect her recent peril.

"*Si, Bimbita mia.* I am getting well and strong again, thanks to thy dear care; but how hast thou escaped from the brigands. No one has told me, because I was so ill. Tell me, darling."

"Thou knowest that the American, in our house, had a friend—an Inglesi—taken when I was? Well, *Carino*, he has saved me—at least—the two have——"

"God and the Virgin bless and make them happy!" pronounced the good old man, fervently. "When am I to see them? Have I been long ill, my beautiful one?"

"A weary time, my soul!" sighed Gelsominé, holding him close, "but thou art now cured. Could I tell thee how happy I am? First, that thou art better, and then—then, that the Inglesi loves me—loves thy little one, and that she, too, loves him?"

She hid her face on the old marchese's breast, but her pink ears showed her blushes.

"Is it so, then? And does he know of thy small portion?" eagerly demanded the father.

"But he is of the Wodehouses, who are so rich, and will be content with ever so little, because he loves me, *babbo*—loves your little Gelsominé," she asserted, with many kisses.

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The old man could well believe in any folly for her sake, when he lifted the happy face from its concealment.

It was not so easy to dispose of Sherwood's case. When it became known in England, to potential and even titled relatives, that an American, and one believed to have little fortune, sought the wealthy Miss Treherne in marriage, there was much fluttering of aristocratic wings. But when Treherne arrived in England, they found it expedient to assume another tone.

"Which one among you would have taken all the money he could command, and, without hope of his own ransom, thrown himself into the brigand's power, to save me for my sister, whom he loved? And he did this, too, at the probable cost of his own life."

"But, Regy, dear; a young man, whom no one knows," feebly urged one.

"I will present you all with pleasure," he said, "and it will be the greatest honor of your lives to know him."

No one, therefore, was able to prevent the marriage. But it was astonishing what an ameliorating effect it had upon the minds of the relations, when Kenneth Sherwood was found to possess a respectable share of this world's goods.

The old marchese spends his summers in England, and his winters in his beautiful Palermitan home, which his daughter is never tired of embellishing.

One beautiful April evening, as the usual skirmishing is going on between certain blonde and brown babies and their nurses, in the *loggie*, on the top of the Rucellai palace, about that vexed question of going to bed, we may listen to the conversation of the four persons, who lean on the parapet, and look out over the purple sea.

Stromboli is throwing his fiery rockets into the afterglow, and a fleet of red-sailed fishing boats is coming into port, while the long, wavy line of mountains is fast fading into indistinctness, and cottage lights begin to spangle the shadows.

"I don't know that I really ever did propose," says Treherne, with a meditative air, "now that I think of it."

The beautiful woman at his elbow, first turns on him big, soft, reproachful eyes; but her coral lips part in a merry laugh, as she shakes her hand at him.

"And I," says Sherwood, "I only offered a helping hand to Miss Treherne, and she immediately clasped me about the neck."

"After the manner of mermaids," explained Violet Sherwood, tranquilly. "As we were at the bottom of the sea, there was nothing else to do."

"God bless my husband," is Violet's characteristic answer.

"My Englishman loves his dowerless wife?" coaxes the stately Palermitan.

"Goose!" is the perfectly satisfactory answer.

## "THEY ARE NOT LOST."

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

The dead are only so in name.
All round, they live and move,
Unseen, unheard, yet still the same,
Still watching us with love.

Sometimes they come to us at night.
They speak, how real they seem!
We sigh to see the morning light,
And woo again our dream,

Sometimes we feel that they have been
All day beside us, too.
So close, the wall between so thin
A touch might break it through.

In joy or grief, by night or day,
Their sympathy they prove.
They are not lost, they live alway,
And guard us with their love.

## WOMAN.

BY W. B. MITCHELL.

If earth in one brief day might lose
The moon and stars, and smiling skies,
The deep, green woods, the queenly rose,
And all fair flow'rs, the hills that rise,
And lovely vales that sleep below,
And babbling brooks, the dreamy sea,
And rivers, broad and bright that flow,
And all the beauteous things that be—

All but the sun for life and light,
Though Nature hid her face to mourn
These vanished things so fair and bright
Which never should again adorn,
Oh, woman, mightst then still abide
And time become eternity,
And man had lost all things beside,
He fain would linger here with thee!

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# ELSIE'S WEAKNESS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

ELSIE MANNERS had a weakness for making matches between her friends. Of course, immediately you conjure up a vision of a plotting, middle-aged lady, either wife or widow. In reality, she was just six-and-twenty, but looked preposterously girlish, owing to her diminutive stature, her marvellously fair complexion, her eager, wondering, blue eyes, and her sensitive, flexible mouth, which was yet full of character. But Miss Manners did her best to atone for what she considered these defects, by wearing rich, heavy gowns of a sober hue, and being exceedingly dignified.

Miss Manners was an heiress, and resided on the Hudson river, and though numerous grand people lived about her, or spent their summers there, she was a sort of queen of the county, in spite of her being unmarried. Her mother resided with her, but Elsie was rightfully and legally the mistress of the domain; for it had been bequeathed to her by a deceased uncle.

Elsie Manners had lived her romance long before, so long that she had outgrown the pain, though its effect showed plainly in all her views and theories. She and handsome George Delancey had been lovers, when she was a mite of six, and he a winning, rebellious, tyrannical boy of sixteen. Their birthdays both came on the twentieth of May, and when this day arrived, that saw Elsie seventeen, they were to have been married. But George Delancey was thrown out of his carriage, on the road to the church, and picked up dead. No girl ever had a more fortunate escape. In spite of his charming traits, he had crammed more wickedness into his brief life, than the generality of men manage to commit in threescore and ten years.

When Elsie's despair was a month old, from three different sources came the first proofs of her lover's real character. In the satisfying herself that these were true, she learned—as much as a young, innocent girl could learn—what his career had been. I do not tell you the stories; but I will tell you one thing; in every way possible, she aided his victims—God bless her!

When she was nineteen, she went out into the world again, and assumed her place. The terrible tragedy, which had desolated her girlhood, gave her a sort of sanctity, in the minds of all about. It came to be regarded, as a settled thing, that Miss Manners would never marry. Somehow, everybody appeared to look on her as a widow, and think it right and natural she should have the freedom of one. Young girls always told her their secrets; masculine friends confided in her; and, altogether, a stranger hearing her talked about, would have supposed she must be fifty, at least. There were plenty of men who had loved her, or knew they could have loved her; but one and all put the idea by as too insane even for contemplation.

She was a happy woman. She enjoyed life, liked gayety, appreciated her vast fortune, and did great good with it; and, besides, was an earnest student. The real secret of her contentment, lay in the fact that she was always occupied. So nine years had gone by—nine whole years—and Elsie's twenty-sixth birthday had come.

It was the loveliest weather imaginable, really seeming as if nature desired to contribute her quota towards rendering Miss Manners' *fête*, a complete success. She always gave a *fête* on her birthday; and this one promised to exceed all former ones.

Yet only the night before, the festivities narrowly escaped being turned into a season of mourning; and they would inevitably have been, but for Mr. Gerald Levison's presence of mind. Miss Manners and her guests, for her house was always full at this season, were spending the evening, along with numerous other people, at the dwelling of one of her neighbors. There were fire-works on the lawn, when some misdirected wheel or serpent, sent a shower of sparks towards Miss Manners, and ignited her gown. Gerald Levison chanced to stand near her. He caught up a heavy shawl, which some old lady had brought out, and finding no excuse for wearing, had flung over the back of a bench. Mr. Levison wrapped this about Miss Manners, and extinguished the flames, before any one else had time hardly to see the accident.

Miss Manners escaped with only a burn on her left arm, and Mr. Levison with some scorches on his hands. But the incident rendered the birthday *fête* a more enthusiastic affair even than usual, and, naturally, people made a hero of Gerald Levison, a good deal to his annoyance.



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By profession, he was an artist, and beginning to be well known in his profession. He had lately returned from Europe, and had arrived at his cousin's, on the day of the accident. Miss Manners had never met him, and as she had only reached the house, a very short time previous to the disaster, there had been no opportunity for the hostess to present these two to each other. Nor did any introduction give an opportunity for Miss Manners to express her gratitude; for Mr. Levison disappeared, before the excitement subsided, and did not make his appearance again.

He had been included in his host's invitation to the birthday *fête*, and in the morning, it seemed to Miss Manners only fitting, that she should write a note to her friend, Mrs. Hastings, saying how deeply grateful she felt, and hoping that Mr. Levison's injuries would not prevent his giving her the pleasure of seeing him.

Miss Manners was already the possessor of two of Gerald's pictures; for she entertained a great admiration for his genius, a firm belief in his future. She was prepared, too, personally to like him, from many things which had been told her, in regard to his generosity, his perseverance, the fortitude with which he had borne the reverses of fortune, that had changed him, from an amateur artist to a professional one.

It was to be expected, that an acquaintance, began under such auspices, would progress smoothly, and that Miss Manners should be more than ever prepossessed in his favor. But what helped them most, was the fact that he seemed to avoid her, at first; and Elsie, certain this arose from a wish to show her, that he had no mind to overrate his service in her behalf, liked him the better for this delicacy.

Even while writing her note, on the day of the *fête*, her gratitude roused those match-making proclivities, which were so strong in her. It occurred to her, that it would be a most delightful thing, if he and May Gifford could be brought together. May Gifford was a distant relative and protegé, on whom, it was known, Miss Manners meant to bestow a goodly marriage portion, a clever, pretty, charming girl of nineteen. Elsie wrote to her also, telling her how much she regretted that a sister's illness had forced her to put off her visit, but adding that she should expect her the next month. She spoke very slightly of her accident, and said little about Mr. Levison; but the more she thought, the more convinced she became that her cousin and the artist would be beguiled into a romance, that should lead to love and matrimony.

But two whole months elapsed before Miss Gifford came, and Elsie and Levison had grown warm friends, in the meantime. She had long been promising her portrait to her old friend, Mrs. Phillips; and Gerald painted it; and the many hours thus spent together, proved to Miss Manners that her first impressions had been justly founded.

After all, May Gifford arrived unexpectedly. She found Elsie and Levison in the painting-room, whither she went at once.

"But I am not satisfied," he was saying, as he laid down his palette, and looked from the original to the portrait, and back again at her, shaking his head the while. "There is something wanting. It is a fair likeness, if you will; but there's an expression I have not caught—however, there's one comfort, I don't believe anybody else could."

"I am glad it is a comfort," returned Miss Manners, laughing; "but it is a very poor compliment to so good a sitter as I flatter myself I have proved."

"That is just the trouble—you have not been at all a good sitter," he cried, laughing too. "But I suppose it is not your fault, that your face declines to retain the same expression, for two consecutive minutes."

"Then you can't blame me!" she said.

"I cannot imagine any human being blaming you for anything," replied Levison, so eagerly that he was startled by the sound of his own voice, and feared he had betrayed himself.

Just then the door opened. Levison was standing with his back towards it, bending over his paint-box, by way of giving himself something to do, while wondering if Miss Manners had observed the eagerness of his tone, half-afraid, half-hoping that she might have done so.

"Why, May!" he heard her exclaim, and turning round, he saw her exchanging warm greetings with an exceedingly pretty girl. It would have been plain to anybody, who looked at him, that he recognized the new-comer, and that the surprise in his face was mingled with a certain sensation of embarrassment.

"You see I have got here at last, Elsie," said Miss Gifford, bestowing another kiss upon her cousin.

"I had given you up, until next week. I am so glad to see you!" cried Miss Manners. "I've had no letter, or telegram—and there was no one to meet you at the station. What an inhospitable wretch you must have thought me."

"Oh, I didn't send any message. I wanted to take you by surprise," Miss Gifford answered.

Suddenly Miss Manners remembered the artist. The room was very large, and he was standing near the farther end.

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"Mr. Levison," she called, "come here and let me present you to my cousin, Miss Gifford."

He came forward, in obedience to her command. May turned quickly, as Elsie uttered his name. Something in both faces showed Miss Manners that her introduction was superfluous. It seemed to her that the rose-tints deepened in May's cheeks, and that Mr. Levison looked very odd. But their mutual embarrassment, if embarrassment it was, passed quickly. May held out her hand, as he approached, and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Levison! This is a great surprise. I did not dream of seeing you here."

"An equal surprise to me," he answered. "I need not tell you what a pleasure it is."

"Oh, no, we will let each other take all that for granted," rejoined Miss Gifford, laughing. But was not her laugh a little constrained? So, at least, thought Miss Manners. Then the pair shook hands, and Mrs. Manners, who had come in, said:

"So you and May are old acquaintances, Mr. Levison?"

"Unless she decides to ignore me," he replied, gayly.

"Why, you never told us you knew May, Mr. Levison!" added the old lady.

"Then it seems he wished to ignore me," said Miss Gifford.

"But I never heard Miss Gifford's name mentioned," he rejoined.

"Ah, aunty, that doesn't speak very well for you and Elsie," cried May. "Please account for that fact, you very naughty cousin?"

"I can only say that Mr. Levison hides his deafness well," returned Miss Manners. "But deaf he must be, if he has not heard us wonder, twenty times a day, during the last fortnight, whether you ever meant to come."

"Certainly, I have heard you talk about your cousin," replied Levison; "But you never told me it was Miss Gifford."

"And you asked no questions, in order to prove that men are free from curiosity," observed May. "Oh, there is your portrait, Elsie!" she continued, hurrying towards the easel. "What an excellent likeness! I congratulate you on your success, Mr. Levison? Nobody has ever succeeded so well with her before."

"Mr. Levison was just maligning me, saying I was not a good sitter, when you came in," Elsie averred.

"Oh, no. Only abusing my own efforts," amended Levison. "So you really like it, Miss Gifford?"

"Why, it is perfect—the best portrait I have ever seen of yours," that young lady answered; and Miss Manners fell to wondering where her cousin had seen others of his handiwork, and then wondered at herself for not putting the question outright, but still did not do so.

They talked, for a few moments, about the picture. Then some remark, in regard to Miss Gifford's journey, caused Elsie to say:

"You must want something to eat, child. Luckily, luncheon is nearly ready."

"I think I want to wash my face most of anything," said her cousin. "I've an idea I must look rather like a soiled rag-doll, at this present."

"Oh, very like," cried Elsie, wheeling her round, so that she could see her reflection in a mirror, where she looked as fresh and dainty as if she had just left her dressing-room.

"Well, I'm not so bad as I thought," said May, complacently. Then she added, "Still, bad enough. And now, I know why an old maid, in the car, glared at me so, during the last hour, and asked at least forty times, if I wasn't terribly warm, and hadn't the headache."

"She was vexed, because you seemed cool and comfortable," returned Elsie. "Only we oughtn't to admit, before any man, that our sex is capable of such weakness."

"Oh, there is no danger of contaminating Mr. Levison's ideas—he is a hopeless misanthrope and misogynist already," said Miss Gifford, laughing.

"That is a phase of character you have hidden from us, Mr. Levison," said Elsie.

"It is a very wicked slander," he replied, joining in their laughter. But it seemed to Miss Manners, that he was slightly annoyed, and that May's speech had a certain bitter ring, playfully as she spoke.

After a little, he took his leave, declining Miss Manners' invitation to stop to luncheon, on the plea that he had promised Mrs. Hastings to be at home, by half-past one, and help her entertain some visitors.

When he had gone, the two young ladies went up to May's room, to indulge in a few confidences, while Miss Gifford dressed. They talked very fast, about all sorts of things, and people, except Mr. Levison; but just as they were ready to descend the stairs, in obedience to a summons to luncheon, Miss Manners said:

"How odd you and Mr. Levison should know each other."

"Odd?" repeated May. "Why, very natural, since we were both in Rome, at the same time, last year, and had mutual friends."

"Well, I didn't mean your knowing him was odd, but I never heard you mention him."

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"Haven't you? Nothing brought his name up, I suppose."

"But certainly I wrote you about my narrow escape from being burned to death."

"Oh, no. You wrote me a spark caught your gown, and somebody put it out. I could not decipher the name, and when I asked in my next letter, you forgot to answer."

In the evening, a party of the neighbors came in, Mr. Levison among them; and it was not until late, when she found herself alone, in her own room, that Elsie had leisure to sit down, and hold communion with herself.

She discovered, and was astonished thereat, that for weeks and weeks, she had completely put by—ignored—yes, forgotten, her plan, in regard to Mr. Levison and her cousin, May. She marvelled now how she could have done so, since intimate acquaintance with him had more than borne out her first enthusiastic judgment. He was not only a genius in his profession, he was one of the most brilliant men, socially, she had ever known. Nay! he possessed something higher even than all these enviable qualities; he was a thoroughly kind, generous, noble man.

And now it appeared that he and May knew each other: in fact, were more than mere acquaintances. It seemed as if there had been a difficulty, or misunderstanding, between them, and that both were a little ill at ease, when together; a little inclined to be bitter and cynical, as young people often were, when they had a wound somewhere down in their hearts, or memories, which troubled the nerves by its aching.

Immediately, Elsie began, as she was fond of doing, to regard herself as an elderly person, and study matters by the light of experience, and a perfectly calm, unbiased judgment.

Odd! She felt strangely restless to-night, and could not summon up that composure, that sense of having done with youth and its feverish impulses, of being a mere looker-on in the game of existence, except when called upon to play the part of aiding and setting youthful lovers right, to which she was accustomed.

Something, away down in her own heart, ached. Some voice in her soul cried out with eager longing. She shrank, as if somewhere, under the recesses of her being, there lurked a secret, which she dared not contemplate. Recollections of her girlhood came up; her girlhood which had wasted its treasures of love upon an unworthy object; had worshipped an idol of clay, and obstinately believed it a heaven-born deity. In the storm and the night which followed, she had worn out the last remains of youth so completely, that always, since, life had looked dreary and monotonous, strive as she might to fill it with duties and pleasures.

But these were all foolish thoughts. She was in a bad mood, and had better put reflection by, until a night's sleep had restored her nerves to their usual tone.

The next morning, she was quite herself again, able to contemplate the work she had in hand: that of discovering if some estrangement existed between May and Levison; and if her suspicion proved correct, of finding means to remove it.

During the ensuing fortnight, she fully decided that her theory had a foundation; these young people had been lovers; some trouble had arisen; and now they gazed at each other, across a gulf of misunderstanding, which would gradually widen, unless some skillful hand bridged it over.

The weeks flew by. The Summer passed. Autumn came. May was to spend the winter with her cousin in town. Mr. Levison went away, for awhile, and came back. The relations between him and May were not satisfactory to Elsie. Sometimes, for days, she gave up the idea that either cared. Sometimes she believed that if only the matter could be rightly managed, they might be brought together.

As for herself, she had grown capricious, and variable in her moods. There were moments, the first she had ever known, when she grew angry and sore, that she should have exhausted her powers of love so early, so utterly wasted them. Other women, at her age, had their whole life before them, fresh and beautiful, while she had no future. Life looked cold and blank. It was well and right to live a great deal for one's kind; but the human element craved for some personal happiness; and destiny gave her none. In other moods, she suffered keen remorse, for having permitted such vain, weak regrets. She was a much poorer creature, she told herself, than she had believed. Positively, she was envious and jealous of young people, who had so many hopes and aspirations; and dismally ashamed and conscience-stricken she became.

Then, one dreadful night, she made a new discovery. She learned what ailed her! This heart, which she had thought cold and dead, had gone out toward Gerald Levison. It appeard incredible, but it was true! She felt as wicked as if convicted of having committed a great crime. It seemed to her that no past suffering had ever equalled the misery of this vigil.

The next morning early, she received a note from Levison, in which he asked to see her alone. She knew what he wanted. He was



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coming, at last, to tell her the whole truth, and ask for her assistance. He could bear his suspense no longer. If May had any remnant of affection left for him, he must discover it; and he desired her, Elsie, to help him.

And she would—yes, heartily, gladly! She rejoiced that the message had come, at this precise moment, for she deserved to be punished for her folly, and May had gone, to sit in her aunt's room. So, as the hour approached for Levison's arrival, Elsie was left alone.

She retired to the library, and sat down. She had not long to wait. He was shown in presently. She saw him walking quickly towards her. But it seemed as if a mist veiled her sight, through which she beheld him only dimly. She felt cold, as if her life was slowly freezing out.

He was beside her. She could see how pale and agitated he looked. He did not extend his hand! He did not even wait for any ceremony of greeting, but he cried out, abruptly:

"I suppose you will think me the most audacious of men, when I tell you why I have come. But I could not wait any longer. I think I should have gone mad!"

She regarded him, with a smile. Still that mist wavered before her eyes. Still the cold, cold weight pressed down upon her heart.

"I am not likely to think anything of you, but what is pleasant," she said. "I am glad you have come. Tell me what you want to say."

He gazed at her, with a sudden incredulous joy, in his face. His eyes were fairly wild with an expression, like that of a man doomed to death, who has suddenly heard that a respite has been granted.

"Do you know—can you guess why I came?" he stammered.

"I know," she answered. "I am not blind! My dear friend, I believe that it will be easy to make everything clear and plain. Only be quite frank. Tell me the whole?"

"Oh!" he cried, in a tone of ecstacy—stopped—stared at her anew, and exclaimed:

"I can't believe it yet—I don't dare! I feel as if I must be dreaming! Oh, is it true—can I hope?"

"Should I speak, as I am doing, if you could not?" returned she.

Then, to her utter bewilderment, he fell at her feet, seized her two hands, and kissed them passionately, crying:

"My love, my darling! Oh, it seems too good to be true! Elsie, Elsie, you knew that I loved you. You care—you do care? Tell me. I can't believe it till I hear it from your lips—"

But she sank back in her chair, so white and wan, that he nearly went out of his senses with fright, and called upon her in piteous misery to tell him what this meant. Then she heard herself murmur:

"May—I thought it was May—you cared for!"

"But May is engaged to Harry Travers. I have known it, a long while! She would not tell you—for she knew you were a little prejudiced against him—until he had proved, by his energy in his profession, that he was worthy of her—but he is—he's a splendid fellow! But, oh, never mind them now—Elsie, my love, my beautiful—is it true—can you care?"

So, a few weeks later, the whole neighborhood was more astonished, than it had been in years. But when people recovered their wits, most persons were charmed, though there were of course certain old dowagers who felt indignant, and who thought that if Miss Manners married, she ought to have married one of their own sons!

Elsie herself, at first, felt a little ashamed of her own inconsistency, as she called it—then grateful that the blank in her life should be filled—the desert became a blooming garden! She soon accepted her great happiness, as human beings do, as the most natural thing in the world, though her thankfulness did not lessen, and the present seemed always to grew brighter from its contrast to the dull, uneventful monotony of the past years.

## JUNE.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

June is here,
Brightest month of all the year!
O'er the sky,
White clouds slow go sailing by.
Down the hills,
Laughing, leap a thousand rills,
In the woods,
Thrushes wake the solitudes.

Roses blow,
All the fields with daisies glow,
Coos the dove,
Plaintive, in the neighb'ring grove.
By the stream,
Swallows skim, and willows gleam.
And the air
Throbs with new life everywhere!

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# THE PEARL NECKLACE.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

Miss Primrose was busy over a party-dress for Miss Winnifred Earnscliffe.

The material was fine, French-pink silk, and there were billows of tulle for an over-dress, and great drifts of costly real lace, and clusters of exquisite pink and white flowers for adornings.

Whatever Miss Winnifred had was always of the best. She was the only daughter of the wealthiest man in Howittsville, and could afford to indulge her expensive tastes: consequently she supplied the village dress-maker with more work perhaps, than one half the other girls, in the neighborhood, put together.

Miss Primrose was very fond of Miss Winnifred, and so for that matter, was everybody else. She was an exceedingly beautiful girl, fair and fresh, and golden-haired, with a temper as sweet as her smiles, and a heart that all the flattery and indulgence of a life of luxury had failed to spoil, or to render the least bit selfish. She scattered her bright glances and her pleasant words, and the dainty perfume of her exquisite robes, wherever she went, and was at once the pride and pet of the little country village, on the outskirts of which her father's handsome mansion stood.

Miss Primrose felt especially anxious to please Miss Winnifred in the making of this last party-dress, and turned over the garment after which it was to be fashioned, with some solicitude.

"She wants it made precisely like this," she remarked to her young assistant, Jennie Stovin, shaking out the innumerable folds and flounces of a cream-colored bunting, as she spoke, "and, dear me," with a plaintive little sigh, "this is such an elaborate affair. What a comfort it would be, to be sure, if the fashions would tone down just a little. A ruffle or two less, to my thinking, would be a decided improvement in the appearance of things, and such a relief to us. However, Jennie, we must do the best we can."

"Of course, madam," assented Jennie, lifting the intricate over-dress in her fingers, and glancing down at her own plain linen suit, with an expression that said more plainly than words could have done, that she quite approved of the entire mass of panier, and flounce, and furbelow, and would have delighted in such a costume herself, if it were only possible to obtain it, "of course, madam."

No one, in Howittsville, ever thought of addressing Miss Primrose otherwise than madam. Yet to look at, she was a slight, graceful, girlish creature, not many years older than pretty, brilliant Miss Winnifred.

A great sorrow rarely fails to give dignity to one's life and manners. The little dress-maker's past had been darkened by the shadow of a great sorrow, and it was the influence of that sorrow, perhaps, looking out from her soft eyes, and manifesting itself in every utterance of her quiet voice, and in every motion of her unobtrusive person, that gave her a certain dignity, which made people regard her as a woman, despite her girlish face, and address her as madam.

Howittsville knew very little of Miss Primrose. One autumn morning, the village clergyman had notified his friends, that a couple of strangers were coming to live amongst them; good, worthy people, who had met with trouble and misfortune in their day, and deserved to be encouraged and aided.

On the day following, Miss Primrose, accompanied by an exceedingly genteel-looking old lady, whom she called auntie, appeared in Howittsville, and quietly took possession of a small cottage. A few days later, her sign, announcing herself as milliner and dress-maker was out, and in a very short time, she had quite an encouraging show of patronage. Miss Winnifred Earnscliffe, driving by in her pony carriage, chancing to notice the plain, little sign, and the sweet, wistful face at the window, determined to encourage Miss Primrose, and everybody else followed her example. So it turned out that Miss Primrose soon had more work than she could do, and was forced to take in apprentices.

She worked from sun to sun, in the front room of the small cottage, with her assistants about her, while "auntie" sat in the cool, back parlor, and wove marvellous laces, and soft, lovely zephyr work, that was the admiration of the village. People got to be very fond of the two, and wondered a good deal about them, yet they were not the sort of persons that any one dared to question. So Miss Primrose's past remained as a sealed book, even to Miss Winnifred.

"Of course, madam," said Jennie, fingering the elaborate robe admiringly, "we must do our best; and, indeed, I don't wonder, madam, tha-



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the young lady wants the new dress made after this pattern. 'Tis just perfect, to my thinking; and, oh, dear, what lovely lace on these sleeves!"

"Yes, it is good lace," assented Miss Primrose, quietly. "Miss Winnifred wears nothing but the best."

Her own dress was an inexpensive Quaker gray, but the lace frill, about her throat, was real thread.

"And such a pocket," pursued Jennie, breathlessly; "do look at these loops, Miss Primrose! Was anything ever so lovely? Oh, won't that beautiful pink silk be too sweet, made like this? Why, dear me," she added, "there's something in this pocket."

"Likely enough," remarked Miss Primrose, as she unfolded the gleaming French pink; "Miss Winnifred is in the habit of leaving things in her pockets. She is quite careless."

Impelled by a girl's irrepressible curiosity, Jennie thrust her hand into the pretty pocket, and brought forth a costly, crumpled lace handkerchief, and a necklace of pearls.

"Oh, goodness," she cried, "Miss Primrose, look here!"

Miss Primrose looked, smiling carelessly at first, but presently her countenance changed, and she started up, trailing the pink silk about her feet.

"Let me see them, Jennie," she cried, and caught the pearls from the astonished girl's hands.

Turning quickly, she walked to the window, and looked at them closely, her slender, needle-worn fingers all in a tremor, her lips quivering, her bosom rising and falling convulsively.

The necklace was a beautiful one, the pearls large and lustrous, and the exquisitely-wrought clasp was engraven with a single word. It was "Primrose."

After some minutes, Miss Primrose returned to her seat, holding the jewels in her hand.

"They are beautiful pearls, Jennie," she said, quietly, returning them to the girl. "It is fortunate they were not lost. I see Miss Winnifred's carriage turning the corner, so you can restore them to her."

Five minutes later, Miss Winnifred was in the small room, all in pale blue silk, and golden tresses, and exquisite perfumes, and sunny smiles.

"My dear," said the little dress-maker, quietly, "Jennie has just found your pretty necklace. How careless you are!"

Miss Winnifred uttered a delighted, little shriek, at sight of the pearls which Jennie held up.

"Oh, I'm so glad. Thanks, a thousand times, for finding them for me. I've been worried almost to death, and I've searched the house from one end to the other. You see," settling down into a seat, and throwing aside her wraps, "the necklace isn't mine. It belongs to uncle Dick. He's got an old, camphor-wood box filled with the queerest odds and ends, that he won't let a living soul touch, and these pearls were amongst the rest. I happened to get sight of them, and I begged him to let me have them. No, indeed, he would buy me a new set, but I shouldn't touch these."

Miss Primrose had turned aside a little, and Miss Winnifred went on.

"Well, he didn't get the new set, and the other night when the party was at Mrs. Lambeth's, I took this necklace out and wore it. It was a naughty thing to do, Miss Primrose, but, you see, I meant to put it right back, but I'm so dreadfully careless and forgetful. Papa says carelessness was born in my bones, and I believe he's right.

"I 'spose I slipt them in that pocket, and forgot all about it; and such a hunt as I've had, and such a fright, too. Uncle Dick goes away, to-morrow, and he said to mamma not an hour ago, 'I shall overhaul that old box of mine, before I'm off; there are some few things I'd like to take with me, since there's no telling when I may return.'"

Miss Primrose put her hand to her side, and rose to her feet.

"What's the matter, Miss Primrose?" questioned Jennie, "are you ill?"

"No, no," her voice faint and hurried, "it is nothing."

Miss Winnifred arose also, with the glistening necklace in her hand.

"I won't wait to have my dress fitted this afternoon," she said, "I must hurry home, and get these pearls back into the old box, before uncle Dick finds out. I am so much obliged to you for finding them, Jennie."

Miss Primrose followed her, as she turned towards the door, and laid an unsteady hand on her arm.

"I—I—was not aware, Miss Winnifred," she said, hesitatingly, "that you—had an uncle—I beg your pardon, but will you tell me his name?"

Miss Winnifred's lovely, blue eyes were quite sharp, despite their melting softness, and they turned upon the little dress-maker, with a glance of keen inquiry.

"Certainly, Miss Primrose," she answered, quietly, however, "I thought you knew—uncle

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Dick is mamma's brother, his name is Col. Richard St. Aubyn."

A faint, suppressed cry broke from the dress-maker's lips, and she clutched at the back of a chair for support.

"Pray excuse me, Miss Winnifred," she faltered, "I—I—really don't think I feel well—"

"I don't think so either," responded the young lady, "never mind about my dress this afternoon, Miss Primrose."

She fluttered out, and in two minutes was in her carriage.

"Home, Thomas," she said to the coachman, "and drive like the wind."

"Caroline, where's uncle Dick?" was her first question of the servant who admitted her.

"In the library, miss."

Straight to the library, with flying feet, went Miss Winnifred.

"Uncle Dick," she cried, bursting in upon the colonel, with the shimmering necklace in her hand, "I've something to tell you. You see these pearls—"

"What are you doing with them?" he interrupted, angrily, clutching them from her hand.

"I stole them out, and wore them to Mrs. Lambeth's party. It was naughty, I know, but never mind about that now. Let me tell my story. You know how careless I am. When the party was over, I put them in my pocket, and forgot all about it. The dress was sent to Miss Primrose, that my new one—"

"Primrose," interrupted Col. St. Aubyn.

"Yes, Miss Primrose," proceeded his niece, breathlessly, "she's the village dress-maker, she does all my work in the loveliest manner. And, oh, uncle Dick, she's the gentlest, dearest creature, and she looked ever so queer about those old pearls, and she asked me your name, too—and I'm sure, you must have known each other, some time or other."

The tall soldier had risen to his feet.

"What are you talking about?" he said, in a hushed, fierce voice, grasping Miss Winnifred's white arm, until she drew back in pain, "what do you mean? Who is Miss Primrose?"

"She's the village dress-maker. Let go my arm, uncle Dick, you hurt it. She lives with her aunt, in the little cottage under the big maple, and I'm sure from the way she looked—"

"How does she look? What is she like?"

"Oh, she's a lovely, little, brown-eyed woman, who looks as if her heart was broken ages ago."

The colonel's bearded lips quivered slightly, and a dark flush glowed through all the bronze of his cheeks. He hesitated an instant, and then drew a miniature from his breast.

"Is she like that?" he said, thrusting it before his niece's eyes.

One glance, and Miss Winnifred clapped her hands.

"That is she, that is Miss Primrose," she cried, "oh, I was sure of it, uncle Dick, sure that there was a romance underlying all this mystery. You know her—you know her—you'll go down and see her, and you'll let me go with you?"

"No," he said, putting her aside, "remain where you are. I shall go alone."

Some minutes later, a shadow darkened the sunny door-way of the village dress-maker's front room.

"Good gracious," ejaculated Jennie, starting up, "I—I beg your pardon, sir, but you must have made a mistake."

Miss Primrose, sitting back in the shadows, arose also, and advanced to receive her visitor. He stood in the doorway an instant, and looked at her. Then he strode in, a single word on his lips:

"Primrose!"

The little dress-maker caught her breath, made a step to meet him, wavered from side to side, and fell fainting in his outstretched arms.

"My darling," he whispered, as he held her close, "my precious Primrose, I have found you at last."

Jennie, driven to her wit's end, darted into the little, back parlor, and brought out the dignified auntie.

The little, old lady stood silent from amazement a minute or two, her lovely, crimson zephyr work slipping from her nervous hands.

"Colonel St. Aubyn," she began at last, in a severe voice, "what does this intrusion mean?"

He looked up with flashing eyes, as he drew the unconscious woman on his breast, still closer to his heart.

"It means that I have found my wife, Mrs. Alcott," he answered, "after months of fruitless search."

"Have you a right, sir?" faltered the old lady.

"The best right on earth, madam. She is mine. What God has joined together, no man shall put asunder."

The dress-maker's needle-worn hands began to flutter in his clasp. He bent down his handsome head, and kissed the slender fingers, and the white face, and the sweet, sad lips.

She was his lawfully wedded wife, yet never before had he kissed her thus. An hour or two after his marriage, which was rather a hasty and

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rash affair, owing to the colonel's impatient ardor, he had been called away from his bride.

"I shall return ere sunset," he had said, as he embraced her, and rode away; but a month went by, and she heard nothing from him.

"You were a fool to trust him in the outset," said a brilliant, heartless woman, who had hitherto been the belle of the regiment, and felt angered and humiliated at having lost the handsome colonel from her train of admirers. "You are not his wife. That ceremony the other night was a mere sham. Why, child, he has a wife in every village he visits, and sweethearts by the dozen. See here, even I carry his picture on my chatelaine, and I could show you scores of love letters of his writing, if you cared to read them."

The heartless words struck home. The very next day, Mrs. Alcott and her niece, Mary Primrose Purcell, left the little military town.

The colonel, delayed by difficulties and dangers, returned some weeks later, to find them gone, and only a letter, containing the pearl necklace, and a few other trifles, remaining to explain their flight.

And now, after months of fruitless search, after having mourned her as one dead, he had found his bride. His passionate kisses brought the warm life-blood back to her white cheeks. She opened her tender eyes, and looked up at him.

"My darling," he cried, "you love me still. You have borne that sweet name because I used to love it so well? That is why you called yourself Miss Primrose?"

"Yes, that was my reason," she answered him, very quietly.

"How could you doubt me?" he cried, "how could you believe what they told you? My Primrose, it was all false. I have been a man of the world, my faults and errors have been many, but to you I have been true and faithful, from first to last. My love for you has made me what I should never have been without you. Primrose, are you glad I have found you?"

"Yes, dear, I am more than glad."

It was a quiet answer; but it satisfied the bridegroom to the very core of his passionate, exacting heart.

"You needn't put scissors in the French pink, Miss Primrose," cried Miss Winnifred, the morning following, "the party has all been knocked in the head, and we're to have a wedding instead, so uncle Dick says. So I shall make Jennie a present of the French pink, to reward her for finding that necklace; and I shall have a white robe ordered direct from Stewart's. I'm to be first bridesmaid, you see."

The wedding came off, as Miss Winnifred had predicted. It was Colonel St. Aubyn's wish, and, accordingly, he and his bride were re-married, one fine morning, and a grand entertainment, at the Earnscliffe mansion, followed.

"Now don't you see, uncle Dick," remarked Miss Winnifred, when the ceremony was all over, "that some people's faults turn out to be blessings in disguise? Now, look at myself for instance, I've been scolded and badgered from my very cradle because of my carelessness. And what comes of it? If I hadn't stolen your old pearls, and left them in my pockets, ten chances to one, if you would ever have found your lost Primrose."

## THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

I CAME to the door of the school-house,
Where once, I, a scholar had been,
The master sat silently reading,
The children were out on the green.

I saw where I sat in my childhood,
The prints of my knife on the desk,
The black-board so quaint and old-fashioned—
Where oft, I had written my task.

Above it my name had been printed,
The letters were visible still,
While she who thus thoughtlessly traced them
Is dust, in her grave on the hill.

The beeches so tall and so stately,
That lengthened their shade on the floor,
Half-covered with moss and worm-eaten,
Still stand by the old, oaken door.

But those who have swung from their branches
And danced with delight at their feet—
The friends that I knew in my school-days,
Oh! when—and oh! where shall we meet?

Not here in this valley of shadow,
But there in God's beautiful land,
May we who were scholars together,
Reach forward the welcoming hand.

I turned from the school-house in sadness
And silently wended my way,
Across the old paths of the play-ground
Where children were busy at play.

I heard the low murmur of voices,
The ripple of laughter between,
The snatches of song, but the echo,
Of those I once sang on the green.

I saw not the forms of the players,
My eyes were o'erflowing with tears,
To think of the scenes that had vanished,
The joys of my earlier years.

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# OUR TELEPHONE.

BY LUCY LEDYARD.

"ONE, two, three, four—one! One, two, three, four—one!" rang out our telephone, in spiteful tones, while I ran upstairs, two steps at a time, to be in season to answer the imperative summons.

My husband was away from home, and I felt a little nervous in using the unaccustomed instrument myself. With a shaking hand I moved the switch, applied one ear to one orifice, my mouth to the other, and said in as bold a voice as I could command:

"Who is it?"

Back came the response, in a thready whisper, like the ghost of some defunct grasshopper's chirp, "The Central Office! A telegram for Mr. Lawton has just been sent here, with the request that we should telephone it to his residence out of town." We lived, in a pretty village, I should remark, at some distance from New York.

"Very well," I respond, "what is it?"

"'Dear cousin,' (do you understand)—'yes, go on please'—'expect us this afternoon at four. Margaret Dinsmore.' Do you catch it all."

"Perfectly, thank you."

"Good-afternoon."

"Good-afternoon."

"Well, if that isn't just like a man! I mean the ordinary run of the animal," I say to myself. "But then my husband is not one of the common herd; he is usually more considerate. The idea of inviting company, and never saying a word about it, and he away, too! But, ah! I see now! It is a sudden idea! The dear fellow thinks I'll be lonely in his absence, and has invited his two old aunts, of whom he has so often told me; with the funny little gray cork-screw curls, and old-maidish ways; and who always call him 'cousin.' Well, I'll not be behind him in good feeling. The dear old ladies shall have the two east rooms, adjoining each other; and I'll give the order for their favorite 'yarb' tea, for a nightly potion. And let me think. What other peculiarity have they? Oh! they always forget their caps! So I will have two nice old-lady caps, ready to cover their dear, bald, old heads, the moment their bonnets are off."

These thoughts had no sooner passed through my mind, than I hastened to act upon them. I tripped down the stairs, to give my orders to the kitchen deities, laying particular stress on the herb tea, to be carried punctually to the old ladies' rooms at nine o'clock, without any further directions from me. For I took it for granted that all old people kept early hours. Next, John had his directions to go to the depot, to meet the old ladies, and be particularly careful in assisting them off the cars. Pleased with myself and my hospitable intents, I returned to our cosy, upstairs sitting-room, and whiled away the time of waiting, in putting together two very decorous, spotless caps of the whitest, sheerest muslin. I had set the last stitch, when I heard the rumble of wheels, and a few minutes later, John was at the door, and helping two ladies to alight. Their heads were tied up in thick veils (the weather being dry and dusty) and their loose-fitting dusters would not allow me to see what sort of figures they covered; but I caught sight of a dainty little foot, as one of them sprang to the ground, and mentally ejaculated, "Good heavens! I wonder if *I* can jump like that, when I am seventy-five!"

In two minutes more, I found two plump arms around my neck, a rosy cheek against mine, the most perfect mouth in the world put up for me to kiss; and this vision of blue eyes and golden curls flitted away from me, only to give place to another of a different type, but no less bewildering in beauty; this time with chestnut-colored hair and eyebrows.

Before I had time to collect my scattered senses, the brunette exclaimed, "Why, what does it mean? Cousin James told us you were about fifty; and when we asked him how to address you, he said we should call you 'aunt;' it would be more respectful, and that you were particular about such little things. Oh! what a wretch! Won't we have our revenge on him, though, for not letting us know he had married a young wife! And here you are, the dearest, sweetest cousin in the world, and not much older than ourselves! Isn't it perfectly jolly? Oh! please what is your name, and what shall we call you?"

"Cousin Helen, dears," I said, as soon as I could recover from my astonishment; "and I was never happier in my life, than in seeing you, this moment, though I don't even know your names, and much less, why in the world 'cousin James' *shouldn't* marry a young wife!"



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"Oh! do please excuse our rudeness, aunt—I mean, cousin Helen," said the older of the two girls—"of course there is no reason why he shouldn't marry a girl of sixteen, if he wished. Only, somehow, we had formed the idea that he would prefer some antiquated individual. And here you burst upon us, like a young rose, and we are as delighted as surprised."

We were friends from that instant.

Kate and Margaret soon slipped from my lips as easily as "cousin Helen" from theirs; and half-an-hour had not gone by, before we had sworn eternal friendship.

The afternoon sped swiftly away. My guests were duly refreshed after their journey. How merry we were! Suddenly, Kate cried: "What pretty old lady's caps!" for she had espied the contents of my work-basket. "Does your grandmother, perhaps, live with you? I do hope so—I love old people."

I burst into a fit of laughter, that made my listeners stare at me, as if I were suddenly taken insane. But they joined in it, a moment or two later, when I explained the delusion I had been laboring under, in regard to their years.

"So, now we are quits," I said; "and here comes your 'yarb' tea, which my husband has often told me was indispensable to your night's rest." And a fresh explosion of merriment was the consequence of this speech.

I slept, that night, with sweet girlish laughter ringing through my dreams like a tangle of joyful Christmas bells. I had so dreaded my husband's unaccustomed absence. He had a perplexing lawsuit on his hands, and had such a grave face, when he kissed me good-bye, that I had almost a presentiment of evil, which was now thoroughly banished by the presence of these lovely, light-hearted girls; and it was such a relief.

The next morning, three bright faces met at the breakfast table. If Paris himself had been present, he would have found it difficult to decide to which of my two visitors, to award the prize of beauty, they were so equally matched in loveliness, though entirely unlike in style. So merrily passed the meal, that we all declared it only needed my husband's presence to make it quite a heaven on earth. I had never had any sisters, and now realized what my life had always lacked, the sweet feminine companionship of those near my own age. Embroidery, chat and books, whiled away the morning, and a drive took several hours out of the afternoon.

But, after tea, "when came still twilight on," and we three were sitting close together in the deep recess of a bay window, the quiet of the hour and scene induced an exchange of those little confidences, so dear to the feminine heart; and Margaret said in her arch way, "Do you know, cousin Helen, we have a confession to make to you? We seized upon cousin James' invitation, as a deliverance from an impending evil at home; and choose to come and see you as a *lesser* evil; but, oh! how glad we are now to know and love you, and you will forgive us the injustice we did you, will you not?"

"Yes, a thousand times yes, my dear girls," I replied. "But you have excited my curiosity. What was the impending evil?"

"Oh! the old story: two ancient lovers, with long pedigrees, heavy money-bags, *le sabre de mon père, etc.;* and a match-making aunt, who is determined to marry off us two portionless girls at the earliest opportunity; a double edition of King Copletua and the beggar maid. My aunt had summoned her forces, the two kings, and we two beggars ran away; and now we throw ourselves on your protection."

"And you shall have it," quite warmly responded I. "No sordid-minded aunt shall sell you for gold, if I can prevent it. Oh! dear! there goes that telephone. Sometimes I wish it were out of the house, the perpetual ting-a-ling-ling makes me nervous. Listen! Is it for us? One! two! three! four!—one! Yes, I must go."

In a few minutes, the two girls heard the following interesting and one-sided conversation, conducted through the instrument.

"Hallo, hallo—ye-es—I understand—no—I did not catch that last word—yes—to-morrow? Do come home as soon as you can, and see your charming visitors. I do miss you so. Good-bye!"

The telephone was in the upper hall, and on re-entering the sitting-room, I exclaimed: "What do you think, girls? I have had a talk with James. You know he is away on business, looking up witnesses, or something connected with an important law-suit; he was in New York again, between two trains, and had just time to telephone to me. He sends his love to his cousins, with strict injunctions to have a good time, and be sure and stay till his return; and he also told me if anyone—a gentleman, in appearance at least—should present himself here, to-morrow, to detain him till he comes, as he is a witness he wishes to see at home. But he added that I had better look out for the silver, as the man is not to be trusted. James hopes to be home himself, to-morrow night, but says I must keep his messenger here, under any pretext.

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He is sorry to oblige me to receive such a visitor, but it is important to gain his good will. Oh! girls! I am so glad you are here! What should I do with such a dreadful man to entertain all alone? I do hope James hasn't a cold; his voice was so gruff, I never should have recognized it."

The following day we were on the *qui vive*, awaiting the arrival of our dreaded guest. I scrupulously counted the silver, and took note of all my portable possessions, that I might at once detect the loss of any of them; and I cautioned my fair cousins to keep their trunks well locked.

Our hearts beat a little faster, when the door-bell rang, and two cards were brought up "for Mrs. Lawton," bearing the names of Mr. Harry and of Mr. Fred. Singleton.

"Worse and worse, girls," I cried, "there are two of them! What did James mean?"

"Singleton!" exclaimed Kate and Margaret together, on seeing the names. "What a coincidence! That is the name of our would-be adorers. Doubleton, I think it ought to be."

The gentlemen, (and certainly in manner they were, every inch gentlemen) were speedily shown into our presence. We were freezingly dignified at first, as the memory of their light-fingered tendencies recurred to us. But their agreeable conversation finally got the upper hand, in spite of this consciousness.

"I hope we have not intruded, in your husband's absence," said the elder. "But he urged us, so cordially, to come, saying he himself was to be here almost immediately, that our scruples were quite conquered. I suppose you received his letter and our own, preparing you for our invasion."

The coolness of the smooth-tongued villain, I mentally ejaculated, to myself. But I answered, politely, "My husband telephoned me, but I have not received any communication from you."

"Perhaps we should more properly have gone to a hotel," added the other, deprecatingly.

"Oh, no!" I said, quite cordially, remembering my husband's injunction, and trying to atone for my previous chilling demeanor. "We are very happy to do our best to entertain you, till my husband's return."

As the afternoon wore on, our distrust of our two visitors, in spite of ourselves, melted away, under the genial influence of their conversation; and I could not but confess, that if they were villains, they were most delightful ones, with eyes as true and honest as any I had ever seen. But I had great faith in my husband's penetration, and so I resolved to be cautious.

To break up the monotony of the long afternoon, I finally proposed croquet on the lawn; and here our strange guests appeared to as good advantage as in the drawing-room; playing a skilful, magnanimous game; taking no unfair advantage of their opponents.

As my husband did not arrive, that afternoon, I had rooms prepared for the Messrs. Singleton, devoutly hoping, however, they would betake themselves to the hotel in the village. But while these thoughts were passing through my mind, as if in rebuke, came "One! two! three! four!—one!" on the telephone, and my husband's voice—unmistakable this time—telling me he was driven to death with business, and should not be at home for a week; also that I must be sure and detain our visitors till his return; but that if I continued to think them so charming, he should be jealous. Before I could reply, some one interrupted us, and all communication was cut off for that time.

"Umph! now he says visitors," I exclaimed, "and before it was only one. And how can he be jealous of these two, dear girls? I believe, like noble Festus, a good deal of law, if not a little learning, has driven him mad."

I can hardly tell how the days of that week passed; but they sped away on golden wings, apparently to all but myself. I, however, held the place of an observant and anxious looker-on; and was often nervous over the little drama being enacted before my eyes. It was a theatre, in which my sitting-room, drawing-room, the piazza, croquet ground, the woods and lake constituted the scenery. Certainly, too, the actors performed their parts well; and as though their hearts were in their work. Mr. Singleton, the elder, was well supported by my pretty brunette; and my fairy Kate was equally well supported by Mr. Fred. Singleton. "Oh! if my husband would only come home," I thought "and out of his wisdom, decree what should be done to set things straight!" The worst of it was, my sympathies were all with the lovers; and prudence seemed to fly to the winds, whenever I saw them together. For instance, when Kate's soft cheek would take on a rosier hue, as Singleton, the younger, approached her, I could not help wishing he were indeed a suitor nobly born, he looked so worthy of her. And when I saw the face of beautiful, stately Margaret hang out a flaming banner, while Singleton, the elder, quoted Tennyson to her, I thought, oh! if you were only as rich as you are handsome and good! Oh! horrors, *good?* That unlucky thought brought back, by force of contrast, my husband's caution; and I counted my spoons, that very night, and was quite relieved to find that not one was missing.

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The next day, at twilight, I overheard Harry Singleton say to Margaret, "'New comes still evening on. And all the air a solemn stillness holds.' Will you not walk out on the lawn with me?" A certain deferential tenderness was in the tone and in the manner; and this made me feel that the fateful hour had come with them. When, shortly after, the younger brother invited Kate to row on the lake with him, my heart gave a great thump; for I knew that the spell of love was on them, too. All this going on in my house! Two lovely, innocent girls, about to throw themselves into the arms of two scoundrels. Gracious heavens! What would James say to my allowing Kate to engage herself to a thief, and Margaret to a pick-pocket? It was too dreadful! Why could I not find some way to put a stop to such disgraceful proceedings! I was at my wit's ends.

It went from bad to worse. That very night, the two girls came to me, and whispered their confessions, with many tears and blushes. They loved, and were beloved. But, oh! how unwisely and unfortunately, I thought, after what James had telephoned me.

"And what did you say to them?" I asked, in breathless horror.

"We told them to wait," said the elder, "till cousin James should come. There was something to be explained, we hinted; for we were afraid of what you would say. But, oh! cousin Helen, we know they must be as noble as they seem. I am sure our instincts can not be so far wrong, as to make heroes out of those who are unworthy a woman's esteem. We were prudent, you see, all the same," she added, triumphantly, "for we told them to wait!"

"Wise little girls!" I said. "Second Solomons! That is just what I should have counseled. Somehow, I cannot think of these young men as villains. If so, they come disguised as angels of light."

That night, there was a fire in the neighborhood, so alarmingly near, that our two male guests arose, joined the crowd in the streets, and did a noble night's work in assisting to put out the fire, and in saving the lives of a little girl and an old, decrepit servant, at the risk of their own. Our heroes said not a word of their exploits. But we heard their praises rung afar and near, in the course of the next day or two. Margaret and Kate exultingly asked:

"Are not our instincts more correct than the evil report of man?"

"What, when that man is my husband?" I retorted, maliciously.

Just then the telephone summoned me more imperiously than ever, it seemed to me; and I recognized, with joy, my husband's voice.

"My dear," he said, "I have only time to say, send John for me, please, to the station, at two, to-morrow afternoon. I shall be with you so soon, that I will wait, till then, to tell you how good it will seem to be at home again. Good-bye."

The next afternoon, I was impatiently waiting my husband's return, and looking out of the window, when the carriage rattled rapidly up, and in a moment more, he was alighting.

"Who is that?" exclaimed the girls.

"Your cousin James," I reply, hastily running to meet him, while I heard them wonderingly say: "No, that is not our cousin James!"

And now for the last act in the drama.

Another carriage arrives, and Mr. James H. Lawton, (my husband is James A. Lawton) with another elderly gentleman, and two elderly ladies, appears on the scene.

"Good heavens! there is aunt Maria," cried the two girls, in a breath, "and papa and mamma. And see, there is cousin James, too! What does it mean?"

"It means," and just then there was a parenthetical shaking of hands, various introductions, and the arrival of the Messrs. Singleton before the foot-lights. "It means," said the other Mr. Lawton, "that there has been a grand mistake somewhere, and we have all been playing in a Comedy of Errors. A letter came to light this morning, which had been lying at my office during my absence, and which my wife, thinking it was for her, opened. Judging from the contents, it must have been written to Mrs. James H. Lawton, in acceptance of an invitation to visit at her house by the two Mr. Singletons, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting before, and now I must apologize for an absent-minded mistake of my own. Our telephone number is fourteen. I had occasion to telephone to my wife one day, about a witness, who was to meet me at my house; and in my haste reversed the strokes, so that I summoned forty-one instead of fourteen. It was only on my wife's taking me to task for sending her such a disagreeable caller without any warning (as she thought,) that my stupid blunder flashed into my consciousness. And now to explain about my young cousins here, Kate and Margaret, (as I seem to fill the post of general enlightener on this occasion.) We had invited them to make their first visit in our new home, and had received no reply to our letter. It was only the fact of home letters accumulating for them at our house, that at last made me anxious, and induced me to telegraph to their

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parents, to ascertain the meaning of it all. As you see, my telegram has given me the pleasure of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Maria Dinsmore, who came at once to look after their lost lambs. After the various mistakes that have been made, resulting from the similarity of our names, it suddenly occurred to me, that I might hear something of our runaways at your house, and here they are to be sure! and so I come to carry them home with me."

"Oh! no! no! Mr. Lawton," I exclaimed, "do not be so cruel, just as I am in the full enjoyment of my new-found treasures, real, live cousins, as I thought, to take them away from me. I will propose a better plan than that; you must all stay and take tea with us, to-night; you must indeed, and leave these truant damsels with us a few days longer at the least."

Pending these speeches, there was a very cordial by-play going on, between "aunt Maria" and the two Singletons; and finally it all came out: these cousins of my husband were the very "braw wooers so ancient and rich," whom aunt Maria favored.

So all the complications of the preceding fortnight ended well; that is, in two engagements, followed in due time by a double wedding; and all owing to "OUR TELEPHONE."

## POPPING CORN.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

THE roof tree that shows in the attic,
Its arms bare, and leafless, and brown,
To the eyes of the dear little children,
Is reaching all tenderly down,
With fruitage. They troop there and alway
Bring treasure; to-night in the dusk
They come bearing corn silver-kerneled,
Each ear tied by silken white husk.

The gleaming ears shelled, now the children
Are gathered around in the glow,
To see how the white kernels blossom
To leaves that are pure as the snow.
The eyes that are watching are eager,
The mystery to them is as new
Is if ne'er before o'er the fire heat
Leaf by leaf frail white blossoms grew.

And only "the baby" is silent,
With dimpled hands crossed seeming wise;
No laughter disturbs the sweet quiet
That sleeps 'neath the great, dreamy eyes:
He's reasoning! perhaps he is solving
Just how the small kernels can throw
In a moment such beautiful leafage,
As white as the new fallen snow.

Sweet picture, O, baby, fold softly
The dimpled white hands till I take
In th' careless and beautiful grouping
The hand of no artist could make—
Till my heart hold th' tiny home picture
Of faces agleam; till for aye
I learn how a simple home pleasure
Can brighten a long rainy day.

I'd measure how little it taketh
To make a child merry and glad,
Let me hold the sweet picture still longer,
For I would grow thoughtful and sad.
God hides near our hand for the children,
Pure treasure, He gives us the key,
How seldom we open—how seldom
We pause in our toiling to see.

The blank little faces turned slowly
And sadly away. May we learn
How often and often before us
The little ones hunger and yearn.
When a moment would open such treasure
As gladdens a long rainy day—
O, Life has so many! be tender
And gladden the child while you may.

## SPRING BLOSSOMS.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

ONCE more the trees are growing green, along the wooded heights;
Glad Spring brings resurrection to the last year's dead delights.
The blossoms on the leafy spray hang cups of rose-blushed snow,
Just as they did in happy Springs, long weary years ago.

These blossoms have the hue and scent which those dear blossoms had,
My spirits deeps are troubled with a something sweet and sad.
The angel of fond memory. And tears blot out the sight—
As o'er me in the air a lark goes singing out of sight.

Oh! loving eyes that smiled on me across the blossomed sprays,
Above thy rest the lark singsson through all these sunny days.
In distant land, where skies are bright, and down the winding shore,
On golden sands, the purple waves are sighing evermore.

Oh! pure unselfish love that crowned with glory all my youth—
Oh! loyal heart that to the last confided in my truth;
These fragrant blooms bring back to me, sweet word and fond caress,
But with them comes the bitter sense of my unworthiness.

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# THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 389.

## CHAPTER XVII.

LUCY HASTINGS was fast recovering from the great depression of her sorrow. Day by day she saw that a slow renewal of health was coming back to her father. In her old home, forlorn and dismantled as it had been, signs of forgotten comforts were appearing, and she felt with a throb of gratitude breaking up through her sorrow, that these things came to her out of the great sympathy awakened among those to whom her father had ministered so faithfully during the latter years of her life.

She was no longer so much alone, or compelled to watch by that sick bed, trembling with cold, or faint with hunger. The sisters were always coming and going now, with newly-awakened sympathy and cordial help.

There was no standing about with them—no saddened faces, or vague questions, if there was anything they could do. Those women found that out for themselves, and, if there was work to do, took hold of it with willing hands and cheerful faces, proud of their usefulness, perhaps, but as ready to wash the dishes and set the table, as they were to give advice. In this way, a soft gleam of cheerfulness was brought into this young girl's life, that had been so dark and heavy for a time.

Among those who came oftenest and most quietly, was the old woman known as aunt Hannah, a gentle, loving soul, who had drifted into the neighborhood, as a nurse, about the time when it was first known that Mrs. Farnsworth had purchased the old Wheeler mansion. Two or three years had passed since then; for that lady did not care to have her acquisition reported to the world at large, until she had secured time for preparation, that would enable her to take possession with some eclat.

During these years, aunt Hannah had earned for herself much respect and good will in the neighborhood; for she had watched tenderly at many a sick bed in that time, and occasionally, when her services in that direction were no longer required, maintained a certain independence by weaving on a hand-loom, doing up dainty articles of muslin or lace for persons better off than herself, and, sometimes, went out for a day's work, when Mrs. Doolittle, or some other prosperous housewife was ready to share the labors of a washing-day with her.

I have badly described the state of society in Wheeler's Hollow, if anyone supposes that this gentle old woman lost anything of her social status by these humble occupations. On the contrary, she was, perhaps, one of the best beloved persons in that little community—patronized somewhat, no doubt here and there, but sought after and received in the best houses of the village as a pleasant visitor, and in seasons of trouble, almost as a comforter.

It was not strange, therefore, that this woman came frequently to the minister's house during his illness, or that Lucy always felt her heart grow lighter when she appeared, with a hood of quilted silk shading her face, and a blanket-shawl folded about her, after a dainty fashion, that gave it the effect of richer drapery.

Aunt Hannah was well acquainted with all that was going on about the great donation party; for she had been present at all the meetings, and at this very time, had a woof of rag carpeting in her loom, which must be finished for the occasion. She knew all about the invitation that Mrs. Farnsworth had given to herself and the English lord, and had read the crested note over and over again, with an interest so remarkable, that Mrs. Doolittle had wondered about it. Indeed, when the note had been read aloud, and handed around till all the sisters knew it by heart, and were familiar with the very perfume it emitted, aunt Hannah had been observed, by a particulary curious person, to carry it off into a shaded corner of the room, and press it to her lips again and again, while her back was turned to the company, as children hide away to conceal the fruit they have stolen.

Still, though all these things were known to the woman, she gave no other sign of interest, nor once mentioned Mrs. Farnsworth's name. The donation party was to be a profound secret to the minister's household, and aunt Hannah was not the person to betray it by word or look. Still, a very observant person might have seen that the very mention of that one name would



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make the woman start and pause in any work she was about, as if it had some strange influence upon her. Once, when the Wheeler mansion sleigh drove by, Lucy noticed that Hannah dropped the broom she was using, and, hurrying to the window, stood there with her hands tightly clasped on the sill, some moments after the vehicle had disappeared down the road.

But Lucy thought nothing of this. How should she? Curiosity was natural enough when that gorgeous equipage flashed by any of the humble dwellings in the Hollow, and Lucy herself, being young and loving beautiful things, sometimes went to the window and watched it pass with admiring eyes.

At a moment like this, Lord Oram and Count Var had seen her framed in by the casement like a picture. True, she had withdrawn instantly, when those two faces were turned upon her, full of audacious admiration; for the sound of bells had cheated her into believing that Mrs. Farnsworth was passing, and her pale face became scarlet when she saw the mistake.

More time than had first been indicated, passed in preparation for the society festival, and when these little incidents took place, Mr. Hastings had grown strong enough to walk about the house, and sometimes ventured out along the beaten snow path, on which the sun was shining. Once he had seen these foreign gentlemen, and, recognizing them as strangers, lifted his hat, as country people of innate politeness will. His salutation was courteously returned, and the strangers drove on; but looked back more than once, somewhat curiously suprised, perhaps, that a gentleman should be found in that neighborhood, and under such worn and humble garments.

The minister was still feeble and heavy-hearted, as a man must be who has seen the love of a life-time swept away; for that is a grief that must shadow the soul that has truly shared itself with another forever and ever. Men may not see this, because such grief retreats into the inner soul, and makes no sign; but it lives so long as the mind thinks and the heart beats.

That day he went into the old sitting-room, more comfortable now than it had been, for a fire blazed on the hearth, and its light sparkled on the andirons, that had looked so dull on that stormy night. It smote him to the heart, that all this heat and brightness should have come so late, and he sighed heavily. Lucy drew a low chair close to his, and laid her hand upon his knee. The poor girl also remembered the time when her mother had occupied that chair, and her eyes grew heavy with tears, as she looked into the fire.

"Father," she said, "you are stronger—you are better?"

"Yes, child."

"And everybody is so good to us?"

Hastings looked down upon the sweet face, lifted to his, and smiled.

"Yes," he said; "after the storm comes sunshine. We should be ungrateful not to feel the warmth of it."

The minister shuddered a little, as he said this, and held his hands out to the fire.

Lucy took the shivering hands between both hers, and laid her cheek down upon them.

"By-and-bye we will go away from here, father," she said.

The minister sighed heavily.

"Away from this—her home—from my people, when they are most kind? No, child. That can never be."

That young face, on which the light shone, heightened a little.

"I thought—I feared that everything here might give you pain," she said. "You have suffered so much."

"Suffered," repeated the minister, looking around, "oh, yes; but she was with us, and she loved the old home, cold and empty as it was. It saddens me, child, to see how comfortable it is now. Somehow, the warmth does not reach my heart. Still it is home—her home."

Lucy lifted her eyes from the fire, and tried to smile.

"Then we shall stay here," she said, "you and I. You will be getting well before the apple blossoms come, while I will learn to be useful, and take her place in the dear old house. Of course I have been only a trouble till now; but you will see what a smart housekeeper I can make."

The minister smoothed her bright hair with his hand, very softly.

"I mean to earn money, too. Aunt Hannah knows how to do all sorts of crochet and fancy knitting, and I shall learn of her. What do you think of that?"

"I—I—don't know. I cannot tell. Things have gone so darkly with me, that everything seems unreal. I seem to be coming out of a dream; but away back there is something that troubles me. Something that woman with the hard, proud look said to me in the depths of my misery. Something about you, Lucy?"

"About me?"

"She had been alone with your mother, I remember how the rustle of her dress hurt me, for Eunice was dying, and it seemed to me as if the angels of Heaven were still and waiting, when

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the noise of her dress sweeping the floor troubled me, and her voice seemed cruel, as she spoke of you, and of the days that are to come."

"Of me, and the days that are to come? What has Mrs. Farnsworth to do with that?"

"Your mother sent for her."

"I know that. You may not remember, but I myself went to the old house, and gave mother's message to the lady; but what of that. It was not much to ask."

"But there was something more. Something like a dream; but it haunts me."

"I dare say it was a dream, so we will put it away. You and I are all the world to each other now. Neither Mrs. Farnsworth, or any other human being, has a right to come between us. I couldn't bear that."

"She was alone with your mother."

"I know, I know; but what then?"

"Hush, Lucy, hush! During that one hour, she was talking with an angel, who stood on the very threshold of Heaven. What was said there, must be sacred to you and to me."

"If it come from my mother, yes," answered Lucy, bending her head, as if she had been kneeling before a shrine.

They sat awhile in silence, then the sun went down, and the twilight deepened around them, then the minister drew a deep breath, and shook his head, sadly, in the firelight.

"Something was said to mother; but I cannot clearly make it out, though it is always heavy on my heart, the keenest pain of all. Perhaps, when I am stronger, it will come to me."

"Your sickness was full of dreams, father. No doubt, some of them haunt you yet," said the girl, striving to speak cheerfully; but, hark, someone is coming."

It was aunt Hannah, who came in noiselessly, and passed like a shadow athwart the firelight. She disappeared through a back door, and directly the sound of water dripping from a bucket, and raining back into a well behind the house, reached them. Lucy started up, full of regrets.

"She is filling the tea-kettle, while I sat here. Dear old soul, it is too bad. Oh, aunt Hannah, I am ashamed of myself."

Lucy would have taken the tea-kettle, which aunt Hannah brought in, but the old lady put her aside, with a little, kindly force, and letting out some lengths of the trammel, swung the tea-kettle over a blazing fire.

"It is near upon dark, and about tea-time," she said, in her gentle way, "shall I draw out the table."

"No, no, I will do it," said Lucy, flushed with self-reproach, and almost impatient. We've been talking, and I forgot."

"Never mind—just keep your seat by the minister's side, Miss Lucy. The touch of your hand is better than meat or drink to him. I came round to get tea. There's a nice bit of tenderloin, that one of the sisters put in my basket, as I came along. It's time that both of you should be getting up a wholesome appetite after so much sickness."

While she was talking, aunt Hannah had gone to work in her usual noiseless fashion, which made even hard labor seem like a recreation. She drew a table within the glow of firelight, spread a cloth upon it—the only one that household contained—which she had taken home to wash, and brought back in her basket, and was about to place some odd pieces of blue china upon it—the remnants of two or three rare, old sets, broken and dispersed long ago—but here Lucy interposed, and insisted on setting the table herself. Of course, the kind, old woman yielded; but it was only to give up the light work for that which was more substantial. She took out the contents of her basket, tied a calico apron over her alpaca dress, brought forth some potatoes and a gridiron, with which she went about preparing a rather elaborate meal in earnest.

Directly, the room was fragrant with the appetizing fumes of a tender steak, broiling on the gridiron, which she had planted over a bed of hot coals, drawn out upon the hearth, red and glowing, till the irons fairly towered upwards in a blaze of light. Beyond that, the great, iron tea-kettle, swung in the throat of the chimney, steaming at the nozzle, and emitting soft, gurgling sounds, as if it rejoiced over the heart that had turned it almost into a living thing. The trammel, close by it, held a pot of potatoes, turbulently boiling over, and lifting the lids till you could see their torn jackets and white clefts peeping through, and fairly warm yourself by the hissing steam, as it went up the throat of the chimney.

When Lucy came to the hearth, with a little black tea-pot in her hand, which she filled from the steaming kettle, and placed between the andirons to draw; then knelt down, with an uplifted hand between her face and the fire, and toasted the bread he was to eat. Even the poor, sick minister leaned back in his chair, with a deep breath of content, and regarded his daughter with half-closed eyes, till a smile crept around his mouth.

"Now," said aunt Hannah, "everything is ready," and she placed three chairs at the table, seating herself on one side, while Lucy took her mother's place, behind the old tea-tray.

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Just as they were sitting down, the gate latch was lifted, footsteps came up the front yard, and there was a knock at the door, and without waiting for permission, Nathan Drum entered.

"Hain't got through supper yet," he said, coming up to the fire. "Wal, now, that does best all. Why, aunt Hanner, ain't you smarter en all that comes ter."

Without waiting to be answered, Nathan went on.

"Wal, now, how are you gitting along, minister? Better, I reckon, by the look of things. Cherking up consederably, aint you now. That's jest what I come to inquire about. Says I to mar, says I, there's our minister shet up the bettermost part of the winter, hain't had a chance of a sleigh-ride since snow came, which is what I call a darned shame."

"'Nathan,' sez she, severe as a meat-ax. 'Nathan,' sez she, 'jest remember it is the minister you're a speaken' about, and don't use no perfane language in that relation.'"

"'Perfane,' sez I, a good deal down in the mouth. "'I didn't mean nothin' of the sort, and you know it. But the snow'll be going off afore long, and I'm bound the minister shall have one alfired good ride fust. Is there any swearin' in that?"

"You see I was in arnest, minister, so I went round jist then, and engaged Doolittle's new sleigh and team, to say nothing of a buffalo robe that you could wrap all creation in, and to-morrow, say about noon, you'll see a feller about my size haul up afore the front gate, ready to take you and Miss Lucy and aunt Hanner here, if she wants ter jine in, to jist the serumptiousest sleigh-ride you ever took in your born days. Now what do you say to that?"

Here Nathan thrust both hands in his pockets, turned his back to the fire, and waited for an answer.

Lucy looked at her father favoring the project, but afraid to urge it. Aunt Hannah sat demurely stirring her tea, as if she had never heard of the proposition before.

"It may be pleasant, to-morrow," said Lucy, "and the open air seems to agree with you, father."

The minister hesitated; for any exertion seemed a great undertaking in his feeble state; but when he saw the eager hope in his daughter's eyes, the old spirit of self-abnegation arose in him, and he said:

"Yes, child. If it is fair, we will go!"

"And I," said aunt Hannah, "will stay and take care of the house."

"Wal, now everything being settled, I'll go hum, and you may calculate on seeing me and the team as large as life and twice as natural, to-morrow afternoon."

Nathan was half-way to the door as he said this, and went out satisfied with the success of his errand.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Between twelve and one the next day, Nathan appeared in front of Mr. Hastings' dwelling in a brand new sleigh, red enough to set the snow on fire, drawn by a pair of stout farm horses, that pranced clumsily, and shook themselves in harness like persons newly chained, frightened out of their natural heavy training by the bells strung around the great girth of their bodies, and hanging in rows down their ponderous chests.

Nathan, who was in full Sunday clothes, with a stiff, bell-crowned hat slanting backward from the crown of his head, brandished a long, new whip, with a cracker at the end of its lash, and held the team in with both hands, as if the old farm horses had become all at once rampant with spirits, and so skittish that it would become dangerous to slacken his hold for a moment. But that was quite unnecessary, for class-leader Doolittle came down in his sleigh, muffled in a double layer of buffalo robes, and insisted on wrapping the minister in his own Sunday overcoat, before he was permitted to enter the sleigh.

Mrs. Doolittle also had sent down a huge mink Victorine and muff, with her best imitation shawl, matted with gorgeous colors, which choice articles Lucy was enjoined to put on, and thus make a genteel appearance, while she saved herself all danger of taking cold.

Lucy put on the fur, drew a little quilted hood over the bright waves of her hair, and took her place among the buffalo robes, cheerful and almost smiling; for she was young, and with such, clouds melt imperceptibly into sunshine, and the very motion and dash of bells, kindled the blood in her veins with new life.

It seemed as if all Wheeler's Hollow had been on the watch for that wonderful equipage to drive away, for scarcely had it disappeared, when its track was dotted over with men, women and children, all diverging toward the minister's house. Among them came two ox-sleds, laden with barrels, baskets, heaps of yarn, and bags of grain. One of these loads was crowned with a small hen-coop, where very lovely and impatient chickens were thrusting their heads through the wooden slats, and on the other lay a newly-slaughtered shote, with a wide cleft down his breast, and his feet in the air.

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After these came a succession of one-horse sleighs and cutters, crowded like robins' nests with old folks and children, each bearing some present for the minister. One bright boy had a roll of muskrat skins under his arm, that he had been all the winter in trapping; and in the same sled sat a little girl holding a pet kitten to her bosom, which she had brought for the minister's hearth, because it was the dearest thing she had in all the world.

Thus for half-an-hour or more the worshipers at the red school-house came straggling down the highway, carrying baskets and bundles, till the old house was thronged with a cheerful, bustling crowd, intent on good works, and enjoying the whole affair, as if it had been the first great holiday of their lives. There was plenty of work for everyone, and on all sides willing hands to undertake it. The men swarmed like bees around the loaded sleds, carrying their contents away piece by piece, and storing them in the empty cellars and closets of the old house, while the women spread a new rag-carpet on the family room, and went upon their knees to nail it down, chatting merrily, and joking each other all the time.

Above these, mounted on chairs and tables, a bevy of young girls—half of them on probation, I dare say—were hanging great garlands of hemlock, white pine and pressed autumn leaves upon the dingy walls, harmonizing their time-mellowed gray with the rich colors, as few artists could have done, all laughing and chirping to each other like birds, among the foliage.

Other girls were hard at work digging the cores from red and golden winter apples, which they turned into candlesticks, and hung like great golden globes and carbuncles in the green branches, filling them with color and life.

By-and-bye all this joyous confusion settled itself into picturesque order. The sleds had driven away. The loose branches were gathered up, and the new carpet swept. A great back log had been rolled into the fireplace, and bright tongues of flame were darting up through the dry hickory wood piled against it. Now Mrs. Doolittle and her followers took time to draw breath. They withdrew into another room, where an old looking-glass was hanging, took off their calico aprons, drew down their sleeves, and peeped over each others shoulders, as they smoothed the bands of hair securely back from their faces, after the primitive fashion of the sect.

When the elder sisters returned to the outer room, others, younger and brighter, came swarming in, each in eager haste to see her own fair, young face in the glass, and arrange the rebellious hair, that would curl and crimp, in spite of the discipline. Certainly, no very elaborate toilets were made before that dim, old looking-glass; but pretty faces came and went, demurely smiling at their own reflection, and you might have travelled many a mile from Wheeler's Hollow, and failed to meet a finer or happier set of maids and matrons, than those who gathered that night in the transformed sitting-room, where we first saw the minister in his great misery.

"It is time that the minister should be a-coming now," said Mrs. Doolittle, placing herself at the window, just as the sun was going down behind the distant pine woods. "I told Nathan Drum not to be long after the sun went down, and it's setting all the old pine trees a-fire this minute, and seems ter be a-turning the snow crust ter gold, all along the side hill. He'll be along right away now, gurls. Is the table all sot out, and is things all ready in 'tother room?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" answered half-a-dozen voices, from the great, empty room beyond the one in which she was standing, "everything is ready!"

The sunset gold had all died off from the side hill, and the pine woods were full of purple shadows, when Mrs. Doolittle turned from the window, and, lifting up one plump finger, exclaimed, with mysterious solemnity:

"I hear bells. Now all be still as mice!"

They were still. In all that crowd, there was scarcely a man or woman who breathed freely enough for speech.

Yes, the unequal sound of sleigh-bells came nearer and nearer, accompanied with the clumsy tramp of horses, out of step, and the sharp crack of a whip, that seemed like a signal.

"It's him," repeated Mrs. Doolittle. "Now stand ready, stiller on still, and when you hear our blessed minister's foot on the door-stun, remember orders."

The silence that fell upon the crowd was so deep, that the click of a latch lifted at the gate, sounded through it like the clash of a gunlock.

"He's at the gate!" whispered Mrs. Doolittle.

"He's coming up the walk!"

"He's on the door-stun!"

The woman planted one foot forward, and lifted her hand, as if it contained a baton. She felt like some great general at the head of a division.

"Now, now!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

INSTANTLY the great garland of evergreens that draped the room was starred with light. The

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balls of sunset, gold and crimson, with the mottled autumn leaves, glowed among the green. The flames of that great hickory wood-fire, blazed up the throat of the chimney, and flooded the whole room, the new rag carpet, with streaks of scarlet, yellow, and white gleaming across it. The religious mottoes framed over the fireplace, and the crowd of eager, watchful faces all turned in smiling expectation on the door.

It opened, and Mr. Hastings stood upon the threshold, wrapped in his class-leader's great coat, and with a faint flush, borrowed from the cold, on his face. He stood, for a moment, dumb and still, with this great flood of light shining over him from within, and the frosty air stirring his garments outside—a man struck motionless with wonder.

"Welcome home!"

These words, uttered in a cordial and encouraging voice, aroused the minister from his bewilderment, and he saw that Mrs. Doolittle was standing before him, with her plump hand extended, and her face beaming triumphantly—saw also a crowd of well-known faces all turned upon him in pleasant greeting.

Still he faltered on the threshold of his home, tired by a long ride, and overpowered by what he saw.

Then old Seth Allen came forward, took him by the hand, and led him to the great, easy chair, which had just been decorated with a plump patch-work cushion of blue and red cloth, on which the fire-light was scattering its gold.

"There, now, sit down, brother. It's only a little sort of a love-feast, that we've got up on account of our gratitude that you are gitting about agin, both the young folks, and we that have grown old in the service, have jined in for making this a sort of thanksgiving night to you and our Lucy."

As the minister sat down, a small band of singers, that John Patterson had ranged where the lights among the evergreens fell upon them, began to flutter the leaves of their music books. The little shoemaker touched the back of a chair with his tuning fork, and, after one or two false starts, broke into one of those jubilant hymns that stir the worshipping souls, as martial music inspires warriors to conflict. There and there a voice lagged behind; but a sharp look from the leader brought it up with a jerk. Occasionally a child's voice from the crowd joined in, like a pebble thrown into running waters, or some old man gave out a note from his cracked voice, that cut hoarsely through the harmonies; but that was of no consequence, the singing was open to all, and the old house, that had been so dreary of late, was resounding with a storm of music, so full and hearty in its expression, that all discordances were lost, when the door opened and Mrs. Farnsworth came in with her party.

This sudden appearance cut the hymn short to the extent of a full verse; for Patterson, being a patriot, as well as a church member, had formed his own plans regarding the reception of this English gentleman, who called himself a lord, and instead of breaking up his band, stood on tiptoe, and lifted his tuning-fork on high, as if it had been a baton.

Again there was a great fluttering of leaves, and then my lady and Lord Oram was greeted with a fresh burst of music, through which these words came ringing with defiant emphasis:

> "The British yoke and galling chains,
> Was urged upon our necks in vain.
> All haughty tyrants we disdain,
> And shout long live America!"

All this was an emination of Mr. Patterson's individual genius. He had won great glory to himself, by the way he had led this patriotic outburst at the last Fourth of July celebration, and as the surprise party was a genial occasion, resolved to greet the Englishman with it.

At first, a quick flush came over the young lord's face, then a pleasant smile followed, and, pausing by the door, he listened to the music, with a lively sense of amusement; but Mrs. Farnsworth stood by his side, pale and trembling with indignation, and Olivia looked haughtily around, with hot fire in her eyes and cheeks, ready for combat, could she have found anyone worthy of her wrath.

The eagle had only time to flap his wings over one verse of this song, when Mr Hastings arose from his chair, and gave a signal that it should stop. Then pale, grave, and gentle, he went forward to receive the guests that had come upon him so unexpectedly Holding out his hand to Mrs. Farnsworth, he said:

"My friends have come unexpectedly, to-night. I am glad to number you among them; you and the friends you have brought."

Before the lady could curb her passion sufficiently for speech, Count Var stood by her side, and his sweet, measured voice was gentle as that of the minister.

"Pray ask your friends, my dear sir, not to consider us as intruders. We have found Americans everywhere so kind that sometimes, being strangers, we may presume without intending it. It is only through the madam that we have dared to come."

"I beg pardon," interposed Mrs. Doolittle, placing herself in front of the party, and tak-



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ing them at once under her patronizing wing. "This 'ere lady is welcome as honeysuckles are to the bees. More'n that she's got a right to bring jist as many men folks with her as she has a mind to, having paid a twenty-dollar bill inter the funds of this society, which I am ready give an account of jist here on the nail."

Here the good matron looked around, as if she expected to be put upon the proof at once, but meeting nothing but approval from the glances turned upon her, went on with a great access of good manners.

"Walk into the bedroom, marm, and take off your things—and you, too, young miss. Lucy, why don't you take the gentlemen's hats, and look up some chairs! It isn't in me to do everything. This way, marm."

Mrs. Farnsworth, somewhat offended by all this full blown politeness, allowed herself to be conducted into the room in which she had last seen a dying woman. It was changed now, for a new patch-work quilt of the gorgeous pattern called "a rising sun," had been that day spread upon the bed. New paper blinds were at the windows, and the crooked old looking-glass had evergreens and paper roses twined around its frame.

Mrs. Farnsworth took off her cloak and threw it across the bed, revealing herself in a robe of dark velvet, with a length of train that fairly startled Mrs Doolittle, whose skirts usually gave a clear view of the ankles

Miss Olivia, who had come through the crowd with her restless head uplifted, and her pink nostrils in a state of dilation, tossed her white opera cloak, with all its fringes and satin quiltings, also upon the bed, and scorning to arrange her hair by that paltry glass, shook out the train of her sky blue dress, posing her head and shoulders backward to mark the effect; and fastened some blood-red roses upon her corsage, a little more in front, that they might better contrast with the whiteness of her well exposed neck.

"Now, mamma, if you will insist on going among these aborigines, we are about as ready as seems possible, in a place like this," she said.

Mrs. Doolittle, who had been patiently standing by, felt a flush of resentment, inspired by the speaker's tone, but she reflected that the word aborigines, might imply something complimentary, and checking the impulse to resent it until she could look into the dictionary, led the way into the next room. There she found that Mr. Hastings had quietly undertaken the honors of his own house. Lord Oram was leaning against the chimney-piece, close by the easy chair, which the minister had resumed, after it had been rejected, with earnest protest, by the young man. These two were conversing together pleasantly enough, while Var stood apart with his head bent as if in homage, toward the girl who was standing by his side, a fair, young creature in severe black, without a sign of ornament; but so wonderously beautiful in her fresh loveliness, that even this man of the world wondered at his own sensations, as he gazed upon her.

"You may not remember, perhaps, that I have seen you before," he was saying, in that strange, low voice, through which the foreign accent came and went like music. "I shall never forget it."

The girl looked up, surprised, perhaps pleased.

"Yes, I remember very well," she answered. "You spoke to me, I should know you again by the voice."

She was looking in his face, that strangely handsome face, where perfect features were combined with force and strength. A smile came to her lips, and the man could read in her eyes the admiration, that had preceded, in his life, the enslavement of many a female heart.

Another person, standing in the crowd, saw the look, and clenched his teeth like a man in pain. Lucy glanced across, and saw two large gray eyes fixed upon her. Then a flood of color rushed to her face, the white lids fell over her eyes, and she stood there, a creature ashamed, and trembling as if she had done some wrong.

That moment Var looked down upon her, and a smile crept over his lips. Then Mrs. Doolittle came from the bedroom, followed by Mrs. Farnsworth and Olivia, who moved through the crowd as if she expected it to shrink back and make room for her.

"Jist like a peacock struttin' through a barnyard of ducks and chickens," muttered the little shoemaker to his wife. "What bianess has sich folks here, I wonder? A feller cain't move without treading on their gounds."

"Hush up now, du; or Mrs. Doolittle 'ill be at me agin, jist as like as not—afore all these people, too. Why cain't you keep yer tongue between yer teeth, Patterson?"

Mrs. Patterson was rather voluminous in her rebukes, when the spirit was on her; but this time she was cut short by a movement in the room. Mrs. Doolittle had been bustling about with great animation for some minutes. Then she planted herself near the fireplace, watched the opposite door with breathless anxiety a few moments longer, then lifted her hand, exclaiming:

"Now!"

Obedient to this order, an opposite door was opened, and running down the whole length of the back room, a table presented itself, laden from top to bottom with an abundant feast.

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The mistress of ceremonies understood her position too well for great haste on this occasion. So she stood, quietly, till every person in the room had attained a full view of the laden table. A chandelier of twisted hemlock, laurel and pine branches, crowded with candles, hung high over it. An immense turkey, lay in a dish at the head of the table, quite surrounded by a garland of flowers cut from turnips, ruby-tinted beets and yellow carrots, with a string of sausages about his neck and plumply-stuffed bosom. A roast pig was just visible, kneeling on another dish at the bottom of the table, with a lemon in his half-open jaws; and two noble chicken pies, with a ring of key marks around the edges, and a fern leaf cut in the upper crusts, stood half-way down. Then came a double row of smaller pies, ranged along each side of the board, where alternate wedges of mince, custard and tarts formed a star on each plate, and scattered among them were the saucers of preserves, pickles and currant jelly, that flushed the whole festal board with rich coloring.

"Now," said Mrs. Doolittle, after feasting her eyes on the glory of these preparations, "being as I am president of this donation party, it seems ter me my place to lead. This gentleman has been invited amongst us by our chief donor, and shall have a chance at the head of the table. Minister, jist bend your arm for Mrs. Farnsworth. As for you, Lucy dear, foller with the doctor, or promiscus, jist as you think best."

With these loudly-spoken directions, Mrs. Doolittle thrust her plump hand well through the half-reluctant arm of Lord Oram, and triumphantly placed him by her side, at the head of the table. The minister and Mrs. Farnsworth came next, but Lucy walked in alone. She had refused Count Var's arm, and waited one anxious minute, as if expecting some one. But Doctor Childs had left the house so quietly, that no one observed it; and as the general crowd came pouring in, the girl found that the foreigner was by her side, with his beloved at his right hand, where she sat from the first, with a flush of anger on her forehead, and a sneer on her lips; for the bold tactics of Mrs. Doolittle had separated her from Lord Oram; and though Var was too thoroughly bred for exclusive attention to either lady, there was something in the tone of his voice, and the deference of his manner, when he addressed the insignificant creature, as she thought her, which stung the fair patrician's vanity into absolute resentment.

"Lord Oram seems greatly amused," Var observed, addressing her, softly, as if the subject had been one of great importance. "What capacity for enjoyment the fellow has."

"That is necessary, if he would find anything to amuse him here," answered the young lady, with more acrimony than she was aware of. "I only wonder that mamma brought him."

"She does not seem to be especially hilarious," said Var, glancing at the lady who was talking earnestly to the minister, who seemed to listen with a strained and startled look. "The poor man does not seem strong."

A sudden start, made the man conscious that Lucy might have heard his last remark. He turned and saw that she was leaning forward, looking anxiously at her father.

"He is faint—he is hurt. Oh, madam, what have you been saying to my father?" she exclaimed, starting to her feet.

"Nothing that should have disturbed him so," answered Mrs. Farnsworth, rising from her chair. "Olivia, my dear—Lord Oram—Count Var, perhaps our humble friends will excuse us. Mr. Hastings does not seem well."

"He has fainted," said Lucy, turning almost fiercely on her. "What have you done to him?"

"No—no!" said the minister, struggling up from his chair, but supporting himself on his daughter's shoulder. "It is nothing serious—I am not strong. That is all Do not let anyone move; I will go away by myself a little while."

So, still leaning on his daughter, the minister went out from among his friends, swaying feebly to and fro as he went.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# ODDS AND ENDS.

BY MRS. DEBORAH PIDSLEY.

Our lives are full of odds and ends,—
First one and then another,—
And though we see not how or when,
They're deftly wove together.

The weaver has a master's skill,
And proves it by this token,—
No loop is dropped, no strand is missed,
And not a thread is broken—

And not a shred is thrown aside,
So careful is the weaver,
Who joining all, with wondrous skill,
Weaves odds and ends together.

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a short costume, for either house or street, and is made of plain and figured foulard-finish cotton satine. These beautiful goods,

No. 1.

which look like silk, come in all colors, plain and figured to correspond. In the dark colors, they can be worn out without washing. Our model has for the figured design a polka dot, but the newest things are in Japanese designs. Contrasting colors, such as pale blue for the plain, and figured maroon, or pale pink and maroon; bottle-green and a Japanese pattern in olives and old gold, dark and light blue—in fact, the variety is endless. These goods cost forty-five cents for the plain and thirty for the figured; one

No. 2.

yard wide. The front of this costume is kilted of the plain material, bordered with a narrow band of the figured, stitched on just above the hem.



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The back is mounted in two plaitings and a pouf, from beneath which there are scarves of the figured goods, knotted in front with loops and ends, as seen in the engraving. The bodice

No. 3

is figured. Collar, revers and cuff are plain. A jabot of lace finishes the front of the bodice and sleeves. Eight yards of plain, and five yards of figured material will be required. This is a good model for any cotton material which will not require frequent washing, although we have seen kilted skirts very nicely laundried.

No. 2—Is a pretty costume of white albatross cloth, which is a very thin and fine woolen fabric, costing only forty cents a yard for single, and seventy-five to eighty cents for double width goods. This model has also a kilted skirt, with large, double box-plaits at the back. A band of inch, or inch and a-half, velvet ribbon is put on above the hem, before laying the kilt-plaits. The double box-plait in front is ornamented by bows and ends of velvet ribbon. The long basque-bodice is finished like a coat-bodice in the back, and the front is trimmed with the velvet on both sides, as seen in the illustration. Small bows of loops and ends ornament the pockets, cuffs, and a similar one is placed on the left side of the bodice, opposite the second button. Fancy buttons of irridescent pearl, or gilt and steel are used upon all costumes. This would be a good model for a bordered chintz, using the border which comes on the chintz for all the trimming, even the bows. Eighteen yards single, or ten yards of double-fold goods will be required. Twelve large buttons for the front, and two for the back of the basque will be needed.

No. 3—We give the front and back of the Florida costume. Like all of this season's costumes, it is a combination of plain and figured goods. This may be made in foulard silk, plain and figured pongee, with chintz-patterned foulard, grenadine, batiste, or even lawn. It will take eight yards of figured material, nine yards of plain. The skirt may be demi-long, or short all around. It has a kilt-plaited flounce thirteen inches deep when finished; over this the drapery is arranged upon the foundation, as seen in the illustration. A four inch band of the figured material borders the edge of the overskirt. The coat-basque is made entirely of the figured goods, with collar, revers, pockets and cuffs of the plain.

No. 4—Is the Stanhope costume of white oatmeal cloth, laced at the back. The skirt has a deep-kilted flounce, with a small plissé of red satine at the bottom. The over drapery is also of the red satine, also the puffings of the sleeves.

No. 4.

Any plain-colored satine may be substituted for the red. Albatross cloth, cheese cloth, or any light textured white goods may be used instead of the oatmeal cloth, and the plissé and over

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No. 5.

drapery might be arranged out of some partly-worn evening-dress of last season.

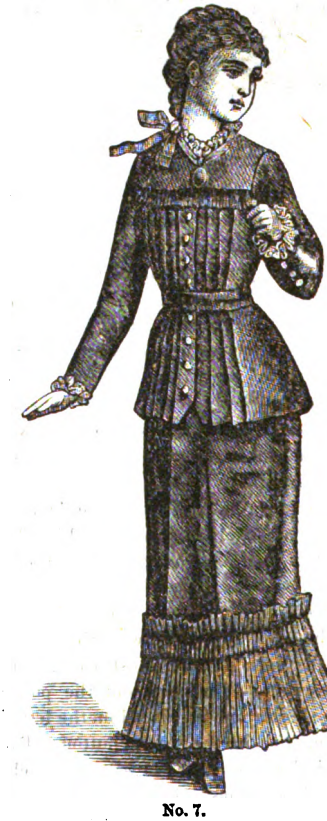
No. 5—Is a costume for a child of two years. It is of white piqué, figured for the underskirt,

No, 6.

plain corded for the paletot. The paletot is double-breasted, and trimmed with Hamburg embroidery, or torchon lace. Deep collar, pockets and cuffs, all trimmed with the same. The loops of ribbon may be added or dispensed with, according to taste.

No. 6—Is a dress for little girl of two to four years. It is made in white, or any plain, self-colored light woolen material. It buttons at the back; but there is a box-plait in front, with buttons set on. The material is gathered in groups, and arranged on both sides of the box-plait in front, as seen. The trimming at the bottom of the skirt is made up of tiny pouffs, with a ruffle heading top and bottom. A flounce of white embroidery is added at the edge over a plaiting of the material.

No. 7—Is a home-dress for a young miss of



No. 7.

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twelve to fifteen years. It is of de béige or bunting; suitable also for flannel for seaside costume. One skirt, with deep knife-plaited flounce. The bodice is plaited back and front alike into a yoke, which is finished with a narrow knife-plaiting on the lower edge. A belt is worn always with these plaited bodices. Tight coat sleeves, buttoned on the outside seams.

No. 8—Costume for a girl of four years, is of cinnamon-colored flannel, or serge, enhanced by a plaid in crimson and brown. The dress comprises a blouse and a box-plaited skirt, made in white, or pale-colored pink, or blue bunting, with plaid to correspond, would be suitable for more dressy occasions at seaside, or mountain resorts.

No. 8.

## DESIGN FOR DARNING ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in color, a Design for Darning on Net. It may be used, as will be seen, for a variety of purposes, as taste or ingenuity may suggest. It would be an especially pretty design for a window curtain, the centre being filled up with sprigs, of which we give one as a pattern, and the border being copied for the rest of the design. A pair of curtains, done at odd intervals, in this way, would be very much more durable than any of the machine-made ones that are to be bought, and would add greatly to the attractions of the house, the more because they were the work of its inmates.

## BICYCLE CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Use a Scotch mixed wool, and a No. 11 hook. This cap is worked in rounds not rows. Make a

chain of six stitches, and work ten stitches in treble crochet in the ring, then work round for seven rounds of treble crochet. As you begin the sixth round, there should be one hundred and two stitches. Before you finish the seventh round, you must decrease fourteen stitches, leaving eighty-eight. Then do three rows of open treble crochet, two chain, miss one loop, and finish off, leaving a straight edge. For the turned-up part, then do a row of seventy-nine treble stitches, working the other way, and it is then finished in simple shell or star pattern as seen. A ball of wool finishes the top. This cap would make a nice present.

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# LADY'S MANTELET: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here, an engraving of a new style MANTELET, and folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size patterns. It is in four pieces.

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2.—HALF OF BACK.
No. 3.—HALF OF COLLAR.
No. 4.—SLEEVE.

The front and back must be joined at the shoulder, before the sleeve is put in. The two notches in pattern of front must be fixed to similar notches in sleeve, and the seam continued to the lower edge of the back. The sleeve will then hang in the position illustrated. This pattern will fit a figure measuring thirty-five inches in bust, and one and a-half yards of double-width material, or four yards of single width will be required.

This mantelet is especially suitable for late Spring, or early Summer wear, and therefore particularly appropriate for this month.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, *a design for Poppies*, for description of which see page 475.

# SHEATH FOR KNITTING NEEDLES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Now that knitting silk socks, stockings, etc., is so fashionable, this little article will be found most useful, and it is easily made. Take two oakgalls, pierce a hole through each, making it large enough to hold the points of four pins; through these holes pass a white silk elastic measuring about six inches, fasten at each end under a bow of ribbon, and tie another bow of ribbon in the centre of the elastic. The sheath will then be complete.



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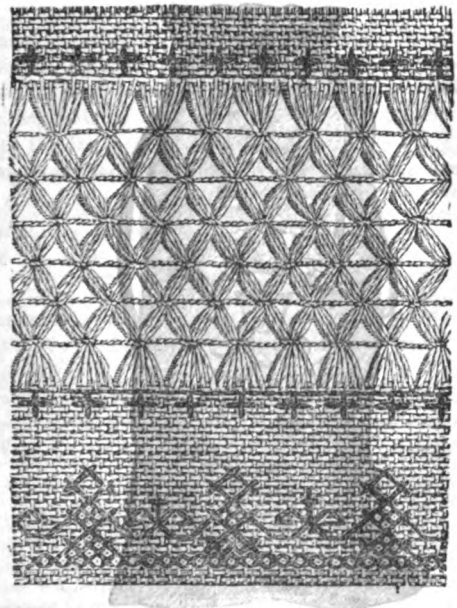
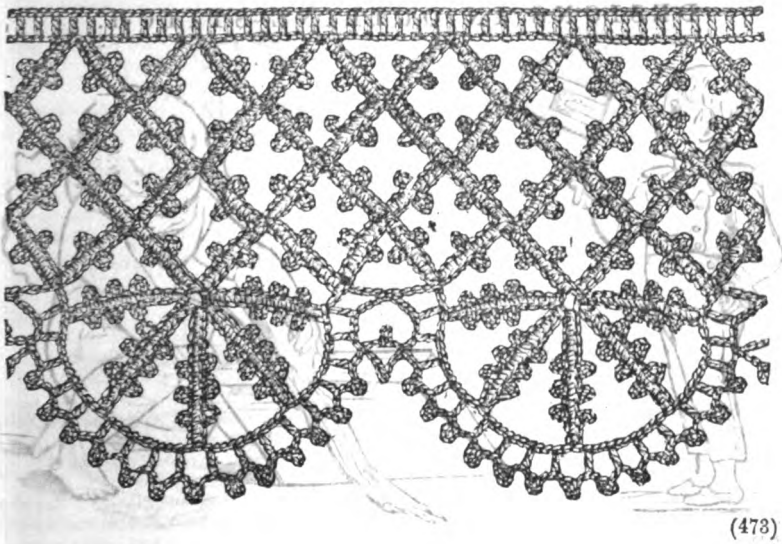
# TOILE COLBERT: FOR CHAIR BACKS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The material known as "Toile Colbert" is now in great demand for chair backs, etc., as antimaccassars. It is a material closely resembling Java canvas. This design is intended as a border. The drawn work forms an open insertion, and the cross-stitch pattern may be carried out in silk, crewel, or working cottons, according to the use and place the work may be for.

# EDGING FOR UNDER-LINEN.





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# BAG FOR SOILED LINGERIE.

## SUCH AS HANDKERCHIEFS, LACES, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This useful little article is made of gray or brown linen. A braiding pattern, done in worsted braid, with monogram, ornaments the centre. Small designs are added at the lower corners, and on the frill, worsted braid strings. In travelling this is almost indispensable, as all the small bits of a lady's toilet are in this bag kept together in packing. The size, any lady can best determine for herself; but nine inches wide by eighteen inches long, is a very good size.

## DESIGNS IN OUTLINE-STITCH.

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## LADY'S SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a lady's slipper, with patterns in detail, full-size, for the toe, and back pieces. The slipper is of brown cloth, embroidered on the toe, from the design given on the first page, and on the heel, from that shown on the second. When the pattern has been traced upon the cloth, it is worked with four shades of brown silk in satin, overcast, chain, knotted stitch and point russe. The slipper is bound with brown silk braid, and made up with a high heel. It is one of the prettiest designs recently out.

## POPPY DESIGN.

We give on our SUPPLEMENT, in addition to the pattern for a Mantelet, a *design for Poppies*, to be done in Kensington stitch, either simple outline, or filled in. It is designed for the end of a tidy, or scarf cover for a small table, and is to be worked in crewels. Work on crash, or linen, or Java canvas. We will furnish materials, if desired. One yard of crash, and crewels for working, will cost one dollar. Java canvas and crewels will cost one dollar and a-half. Twenty-five cents for postage, or we can send by express, expressage payable on delivery.

## NAMES FOR MARKING

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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

AMERICAN GIRLS. REFORMS SUGGESTED.—A very notable lecture was recently delivered, at the Jefferson Medical College Hospital, in Philadelphia, by Dr. Hamilton Osgood, of Boston. The subject was, "The Necessity of a Radical Change in the Training and Education of the American Girl." We regret that we have not room for the entire lecture, but we cannot forbear noticing some of its most salient points.

After remarking on the ignorance as to physiology, so prevalent among girls and even women, and the consequent injury to health, the doctor proceeded to speak of the absurd difference in the treatment of boys and girls in their early years. "The boy has warm clothing," he said. "His feet and legs are well protected. The girl is but half clad. Half her limbs are exposed to the weather, protected only by stockings none too thick, the necessary under-garments, in the majority of cases, being omitted. This difference fixes a point of departure for the cultivation of the greater sensitiveness of the girl. The ignorant mother but little realizes the amount of physical vigor it costs an insufficiently-clad girl to keep warm. And so, while the boy acquires a growing hardiness, an indifference to changes in the weather, and is ready to eat at any hour of the day, the girl becomes delicate, shrinks from cold, her appetite is as sensitive as the thermometer, her cheek loses its rosy hue. Thus her life goes on, steadily increasing its divergence from that of the boy. He becomes square-shouldered, straight and sturdy; she, stooping, round-shouldered and sensitive. I do not include every girl in this picture. I refer, simply, to the average girl of America, whose training does not develop her original vigor, but transforms a constitution as fine in every sense as the boy's into a tangle of fretted nerves; and this is the average American girl."

On the subject of over-training, intellectually, the doctor was equally explicit. "One of the great errors of the day," he said, "was that a girl is expected to complete her education by her eighteenth year—an age at which lads are but little more than half-way in theirs. Everything in the shape of culture is crowded into the years during which the girl should be cultivating the physical strength, common sense and practicality which are to be of life-long benefit to her and her descendants, while half the so-called culture with which fashionable education crams the girl is of little use and is quickly forgotten. Less study and more exercise should be the rule. Upon good health and upon the ability to perform her functions easily and naturally depends, in a very large degree, the comfort and happiness of women in later years. Our girls rush through the years of their adolescence utterly regardless of the great need of intervals of rest. And if the careful mother or the watchful physician insist upon periodical repose, they submit to it most ungraciously and with an impatient criticism upon their sex which is pitiful. They try to live as if there were no swing of tide in their organism. They wish to live down and put under reckless foot the necessities of their sex, but it is the old fight with windmills, with this difference: Don Quixote recovered from his hurts; but they, in too many cases, never do."

No one can deny that all this is true, alas! only too true. The doctor has made but one error. He has taken the average New England girl for the average American girl, ignoring the fact, that the evils of which he complains prevail much more in New England, and in the New England population of the north-west than elsewhere. It is in New England, principally, that the intellect has been cultivated at the expense of the body, and as this has been going on for several generations, the result is, as Dr. Clarke says, that the "women are a feeble race." Or as Lady Amberley remarked, when in Boston, "I never saw so many pretty girls together, only they all look sick."

Still, Dr. Osgood's animadversions apply, with more or less force, to every part of the country. In Massachusetts, and in most of our great cities, the brains of girls are developed at the cost of health; in rural districts, and especially in new settlements, women are physically overworked. People of means are beginning to see the errors that have been committed, and to educate their daughters in the right way, so that, among the wealthy, we bid fair soon to have the healthiest, as well as handsomest, girls in the world. At least this is what Dr. Fordyce Barker, of New York, says: and he ought to know, as few have had so large an experience.

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HERO WATCHING FOR LEANDER.—This is another fine steel engraving, by an artist of world-wide reputation. Such illustrations, as we have often said, are found only in "Peterson." It represents Hero, watching for her lover. According to the old Greek legend, this lover, Leander, was in the habit of swimming the Hellespont, nightly, to see her. The feat was pronounced impossible, until Lord Byron proved the contrary by swimming across the strait himself. We ourselves have known an amateur to swim from Newport to Narragansett, a much more difficult feat, for the distance is greater and the sea rougher. The story goes, that, on moonless nights, or when the moon was temporarily obscured, Hero held up a lamp, as her lover's guide. At last, one stormy night, Leander was drowned. We have had no engraving, of its kind, as good as this, since we published "Psyche and Her Lamp." It is not often, in fact, that so fine a picture is painted, even by an artist of the celebrity of Amberg.

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"YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL" ENGRAVINGS.—Our two fine steel engravings, large size, for framing, "The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis," and "Gran'father Tells of Yorktown," will be sent, postage free, on the receipt of one dollar, or either of them will be sent for fifty cents. Every family in the land ought to have these two patriotic and historical engravings, so appropriate, especially for this year.

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"MORE ATTRACTIVE AND VALUABLE."—The Harper (Kansas) Times says of this magazine. "It is the most attractive, practical and valuable lady's book published. Peterson's, unlike many publications of the kind, contains really good literary and home reading. The contributors are among the most popular in the country."

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IDLENESS IS THE MOTHER OF ILLS. No man, however rich, should be without something to do. Half the ruined lives in this world come from the neglect of this. Young ladies, favor no lover, who wastes his time in idleness.

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WE NEVER RE-PRINT anything that has once appeared in this magazine. We cannot, therefore, comply with our fair correspondent's request.



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ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE to clubs for "Peterson," at the price paid by the rest of the club. It is never too late to make additions, as back numbers, from January, can always be supplied. *Nor is it ever too late to get up clubs.* Clubs may begin with either the January, or July number; but all the members of a club must begin with the same number. Always say, however, when your club is to begin. Send for a specimen, and get up a club. Our clubs, and the premiums, remember, are as follows:

Two copies for one year for $3.50, or three copies for $4.50, with *either our large steel engraving,* "Gran'father Tells of Yorktown," for a premium, or our elegant, gilt, quarto, illustrated ALBUM.

Four copies for one year for $6.50, or six copies for $9.00, or ten copies for $14.00, *with an extra copy of the magazine for* 1861 *as a premium.*

Five copies for one year for $8.00, or seven copies for $10.50, or twelve copies for $17.00, with *both an extra copy for premium, or either the steel-engraving, or* ALBUM.

These terms are so low, *these premiums so valuable, that no other magazine can compete with them.*

THAT AUTOCRAT OF FASHION, Worth, is now making both long and short dresses in the form of antique pepluma, and embroidering them with beads that match exactly the material in color. The bodice is almost round-waisted, and there is a pouf at the back. The waistband, that commences under the arms, falls somewhat on the hips, instead of encircling the waist.

"FRISH, SPARKLING, ETC., ETC."—The Bristol (Tenn.) News says: "We have just received the last number of 'Peterson.' Fresh, sparkling, and teeming with the latest fashions and novelties, it commends itself to the ladies everywhere. There is no greater favorite among the ladies than this standard American fashion magazine, and no wonder, for it is reliable and interesting in every detail. Try it!"

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS are as varied as ever. They are sometimes embroidered with the day of the week in one corner in small plain figures, or with the signature of the owner, instead of the monogram or initials. Those intended to put into the front of the dress or in the muff are quite small, and occasionally of fine silk, with a border of tartan.

"BEST AND CHEAPEST."—The Laurel (Md.) Gleaner says of our last number: "Unusually brilliant, especially in the engravings. Unquestionably the *best and cheapest* of the lady's books, and ought to be taken by every family in the land."

ANY ONE of our large-size premium engravings will be sent, postage free, on receipt of fifty cents. This is a rare chance to adorn your walls tastefully, and yet at but little cost. See the May number, "Arm-Chair," for a list of these engravings.

EVERYBODY IS TAKING "Peterson" this year. If you have a friend, who is not already a subscriber, get her to let you add her name to your club, or to send two dollars for a single subscription.

OUR COLORED FASHIONS continue to be unrivalled, as may be seen by comparing them with those that appear elsewhere. In all things, our aim is "Excelsior."

TREASURE THE AFFECTIONS of those who love you. After all, there is nothing else, in this world, so valuable. It is the only thing which money cannot buy.

"MOST POPULAR."—Says the Newark (N. Y.) Courier of our last number: "Undoubtedly the most popular lady's monthly."

A NEW VOLUME will begin with the next number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe, especially to those who do not wish back numbers. But always say, when you remit, whether you wish to begin with January, or July.

"THE GEM OF MAGAZINES."—The Frankford (Pa.) Gazette says of our last number: "It is excellent; abounds with attractive features: is the gem of the magazine world."

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Fair Barbarian. By Frances Hodgson Burnett.* 1 *vol.: 12mo. Boston and New York: James R. Osgood & Co.*—A reprint of a charming little novelet, which originally appeared in this periodical; was afterwards copied into "Scribner's Magazine;" was then republished in London; and now makes its advent in book form, in the neat volume before us. It is the story, as our older subscribers may remember, of a bright American girl, independent in character, who goes to visit her aunt, in one of those sleepy, ultra-conventional rural towns in which England abounds. A certain amount of knowledge, as to the society in such places, is indispensable to the enjoyment of the full flavor of this delicious little story. Nevertheless, the hits are so good, the whole thing so racy, that everybody, whether travelled or not, must relish the book. As it originally appeared in these pages, we hesitate to praise it as much as we should wish, lest our praise should be considered partial. The best that we can do, under these circumstances, is to quote the London Saturday Review, one of the ablest of English critical journals, and one never erring on the side of mercy. In noticing the "Fair Barbarian," that paper says, "it has, on the whole, pleased us better than any of Mrs. Burnett's other books, full of cleverness though they may be." It is but just to say, however, that the "Fair Barbarian" is entirely different in character from "That Lass O'Lowrie," "Hawarth," or "Louisiana," and that a comparison is unfair, unless this is remembered. But this very versatility in Mrs. Burnett is a proof of her genius. Few writers excel in more than one walk. Yet, in this little story, Mrs. Burnett beats Henry James and his imitators, even on their own ground; while, in "Louisiana," "Surly Tim," and "That Lass," she shows a tragic power, which no cotemporary rivals. It is one of our pleasantest recollections, that we were the first to introduce Mrs. Burnett, with so many others, to the public. Her "Kathleen" originally appearing in "Peterson," was followed by other love stories of even greater merit, so that her reputation was made from the very first. The public will regret, as much as ourselves, that her ill-health, recently, has suspended her literary efforts. We hope, however, before long, to see her again in print.

*Motherhood. A Poem.* 1 *vol.: Small 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—In this very elegant little volume, we have a series of poems, from some anonymous author, who desires, as she says, "to portray, in its purity and holiness, the most beautiful instinct of humanity." Among the best poems are "The Lullaby," "Asleep," "The Death Angel," and "The Prophecy." The book has been written, as the author tells us, "as an expression, not of individual, but of universal experience," and as such, we commend it. The type, paper, and general mechanical execution of the volume are unusually elegant.

*Corinne. By Madame De Stäel.* 1 *vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The publication, recently, of several articles on Madame De Stäel, has called attention, again, to her famous novel, "Corinne." This story, when it first appeared, had an unexampled popularity. Every one, pretending to culture, should read it, if they have not read it; and, therefore, the Peterson Brothers are doing a real service to this generation, by issuing a new edition.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

FRANCATELLI'S MODERN COOK-BOOK.—This is the best book of its kind extant. It is not only a practical guide to the culinary art in all its branches, but comprises, in addition to English cookery, the most approved and recherché systems of French, German and Italian cookery. It is adapted for the use of all families moreover, large or small, as well as for hotels, cooks, restaurants, cake bakers, clubs, and boarding houses. The author is Charles Elme Francatelli, pupil to the celebrated Caremé, and Chief Cook to her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of England. The volume, a large royal octavo one of six hundred pages, is printed on the finest tinted paper, and strongly bound in bevelled boards; and it contains sixty-two illustrations of various dishes, fifteen hundred receipts, bills of fare, etc., with a complete glossary to the whole. Good cooking is cheaper than a doctor, it has been often said. Get a copy of "Francatelli's Modern Cook-Book," refer to it, and learn to cook all things, from its pages, as they should be cooked. There is money to be saved by following its directions, with easy digestion and no dyspepsia thrown in. It would be a capital gift to a married lady, to a wife, to a young lady about being married, to a housekeeper, or to a friend. Every family should have a copy of it. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, its publishers, will send a copy of it to any one, post-paid, on remitting the price, five dollars, in a letter, to them.

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is prepared according to the directions of Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, Mass., the well-known authority on nutritious bread and the cereals. Useful in Dyspepsia, Nervous Diseases, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, etc.

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DON'T use anything to soften and improve the skin, except Pearl's White Glycerine, and Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. See advertisement.

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LADIES who would combine beauty and comfort in dressing the feet should use the German Corn Remover.

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SUFFERERS from corns will find sure relief in German Corn Remover. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

### No. VI.—CEDAR (RED)—JUNIPERUS VIRGINIANA.

The Red Cedar is an evergreen tree of slow growth, but finally attaining to a height of thirty to fifty feet, with numerous very close, longish branches, and presenting a trunk with irregular knots, crevices, and often longitudinal ridges. *Leaves*, very minute on the young branches—scarcely a line or twelfth of an inch in length—opposite and decussate, imbricated and making the branches four-angled; those on the older branches from one-quarter to nearly one-half inches long.

*Berries*, scarcely one-fourth inch in diameter, dark blue when mature, and covered with a bright bluish-glaucous bloom.

The Red Cedar is found growing everywhere in the United States—in the Middle States along fence rows, neglected fields, etc.—but most abundant in the South.

The wood internally is of a pretty reddish color, pleasant odor, of fine grain, possessing great value and durability.

On the branches of some trees are found smallish *excrescences*, called Cedar Apples, and to these the mother's attention is briefly called.

These have been used as a popular vermifuge by some families, in doses of twenty to thirty grains, or an even teaspoonful of the grated *apple*, in substance, mixed in molasses or in infusion. The "Vermifuge Cordial" as advised by Prof. King, however, is preferable. Take of Cedar Apples one pound, black alder berries, by measure, one pint, digest for fourteen days in alcohol one quart, and one pint molasses, then express. Dose, one teaspoonful for a child one to two years old, thrice daily. This is an excellent vermifuge and tonic for feeble, pale, sickly children.

CELANDINE—*Chelidonium Majus*. [Gr. *Chelidon*, a swallow; its flowers appearing with that bird.] A perennial plant with a stem about two feet high, much branched. *Leaves*, bipinnatifid, glaucous, three to five inches long; *flowers*, yellow, umbellate on a common peduncle two to four inches long; juice orange-colored. *Capsule*, one-celled, slender, smooth, about one inch long. It grows wild about old houses, neglected fence-rows and waste places.

When cut, the plant emits an opaque yellow juice, which is bitter and acrid, producing inflammation and even vesication, if applied to the skin.

The only use to which mothers can apply this plant, is to corns and warts—the juice of which generally destroys them by over-stimulation. She can also make a *salve* by filling an earthen cup with the tops, well pressed down, cover with lard, simmer for a time and strain with hard pressure. A very pretty salve results, which can be used to advantage in itchy eruptions of the skin. Internally, it is an acrid purgative in free doses, while in over doses it may be said to be poisonous. From its yellow juice it was once held to be indicated in jaundice, according to the Doctrine of Signatures.

CATAWBA—BEAN TREE—Catalpa Cordifolia. (A name said to be derived from the Southern Indians.) This is a showy and handsome tree of moderate heights, with beautiful, pyramidal panicled flowers; *leaves*, very large (six to eight inches) and nearly as wide as long; *cordate*, acute, entire, petiolate. *Calyx*, deeply two-lipped; *corolla*, somewhat ventricose, sub-bilabiate, whitish, tinged with violet purple: the throat spotted with purple and yellow. *Capsule*, six to twelve inches long, slender, nearly cylindrical, one-half inch in diameter, pendulous and persistent. Hence its *common* name *bean-tree*. The seeds have been used by several practitioners of Europe in asthma, in strong decoction, but as others maintain that the tree is poisonous, there is no occasion to take the risk for a doubtful benefit, especially since we have other agents in our midst of such superior efficacy, among which is the *lobelia inflata*, an infusion or tincture of which is always prompt to give relief.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

### No. 109.—TRIPLE CROSS-WORDS.

Not in stir, but provocation.
Not in shut, but embarkation.
Not in take, but syncopation.
Not in seek, but exploration.
Animals three,
You will agree,
Are hidden here—of different kind.
If you will look
In Webster's book,
My answer there you'll surely find.

*Dunkirk, N. Y.* MY DOT.

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No. 110.—DECAPITATIONS.

Behead a fruit, and leave extent.
Behead a thicket, and leave a brink.
Behead imaginary, and leave distribution.
The decapitated letters downward name,
And a State in the Union you'll plain.

*Coshocton, O.* KATE H. MCCLURE.

No. 111.—DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

1. A gun. 2. A city in Italy. 3. A girl's name. 4. An ancestor. 5. To engage in.

Diagonal, from left to right, is a beverage. From right to left, a large spoon.

*Boston, Mass.* DUBBLE U. CAYENNE.

No. 112.—REBUSGRAM.

J

A National Holiday.

*Marblehead, Mass.* HARRY L. CHENEY.

*Answers Next Month.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

No. 106.

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      I N S I G H T
    F   D O N O R   F
  I C     A S K     R A
  N O A     O     I A C
  I N S O L E N C E
  C E P     V     N E T
  A S       G E T     R T
  L     T O N E S       E
      F A C T I O N
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No. 107.

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C O T
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A W E
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No. 108.

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          P O D
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  D E M E N T A T E
    D E N T A T E
      S T A T E
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# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES, JELLIES, ETC.

*An Excellent Way of Preserving Strawberries.*—Select the largest and finest strawberries. Having removed the green tops, weigh the strawberries, and allow to each pound one pound of the best double-refined loaf-sugar, finely powdered. Divide the sugar into two equal portions. Put a layer of strawberries into the bottom of a preserving-kettle, and cover them with a layer of sugar, until half the sugar is in. Next set the kettle over a moderate fire, and let it boil slowly till all the sugar is melted. Then put in, gradually, the remainder of the sugar, and, after it is all in, let it boil hard for five minutes, taking off the scum with a silver spoon; but there will be little or no scum if the sugar is of the very best quality. Afterwards remove the kettle from the fire and take out the strawberries very carefully in a spoon. Spread out the strawberries on large, flat dishes, so as not to touch each other, and set them immediately in a cold place or on ice. Hang the kettle again on the fire, and give the syrup one boil up, skimming it if necessary. Place a fine strainer over the top of a mug or pitcher, and pour the syrup through it. Then put the strawberries into glass jars or tumblers; pour into each an equal portion of the syrup. Lay at the top a round piece of white paper dipped in brandy. Seal the jars tightly.

*Raspberries* may be preserved as above. Also large, ripe gooseberries. To each pound of gooseberries allow one and a-half pounds sugar.

*Compote of Cherries.*—For this red cherries are to be preferred, because of their *piquant* flavor. Kentish or Morellocs are the best. They must not be prepared as for a pie, because every cherry should have a portion of the stalk remaining. The best way, therefore, is to shorten the stalks with a pair of scissors. Put the fruit in a stewpan with fine sugar in the proportion of a quarter-pound sugar to one pound fruit, and to the same quantities add the juice of one lemon. Put them over a slow fire; shake occasionally; let them boil for three minutes, then take them out with a spoon, put in a basin, and carefully drain away all the syrup, which put into the pan again and reduce by boiling. To thicken the syrup a little isinglass may be added, but if it can be done without it is much better, because a jelly of pure syrup is beautifully transparent, but isinglass destroys the transparency. The syrup must be poured into a plate to set, and when the compote is required the cherries are piled in a pyramid and the jelly turned over them.

*To Preserve Morello Cherries.*—To every pound of cherries allow one and a-quarter pounds sugar, one gill of water. Select ripe cherries, pick off the stalks, and reject all that have any blemishes. Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes; put in the cherries, and boil them for ten minutes, removing the scum as it rises. Then turn the fruit, etc., into a pan, and let it remain until the next day, when boil it all again for another ten minutes, and, if necessary, skim well. Put the cherries into small pots, pour over them the syrup, and, when cold, fasten down tightly.

*Raspberry Vinegar.*—Red raspberries, any quantity or sufficient to fill a stone jar nearly full, then pour upon them sufficient vinegar to cover them, cover the jar closely, and set it aside for eight or ten days; then strain through flannel or muslin, and add to the clear liquor one and a-half pounds sugar to each pint, place over a fire and boil for a few minutes, allow it to cool, and then bottle for use. This makes, when mixed with water, a delightful summer drink, and is also very beneficial for convalescents.

*Gooseberry Jam, White or Green.*—Equal weight of fruit and sugar. Select the gooseberries not very ripe, either white or green, and top and tail them. Boil the sugar with water (allowing a quarter of a pint to every pound) for about a quarter of an hour, carefully removing the scum as it rises; then put in the gooseberries, and simmer gently till clear and firm; try a little of the jam on a plate; if it jellies when cold, it is done, and should then be poured into pots. When cold, stow away in a dry place.

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*Red Currant Jelly Without Boiling.*—Take fresh red currants and put them in the oven to draw the juice; then let them drain gradually. Take equal weights of juice and of lump-sugar. Pound the sugar fine in a mortar, pass it through a sieve, then place it on a dish before the fire to get well heated. When the juice is cold put it in the preserving-pan, and place it on the fire; put the sugar in slowly by handfuls, stirring all the time. By the time the sugar is all in, the juice is ready to set. The color should be of a beautiful red.

*Fresh Raspberry or Strawberry Cream.*—A pint and a-half of fresh fruit, beaten with half-a-pound of loaf-sugar, and the juice of a lemon; stir to it a pint and a-half of cream, or half that quantity of cream and half of new milk, putting the cream first. Beat it long till it bears a fine froth, and put it in glasses or in a glass dish.

*Raspberry Jam.*—Weigh equal quantities of fruit and sugar; put the fruit into a preserving-kettle; boil and mash it; let it boil very quickly, and stir constantly; add the sugar, and boil half-an-hour. Jam made in this way is of a finer color than when the sugar is put in first.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

*Cherry or Damson Roll.*—Boiled pastry should be prepared with as much care as that meant for baking; the proportions of butter, lard, or suet—three-quarters of a pound to one and a-quarter pounds of flour—will be sufficient. Stew the cherries, or whatever fruit you use, with a little sugar; roll out the pastry into a thin sheet, spread over it a thick layer of the fruit, and then roll carefully over and over until all the fruit is enclosed within the paste, pinch together at the ends, and tie up in a strong cotton cloth, then drop into a pot of boiling water. The Morello or sour red cluster cherry is the best for this purpose, or some other fruit possessing acidity. To be served with sweet wine sauce.

*Strawberry Short Cake.*—Rub into one quart of flour five ounces of lard, a pinch of salt, and three tablespoonfuls of baking powder; add gradually enough milk to make a soft dough. Divide into four parts; roll one part out lightly; cover a straight-sided Vienna cake tin with it. Roll out another part and lay it on top of the first. Proceed in the same way with the other two parts, using another baking tin. Bake quickly, and when done, while hot, lift the upper part from each pan; butter the inner surfaces, and place between the two crusts a layer, an inch thick, of fresh berries, mashed and sweetened. Serve immediately, with cream. A raspberry short cake may be made with the same pastry.

*Green Pea Soup.*—Boil a pint of green peas in water with salt, a head of lettuce, an onion, a carrot, a few leaves of mint, and a sprig of parsley, some pepper and salt to taste, and a lump of sugar. When thoroughly done, strain off the liquor, and pass the peas, etc., through a hair sieve; add as much of the liquor as will bring it to the right consistency; put the soup in a saucepan with a small pat of fresh butter; let it boil up, and serve with dice-shaped bread fried in butter.

*Potato Croquettes.*—Take six boiled potatoes, pass them through a sieve; add to them three tablespoonfuls of ham grated or minced finely, a little grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt to taste, and some chopped parsley; work into this mixture the yolks of three or four eggs, then fashion it into the shape of balls, roll them in bread-crumbs, and fry in hot lard, and serve with fried parsley.

*Tomatoes au Gratin.*—Cut half-a-dozen tomatoes in halves, remove the pips, and fill the inside with a mixture of bread-crumbs, pepper and salt in due proportions; place a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and lay them close together in a well-buttered tin. Bake in a slow oven about half-an-hour and serve. They may be eaten hot or cold.

CAKES.

*Plain Buns.*—One pound flour, six ounces good butter, one-quarter pound sugar, one egg, nearly a-quarter of a pint of milk, two small teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, a few drops of essence of lemon. Warm the butter without oiling it; beat it with a wooden spoon; stir the flour in gradually with the sugar, and mix these ingredients well together. Make the milk lukewarm, beat up with it the yolk of the egg and the essence of lemon, and stir these to the flour, etc. Add the baking-powder, beat the dough well for about ten minutes, divide it into twenty-four pieces, put them into buttered tins or cups, and bake in a brisk oven from twenty to thirty minutes.

*Soda Cake.*—One pound flour, one-half pound raisins, one-half pound currants, one-half pound raw sugar, one quarter pound butter, the rind of a lemon grated with lump sugar, one small nutmeg, and two ounces candied peel. Rub all well together, have rather more than a gill of hot water (not boiling), in which two small teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda have been dissolved; add it to the ingredients, stir all well together, and pour into well-buttered moulds. Bake slowly three hours.

*Luncheon Cake.*—Take one and a-half pounds dough, one-half pound currants, or one-half ounce carraway seeds, six ounces sugar, two or three eggs, and one-half pound clarified dripping or of butter. Spread out the dough on the paste-board, put it well out, rub in the currants and sugar, then add the dripping or butter, and lastly the eggs. Mix all well together, leave it to rise, put it into tins, and bake about an hour in a moderate oven.

*Breakfast Rolls.*—Mix one and a-half pounds flour with three-quarters of a pint of milk and one ounce butter, a tablespoonful of yeast, and a small quantity of salt. Make the sponge, and set it before the fire to rise. When risen, make the dough up into small rolls, and put them into the oven for ten minutes to bake.

## FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS OF THIN, IVORY-COLORED MUSLIN. The linen skirt is trimmed with a plaited ruffle, and a broad band of embroidery. The overdress is of dotted muslin, looped up with ivory-colored satin ribbons, and trimmed with lace. The mantle is made of plain and ivory muslin, lined with silk, and trimmed with lace; very full jabot of lace on the front. Only a few of these ivory-colored muslins were imported last year, but they are more attainable the present season. Bonnet of Leghorn, trimmed with shaded pink feathers.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE OR HOUSE-DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED FOULARD.—The close-clinging front is laid in bunch plaits. The train is plain, bordered with two narrow ruffles. A scarf of the silk finishes the long cuirass-waist, with a bow in front, passes to the back, then falls again from the sides, and ties in loops near the bottom of the skirt. Black silk cape mantle, trimmed with bands of jet, jet fringe and loops of satin ribbon. Black chip bonnet, lined with red, and trimmed with red surah silk and black feathers.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF WHITE JACONET.—The skirt is trimmed at the bottom with a ruffle of the colored Russian embroidery. The apron-front is trimmed with a lengthwise puffing down the front, caught with loops of red ribbon. The drapery is puffed at the back. The corsage is plaited back and front; is edged with two ruffles of Russian embroidery. The collar is also of Russian embroidery. Large straw hat, lined and trimmed with red.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF LEMON-COLORED GAUZE, over lemon-colored silk. The bottom of the skirt is edged with a knife-plaiting. The back is but slightly puffed, and the train is quite short. Plaitings of white lace, fastened with clusters of brown leaves, trim the skirt. The low-necked

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panier-waist is also trimmed with white lace. The beillé of India muslin is edged with lace, as are the short sleeves.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE OR VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK-SPOTTED GRENADINE, over black silk. The back of the skirt is prettily draped, and the front has alternate rows of lace and loops of black satin ribbon as a trimming. The corsage is of black satin, with a full front of the black grenadine, without any lining. Black chip bonnet, lined with poppy color, and trimmed with poppy-colored surah and white lace.

FIGS. VI. AND VII.—HOUSE-DRESS (BACK AND FRONT) OF STRIPED COTTON GOODS.—The colors are blue and pink, and the dress is trimmed with Languedoc lace. The front of the skirt is kilted the reverse way of the striped material, and is ornamented with small sashes of either silk or cambric to match the dress. A cascade of lace borders the overdress. A square fall, bordered with the same, is puffed at the back. The deep coat-bodice has a cascade of lace studded with bows down the centre of the front. The pockets are surrounded with lace, likewise the wrists.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK BUNTING.—The skirt has two deep-kilted flounces, edged with a bias band of plaid silk. Above the upper kilt is a scarf of the bunting, ornamented with a bow of the plaid silk in front. The drapery at the back is rather short, to show the kilted flounces. Close-fitting basque, with collar, cuffs and trimming of the plaid silk.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF PERCALE, of handkerchief pattern. The handkerchiefs are spotted in the centre, and have a deep border all round. The skirt is kilted; the overskirt is arranged on the cross in front, and forms upright folds at the back; it is arranged as a draped tunic. The bodice has a frilling on the basque, and a band of color down the centre; the bands at the back terminate with a bow. Pointed collar, bordered with a band.

FIG. X.—HANDKERCHIEF-APRON of dark blue cotton, with blue and brown border. A series of these handkerchiefs could be arranged as overskirts.

FIG. XI.—BLACK VELVET COLLAR, trimmed with black lace. This collar is a pretty addition to a light summer dress.

FIG. XII.—FICHU, made of white muslin or gauze, and trimmed with lace. The shirring at the waist makes this a most becoming style for a slender person.

FIG. XIII.—PELERINE OF CHENILLE, with a deep chenille fringe, and a hood lined with pale straw color.

FIG. XIV.—FICHU of soft plaid silk, trimmed with plaitings of lace.

FIG. XV.—COIFFURE for the back of the head, curled at the ends, and fastened to a comb, so that it can be easily arranged and easily put on.

FIG. XVI.—BLACK LACE MANTLE, trimmed with wide lace, and having a large, loose hood.

FIG. XVII.—CAPUCINE HOOD of soft striped Algerine stuff, to be worn either over a black mantle, or over a dress without a mantle.

FIG. XVIII.—BROWN STRAW BONNET, trimmed with brown surah silk and clusters of buttercups.

FIG. XIX.—BONNET OF WHITE TULLE, made over a white chip. It is trimmed with poppies and lace, and has white tulle strings.

FIG. XX.—BLACK STRAW HAT, trimmed with black feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing really new to write of fashions since last month. Everything is worn that the convenience or the wish of the wearer may make expedient. A few general laws, however, are usually adhered to: for the street short dresses are universal, and the skirt is narrow, though the drapery may give it a puffed-out appearance. One of Worth's old fashions has been revived: the cutting of the edge of the skirt, or the basque, in a leaf shape; when on the skirt, a knife-plaiting is put underneath; when on the basque, there is no other finish. For economy, and also to give variety to the toilet, basques of a color, or a material differing from the skirt are still worn. Cream-white muslins are exceedingly popular for young ladies, and all kinds of soft woolen material is used for persons of all ages, the suitability being in the make and trimming. Sleeves may be made in any style that suits the rest of the dress, and be quite correct. The old polonaise is seen with many innovations.

TOURNOUREES of crinoline are becoming very general, but are worn quite small and narrow. Shirring is seen on very many of the new dresses. Steel lace, as well as jet, is very popular for trimming grenadines. Worth is reviving the old Grecian waist, so universal forty or fifty years ago; in fact, it goes back to the early part of this century. As our older readers will recollect, this waist is made with bias folds, reaching from the shoulders, and crossing on the bosom in front. White muslin fichus are worn over many street-dresses, giving the appearance of a light wrap, without being very warm.

LIGHT, LOOSE MANTLES have taken the place of jackets, etc., being so much cooler.

BONNETS AND HATS are in as great a variety as can be imagined or described.

A PRETTY WHITE GRADUATING DRESS for a young girl, can be made of dotted Swiss mull, with ruffles reaching from the bottom of the skirt, to within half a yard, or less, of the waist. The ruffles may be graduated, from one quarter of a yard in depth, to an eighth of a yard; or they may all be of the same width, about six or seven inches in depth, though we think the first style the prettier. The bodice can be either pointed or round.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

There is a slightly fantastic tinge about the toilettes of this season, which renders them very effective, and easy as well. It is not necessary now-a-days for a dress to be made of costly materials, in order that it may be pretty and stylish. The introduction of two shades of the same material, or of two different materials in the same dress, makes a handsome costume, far more easy of achievement than when the whole dress had to be made out of one and the same piece of goods, with, of course, an introduction of a little variety in the shape of trimmings. At present, the waist may be of a different shade from the skirt, the corsage always being of the darkest tint, or it may be of a different material, but of the same hue exactly, or it may be made of some thicker material than the skirt, but in a good contrasting hue. I have seen a skirt of cashmere of the new pale brown known as doe-color, made up with a deep basque in olive-green satin, pointed in front and at the back, and trimmed with a doe-colored fringe of twisted sewing silk, the fringe passing around the lower edge of the basque. A ruffle of doe-colored silk was set up the front of the corsage. The skirt was made with a slightly draped front, edged with embroidery in doe-colored silk, and was caught up in loopings behind. Another very pretty walking dress, and one very easy of imitation, was made in two shades of brown satin. The corsage of dark brown satin was cut very deep, was pointed in front and at the back, and sloped upwards at the hips. A rolling collar and deep cuffs, of pale doe-colored satin, worked with gold and shaded brown beads, completed the corsage. The short skirt was in doe-colored satin. It had a front piece set on, in a massive pyramid shape of satin, of the same hue as the skirt itself, embroidered to match the collar and cuffs. All around the rest of the skirt was set, perpendicularly, two-inch-wide strips, alternately of



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light-brown satin to match the skirt, and in dark-brown satin to match the corsage; these bands being placed about a finger length apart. This dress has been reproduced in cashmere for every-day wear, the embroidery on the collar and cuffs and skirt-front being replaced by a chain-stitched pattern in dark-brown silk.

Satin and surah are the fashionable materials for full-dress wear this season, silk having been discarded almost entirely. For every-day costumes, cashmere has resumed its sway. A very pretty style for young girls is to have the skirt made in small check or plaid worsted goods, with a corsage of plain cashmere matching the prevailing color in the skirt. These combination costumes are also made in satin-finished surah in very elaborate style for visiting-dresses. Dark-blue in combination with blue and red plaid is very stylish. So, also, in the worsted materials, is a small pin-head check of dark-green and old-gold, made up with a very deep coat-basque of dark-green cashmere. Another pretty combination is that of plain dark-ruby cashmere, with very pale gray, crossed with ruby lines. Buttons of oxydised silver are worn with the latter style. The plaid must invariably form the skirt, and the plain material the corsage. For evening-dress wear, the union of two materials continues fashionable, skirts of nun's veiling, gauze, or tulle, being worn with satin corsages for young ladies, the skirts being trimmed with bows of satin ribbon to match the bodice. Steel is now being sparingly introduced by the leading dressmakers into dress-ornaments and trimmings. It has been much used on bonnets this spring, and, in that shape, is very fashionable. It forms, perhaps, too heavy a dress-trimming for summer wear, but will doubtless be more popular next winter. Just now it is employed chiefly in the form of buttons and small buckles for the corsages of dresses. A pin-stripe summer silk upon black and white, made up with a corsage of black satin-finished surah, has a plaited vest of the striped silk set into the corsage, which is closed over it with straps of the surah fastened with small steel buckles. The effect is very pretty and stylish.

We are coming back to some of the old fashions again—the styles that were in vogue twenty-eight or thirty years ago. Skirts flounced to the waist, and robe-dresses, that is to say with the trimming woven in bands, and sold with the dress-pattern, are among the most noticeable of these revivals. In this last style, there are some very pretty dresses in nun's veiling, shown at the leading dressmakers. The prettiest has a cream ground, with five narrow bands in black-satin, forming the trimming. The dress was made up with a plaited vest of pale pink surah, and a good deal of pale pink satin ribbon was employed for bows and loopings.

When dress-skirts are flounced to the waist, the flounces are usually plaited about a finger's length in depth, and set on an inch or two apart. A very handsome summer toilet is made in the following manner: A short skirt of brilliant scarlet surah is covered with flounces of black silk gauze, put on in the manner above indicated, and extending from the hem of the skirt to the edge of the deep coat-basque of black satin-finished surah. The corsage is ornamented at the throat with loops and ends of black satin ribbon, lined with scarlet. This costume has just been made up for the Spanish Duchess d'Ossuna, with the flounces composed of Spanish lace, and the corsage made of black brocaded surah, instead of plain.

Changeable surah silks are also coming into vogue, and are made up in combination with the shaded scarves, whereof I wrote in my last. Those shaded goods have become very popular. One sees now on all sides shaded silks, ribbons, and even stockings. A very pretty combination in changeable surah is golden brown, with bright robin's egg blue. This is made up with a scarf of shaded brown surah, and a judicious intermixture of robin's egg blue in the trimmings. A beautiful new material for summer wear has just been introduced. It is called seroline, and is in reality a summer Sicilienne, being that fabric in a lighter and thinner grade. It is as soft and light as crape, and drapes in very graceful and artistic folds. The newest of the new colors is the Aida. It is a very lovely yellow, deeper and warmer in tone than tea-rose color, yet paler and more delicate than old-gold color, lying, so to speak, between the two. It has been made up for evening-dress wear, with trails of dark crimson roses and bright blue bachelor's buttons.

For breakfast wear the long, loose sacques called matinées are much worn in dark cashmere, trimmed with three lines of gold braid, and having a plaited vest of surah set up the front. One of these, in dark green cashmere, with the vest in scarlet surah, has just been made for an American belle. Another was in pale gray cashmere, trimmed with silver braid, and with the vest in pale pink surah.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF DARK RED PERCALE, spotted with white. The back and front are plaited from the deep yoke. The bottom of the skirt is set on in wide plaits under a sash of the percale. White straw hat, with white feathers.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S PRINCESS DRESS OF BLUE AND PINK-STRIPED MOMIE CLOTH.—Above the ruffle which edges the bottom of the dress, are three bias bands of the material. The front is trimmed as far as the upper band with a narrow ruffle, edged with white footing. White muslin fichu, edged with lace. Black velvet bag. White straw hat, trimmed with blush roses and blue ribbon.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUMMER SUIT OF DARK BLUE FLANNEL.—The Knickerbocker trousers are tight at the knee. The deep jabot is open slightly in front over a white shirt, and is fastened with large pearl buttons. Hat of white straw, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. IV.—TUSCAN HAT FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The trimming is of delicate pink silk, which harmonizes beautifully with the yellow tint of the straw. Mother-of-pearl ornaments are placed on the silk.

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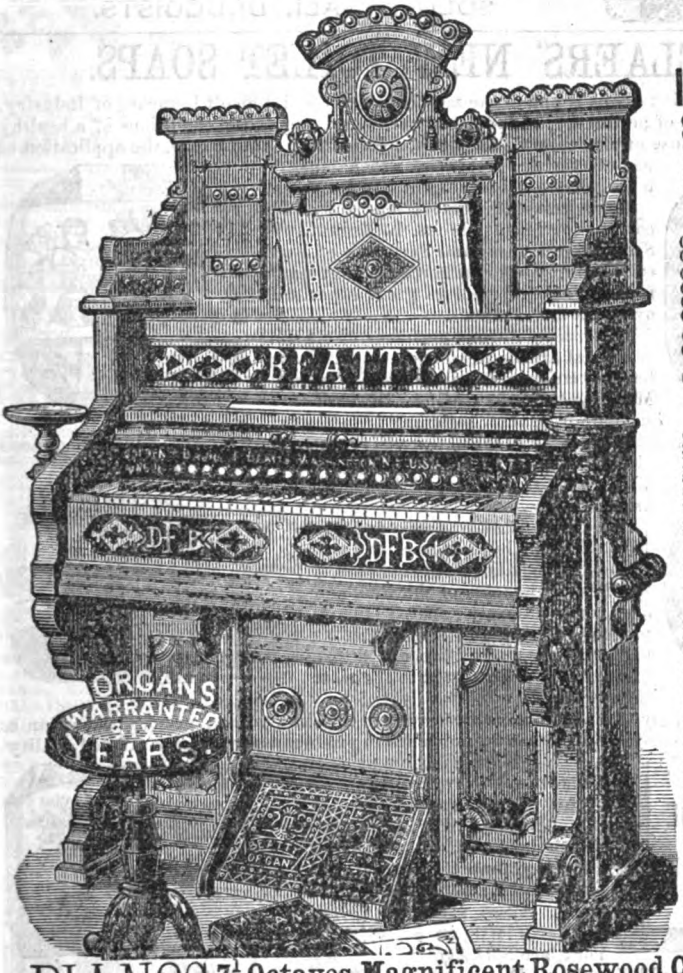


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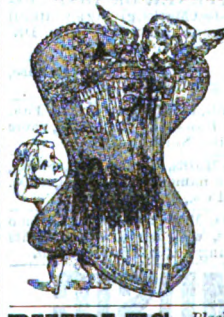

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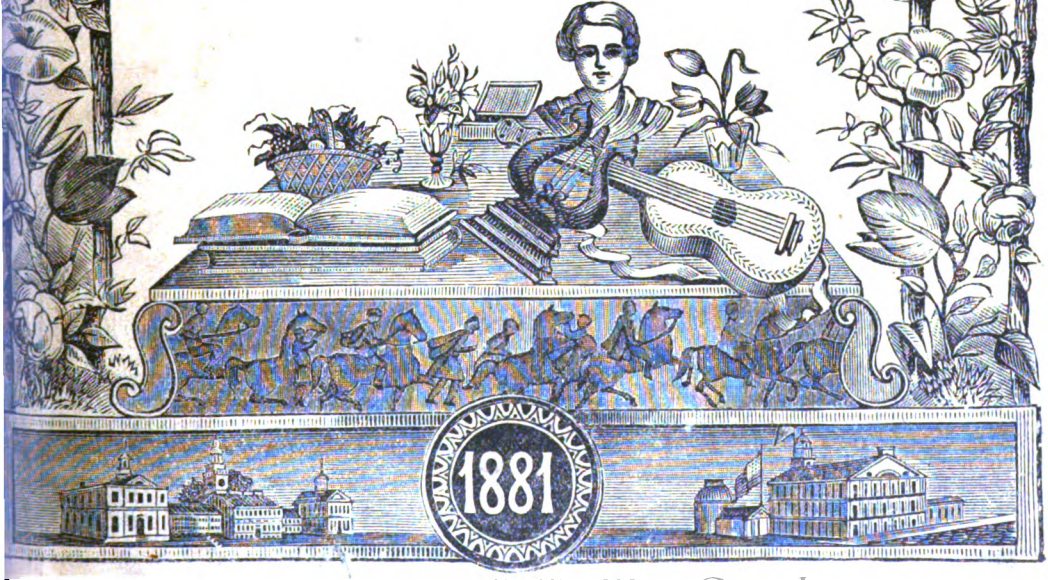


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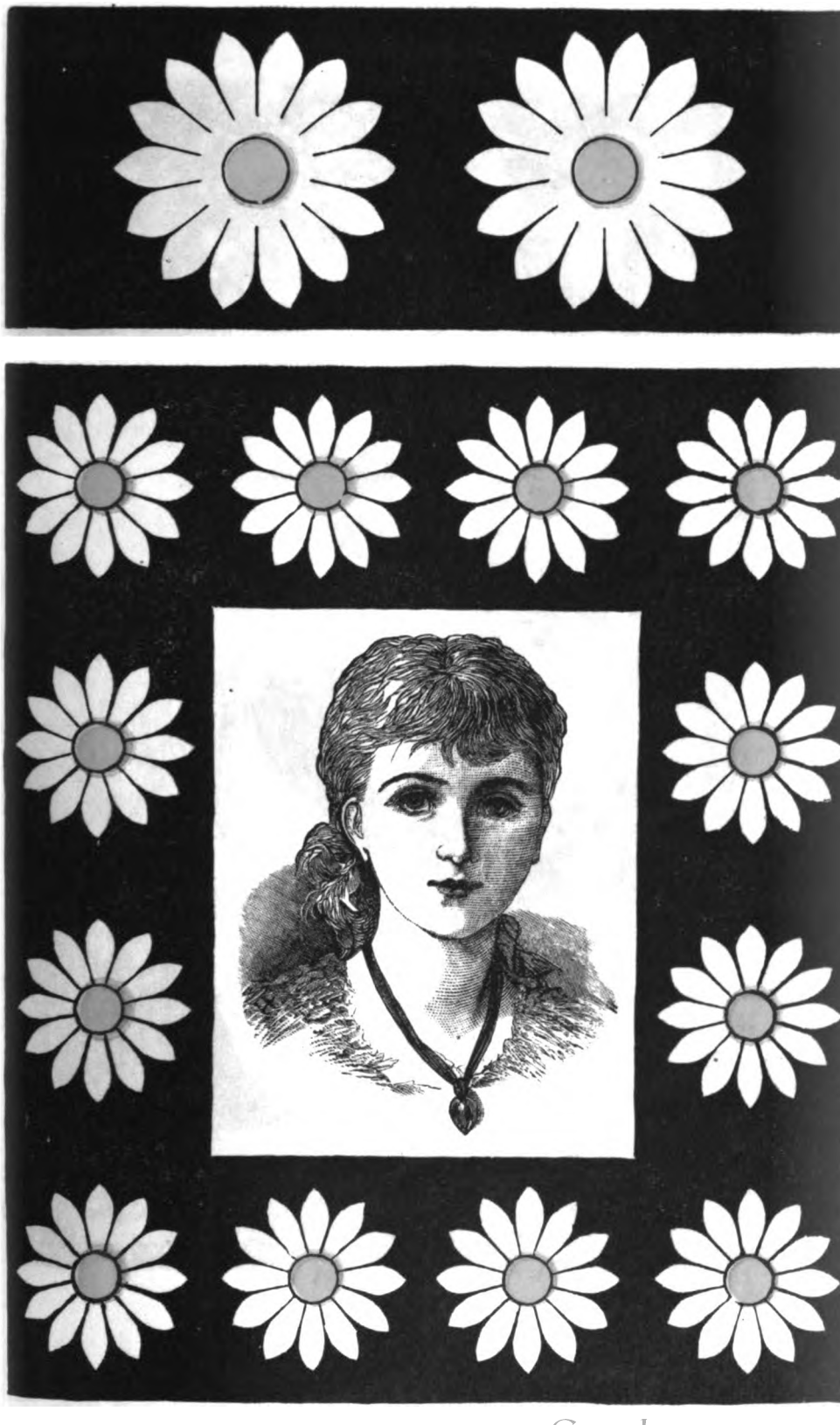

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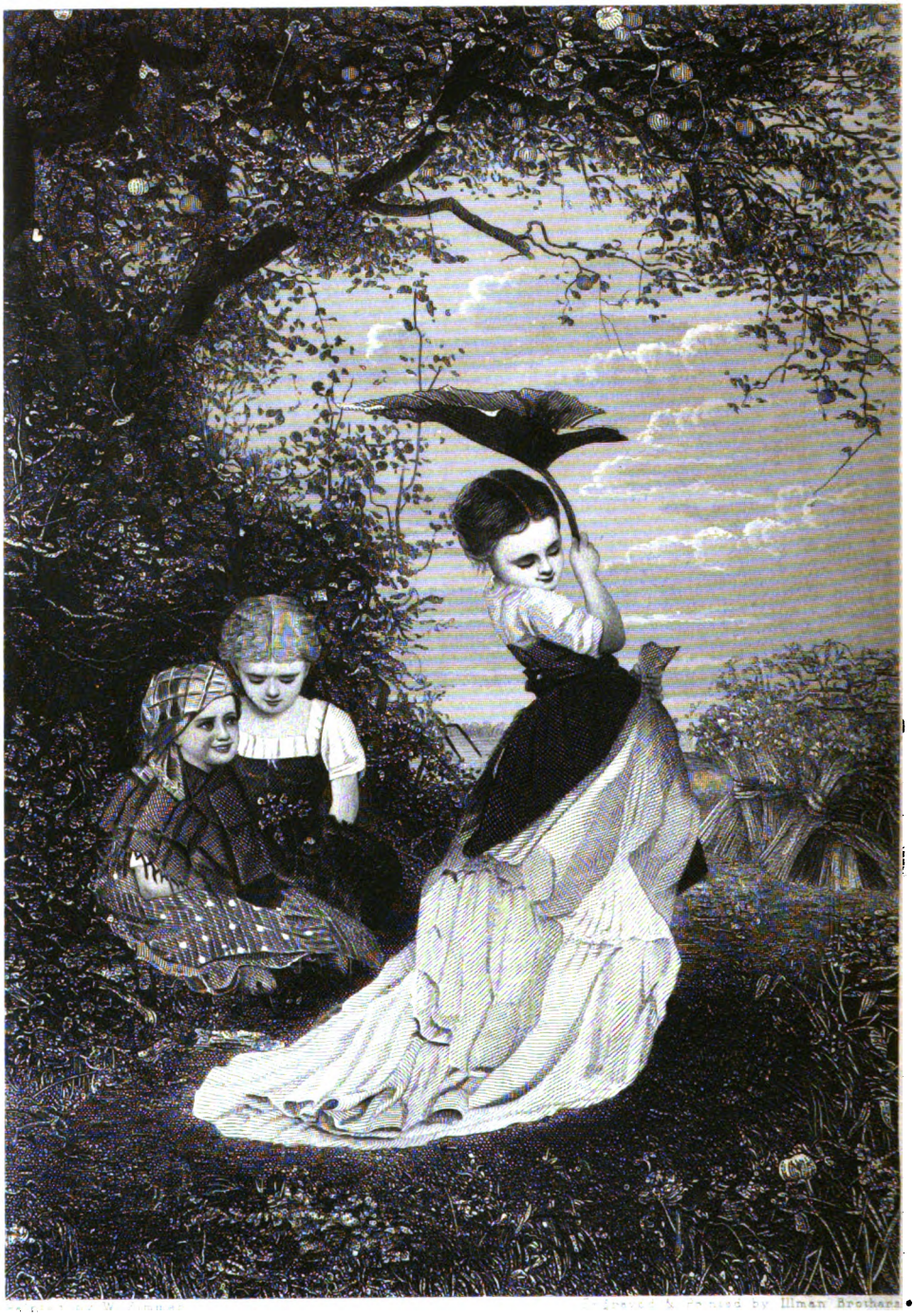

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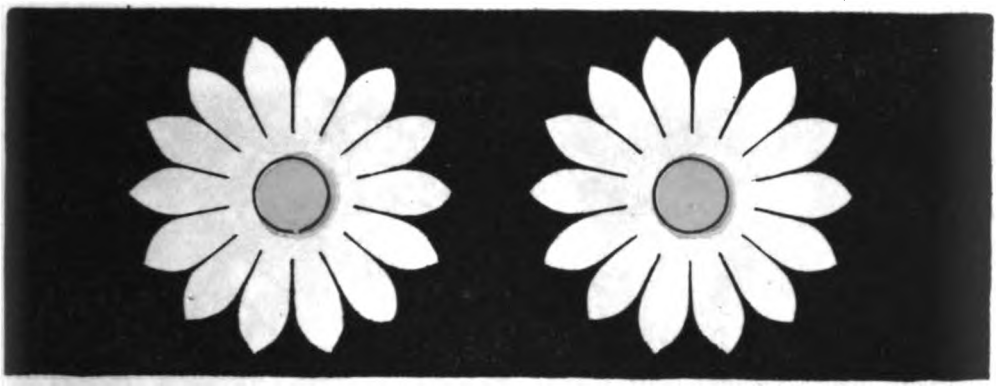

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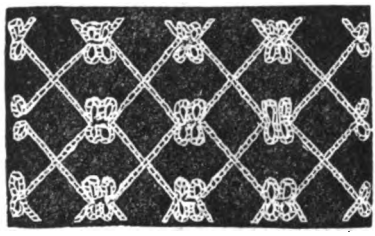

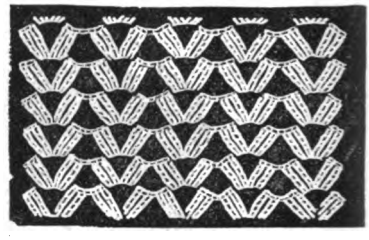

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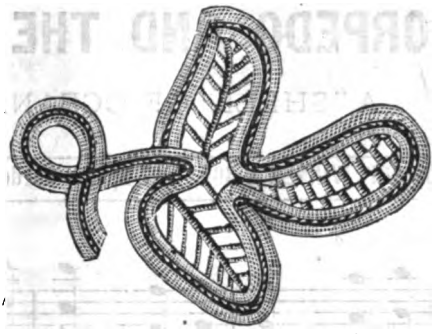

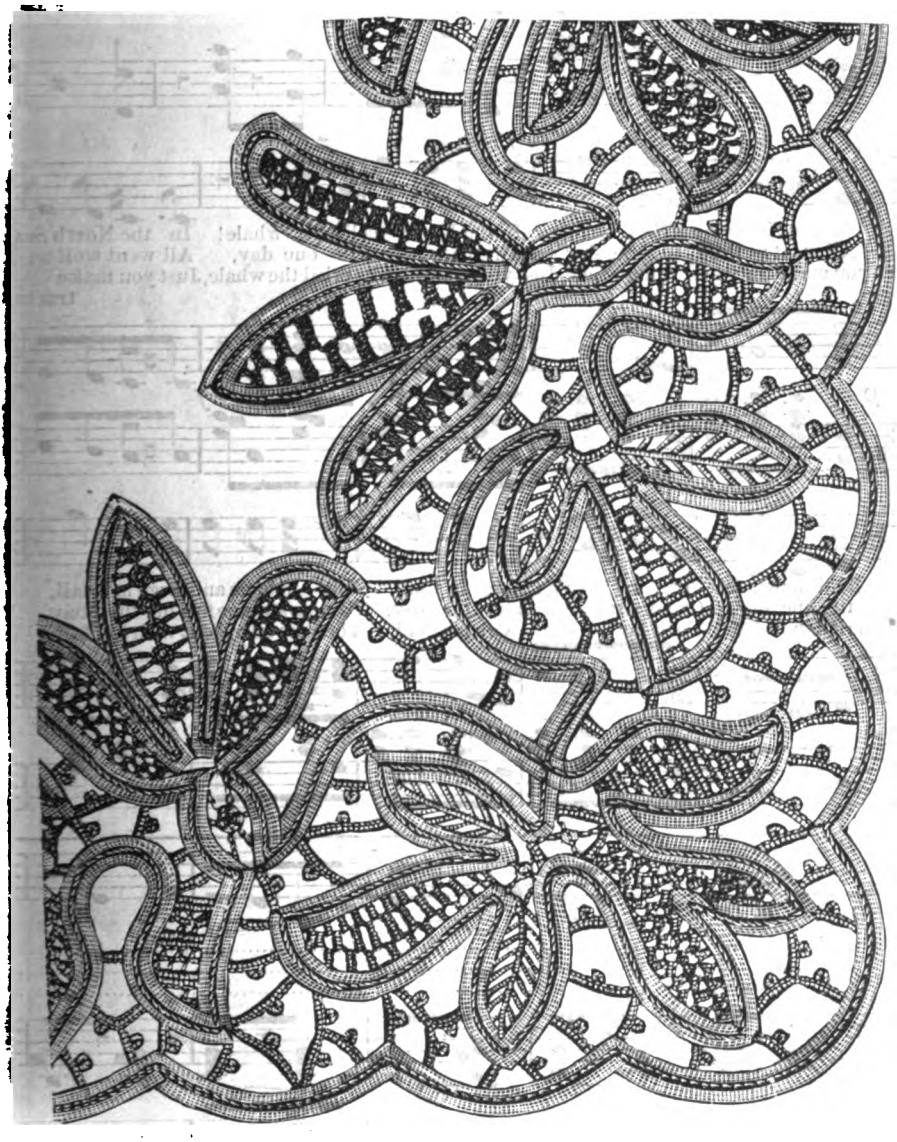

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# THE TORPEDO AND THE WHALE.

## A "SHELL" OF OCEAN.

**As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.**

*Allegro non troppo.*

*ff*

*p* *f*

In the North Sea liv'd a whale, In the North Sea liv'd a whale! In the North Sea
All went well un-til one day, All went well un-til one day, All went well un-
Just you make tracks cried the whale, Just you make tracks cried the whale, Just you make tracks

*p* *f*

liv'd a whale! Big in bone and large in tail, Big in bone and large in tail,
til one day, Came a strange fish in the bay, Came a strange fish in the bay,
cried the whale, Then he lash'd out with his tail, Then he lash'd out with his tail,

*p* *f*

*pp*

Oh!.....
Ah!.....
Oh!.....

*pp*

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# THE TORPEDO AND THE WHALE,

This whale used un - du - ly, To
This fish was in - deed oh, A
The fish be - ing load - ed, Then

*p*

swagger, and bul - ly And oh! and oh! The la - dies lov'd him
Woolwich Tor - pe - de! But oh! but oh! The big wahle did not
and there ex - plod - ed, And oh! and oh! That whale was seen no

*mf*

so! This whale used un - du - ly, To swagger and bul - ly, And
know. This fish was in - deed oh! A Woolwich Tor - pe - do! But
mo'! The fish be - ing load - ed, Then and there ex - plod - ed, And

oh! and oh! The la - dies lov'd him so!
oh! but oh! The big whale did not know.
oh! and oh! That whale was seen no mo'!

*f*

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THE NEW STYLES FOR SUMMER BONNETS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1881. No. 1.

# ANCIENT AND MODERN GARDENS.

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.

CEDAR OF LEBANON, AT PARIS.

GARDENS are older than history. The kitchen garden doubtless came first, but this was soon succeeded by the orchard, and the orchard by the flower garden.

If we go back to Homer, we find him describing a garden as an orchard, which kings did not disdain to cultivate with their own labor. In Persia, plantations of fruit-bearing trees are still called "paradises," as they were thousands of years ago. Nebuchadnezar, king of Assyria, built the famous "hanging garden" in the plains of the Euphrates, to recall to Semiramis, his consort, the mountains of her far native land. This wonder of the ancient world occupied an artificially-raised mount near Babylon, and might be likened to the modern gardens of Isola Bella in the Lago Maggiore. Of the gardens of the old Egyptians, in which an ornamental piece of water was never wanting, we have plans on countless tablets and papyrus documents.

The gardens of the Romans are known to us from Pliny, who has described two of his own, at different villas. Between the side-wings of each villa was a terrace, he says, planted with box trees cut in fantastic shapes, and beneath was an acanthus parterre, with a fountain in the centre. Adjoining the back of the house were the playgrounds, and these were intersected with cascades. From the gymnasium, walks led through meadows and vineyards to the hippodrome, an oblong of great extent, ending on both sides in a semicircle. This inclosure was laid out in beds, separated by box-tree hedges kept low, and planted alternately with flowering shrubs, especially roses, with grass plots, and acanthus. A carriage drive, shaded by plantains and laurel trees, ran around the inner circle, and seats or arbors, protected by marble colonnades in connection with vine-covered trellis-work, statuary, basins, and fountains of marble, aviaries, and waterworks, were distributed in the grounds.

In more than one place, in modern times, the old Roman garden has been attempted to be removed. The park of Sans Souci, near Potsdam, is said to imitate a Roman Hippodrome; the grounds, close by, give a fair idea of the gardens surrounding a smaller Roman villa; and so also do those around the "Roman House," near Aschaffen, Bavaria.

At Pompeii, the traveller can still see how the smaller gardens, attached to a city house, were arrayed. These gardens were in the peristyle. We give an engraving of one from the House of Sallust. Sometimes these toy gardens, if we may call them such, were less than the size of an ordinary room.

During the dark ages, the traditions of picturesque gardening were continued by the Arabs, and traces of their work still exist in Spain, at Granada, Cordova, and elsewhere. In the fifteenth century the gardens of King René, at Aix in Provence, and of La Beaumette near Anjou, were celebrated for their beauty. But before this, say in the thirteenth century, the taste for artistic gardening began to revive. The gardens of this early Renaissance period, however, are nothing but imitations of the villa gardens, in ancient Rome, with a surfeit of fountains, marble statues, balustrades, and puny architectural ornaments. A very noble example of this style was the Villa d'Este, near Tivoli, with a row of fountains more



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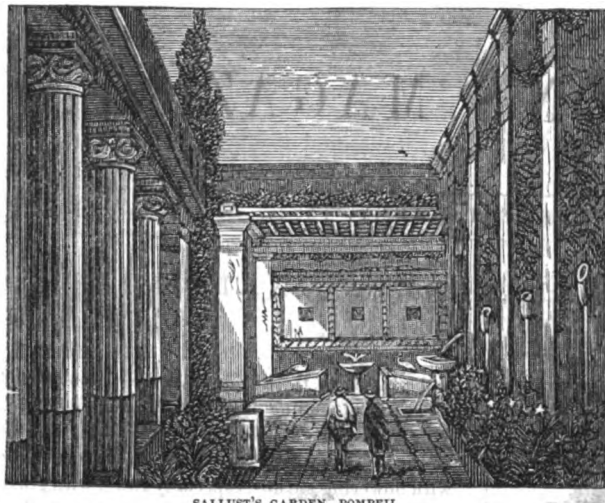
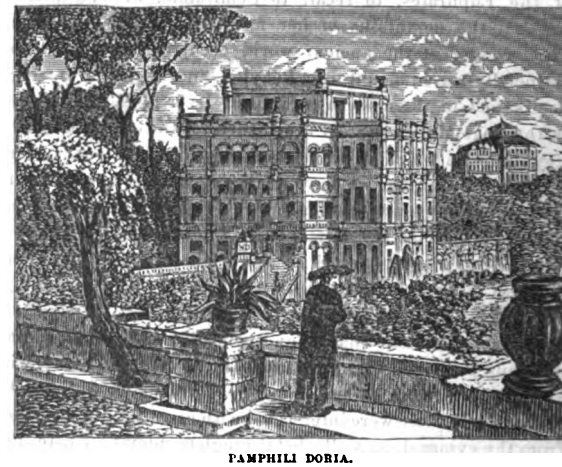


SALLUST'S GARDEN, POMPEII.

than three hundred yards long, and three hundred eagles, dragons, flowers, and other devices spouting water in the basins. For waterworks on a grand scale, and mighty cascades, the Villa Aldobrandi was famous, and some of the arrangements there have been reproduced at Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, where Napoleon III. was sent as a prisoner, after Sedan, it will be remembered. With a higher artistic aim, suggested by Michael Angelo, the famous garden of San Marco, at Florence, was constructed by Lorenzo de Medici in 1490; and at Rome, Giulio Romano supplied the plans to the Villa Madama in 1492.

Of later date, but embodying the best features of the early Renaissance style, is the garden of the Villa Pamphili Doria, of which we give an illustration, and which is familiar to all visitors at Rome. The gardens of the Villas Ludovisi and Albani, at Rome; those on the Pincian hill, where were once the famous gardens of Lucullus; and those of the Villas Giustiani and Signoletta at Genoa, are all well known as fine specimens of this style. The gardens of the Vatican, laid out by Pietro Logorio, in 1550, of which we also give an illustration, are likewise celebrated. In a certain grand way, these gardens, though stiff, are undoubtedly imposing.

As the sixteenth century drew to its close, the Rococo style began to supersede that of the old Italian school. Trees and hedges, cut and clipped into stiff and formal shapes, imitating house fronts, with doors and windows, nay, even theatres, with orchestra, pit and side-wings, became the fashion. Hardly any flowers were admitted for ornament; there was even then carpet gardening; but instead of flowers, sand of various colors, within borders of box, took the place of living plants. Grottoes of artificial rock and shell work, dubious sculpture, and grotesque fountains, were substituted for the marble erections of the Italian artists; and the only approach to nature were the meandering walks leading to the secluded bosquets. In Germany, the stiffness and regularity of the Rococo gardens were carried to their utmost limits. In France, André Lenôtre, an architect and painter, brought formality in gardening into a system. He built what might be called the towns of leafage, which were so much admired in the reign of Louis XIV. His works were the gardens of St. Cloud, of which we give an illustration, Versailles, Trianon, St. Germain, Vaux-le-Vicomte, etc., in France, and the Villa Pallavicini, near Genoa. In Germany, the gardens of Schönbrunn and Hetzendorf, near Vienna, of Herrenhausen, near Hanover, of Schwetzingen, near Manheim, of Schleisshein, near Munich, and many others, were arranged in Lenôtre's style. Whatever may be said about Lenôtre torturing trees into unnatural shapes, his waterworks are undoubtedly of a grand conception, doing away with the paltry devices of his predecessors and contemporaries. We give two illustrations to show this, one of the Peterhof gardens at St. Petersburg, and another of the Court garden, at Dusseldorf.



PAMPHILI DORIA.

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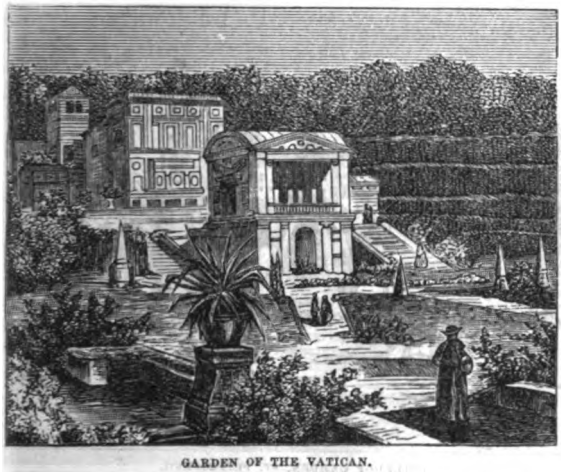


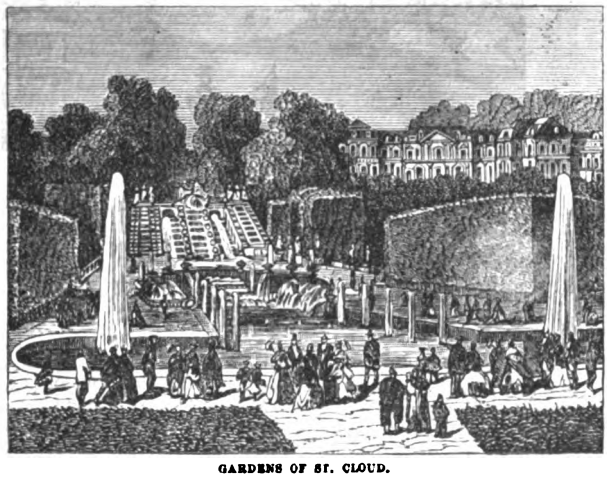
GARDEN OF THE VATICAN.

In modern days, the trees in the Rococo gardens, on the Continent, have been allowed to grow unrestrained by knife and shears, and their stiffness has disappeared. Count Rumford, an American by birth, by the bye, carried the "wild, native freshness" of the natural garden-style to its highest pitch, at Munich, where he laid out what is there called the English garden, for his patron, the king.

But even when perukes and powder reigned supreme, some people protested against the stiff style of gardening. As early as 1624, Lord Bacon, the great chancellor of James I., argued, in a pamphlet, against the intolerable stiffness of contemporary gardens; and Sir William Temple did the same in 1685, both recommending more regard for nature, and pointing to the then still mythical landscape gardens of the Chinese. At the same time, the great Dutch landscape painters exercised their influence on the taste of the public; and poets like Pope and Addison took up the cause of nature in gardening. Pope practically carried out his ideas in his garden at Twickenham, which he remodelled in 1716. But it was Kent, the painter, who gave the deathblow to Rococo gardening in England, by showing to the public fine examples of the new style, in the gardens of Carlton House, which he remodelled for the Prince of Wales, and in the park of Claremont, which he created between 1725 and 1735. The Chinese style, advocated by William Chambers, with its artificial rocks, fantastic grottoes, aviaries and temples, its fancy bridges, spanning puny streamlets, and miniature cascades, retarded for some time an uncompromising return to landscape gardening, pure and simple. But the English garden, as it was called on the Continent, which was created in the reign of William III., and developed on right principles ever since, ultimately carried the day all over Europe. Any other style of gardening has now but a faint chance to alienate the educated taste of the public, although in recent years attempts have been made to revive the absurdities of the Rococo period, by introducing carpet gardening, the thin end of the wedge for eccentricities on a larger scale.

Many of the great English nobles have splendid gardens at their country-seats. Those at Trentham, belonging to the Duke of Sutherland; those at Alton Towers, belonging to the Earl of Shrewsbury; and those at Chatsworth, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, are particularly grand. Hundreds, nay, thousands of gardens, smaller in extent, but very beautiful, are scattered all over England, attached to country-houses of the second class. Some of these, like that at Levens, in Westmoreland, are as old as the time of Queen Elilzabeth. Holland House, now almost absorbed into London, has still its gardens. Kensington House, the "folly" of Baron Grant, the ruined financier, built only a few years ago, in the very heart of the West End, is surrounded by gardens, that are laid out with such skill as to quite deceive the spectator as to their extent.

The love of gardening has introduced into Europe, as well as into America, many fine varieties of



GARDENS OF ST. CLOUD.

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trees, shrubs and flowers, not indigenous, and so has greatly extended the knowledge of plants. Kew Gardens, near London, are famous, in this way, and those of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, will become not less celebrated in due time. As early as 1735, the botanist Jussieu planted a cedar of Lebanon, in Paris, which is still standing, and which we illustrate in our initial letter.

PETERHOF GARDEN, ST. PETERSBURG.

It is not necessary, however, to have acres of ground, as at the Vatican, at Versailles, or even at Alton Towers, in order to enjoy gardening. The real pleasure of gardening, consists, less in what others can do for you, than what you can see done for yourself. Many a poor woman, who has only a flower-pot, or two, in a window, enjoys it as much as a richer woman does her costly conservatory. And, certainly, there is no recreation so innocent, so healthful, and so refined, as gardening. A love of flowers is always, in a woman, an especially charming thing.

GARDEN AT DUSSELDORF.

# DIANA.

BY W. S. WALSH.

I LOVE thee all the more that thou dost prove
So all unmoved by all my proffered love;
For not thy fault, but ours it is, when we,
Poor sons of Adam, press our suit on thee,
That thou hast ne'er an answer to our sigh;
E'en in the virginal calmness of thine eye—
As some great lake, which, in its quietest sleep,
Mirrors all heaven within its infinite deep—
I read the sacred passion of great love,
Which might have been, did men more worthy prove;
And I do love thy, high-souled purity,
And I am well content that thou shouldst be
Too pure, too proud, to stoop to such as we.

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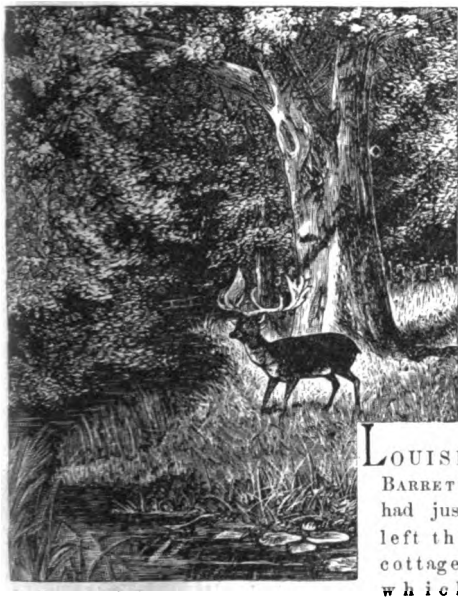
# PASTE AND DIAMOND.

BY AGNES JAMES.



LOUISE BARRETT had just left the cottage, which she and her mother occupied, at the Forest Springs, a pretty little watering place in the mountains, well known to many of my readers. Louise was one of the prettiest girls there. She had such lovely, laughing, blue eyes; such a soft, brilliant color: such glorious auburn hair. She was apparently, too, so winning and child-like, though there were those who said that she was really sly and treacherous, and that her frank and affectionate manner was only put on to deceive.

From the next cottage, almost at the same instant, emerged Carmelite Le Verrier; dressed in airy, white muslin, with a quaint fichu; bareheaded; carrying in her hands, that were joined behind her, her broad-brimmed hat. She smiled and nodded to Louise; but that was all; and hurried on to join Mrs. Sutherland, "the dearest, sweetest old lady in the world," as Carmelite was wont to call her.

A young gentleman, who had been loitering listlessly about, advanced hurriedly at sight of Carmelite. But before he could reach her, he had to pass Louise, who, with a start of affected surprise, called to him. Too well-bred to refuse, he stopped and joined her, though chafing in secret at the necessity.

"Mr. Keith! Is it possible?" she cried, with affected surprise. "When did you arrive? How glad I am to see you."

She is even more beautiful, he thinks, than she was last summer. He lifts his hat, and takes the hand she extends; and holds it until she draws it away, coloring prettily. They walk on slowly, chatting in low tones, she looking up and down at him with shy, sweet coquetry. Directly, they overtake Mrs. Sutherland and Carmelite. The former welcomes the new-comer warmly. Carmelite gives him one cool, little hand, and then stands silent, quietly regarding him with her serious blue eyes. After a little, Louise says:

"Come with us, Carmelite; we are going for a walk."

"Thanks! But not this afternoon," she says. "I have already asked Mrs. Sutherland to let me join her." And she draws away, very gently, but decidedly.

The two parties separate, and take different ways. "I wonder," says Mrs. Sutherland, after a moment, "if Mr. Keith is as great a flirt as ever." But Carmelite made no reply.

Meanwhile, Louise says to her companion, "I cannot think why Carmelite is so cold to me. I really love her, but she will not like me."

"I think she is cold to almost every one," Mr. Keith replies. "Or, perhaps, I should say—reserved."

Louise is silent for a moment, and then a little smile, full of meaning, flits over her face.

"I was wondering," she says, looking up into his face, innocently, "what sort of love-making it can be that those two carry on—Carmelite and Mr. Delisle."

"Has she a lover?" Mr. Keith asks, affecting carlessness.

"Oh! yes—a Mr. Delisle, from New Orleans. At least, I suppose he is her lover, though one would think he was in love with the grandmother, he is so devoted to the old lady. Madame Le Verrier quite approves of him, and allows Carmelite to waltz with him every evening. And you know she does not waltz with every one."

"Yes, I know," Mr. Keith says. He speaks rather absently, and pulls his long moustache thoughtfully. In a few moments, however, he rouses himself, and talks as much, and as well, as ever, till finally, they saunter back to the hotel, to tea.



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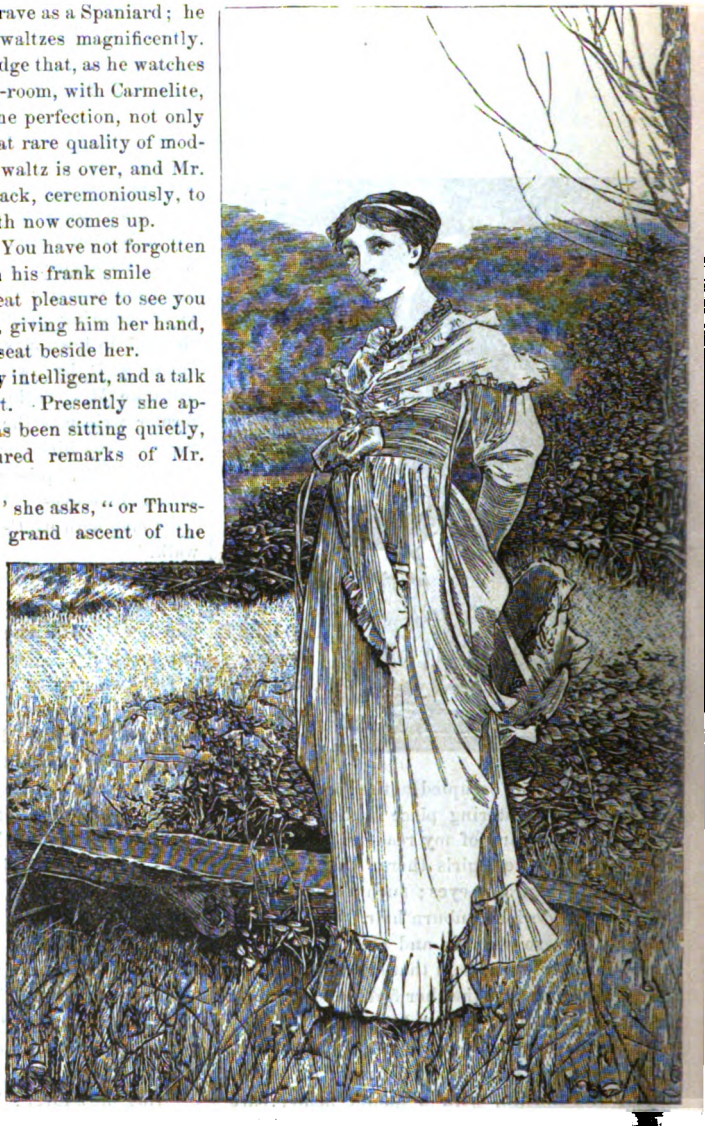
Mr. Delisle is dark and grave as a Spaniard; he is quite good-looking, and waltzes magnificently. Keith is forced to acknoweldge that, as he watches him floating round the ball-room, with Carmelite, whose dancing is simply the perfection, not only of grace, but of dignity, that rare quality of modern dancing. At last, the waltz is over, and Mr. Delisle leads his partner back, ceremoniously, to grand-mother's side. Keith now comes up.

"Madame Le Verrier! You have not forgotten me, I hope," he says, with his frank smile

"Not at all! It is a great pleasure to see you again," she says, cordially, giving him her hand, and motioning him to the seat beside her.

She is very gracious, very intelligent, and a talk with her is always pleasant. Presently she appeals to Carmelite, (who has been sitting quietly, listening to some murmured remarks of Mr. Delisle's).

"Is it next Wednesday," she asks, "or Thursday. there is to be the grand ascent of the mountain?"



"On Thursday, grandmamma. To-day week," Carmelite answers.

"And you are going, Madame, are you not?" asks Harry Keith.

"I? Oh, certainly, if the railroad to the summit can be finished before then," the old lady says, laughing merrily.

"Grandmamma will not go with us," interposes Carmelite; "but she promises to spend the day on the roof of the hotel, waving a red shawl, that we may not fail to see her, with our telescope." She says this laughingly, and bestowing an affectionate little pat upon the soft old hand, that Madame Le Verrier has just laid on her arm.

How the girl's face lights up as she looks at one she loves! That soft, bright smile brings out an enchanting little dimple, and delicate rose flush, on each cheek: the gray-blue eyes laugh out from beneath the dark, shadowing lashes. "If I could only make her look at me in that way!" Harry wishes.

"On Thursday! And I shall be gone then," Mr Delisle says, in a low, regretful tone, which, somehow, makes Harry fell very angry. Yet what right has he to be angry? he asks himself

There comes a crash of music, announcing the beginning of another waltz.

"Miss Le Verrier! May I have the pleasure of this waltz?" Harry says this, ceremoniously Carmelite looks up, as if to refuse. But she meets such an earnest, pleading look in his hazel eyes, that she rises, with a smile.

"Ah, it is delightful to dance with you again," he says, as they glide away, to the soft, melancholy strains of the "Bein Aimé." He looks down, and adds, in an even lower tone, "I have been looking forward to this pleasure, all summer." Then, after a little pause, he almost whispers, "I cannot tell you how much I have longed to see you.'

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Carmelite laughs, a merry, half-mocking, little laugh. "You are in good practice, Mr. Keith," she says. "Have you been making pretty speeches ever since we parted?"

"I wish you would not treat what I say to you so lightly," he responds, almost angrily. "Is it because you do not believe I have thought of you—or that you simply don't care to hear it?"

"Whichever is most agreeable to your—vanity," she answers, smiling; and it is a very charming smile, though the words are mocking, nay, provoking.

When the waltz is over, Harry establishes himself by her side, near Madame Le Verrier, and vainly imagines he is going to have a "cozy chat," with her.

But at this moment, Mr. Delisle comes up, saying, "Miss Le Verrier, I believe you promised to promenade with me, now," and she rises and goes away with him.

Thus bereft, Harry rushes desperately off to the German. He finds Miss Barrett still disengaged. She hesitates—she "had not meant to dance, to-night," she says; she "had had a headache;" but she does dance, after all. And she dances well, too, but differently from Carmelite. There is more—what shall we say? more nerve, more abandon, more vim in her style, than in Carmelite's.

"Oh, I am half dead!" Louise pants, sinking into her chair, and closing her eyes, when the waltz is over. Her cheeks are flushed scarlet, her hair loosened, her dress torn.

"You do not look as if you were very near dissolution," Harry says, laughing, and fanning her vigorously. Just then his eyes fall upon Carmelite, who has paused in her promenade on the piazza, and is looking through the ball-room window, at the dancers. She stands there, cool, fair, tranquil as a dewy, starlit night! There is a slightly disgusted expression, on Harry's face, as she vanishes from the window, and he turns to watch Louise, who has been snatched from her chair again, and is whirling round now with young Leary, a millionaire, and a great catch; but nevertheless, a

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stupid, heavy lout, who does not even dance like a gentleman.

It is nearly a week since Harry Keith's arrival. Mrs. Sutherland sits in her dear little, nest of a sitting-room, meditating deeply.

"What is it, Susy?" asks her husband, Major Sutherland.

"I am thinking about Harry Keith," she answers, seriously; "and what a goose he is."

"Yes; he clearly doesn't know his own mind. I rather think he prefers Miss Louise, in the evening, as a partner for the German; but that in the morning, his favorite is my pet. Did you notice how attentive he was to Carmelite, at the pic-nic?"

"Yes, I noticed," says the Major, rather cool. "But was she to him? I imagine Delisle has the inside track, there."

"You don't know anything about it," Mrs. Sutherland says, emphatically. "He does not care, in the least, for Louise; but she is an artful little wretch, and when a girl regularly throws herself at a man's head—"

"Now, now, my dear!" the Major interrupts. "That is too severe. Miss Louise is a frank, warm-hearted, impulsive little soul—just the least bit given to flirtation, perhaps."

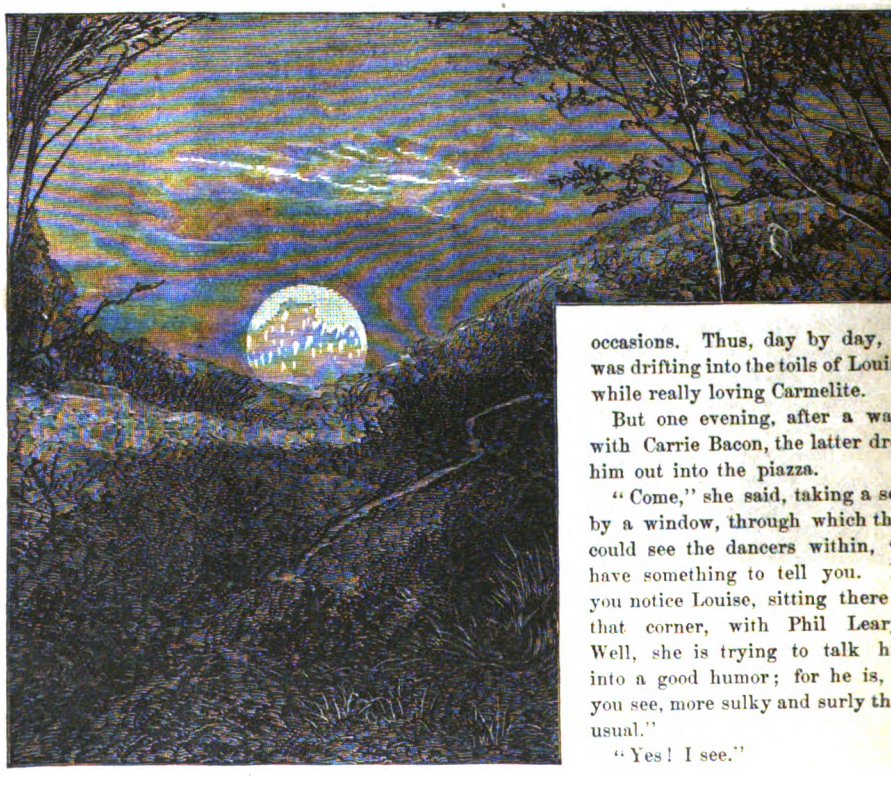
Mrs. Sutherland smiles, and remarks, sagely, "Paste and diamond."

"Well, really," continues the Major, "paste or not paste, you can't blame Keith for preferring a girl, who so evidently likes his attentions, to one who, apparently, does'nt care a snap for him."

"As for Carmelite's indifference," says the wife, "I am not so sure."

"What! is she, too, capable of deception?" the Major says, laughing triumphantly, and so leaves the room.

The Major is nearer the truth than his wife. Harry had come back to the Springs, hoping to win Carmelite. But her coldness, on the one hand, and the fascinations of Louise, on the other, had drawn him, more and more, to the side of the latter. In one thing, however, Mrs. Sutherland was correct. Carmelite's indifference was more assumed, than real. She had never acknowledged to herself, that she hoped to see Harry again, this summer; but when he did appear, and joined Louise first, somehow she felt hurt; for she did not know, as the reader does, that Louise had summoned him to her side. Hence her refusal to join in the walk, and her coldness, then and subsequently,—a coldness, as Harry well said, never intermitted, except on rare



occasions. Thus, day by day, he was drifting into the toils of Louise, while really loving Carmelite.

But one evening, after a waltz with Carrie Bacon, the latter drew him out into the piazza.

"Come," she said, taking a seat by a window, through which they could see the dancers within, "I have something to tell you. Do you notice Louise, sitting there in that corner, with Phil Leary? Well, she is trying to talk him into a good humor; for he is, as you see, more sulky and surly than usual."

"Yes! I see."

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"Well, she has behaved dreadfully to him. She did all she could to catch him, delt though he is, and now she is engaged to him. But you see how she treats him! She means to throw him over—if she can take you in—because he hasn't a thing but his money, to recommend him. Oh, I know her! You needn't ask me to stop. She has treated me shamefully, this very day, and I just determined you should hear what a double game she is playing. There, that is all. Now I must go." And off she runs.

Harry sits there, wondering at it all. Shall he believe Carrie, or not? Suddenly, his attention is attracted by voices. It is Mrs. Barrett, Louise's mother, that is speaking.

"I know all about them, my dear!" she says. "Their cottage is next to mine. They quarrel like cats and dogs. I can hear that meek little Carmelite scolding that nice old French servant, Angelique,—saying things I could'nt repeat, actually!"

Mrs. Barrett is talking *to* a fellow-gossip, but at Harry Keith, whom she has seen sitting in the shadow, under the vines, by the window. She saunters on, with her companion, and disappears. Harry begins to think he'll give it all up, and go home, to-morrow.

But to-morrow brings a change. The first person he meets, as he descends to breakfast, is Carrie Bacon.

"Oh! Mr. Keith," she says, "have you heard? It is dreadful," breathlessly. "If I had known what was coming, I wouldn't have said what I did, last night—though it was all true. Oh! I hope she won't die."

"Who won't die? What is it?"

"Louise Barrett is very ill—delirious—it is scarlet fever, or diphtheria, or some other dreadful thing. The doctor is here, and everybody is frightened to death, except Carmelite Le Verrier, who has gone to nurse her. She would go, it seems, when she heard that everybody ran away, even Louise's mother."

Harry was thunder-struck. Only last evening, Louise was radiant with youth and beauty. Then he thought of Carmelite, and with a pang. What if she should catch the infection, and die? If he had doubted before whom he loved, he did not doubt now.

As soon as he dared, he called on Madame Le Verrier. He found her calmer than he had expected.

"Yes! Carmelite has gone," she said, with simple frankness. "There was no one else, and I did not attempt to stop her. She risks her life, you say. Well, *noblesse oblige*, even if there is no higher motive. But I hope the dear child has one. I always called her 'my little sister of charity.' She is so helpful in sickness, and so brave."

But Louise's illness, after a day or two, is pronounced to be only a violent cold. She is, for a while, very ill, nevertheless, and Harry cannot help feeling a half-liking for Phil Leary, who is honestly, utterly miserable about Louise, and who, selecting Harry as his confidant, hangs about him all day, and tells him, over and over again, how he adores her, and how wretched he is! He seems to have quite forgotten her "flirtation" with Keith, and his own sulky misery in consequence. He thinks only of the happy time when she was his, and his only!

Two weeks of sunny, September weather, pass by.

Louise is out of danger, even getting well, and Carmelite's duties as nurse grow lighter. They have been rather arduous, for Louise has needed most careful, and constant nursing, and she is a very exacting patient, even now. But, to-day, Carmelite has escaped, and is walking with Mr. Keith, through the fields, towards the forest, that lies beyond the green valley. She looks a little pale, from weariness and loss of sleep; but—Harry thinks—is prettier than ever.

"How sweet the air is," she says, pausing at the edge of the woods, to look back at the sunny, sweet landscape, and drawing a deep breath of pleasure and satisfaction. "I am so glad to have a nice, long walk once more!"

"You cannot imagine how glad I am to walk with you again," Harry says, so earnestly, that Carmelite looks up at him, with a rather surprised glance.

"Then you have really missed me?" she says, smiling.

"I have missed you—and I have been very anxious about you," he goes on, gravely. "I could not help feeling, that, perhaps, the doctors were all mistaken, and there was danger of infection—"

"Not the slightest danger, I assure you," Carmelite says, laughing. "You would have run away, if you thought that?" She gives him a little, mischievous look, from under her long lashes, and then, with a sudden change, she says, earnestly, "I am glad you didn't run away. You were a great comfort to poor grandmamma. She told me how good you have been, in coming to talk to her, every day. I used to see you, sometimes, through Louise's blinds, sitting on our porch, talking so confidentially. It looked really like a flirtation, and I felt anxious, lest you were planning an elopement, with my unprotected grandmamma, during my absence."



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Harry laughs at the girl's nonsense, and then says, seriously, "Shall I tell you what we were talking about? The one unfailing subject of conversation was—yourself."

"Oh, how inconsiderate of grandmamma, to bore you so mercilessly," Carmelite says, gaily. But as she glances at him, something in the expression of his face makes her eyes fall, and a little, soft color came into her cheeks.

"Let us walk on," Harry says, after a silence. There is a low fence, just here, which gives him an excuse to take her hand, and when he has helped her over, he quietly draws it through his arm, and they saunter on under the arching trees together.

"It was I who did most of the talking. I hope Madame Le Verrier was not bored," he says. "She was very gracious, and did not order me away, at any rate, though I must have appeared very presuming, sometimes. Carmelite—will you order me away, if I tell you what I told her?"

"That depends," Carmelite answers, softly, smiling, yet coloring, as she sees him gazing earnestly into her face.

"If I tell you how dearly I love you—if I ask you to be my wife—as I do—what will you say?"

Carmelite is silent for a little while. Her color deepens, then fades away again. At last, with a little sigh, she looks up at him.

"Oh, are you sure you love me?" she half whispers, her soft eyes fixed wistfully on his face.

Harry smiles; but he answers, almost solemnly, "I am sure, my darling. As sure as I am that I hold your dear hand in mine. Why do you doubt it?"

"Because—sometimes I have thought it was Louise you loved," she says, simply and gently, her eyes still on his face.

"No, dear, it was always you. But you drove me to her for consolation sometimes, when you were so cruelly cold to me."

Carmelite smiles, and her color comes back, brightly.

"But, indeed, I was not cold in my heart," she whispers. "I was only afraid of loving you."

"Then do not be afraid any longer," he answers, with a happy laugh.

And so, with her lover's arm around her, they strayed on, till evening came, and the full moon rose over the mountain.

"And far across the hills they went,
In that new world which is the old."

"My dear," Major Sutherland says, as he comes into his wife's room, where she is dressing for the evening, and lays a little bouquet of field daisies, and the first scarlet maple leaves, on her table, "I met young Keith, just now, walking with your pretty favorite, Miss Carmelite."

"You did? Where?" Mrs. Sutherland asks it eagerly.

"They were coming down the mountain, by moonlight, as if belated," with a sly twinkle at his wife.

"Well?"

The major smiles.

"Very well, I think, my dear. It is all right, I am sure."

"Oh, I am glad!"

"Glad that he has the diamond?" said the major. "Though you can't call Louise paste, after all. She says she'll never forget Carmelite's kindness. And she's going to keep her word, and make poor Phil happy, who isn't half a bad fellow, as they say in England, after all."

"But he isn't Harry," retorted Mrs. Sutherland, "nor is Louise, my dear, Carmelite."

"Exactly," laughing. "I never keep on contradicting a woman, my love."

## HEART'S-EASE.

BY MRS. LUCY M. BLINN.

In dreams, last night, I walked alone, a way,
O'erspread with brambles, mire, and pit-falls deep;
Dark clouds hung o'er me, and the dying day
Sobbed in the winds, like one who grieves in sleep;
Fantastic shadows filled the boding gloom,
And chilling odors rose, as from a tomb.

As I pressed onward, with reluctant feet,
To face the gathering fears that thronged the way,
Shrinking from ills my heavy heart must meet,
Too faint to hope, too hopeless e'en to pray,
Lo, in the west, I saw a sun arise!
Flashing a brilliant banner o'er my skies.

The love-birds, sleeping, in the curtained trees,
Waked with the light, and warbled all their lays;
Whispers of gladness floated on the breeze;
Pure waters sprang from out the miry ways;
And from the brambles, that beset my feet,
The timid Heart's-ease flung its fragrance sweet.

I hold my dream a token, that my day,
As it goes down the slope, may be more bright;
That love's dear songs may gladden all the way,
And later sunshine yield me truer light;
And, shedding its sweet fragrance o'er the whole,
The Heart's-ease of God's smile content my soul

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# THE NEWS FROM YORKTOWN.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

## CHAPTER I.

A few hours' drive from Yorktown, in Virginia, there stood, a century ago, a stately mansion of brick and stone. The house had been erected by one Guy Agincourt, in the beginning of the reign of Queen Anne, in imitation of the old Elizabethan Hall, that had once been his ancestors' in England. The Agincourts prided themselves, and not without reason, on their ancient blood. They had been, originally, Norman barons; had followed the Conqueror to England; had fought at Hastings; and had afterwards been rewarded with numerous manors, out of the confiscated estates of the hapless Saxon thegns. But, alas! afterwards, they had been less successful. In the time of Charles the First, they took the royal side. The Agincourt of that day mortgaged his estates, to raise money for the king, and when the latter died on the block, emigrated, a ruined man, to Virginia. Here, with what was saved from the wreck of his fortunes, he bought several thousand acres of land. In time, he learned to love the new country, better than the old. His eldest son, however, was sent home, for he still called England by that title, to be educated; and that son, when, in due time, he came to the estate, also decided to remain in America. He it was who built the mansion-house of which we speak, and called it Agincourt Hall. It was a stately edifice, with wide, mullioned windows, and Tudor gables. Great wide-spreading trees, not to be equalled even in England, dotted the lawn, singly, or in groups, some of them coming quite close up to the hall-door.

From father to son, the Agincourts continued to inhabit the Hall, celebrated, far and wide, for their splendid hospitality. They were known as Guy, or Bryan, in alternate generations; were always educated abroad; but always returned to Virginia, when they came to "settle down," as they called it. The War of Independence found Guy Agincourt, the third of that name, living there, a man of sixty-five, with a son at Oxford, a daughter just coming into womanhood, and a second son, the child of his old age, a lad of four. In secret, he was a Royalist, like his friend and cotemporary, Lord Fairfax, but he was less outspoken, perhaps because he was more cautious in temperament. Perhaps, also, he had not forgotten how one great estate had been lost, a hundred and thirty years before, by a too prominent assertion of its owner's opinions.

At the time at which our narrative begins, in the spring of 1780, the popular cause was considered, by many, to be as good as lost. It is true, that Burgoyne had surrendered, long before, and that the royal army was cooped up, in New York, idle. But, on the other hand, the southern colonies were regarded, at least by sanguine loyalists, as conquered. Greene had not yet begun to turn the tide of victories; the paper money was discredited; and the credit of Congress was at its very lowest ebb.

"Now is the time, father, to strike," said old Mr. Agincourt's eldest son, who had just returned from Oxford, full of the impetuosity of youth, as well as of the fervor of royalism. "I have it, confidentially, that you are looked on with suspicion, in the highest circles, at home. Your hesitation is contrasted with that of our great ancestor, under King Charles, the martyr; and when his gracious majesty comes to his own again here, as I am sure he will, that displeasure will be shown. For God's sake, come out, like a man!"

"I am too old, Bryan," said the enfeebled father, "I am too old. You are younger, and can take an active part, if you really—"

"That is what I have come home for," interrupted the son, hotly. "Gad, sir, I got ashamed, at the last, and dare not show my head, hardly anywhere. My Lord North, though the best-hearted man alive, looked at me coldly, all winter; and the King, at the last levee, asked me, significantly, how long it took to go to Virginia, and if I meant to be a soldier."

"Well, well, have it your own way," was the answer. "If I were twenty years younger, Bryan, I would do as you are going to do. I don't say this publicly, because there's no need for it; but at heart, I am as loyal to his majesty, God bless him, as any of my ancestors were. Only, with my gout, and that heart-trouble, which Dr. Neld says any shock would make fatal, it would be death for me to take the field."

"Perhaps you are right," answered the son, after a pause. "I never meant that you should go into active service. But I thought you ought to declare your sentiments. However, as that would make living here unpleasant, nearly all,



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as you know, being such rascally rebels, it is as well, perhaps, to go on as you have begun. Only, I must take care to represent the truth, in the proper quarters."

"You see, my neighbors are such excellent people, and old friends, too," resumed the father. "Now, for instance, the Aylesburys—"

But here the son broke in.

"Ah! yes, the Aylesburys. That's another thing I want to know about. I've only been here six days, but I've kept my eyes open; and in that time, young Aylesbury has been here six times. What the deuce does it mean?"

"Mean? Why, nothing. Nonsense," divining, at last, his son's thought. "Your sister is to marry her cousin, as we all know. That is so well understood, that no more need be said about it."

"But does this young popinjay, who is the rankest rebel I have yet talked with, know of the arrangement?"

"I—I—well, I hardly can tell," stammered the father. "The young fellow, like yourself, has just come home, and may not have heard."

"Yes, and having been educated in France, has brought back all their fine airs and graces, as well as the absurd theories of their philosophers and fools, from Rousseau, down. He's a milk-sop, a mere fop—"

It was the father's turn, now, to interrupt. With him, Aylesbury was a favorite, partly, because of his polished manner and unusual store of knowledge, and partly, because the young man brought, as it were, the fresh breezes of Paris, into this pent-up, provincial life. He spoke up, therefore, promptly.

"Stay!" he said. "Aylesbury is no fop. I'll not have him abused."

"Well, I don't abuse him, then. I'll only say, what you'll find out for yourself, some day, that he is a most dangerous companion for an enthusiastic girl, like Grace; and, to speak plainly, all the more dangerous, because her future husband, heir of an illustrious name though he is, is as coarse as a country bumpkin."

"I—I never thought of that," said the father, hesitatingly. "But Grace is a dutiful child, and would not, I am sure, think of disobedience."

"There is always danger, when two young people are thrown together," said the son, sententiously. "But fore-warned is fore-armed. You ought to have no handsome, well-mannered fellows hanging about here."

"It can't be. She'd never love a rebel," said the father. "She is an Agincourt, and they have always been loyal."

"Perhaps you are right. But Grace is very sympathetic, you know, and Aylesbury is both handsome and plausible. On every account, therefore, he ought to be forbidden the house."

"Forbidden the house! Oh! I could never do that. The son of my oldest friend?"

"Deuce take it, there he comes again. I must confess, the fellow rides as I thought nobody, brought up in France, could. Ha! there is Grace, already, at the door, to welcome him. I wonder if she was on the look-out. Come, confess, now, that this seems even worse than I had imagined."

## CHAPTER II.

BRYAN was wrong, however, in his suspicion. Grace had come out for a walk, which she usually took at this hour of the day, but with no expectation of meeting a lover. It was, probably, different with her guest. Young Aylesbury had ridden over, at that particular hour, because he knew of this habit of Grace's, and because he wished a *tête-a-tête* with her, on that morning, particularly.

But we have not, as yet, described our heroine. Aylesbury had seen many beautiful women, in England, France, and Italy; but he thought he had never seen any one as lovely as this fresh, smiling, blushing nymph, bidding him "good-morning." She wore, as was often the fashion then, a quilted petticoat, and over this a sort of sacque. A mantle, with a hood, had been thrown across her shoulders, and the hood drawn up over her head. It was a coquettish costume, and became Grace especially, for it emphasized the archness and airiness of her usual manner.

But in the simplest garb, Grace would have been beautiful. She was tall, but not too tall; willowy, yet rounded in every curve and outline; she carried her head like a queen; and when she walked, it was with the free step of young Diana. What shall we say of her face, at once so high-bred, spirited, and womanly? From the dimpled chin, and rose-bud mouth; from the perfect nose, and cheek chiselled like that of an antique statue; up to the level eye-brows, and the forehead broad as Clytie's, it was everything that the most critical could desire. The eyes themselves were of a sapphire blue, shaded by long, curling lashes. The abundant hair was of that rare, rich, chestnut hue, which, in the sunshine, takes the sheen of gold. Her complexion was so delicate, that the least emotion sent the color to her cheek.

"Do not go in," said Aylesbury, as he dismounted, and threw the bridle to his groom. "I see you are for a walk. Perhaps you will let me join you. Dick," turning to his servant, "lead the horses up and down the avenue."

If Grace Agincourt was the most beautiful of

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her sex, Philip Aylesbury was hardly less handsome as a man. As he stood there, doffing his hat, and bowing almost to the ground, in the elaborate manner of his time, you saw that he was nearly six feet high, and admirably proportioned, his figure indicating grace and pliability, as well as strength. He was attired in a long, embroidered riding-coat, such as was then fashionable at the Court of France; and he wore high horseman's boots, and carried, not only the usual rapier at his side, but a jaunty riding-whip in his hand.

Grace nodded, gaily, and held out her hand.

"I was going alone," she said, "for a turn in the woods." Then she glanced at him, with sudden shyness, and added, "But you may come, if you like."

Grace herself hardly understood that sudden shyness. Was it caused by the something, she knew not what, in her guest's manner? She felt the blushes rising to her cheek. To conceal her emotion, she stopped, as soon as they crossed the road, to pluck a wild flower in the grass.

Grace had lived to be nineteen, but never yet had known, consciously, what love was. She had been told, almost from childhood, that she was to marry her cousin. At first, she had accepted this destiny, without a thought. Marriage, and especially love, were vague things in the far future; meantime, she was young, she was gay, she was happy. Plenty of suitors, as she came to womanhood, gathered about her, in spite of the rumor of her pre-engagement. But she was indifferent to all alike. She was a girl of an imaginative character, and her ideal, secretly, was high; no one that she saw touched her heart, because no one met its requirements; least of all did her cousin. While others merely amused her; were but the mark for her gay raillery; he, after awhile, absolutely repelled her. All this, at first, was his own fault. For he did not even take the trouble to win her; he accepted the marriage as a matter of course; he addressed her rather as a master than as a suitor. To a proud nature, like that of Grace, this was humiliating. She had never put it to herself, in so many words, but it began dimly to dawn on her, ther her cousin was a tyrant, and a brutal one, and that a wedded life with him would be intolerable to a woman of spirit.

The return of young Aylesbury intensified this growing disgust. The contrast between the graceful manners of the one, and the boorish deportment of the other, between refinement, intelligence, and culture on one side, and coarseness and ignorance on the other, was a revelation to the enthusiastic girl. Moreover, Aylesbury's liberal ideas, which her family secretly abhorred as treasonable, had a fascination for her, as for all other ardent souls. "Yes," he said, "I have come to fight in the good cause." What wonder that Grace, ever ready to be moved by great thoughts, kindled, at such impassioned language, and unconsciously looked up to the speaker as a hero. What wonder, that, before she knew it, she loved!

The two were silent, until they entered the grove, at the foot of the lawn, through which had been cut a labyrinthine path, one of the conceits of that day. Into this they turned, as if by the same impulse; for here they would be alone.

For some half-an-hour, they talked on common topics. At last, Aylesbury said, abruptly, "I have news. I have got my commission."

"I am so glad."

His countenance fell, and he said, gloomily,

"Then you won't miss me?"

"I—I—didn't mean that," Grace stammered, and her heart began to beat fast. "Of course, we shall all be sorry. Gay chevaliers, from Paris, are not so plenty, you know."

She raised her eyes, to his, with an arch look, put on to conceal her real emotion. But they fell, instantly, under his earnest gaze.

"Will *you* miss me?" He took her hand, as he spoke. "That is the question." Then he went on, eagerly and passionately. "Oh! darling, you don't know how I love you. Ever since I first saw you, I have been torn, by two conflicting emotions; on the one side, the longing to stay, and try to win your love; and on the other, the sense of duty, calling me to the aid of my bleeding country. But fate has decided for me. I had, before I saw you, applied for a commission; and it has now come; to-morrow I leave, to join General Washington."

Grace was now deathly pale. The look of gay badinage had faded from her eyes. She did not attempt to withdraw her hand. In a moment, as by a flash of lightning, she saw the true state of her heart. She loved this man!

Then she thought of her cousin. She remembered the family compact, to which, up to this hour, she had made no open objection. Could she do it now? Would she not be accused, and justly, of coquetry, if she did? Moreover, was it not her duty to sacrifice herself, rather than disobey her father? She recalled, too, the royalist sentiments of her family. Never, never, she felt, would her father consent to her marriage with Aylesbury. As she thought of all this, she made a faint effort to withdraw her hand, and turned away from her lover.

Little did she know, that, at that very moment,

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her cousin was watching her, from the other side of a clump of bushes. Had she seen his scowling, almost demoniacal look, she would have realized, even more than she did, the peril, to Aylesbury, to say nothing else, of this unfortunate passion.

Grace had stopped, for a moment, while her lover had been speaking, but she now moved on. Aylesbury kept at her side, still holding her hand, and thus, though their spy followed, he could not follow close enough, without showing himself, to overhear what was next said.

"Haven't you a word for me? Oh! be pitiful," cried the lover. "It cannot be that you are really pledged to your cousin."

She had been struggling for strength to speak. Now, she said:

"Then you know all. You know I must not listen to you. Oh! why, why did we ever meet?"

"Providence is wiser than we are," he said. "We were destined to meet, and I, at least, to love. Nor will I, can I, ever love another. Only a single look, Grace—darling!"

It was the first time he had ever called her by her baptismal name, and every fibre and nerve thrilled, as he spoke it. He went on, boldly.

"Our tastes, our sympathies, are so alike, that it would be a crime, in you, to marry your cousin; and it would wreck my life forever."

How was it possible to answer such pleading as this? Grace could not deny the truth of what he said. She was too noble, too womanly, for that.

"But—but," she faltered, "even if my cousin was out of the question—"

"Then you don't love him?" cried Aylesbury, rapturously. "You don't love him."

She raised her eyes to his, as in momentary reproach, and still hurried on.

But that look was enough.

"And you love me?"

He would have thrown his arms about her, but she evaded him.

"No, no, I never can be yours," she cried. "Not until my father consents, at least; and that will not be, so long as you are true to your principles, which I pray God you may always be. But," she said, seeing the agony that swept across his face, "I will promise, never, never, to marry my cousin, or any one else. In death, at least," and she turned, and regarded him, solemnly, as one might look across a grave into Eternity, "we can be one."

"I will wait for you, even longer than Jacob waited for Rebecca," said her lover, removing his hat, reverentially, and looking up to heaven, "I will do everything, but abandon my country—so help me God!"

As he finished, he replaced his hat, raised Grace's hand, kissed it, and let it go.

"Hark!" cried Grace, for she heard the undergrowth stirring, close at hand. "Some one is coming. I must go."

With the words, she turned, and fled towards the house.

## CHAPTER III.

Grace and her lover, had just disappeared within the grove, when her cousin rode up to the Hall, and dismounting, flung his bridle to his groom.

In the door-way, he came face to face with Bryan. But, before we record the conversation that followed, let us try to describe this new guest, so that the reader, in some degree, at least, may realize his appearance and aspect.

Not less than six feet high, heavily rather than gracefully built, and already, though only five and twenty, beginning to put on flesh, the cousin and suitor showed, in his slouching gait, and mottled complexion, the consequences of the self-indulgent life he had led. Utterly without intellectual resources, for he never opened a book; accustomed to think only of himself, for his natural selfishness had been increased by his being rich and an only child; more at home with horses, dogs and servants, and brutal with all, than with women, or even with the cultivated of his own sex, he was the last person in the world, as her lover already hinted, whom an imaginative girl, like Grace, could have ever loved. Even her own family would have recognized this fact, if he had been a stranger, and not a relative.

"Where's Grace?" said the new comer, abruptly. "I see the horse of that fiddle-faddle French dandy here. Is he in yonder with her?" He pointed, with his riding-whip, as he spoke, to the drawing-room door.

Even Bryan could not help contrasting this coarse, rude nature, with Aylesbury's, and not, we may be sure, to the advantage of the cousin. The air of mastery, which the latter put on, annoyed even the cynical brother. But he answered, civilly,

"No, she isn't there. She went out with Aylesbury, I think, in the direction of the grove."

An oath broke from the other's lips.

"It's quite time, Bryan," he said, emphatically striking his high, horseman's boots, with his riding-whip, "that this thing was put a stop to. What business has the fellow here? What the deuce is he sweet on Grace for? I have to

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teach him his place. And as for her, she's an abominable flirt—"

"Look here, Jack," interposed Bryan, "I don't want to be offensive, but I won't have harsh words used about Grace."

His hearer grew red to the roots of his hair, and his hand went down to the hilt of his rapier.

"You needn't do that," said Bryan, coolly. "I won't quarrel with you. But I've had my eyes about me, since my return, and I must say that the position, in which you find yourself, is principally your own fault."

"My own fault!" He was a little cowed by Bryan's coolness, but nevertheless was choking with rage.

"Yes! your own fault. You have quite forgot that Grace, like every other girl, prefers to be wooed. She don't fancy having the handkerchief thrown to her, *a la* Sultan. Stay! hear me through. My father and I wish for this marriage quite as much as you do. But we did expect that you'd assume something, at least, of the air of a suitor. Meantime, there comes along this coxcomb—I don't like him, or his French manners, any better than you do—and begins to pay her the thousand little civilities a lady loves. Do you wonder she is pleased?"

"But why the deuce did my uncle allow it? Why didn't he turn the fellow out of doors? A mincing Frenchman, with a moustache like a Pandour! Why, no honest Christian would wear such a thing."

Bryan restrained a smile, with difficulty, at this remark. Moustaches, indeed, were not an English, much less a Virginia, custom; but he had seen enough of the world abroad to have outgrown Jack's narrow little provincial notions.

"It was not as easy as you think," the brother answered, calmly, "to turn Aylesbury out of doors. His father, remember, was an old friend, a very old friend, of our family. But this is wasting words. I don't think there's any damage done, or likely to be; Grace has been too well brought up; all you have to do is to be attentive to her, like other suitors; and the sooner you begin," with significance, "the better."

His hearer stood, tapping his boot, and sulkily looking on the ground, like a chidden school-boy, for a moment; then he broke forth.

"They went to the grove, you say? Well, I'll go there, too. Things will have come to a pretty pass, if a Virginia gentleman can't cut out a fool of a French fop." As he finished, he turned, and strode off, in the direction of the grove.

"I wonder if he is most booby, or brute," soliloquized Bryan, as he watched the receding figure. "I could almost find it, in my heart, to pity Grace, if it wasn't that the match is imperative, now that I've dipped the estate so deeply in London. What will my father say, when he knows all?"

Meantime, as we have seen, the other had reached the grove, and been a witness to the parting of Grace and Aylesbury. He had intended to join the former, as soon as he saw her; but he arrived, just as Aylesbury took her hand; and so he shrank back, and concealed himself.

Grace had just emerged from the grove, when she heard voices behind her, one low, the other angry. At the same time, she recognized her cousin's horse, which his groom was leading up and down, on the gravelled road, in front of the terrace.

"It is Jack's voice," she cried, stopping suddenly, and looking back affrighted. "Oh! if he should pick a quarrel."

She put her hand on her heart, as if to stop its quick throbbing. Suddenly, there was the rattle of steel, as of rapiers rapidly crossed in fight. With a shriek, she turned, and flew back.

Her cousin, on his part, had emerged from the thicket, as soon as he saw that Grace was out of sight, and advanced on Aylesbury.

"You insolent traitor," he cried. "I'll teach you to insult the girl I'm going to marry."

"Insult her?" said Aylesbury, in amazement.

"Yes! Didn't I see you? Didn't I hear you coax her to throw me over? By the Lord, such a sneak, were he twenty times an Aylesbury, deserves only to be treated as I would treat one of my slaves."

As he spoke, he lifted his riding-whip, as if he was about to strike.

Aylesbury sprang back, raising his hand, warningly. He knew that a collision with this angry boor was to be avoided, if possible.

"Stop," he said. "You have used words, sir, which an Aylesbury could never forgive, if it was not that a lady's name is, at present, involved in the affair. For that reason, I overlook them. At any other time and place—a pretence can easily be found—I shall be ready to answer you, in any way you wish."

"Coward, as well as sneak," was the contemptuous answer; and the other advanced, his whip still raised, threateningly.

"I warn you, I warn you," replied Aylesbury, retreating, but using the same low tone, hardly above a whisper. "And for heaven's sake, don't speak so loud. Miss Agincourt may still be in hearing."

"You treacherous scoundrel, how dare you speak her name?" The voice was louder and angrier than ever. "I'll whip you as I would a hound." And he pressed on.

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Aylesbury, watching his adversary, retreated for a dozen paces, or so. Then, finding himself near the turn of the path, from which he knew Grace could see them, if she should look back, he stopped, and lifting the scabbard of his rapier, and stooping to avoid the blow, he sent the riding-whip, with a dexterous twist, flying into the air. The next moment, he stood erect, barring the path to his rival.

The latter, at this disgraceful check, drew his rapier, and rushed on, wild with rage.

"If you will have it, then," said Aylesbury, drawing in return. "But God be my witness, this quarrel is not of my seeking."

It was the clash of the steel, thus crossing, that Grace had heard, and that brought her, in another instant, on the scene.

Notwithstanding what Aylesbury had just said, he had no intention of taking his adversary's life. He had put himself strictly on the defensive. Trained, as a fencer, by the best masters of Europe, he had no doubt that he was more skilful than his opponent, and his design was to seize a favorable moment, and disarm the latter. But brutish strength, and the impetuosity of passion made up, in part, for his rival's inferior science. The angry cousin came rushing on, like a mad bull, about to bear everything down before him; but yet with sufficient caution, not to expose any weak point to his enemy. Aylesbury was forced to give way, for a step. But he parried each rapid assault, as he retreated, with a skill that would have brought forth applause even from his old master. At last, he saw his chance, and just as Grace entered on the scene, availed himself of it.

His rival had made a lunge, that laid himself open, if it failed, to Aylesbury; but the latter intended, by a dexterous turn, to avoid the thrust, and to disarm the other. But at that instant, Grace appeared, crying to the combatants to forbear. Aylesbury was startled, and, for the moment, disconcerted; his foot slipped; and though he succeeded in turning aside the rapier of his antagonist, his own went straight on, passing through the body of the cousin, who fell, like a log, heavily, to the ground.

"Good God! what have I done?" cried Aylesbury, staggering back, as he withdrew his blade, now red with the blood of his antagonist.

Grace, for one moment, forgot everything except that she was a woman, and that a man was dying at her feet. She flung herself down at the side of her wounded cousin, and was already supporting his head in her arms. At Aylesbury's words, she looked up, and realized, as if all at once, that he was there. She knew, of course, that, in the quarrel, her cousin must have been the most to blame. His passionate character, the angry tones she had overheard, assured her of this. But she had believed that no provocation would have induced her lover to fight. She felt, that, if he was what she thought he was, he would avoid a duel, if only to protect her own name. She did not know the extremities to which he had been driven. She could not believe it possible that even her cousin would have been as insolent and insane as he had been. She looked up, therefore, at Aylesbury, with eyes full of passionate grief and reproach.

"Go!" she cried, "you have murdered him. Why do you stop? You have put a grave between us. Never let me see your face again. Go, go!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# BEFORE AND AFTER.

BY GEORGE H. COFFIN.

I stood alone in the twilight,
When evening shadows play,
While perfumes, sweet from the meadow,
Bring me welcome close of day.
Welcome to those that are happy,
And welcome to those who mourn;
Symbol of life's fleeting moments,
A leaf from its volume torn.
Thus, standing before her picture,
My thoughts were bridging the years,
To that parting in injured pride,
When filled were her eyes with tears.

I passed out into the gloaming,
And left the tapestried hall,
To seek, and ask for a pardon,
From one who was all in all.

Again I stand by that picture,
After years have rolled around,
Beside me now is the woman,
That healed that deeply scarred wound.
Laughs, as I tell her my story,
Of my thoughts, both grave and gay,
Then asks if my heart is as sad,
As on that propitious day.
Her loving words I cherish now,
As in days when she was fair,
Though o'er her face time's hand is drawn,
And silver-gray her hair.

I'll tell you the woman I wed,
Since you do not seem to know,
I wedded the one that I loved
In the years of long ago.

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# HER SURROUNDINGS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"You may plough and you may plant, but you can't make an onion-bed grow up into lettuces," cried Mrs. Oakford, wrathfully. "Samantha Jane, if you don't look out, you'll break that tea-cup!"

"I'd like to—it's so ugly—and the whole set, into the bargain," said the girl, glancing, with huge disdain, at the row of beflowered dishes that stood on the table.

"You're about as wicked a creatur' as ever lived—I wouldn't ha' believed you could make such a dreadful speech!" exclaimed her step-mother, in a horrified voice. "Where you'll end, if you continner a goin' on as you've done to-day, is more'n I can tell, but there's judgments in store, so we're told, over and over, and if ever you remember it, I should think you'd feel kind o' trembly."

But her listener looked too weary, in body and soul, to tremble at anything.

"There, they're done," she said, waving the towel over the dishes, with a sort of contemptuous triumph.

"Done? If you expect to put cups and saucers away, in my house, done up in that style, with one touch, you're mistaken," said her step-mother. "So now, jest take the other towel, and rub 'em into a shine."

The girl obeyed, obediently enough, but allowed herself the relief of observing:

"It's just wasting time, to rub things with so many cloths."

Mrs. Oakford opened her eyes to their utmost width.

"I swan to man, if that ain't the beat of anything I ever heard!" she said. "I know what I had ought to do—I had ought to box your ears, Samantha Jane, I reely believe you're possessed—I do indeed."

"So do I, sometimes," exclaimed Jane, bursting into a sudden storm of tears.

Mrs. Oakford shook her head.

"Narvy—that's what ails you!" she exclaimed, at last. "Jest narvy—an eel never was narvier, I'm a-goin' to steep some valerian, and you'll drink it, every drop."

"I don't want any valerian—I want to be let alone!" cried Jane, despairingly. "I almost wish now that I was dead—if you torment me, you'll make me wish so quite—yes, you will!"

For a moment, Mrs. Oakford sat overpowered and aghast at this exhibition of passion, as she thought it. She had always known that Samantha Jane was "queer;" of late she had been terribly fretted, and still more pained, by the girl's inexplicable moods; but this phase was so new, she felt at a loss how to deal with it; albeit, as a rule, Mrs. Oakford was a woman of resources, quick perceptions, and a strong will.

The sound of her own wild words, and her step-mother's silence, did a good deal towards sobering the weary creature. When I tell you that as a culmination of weeks of hard work, she had, on the previous day, "turned" twenty-five great cheeses, perhaps you will think somewhat leniently of her outburst. However, before she had decided whether to say she was sorry, or run off to her room, Mrs. Oakford got her wits back sufficiently to make the reply, which, while it irritated and humiliated, held so much truth, that it could not fail to overwhelm a nature so generous and impulsive, as Jane's, with a remorse as exaggerated as her passion, and its expression, had been.

"I'm only your step-mother," said Mrs. Oakford, slowly, "and step-mothers are always to blame—everybody knows that! I married your father, more because he was such a helpless cretur', than anything else, with three gals on his hands, and you the helplessest of all—a two-year-old baby!"

"Oh, mother!" groaned Jane.

But Mrs. Oakford did not heed.

"I worked and I slaved, day and night; through me, the mortgage on the farm was paid off; I took care of your father, when he had consumption; and he said, at the end, that, thanks to me, he could die easy! I brought up your sisters; they're good, honest women, not ashamed nor afraid to work. Only last week, over to Emily's house, at the baby's christening, their husbands said they had to thank me for good wives, and the girlses, they said so, too—"

"Mother, mother!"

"But I'm only a step-mother—I'm made to slave and to bate—I'm cruel and wicked! Everybody would jine with you; say what you like, but mark my words, Samantha Jane, wait till you get to heaven, though I couldn't ferlicitate you on being in the road at present, and see



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what your par says, and your mar, if so be she's fair enough to speak up, which I think she would be, though we wasn't friends when we was girls, and she looked down on me, 'cause I hadn't book larnin'—"

But she could get no further. Jane threw both arms about her neck, kissed her passionately, and ran out of the room. Mrs. Oakford sat for awhile, quite overcome by this scene, altogether new in her experience; then her firm mouth began to work, and she wiped a few tears from her shrewd, but kindly, eyes.

"Samantha Jane ain't bad-hearted," she muttered, as she rose and began rubbing the cups and saucers, with the "second towel," once or twice, unconsciously wiping her eyes with the end of it; "but she's queer; not a bit like the others; never was, from a baby! But it's only lately she's took to being narvy; she gits it from her mother; law, the way Susan went on, afore that child was born! Why, it's a wonder the cretur' has got any backbone to speak of. Mabby I've let her work too hard, this summer. I'm such a peeler myself, that I forget—but then, I don't see as that would account for her tantrums. I swan to man, it looks, as I told her, like possession; it reely does! As if she was a beginnin' as that poor chap might, the Bible tells about, that didn't wear no clothes, and lived in a graveyard. Not that I can believe Samantha Jane would be let to go so far. Her father was a prayin' man, though sometimes I used to think ef there'd ben less faith, and more works, things might ha' turned out better. But I s'pose a body hadn't ought to judge other folks; the prayin's got to be done, no doubt; it's certin sure the work has, and the Lord knows I've had my share."

She had, indeed, good, honest, iron-bound soul; but she had done a great deal that might better have been left undone. Work had been, for years and years, her tyrant and her idol. If she could find nothing else to do, she would scrub the broom-handles, and turn over the boards of the kitchen-porch, and scour them. On Sunday, she rested, physically; but her mind did not rest. She was constantly thinking of what marvels she would perform on Monday, even while trying to read a chapter in a good book, or listening to the parson's sermon, which, somehow, usually seemed to fit the case of her neighbors, but not her own. She was not a slanderer, nor a drunkard, nor idle, nor slothful: how could his words be meant for her?

No, indeed, poor, blind soul, she was only guilty of one sin—she made a god of work. She comprehended, when the minister talked about the wickedness of idolatry; she knew it was wrong to make an idol of pleasure, of money, of your own child even; but she did not know that she was an idolater, too, and was burying her immortal part in her store-room closets; smothering it under rag carpets and patchwork quilts; dwarfing and choking it in dust and ashes. She believed and said—a solemn truth, too—that the man or woman, who shirks necessary duties, is a contemptible coward; but there she stopped. She could not see clearly enough to understand, that the person, who spends one single needless hour over physical labor, commits a sin against both body and soul; cheats the body of repose; cheats the soul of leisure, that ought to be employed in its enlightenment and development.

At the time of her marriage, people had wondered why an educated man, like Mr. Oakford, should have chosen her; but her energy and strength of will were strong attractions to him. He was so discouraged by ill-luck in business; so broken down in health; such a helpless, hopeless creature, with a good deal of imagination, and very little common sense to balance it, with three young daughters on his hands, that her energy seemed to him something restful, something almost noble.

When the hideous dishes, which were poor Jane's horror, had been put away, Mrs. Oakford felt prompted to go in search of the girl; but she resisted the inclination, telling herself, like the sensible woman she was, that the only kindness she could show, would be to leave Samantha Jane alone.

"When it's a case of upset narves, you'd better let 'em worry it out. Ef you scold, they think it's hash. Ef you coax, it urritates 'em, like a blister-plaster. Oakford, he was as narvy as a man could be, and as for Susan—oh, wal, when you come to what *she* was, there ain't no words. So it's no wonder, that, between 'em, they brought that poor gal into the world, no better'n a bundle of fiddle-strings, badly tied up."

But her sympathies were fully aroused, in spite of her contempt for what she held to be the weakness of her step-daughter. She knew the girl was unhappy, and longed to help her; but to find out any way seemed beyond her power.

"I never had a narve myself, not as I know, except once, in a tooth, and I had that yanked out quick enuf. It's a pity, Samantha Jane couldn't have all her narves treated the same fashion. I'd do it, if they was mine, ef I had to take the skin along with 'em. But the older I grow, the plainer I see folks ain't all run in the same mould; and ef they've happened to ha' got

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into a three-cornered one, you can't whittle 'em round, no matter how much you try. You may hurt 'em, till they holler, like all persessed; but land's sake, when you get through, there they be, just as three-cornered as when you begun."

She sat for some time, lost in meditation, and when the striking of the clock roused her to a consciousness, that she had been positively idle, during an entire half-hour, she sprang up, with a sensation of guilt, feeling rather indignant, too, with Samantha Jane, for having been the cause of her committing a crime so heinous.

As she was crossing the kitchen, she heard footsteps on the porch, and a man's voice called, cheerfully.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Oakford. I knocked at the front-door, but I couldn't make you hear. I thought we should find you in this sanctum. I want to introduce my friend, Mr. Crawford, to you. He never saw such a kitchen as yours, for there never was one equal to it. Unless you mean to use the floor for a dinner-table, I don't know why you polish it like this. It may be made of yellow-pine boards; but it looks more like one of the gold pavements in Aladdin's palace. Eh, Crawford?"

The speaker was old Mr. Harding, the minister, and when Mrs. Oakford recovered from her surprise, at the suddenness of his appearance, she perceived that his companion was a stranger, a handsome, grave-looking man of twenty-seven, or eight, who began talking so pleasantly to her, that, to use her own expression, employed later, "she took to him, from the first, though she wasn't, as a gin'ral thing, very consaty, or perky, about hitchin' on to new folks; and you needed to summer and winter, too, with a-body, afore you made up your mind what sort of timber they was built out of."

She wanted the visitors to follow her into the "room," a sacred spot, seldom opened, except on grand occasions, "like funerals or weddins," as she would herself have said; but Mr. Crawford declared that he had not sufficiently admired this dazzling kitchen, and begged her to allow them to remain there, at which she was delighted, partly because she appreciated the compliment, partly because she feared there might be dust upon their boots, which would leave traces on the immaculate glory of her striped carpet.

After a little conversation, Mr. Harding explained the object of their visit. His friend had a fancy for spending the summer in this retreat, which was, by the way, the very loveliest of all the mountain-guarded valleys of picturesque Pennsylvania. He was seeking retirement and a comfortable home, and Mr. Harding finished, saying, "I have brought the pilgrim here, because, in the whole length and breadth of the vale, there is no household, where those requisites can be found in such perfection."

"Land's sake! I want to know!" cried Mrs. Oakford, at this compliment. But she shook her head. "I never had a boarder in my life, and I shouldn't know how to behave," she said.

"Treat him, as if he belonged to you," said Mr. Harding. "Try and put a little flesh on his bones, and if he insists on burying himself, day and night, among his papers and books, scold him well, and rout him out."

He said a good deal more, and Mr. Crawford tried his persuasive eloquence, also; but Mrs. Oakford still shook her head, and reiterated:

"Wal, I do' know—I don't think I could. Samantha Jane, she ain't very strong this spring, and I'd have to hire a gal."

"Whose wages, you must let me pay," said Mr. Crawford.

"Law, do tell! Wal, I do' know—I guess not!" said Mrs. Oakford.

She and the minister were seated, with their backs towards the door which led into the hall; but just then, Mr. Crawford beheld a vision!

A tall, pale girl, with wonderful dark violet eyes, and a profusion of golden hair, flitted past, paused an instant to peep into the room, and fled like some frightened, wild thing, when she perceived his eager gaze fastened upon her.

He was not an impressionable man. It was not the girl's loveliness which struck him. Indeed, the neighbors never even dreamed of calling her good-looking, though they admitted that, perhaps, "she would grow to be, if ever she filled out, and got a little color in her cheeks, and her eyes wasn't so crazy-like."

But it was exactly the expression of those marvellous eyes, which attracted Mr. Crawford. He had a hasty thought, that, out of them, stared a troubled soul, as yet too young and undeveloped to comprehend its own capacities; sick and weary, with a great longing for something, it knew not what; but he knew; it was for action, for progress, for occupation to fill it, for light and sunshine!

He was roused from his revery, by some question Mr. Harding asked of him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, apologetically. "I believe I did not just catch what you said."

"I believe you didn't, nor hear a single word," laughed the old gentleman. "He's always going wool-gathering, this friend of mine, Mrs. Oakford."

"I wouldn't ha' said he knew a might about sheep, or any other farming work," replied Mrs. Oakford, with a puzzled air.

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"Not he. Couldn't tell wheat from oats," rejoined the minister, still laughing, though he refrained from any explanation of the good woman's blunder.

"I wish you could be persuaded to take me in, Mrs. Oakford," said Crawford. "I'll try not to be much trouble."

"Oh, I ain't afeerd of the trouble, but do' know as I could suit you. I kin bake and bile, with most, and as fur puddin's and pies, wal, mabby it's sort o' boastin', but I wouldn't give in to Queen Victory, no matter how many new-fangled things she may ha' larnt."

Few people are proof against flattery, if properly administered. So, between judicious compliments, and the offer of remuneration, which she frankly admitted he rated at too high a figure, Mrs. Oakford finally decided to put her two best chambers at Mr. Crawford's service, for the summer.

Her step-daughter showed a rather provoking indifference, when told of the arrangement. But, still somewhat moved by the recollection of the girl's outburst, Mrs. Oakford refrained from reproaches, and went, after tea, to engage the services of Jerusha Norris, a capable, elderly virgin, who, to use her own phrase, "wasn't born to be nobody's waiter, though sometimes she went out, to obleege, when folks was druv, and knowed how to treat her arter she got there."

The next day, Mr. Crawford took possession of his new quarters, and amazed Mrs. Oakford and Jerusha, by the quantity of books he brought with him, for the accommodation of which, some shelves had to be arranged in his sitting-room. Jane had been seized with one of her shy fits, and wanted to avoid the gentleman, as long as possible, so she asked her step-mother's permission to go and make a visit, that afternoon. The request was granted; but it was so unusual, that, after the girl's departure, Mrs. Oakford observed to Miss Norris:

"It's the queerest idee fur her to git into her head—why, 'taint onct a year you can coax her to go into a neighbor's house."

"Samanthy Jane's dreffully consaty," the elderly virgin replied, with the decision which characterized her; "a-body can't say she ain't likeable; but, somehow, you never feel to know her; she seems to have things in her head, and you can't tell what they be."

"But she's a good gal," Mrs. Oakford observed, still softened by the recollection of yesterday's scene. "I hain't no fault to find with her."

"I don't want you to find none," returned Miss Norris. "The truth is, Maria Oakford, you're a step-mother in a thousand. I ain't one to soft-sawder, everybody knows, but that's what you be, and 'tain't no use to contradict."

"Wal, I don't s'pose I'm so bad, but what I might be worse," Mrs. Oakford answered, with a gratified air. "I'll tell you what, Jerushy, let's go and pick some strawberries, and give that city chap such a short-cake as he never eat; and as for cream, wal, I swan to man, I never saw nothin' like the brindle-cow's milk, since she come in; and the calf's a likely critter as ever you see. Samantha Jane wants to raise it, and I think mabby I will,"

"Calves and babies is a sight o' trouble," Miss Norris observed, oracularly, "and the—" she hesitated a little, then added, with an engaging show of maidenly modesty—"and the kind that grows up, men-folks, is the most bother of all—you said Brindle's was, I think?"

Mrs. Oakford was so impressed by Jerusha's virginal delicacy, that she immediately offered the maiden one of her most gorgeously beflowered bowls, to pick the strawberries in, and led the way out to the "patch," feeling that she was in the society of a very superior person.

Mr. Crawford had been established, for nearly a week, under Mrs. Oakford's roof, before he succeeded in making any approach to acquaintance with Jane, whose taciturnity became all the more noticeable, from its contrast to the voluble powers of conversation possessed by her step-mother and Miss Norris. The girl impressed him as being proud, rather than shy; in a morbid, unhealthy state of mind, too, which caused her to feel that she had no special place in the world, and was not particularly needed by anybody; full of vague longings and aspirations, which perplexed and troubled her; passing through the restless, impatient phase, common to all very young people, endowed with that doubtful good, an imagination; and the restlessness and impatience were increased, in her case, by the unsympathetic, commonplace baldness of her surroundings.

Mrs. Oakford, and her coadjutress, informed him daily, that "Samanthy Jane was queer—very queer." The girl's two married sisters, fine, ample, personable women, but with no very great intellect, gave him the same information, couched, however, in more grammatical English, as became their education. The family doctor hardly went so far, but said that Jane was delicate, growing too fast, and it was this that made her odd. She must have rest and amusement, he said, else she might die of consumption, as her mother had done before her.

Mr. Crawford had gone, one morning, to a

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town, distant a couple of hours by rail, not expecting to return until evening; but not finding the acquaintance he went to seek, he came back, early in the afternoon. Going up to his sitting-room, he discovered Jane, seated on the floor, so deeply engrossed in one of his books, that she did not hear him enter. When, finally, she became aware of his presence, she was so startled, that, in her haste to rise, she dropped the volume.

"Mother sent me to dust a little," she said, embarrassed. "But I—I got to reading—and forgot all about it."

"I am sure the room needs no dusting," Mr. Crawford answered, kindly, "and my books are quite at your service, Miss Jane—that is, some of them—I fear there are a good many not quite suited to a youthful mental appetite."

His smile was so genial, his voice so pleasant, that Jane forgot her confusion.

"I'm afraid I don't care much about any, except novels and poetry," she said, reluctantly.

"Don't you like history?"

"I like reading about the Stuarts. There are bits of French history, too; and the Crusades. Well, I'm afraid that's about all. But my sisters say it is a waste of time to read novels."

"That is, perhaps, going too far," said Mr. Crawford. "But they don't answer, as a steady mental diet, any more than cakes and sweetmeats would do, alone, to support the body."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Jane.

"Understand, I am not advising you to give up reading novels altogether. I only say that other books ought to be read, also."

"There are plenty of things I'd like to study," Jane said, with a sigh. "But it's two years since there's been a good school in the village. I'd got started in Latin, but I don't know enough to go on by myself."

"Suppose we ask your mother, if you may come to school to me," said Mr. Crawford. "I rather like teaching, and I have so much idle time on my hands, that I should be glad to fill up a portion of it."

Jane showed her gratitude, in a very annoying manner: she burst into tears, and ran out of the room. Fortunately, she had to deal with a person capable of comprehending her exact state of mind. The proposal was so unlooked for, so full of delightful possibilities, that, for the moment, she was overwhelmed; he suspected this; and judged her conduct accordingly. "Poor child," he said, pityingly.

Mr. Crawford had hired a pair of horses, when he came, and he began, now, by persuading Jane to ride. He used to ask for her company, in his walks, too; and when the lessons began, the garden was made the school-room. So the girl spent more hours in the open air, than she had ever done in her life; and rapidly began to improve, in health. Mrs. Oakford deferred to her lodger's whim, as she considered it; but she and Jerusha agreed, that, "they'd as soon have expected people to choose the top of a tree, for a school-house, as the garden."

The summer passed; Jane's health improved wonderfully. "It's curus," said Mrs. Oakford, "but she's not half as narvy as she used to be, and readin', too, readin' all the time; jest the thing, I'd have said, to make her so." Meantime, this "readin'," or rather, her studies with Mr. Crawford, became, with Jane, an ever increasing delight. After the first weeks, in which hopefulness and discouragement alternated, she settled to her work with quiet perseverance, and astonished her teacher by her progress, as real as it was rapid.

Mr. Crawford remained until November, and then had to return to the city. But the winter did not seem long to Jane. He superintended her studies, even though absent, and she had his frequent letters, and the promise of his return, early in the summer, to keep her hopeful and buoyant.

He found her greatly changed, when he came back, though the alteration in her letters had taught him to expect this. Even the neighbors admitted that she was growing pretty; but they averred, that her eyes were too large, and her manners not to their taste! "She was too much dressed up," was their verdict, "and had too much to do with books; and Maria Oakford would find out her blunder, some day; but then, Maria, she'd always been as sot as a mule, and 'twasn't no use to try to budge her."

Another summer of happiness to Jane; and when winter came again, she was allowed to go to a good school, in the nearest large town, returning home every Saturday, for a brief visit.

Mr. Crawford appeared anew, with the sunny weather, and spent his third summer at the farm. He found Mrs. Oakford and Jane in trouble. The two married sisters had died, within a few days of each other. All their lives, there had existed between the pair, that strange sympathy one sometimes sees between twins, and after the elder's death, the younger sister was seized with the same fever, and from the first, told her husband that she was going to die. "Emily kept calling to her, and she must go," she said.

Jane had another source of trouble. Young Henshaw had fallen in love with her, and wanted to marry her. Now the Henshaws were among

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the most prominent people in the county. The old mother was a narrow-minded, purse-proud woman, and how it came about, that she did not oppose her son's attachment, was a marvel to everybody. But she approved of the match, upheld the somewhat weak young man, and helped Mrs. Oakford to torment poor Jane.

The girl had known only one pleasure, during the whole spring. In a magazine, that Mr. Crawford sent her, she found a copy of verses she had written. He had had them published, without her knowledge.

The summer went; the winter came and passed. Mr. Crawford, returning to his quiet haunt, for the fourth season, found Jane grown into a beautiful woman—she was nineteen.

A deadly feud was being waged by the Henshaws. Jane had definitely refused the youthful hope of the family, and his mother was so furious, that she went about declaring that the girl had vainly tried to turn her son's head.

In the middle of the summer, a great sorrow befel Jane. Her step-mother died suddenly; and she was left alone in the world.

Jerusha Norris remained with her, and it never occurred to either of them, that Mr. Crawford ought to be sent away; and he, in his masculine blindness, never remembered that his presence in the house might cause comment.

It is doubtful if it would have done so, had it not been for old Mrs. Henshaw's desire for vengeance. She set afloat evil whispers, which grew, with the rapidity and strength such accursed offspring of wickedness and malice always display. Weeks elapsed, however, before even Jerusha Norris heard of the slanders.

But they did reach her at last, and nearly drove her out of her senses with horror and rage. She took advantage of Jane's absence, one afternoon, to seek Mr. Crawford, and tell him what was said.

He was terribly shocked, and agreed with her that he ought to go away.

"It's all that Henshaw woman. She's the wickedest cretur' that ever lived," Miss Norris said. "I can't tell you all they say—it ain't fit to talk about. Oh, to think they should have the hearts to speak agin a motherless gal—why, a baby ain't more innocent'n our Jane."

And poor Jane, passing through the hall, overheard the words. She knew, only too well, what they meant. That very afternoon, she had met an acquaintance, of her own age, and when she stopped to speak, the girl's mother, who was with her, had angrily called her daughter away.

"Come away, Maria Ann," she had said. "Whether the stories are true, or not, you're not going to hurt your reputation by knowing her."

In her distress, Jane had gone, at once, to an old lady, whom she had known all her life; and her insistance finally brought out the whole tale.

She had returned home, broken-hearted and despairing, just in time to overhear a portion of Jerusha's remarks. She got away, without the speakers being aware of her presence, and was not seen by either of them until evening. Then, Mr. Crawford found her, sitting in the garden, in the sunset. He hurried towards her.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," he said. His own agitation was so excessive, that he did not notice Jane's altered looks. "I am obliged to go to Philadelphia, sooner than I expected," he continued, rapidly. "I want to tell you something, first."

"No, no," she cried. "Don't tell me anything."

"I must," he pleaded. "Listen to me, Jane. Will you be my wife?"

"No," she answered, "no. I could not be, to save your soul—I would not, to save mine."

She believed, that, in his generosity, he made the proposal, in order to amend the wrong he had unintentionally done her. She would have died, proud creature that she was, died a thousand deaths, sooner than accept his sacrifice.

She ran past him, and entered the house. He did not see her again, until just as he was ready to leave.

"At least, Jane, we are friends," he said.

"Oh, yes," she replied, wearily.

"But there is no—no hope for me?"

"None," she said, her voice sounding hard as iron. She longed to thank him for his kindness; to tell him that she knew why he spoke; but she could not bring herself to utter a word.

A few days after his departure, she received a letter from him. She did not open it. She felt certain what its tenor would be. She would not risk her own ebbing courage, therefore, by reading it. He should not sacrifice himself for her sake.

She wrote a few lines, and inclosed the unopened letter. She asked him never to refer to the subject again. She could not marry him, she repeated.

So another beautiful dream died suddenly, in Everard Crawford's soul; for he had loved the girl; he discovered it, only too surely, when he heard how she had been slandered. But, like a brave man, he tried courageously to subdue his suffering, though it was a hard struggle.

Meantime, Jane lived on, as best she might. She lived the slanders down. She lived even

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past the bitterness and distrust of humanity, which such horrible pain brings to the young. Jerusha Norris resided with her at the farm. Now and then, Jane heard from Mr. Crawford. He wrote quiet, friendly letters, which she answered, in the same spirit. But he never spoke of coming back.

When she was twenty-one, great changes came into her life. She published her first book, and it was successful. Very soon after, the farm was discovered to have a valuable coal-vein beneath it. Jane sold the place, for a large price, reserving the old house, and a few acres of ground. She showed, too, a business faculty, which caused Miss Norris to swell with pride. She insisted upon retaining certain shares and royalties in the mine. The son of one of the directors wanted her to take him also; but that bit of property, she declined to include in her portion.

She decided to carry out what had grown the ruling desire of her soul, a wish to travel. She asked Miss Norris to accompany her. She was alone in the world, and the spinster's fidelity had greatly endeared her to Jane.

"Law, I ain't fit," said Miss Norris. "You're rich, now, and you're gittin' famous. I'd better stop where I be, and keep the house ready fur ye to come back to, when you like."

But Miss Norris was prevailed on to make an extended tour, even visiting California and Mexico, before she returned, to overpower the neighborhood by her traveled grandeur.

Jane spent the summer in her old home; then sailed for Europe, under the charge of some of her numerous new friends; and life altered so, that, sometimes, she wondered if she could be the morbid, hopeless girl, of a few years back. Only one sentiment remained unchanged—her love for Everard Crawford. But she was too sensible to call existence barren, because it might have borne no fruit.

Everard Crawford had been in South America, for some time. He did not return until the spring after Jane sailed for Europe. A great longing came over him, to visit the spot, where he had known so much tranquil happiness, in her society. So, in the pleasant spring weather, he went out there, knowing, by the newspapers, that she was in Rome.

He astonished Miss Norris, by his sudden appearance; and spent the evening with her. In the excitement of seeing him, she revealed certain suspicions of her own, which caused Crawford, suddenly, to alter all his plans.

Three days later, he was on the ocean. Within three weeks, he was in Rome.

So it came about, that, one bright afternoon, Jane Oakford was seated under the shadow of the ilex-trees, in her garden. The fountain laughed and sang. A skylark soared into the air, and caroled his heart out in heavenly melody. Open letters and journals, on the rustic table by her side, had told her that her last book had given her still another breath of fame. Yet she sat there, a little saddened, a little lonely, thinking, as a great poetess once wrote, how dreary it was for women, to "hear the nations praising them far off."

Suddenly, a voice called,

"Jane, Jane!"

She looked up, and saw Everard Crawford. There he was, holding her two hands, and she trying, in a breathless way, to express her pleased surprise. But he would not listen.

"I have come to ask you, again, to give me a hope," he cried. "Jane, Jane, how could you be so blind? Didn't you know that I loved you—that I had loved you so long? Ah, why did you send my letter back, unopened—that would have told you! Jane, Jane, could you have cared? Was it true you did not understand that I really loved you—that I had only one doubt—one fear—that I was not worthy?"

She did not speak. She could not. But her eyes answered him; and the next instant, she was clasped close to his heart. The fountain laughed, and the skylark sang, and the sunshine turned the ilex-branches to dusky gold; and there the pair stood, bringing the glory of their new happiness to add fresh beauty to the scene.

## DAY AFTER DAY.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

At morn they rise. They see no shining gold,
Nor rose, nor violet, in the breaking East;
Nor see they any wonders sweet unfold,
Nor myst'ries of the earth. They do not feast
On incense of a flower, a bird's wild song,
A bat's swift, jagged flight, a brown bee's gong.
They do not comprehend the least low note
Of Nature's chording. Blind, and deaf, and dumb,
To harmonies of sound, and tint, and speech,
With misty brain, and heart, and soul all numb,
They walk day after day—nor even reach
To tear away the sombre clouds that float
Between their lives and God. His bending blue
Smiles down on none so pitiful as you!

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# MESMERISM vs. COMMON SENSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

## CHAPTER I.

Miss Wynn followed her brother out of his new house, and stood on the verandah. She looked down at the slope of forest and farm land.

"You ought to be a satisfied man, Stephen," she said, in her full, hearty tones. "There is not a prettier home in Fauquier county. And so Lee will think, I'll answer for her."

Doctor Wynn locked the door carefully, and glanced doubtfully around him.

"It ought to please Lee," he said. "Nine years of preparation! And always with an eye to her wishes. It ought to please her. But I don't know—I don't know!"

They walked together, down the steps, and along the avenue of elms, to the gate, where their horses were waiting.

Ellen Wynn, who was a tall girl, with a firm, free step, and frank, gray eyes, half hummed, half sang, to herself, as they went; but the doctor was grave and silent. He was a thin, fair-haired man, with a more refined and sensitive face than his sister. But it was to the woman, with that resolute face of hers, that you would have turned for help, in an emergency.

Nelly, watching him keenly, as she walked, decided that he did not look as the prospective bridegroom of next week should do. Yet nobody, who had known Stephen Wynn for ten years, had recognized him, in that time, as anything else than Lee Page's lover. That was the essential fact about the man. The Wynns and Pages were allied, by those countless ties of blood and intermarriage, which bind Virginia families together; the cousins, Stephen and Lee, had been lovers in their cradles. The current of their love had flowed always without a ripple, and under a summer sun. Parents, friends, uncles, aunts, and an innumerable cousinship, had waited, approving and impatient, for the day, when Stephen should have established himself in practice, and should be ready to bring home his bride. The practice now was established; the house was built, and furnished; and Miss Wynn had just made her final visit of inspection.

At the great Page mansion, in the next county, the clan had already begun to assemble; tremendous preparations were going on, in the kitchens of a dozen country-seats, which the wedding-party would visit, on their triumphal progress, a fortnight hence; far-off kinsmen were on their way, in lumbering family-coaches, with outsiders from Kentucky and Carolina; the last stitch had been taken in the bride's trousseau, the very veil was in its box, pinned to the orange blossoms; and yet Doctor Wynn's blue eye wandered uneasily, and he bit his thin lip, as if his good fortune was a mere vision, fading in thin air.

"What is the matter with you, Stephen?" said Nelly, sharply. "You look like tragedy itself."

"It may be my jealous fancy, Nell, but," hesitating, "there is something troubles me."

"Tell me all about it," with a decisive nod. "It's not about Lee, is it? You have your weaknesses, Stephen, but you're not jealous. It can't be a jealous fancy. Lee is nervous, romantic, but—"

"No, I never had cause for jealousy," interrupted the doctor. "And I've known Lee since we were children. But there is a coldness, a reserve in Lee's letters, lately, which I cannot understand. There was another matter." He hesitated. "Nell, I shall not go into detail. But there have been several unaccountable circumstances, which make me uneasy, and uncertain; even though," he added, smiling uncomfortably, "my wedding-day comes next week."

Miss Wynn waited a moment, in hopes that he would be more candid. But he seated her on her horse, and mounted his own in silence. "What can you do for me, Nell?" he said, as they cantered down the hill together.

"I will go on to Colonel Page's to-morrow, Stephen," said Nell, prompt as usual, "instead of waiting to go with you, next week. If anything is wrong, trust to me to find it out, and set it right."

"I knew you would suggest something, Ellen. But if anything is wrong with Lee, I must set it right myself. Nobody must come between us—not even you."

"I will go, to-morrow," said Ellen, decidedly. "There is nothing more to tell me?" looking at him sharply, feeling that she had received but a half-confidence.

"No, nothing," said Doctor Wynn, evading her eye.



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Among Miss Wynn's many qualities, was a certain big, careless, good nature. "Very well, Stephen, I'll do the best I can," she said. "Keep up heart. It will all be right. Things always do turn out right in the end." Especially, she thought, with regard to Stephen's fantastic, imaginary grievance.

But the matter, which he had reserved, was, this time, more than a fantastic grievance. A year ago, Doctor Wynn had presented to Miss Page, a pearl necklace. He was not a rich man, and his gifts to his bride represented much actual self-denial and privation, a fact which Lee well knew. A week since, while he was in Lynchburg, completing his purchases for the house, he had seen this necklace exposed for sale, in a jeweler's window, and, supposing that it had been stolen, had entered, and demanded to know how it came there.

"It was sold to us," said the jeweler, "by Miss Lee Page. I have her letter here, offering it for a certain sum, cash, which we paid her."

The writing was Lee's.

"The pearls are very fine. Will you look at them with a glass?" said the man.

Doctor Wynn did not look at them with a glass. He went out of the shop, sick, and almost staggering. Lee, trading with her jewels? Lee, selling his poor, little gifts for ready cash? The mystery, the horror of the whole thing, was so incredible, so dreadful, to him, that he could not bring himself to tell Ellen of it. She started, the next day, therefore, ignorant of his trouble.

## CHAPTER II.

Colonel Page, with all the rest of the innumerable family connections, had the highest respect for Ellen Wynn's abilities. He received her with that peculiar, anxious deference, which men pay to a woman, whose shrewd sense and keenness scares and awes them.

"It is very kind in you to come so soon, Ellen. Lee is out in the park, somewhere," he said, hurriedly. "She is not as well as we should like to see her—too pale and haggard. But that's natural, I suppose. We have a few friends with us, already, the Cedar-Lodge Marshalls, and the Volneys, and all of cousin Betty's folks, and the Professor. Pyrus, where is Miss Lee? Oh, I forgot. She is walking with Professor Sarth. She's not as strong, Ellen, as I could wish. She feels the need of her mother now, as never before, I think." All this was poured forth, eagerly and incoherently, as the old gentleman marched up the long hall, with Ellen, pulling his long, white whiskers.

Ellen Wynn knew, as plainly as if he had put it into words, that there was something to conceal, something which he did not himself understand. "Poor old cousin Rupert," she thought, with an amused smile. "I must find it out."

"I will change my dress, and find Lee," she said, aloud, however. "Do not send for her. I know my room. Maumee Sue will take me to it."

Half-a-dozen servants escorted her to her chamber. "Miss Nelly," with her hearty good humor, and sharp authority, was dearer to them than their own gentle, irresolute mistress.

Mrs. Betty Page, from Kentucky, hurried to welcome Ellen, as soon as she heard of her arrival, and to pour out the news.

"Go on with your hair, my dear, and I'll sit here, by the window," she said. "You've seen cousin Rupert? He is in his element. You know he always did rejoice in a turmoil, and a house full to bursting. So fond as he is of Stephen, too. The dear old man would be perfectly happy, I think, if only he could know that Fred was alive."

"He has not heard of Fred, for a year," said Ellen, sharply. "Not since he started to India. Why does he choose this especial time to worry about him? I should waste very little anxiety on such a feather-headed fellow, at any season, I am sure."

"You never were a father, my dear. An only son, too. And Fred never had any fault, except a drop of vagabond blood. It's quite natural, that his father should wish for him, at this crisis in the family affairs."

"I suppose so. But Fred always seemed such a cipher to me, that I cannot understand anybody wasting affection, or emotion, on him. The Cedar-Lodge people are here?"

"Yes. But the house will not really fill, until next week. All that are here now, are of our own family, except Professor Sarth."

A singular hesitation, and a furtive glance at herself, did not escape Ellen.

"Who is Professor Sarth?" she said, carelessly, thrusting a gold bodkin, through the soft, dark puffs of her hair.

"He is a friend of Lee's. She met him in Lynchburg, two months ago. He followed her home, and cousin Rupert invited him to stay for the wedding."

"Ah! What a trouble such a mass of hair is. If it only were curly. This friend of Lee's—he is very pleasant, of course? What family does he belong to?"

"Oh, gracious knows, if he ever had a family. He might be Melchisedek, from the mystery there



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is about him—without father, or mother, or descent. Very learned, and very silent, and with no breeding at all to speak of. A thin, colorless, pale-eyed creature. His eyes have that dreadful death-in-life glare, which I have seen in a fish."

Ellen laughed. "Not much fear of his fascinating any of your girls, cousin Betty."

"No. Not my girls." She coughed, uneasily, and arranged the flounces on her skirt. "Not my girls," she repeated, meaningly. But Miss Wynn was too busy with lacing her bodice, to answer. "I honestly confess, Ellen," continued Mrs. Page, lowering her voice, "that I do not like this man, nor his doings. He professes to be a mesmerist—magnetizer—I hardly know what. Thank heaven, I'm a good church member, and trouble myself very little about such infidelisms. But he declares that Lee is wonderfully receptive of the mesmeric influence. He puts her to sleep, at will; wakens her; summons, or sends her from him, at his will. He has had one or two exhibitions of his power, in the drawing-room. But I have heard it hinted, that his power over Lee is much greater than we are allowed to see; that he can command her, when absent, as if he were present; bring her to him, by a few passes of his hand."

"That is absurd!" said Ellen, hotly. "I have heard of this mesmerism. It is all a fraud, an ungodly fraud! Do you mean to say, that Lee lends herself to such trickery? Or that cousin Rupert allows her to do it?"

"Her father was much opposed to it. But Lee insisted on the experiments. She has shown, gentle as she is, that she has a will of her own. I did wonder," said the matron, with a sudden access of frankness, "what Stephen Wynn would say to it all. And I am glad, on this very account, Ellen, to see you here, to-day."

"I am glad that I came," said Ellen, calmly, for she had regained her control. "But the matter is not as serious as you think, I hope, cousin Betty."

## CHAPTER III.

Miss Wynn, indeed, was too practical, to take alarm. Lee was an exceptionally refined and sensitive woman, and the most unlikely to become a partner in any coarse trickery. "I have wronged Stephen's future wife," she said to herself, "even in listening to such an accusation."

Nevertheless, a strange change in Lee's manner and countenance, shocked and startled her. Lee was more eagerly affectionate than ever before; but she was pre-occupied; and scarcely paid any heed, even when Ellen delivered messages from her brother. The girl, too, had grown thin; her skin was dry and hot; her dark-blue eyes restless and fiery.

"Magnetism, indeed! It looks more like malarial fever," thought Ellen, as she watched Lee, during the long supper.

Professor Sarth, as it happend, was seated opposite to her; a pale-colored, little man, with yellow hair, bristling brows and moustache, and large round eye-glasses. He ate but little, and appeared to shrink from observation. In the whole chattering, gay circle, he and Lee were the only silent members. "A mere book-worm, and half fed at that," decided Ellen, after one or two keen glances. "As little of a wizard, as a man could be! Cousin Betty's romance always did run away with her wits."

After supper was over, Colonel Page went to his study, while the young people flocked to the great hall, which was the usual place of assembling in the evening. It was a vast, low-ceiled apartment, extending through the middle of the house, with two immense fire-places, at either end, in which, the evening being chilly, fires of heaped pine-knots were burning.

The stateliness and impressive air of antiquity, which belonged to the old mansion, reached its culmination in this hall, which had been, in fact, the living-room of the Pages for generations, and had absorbed their character, as the more splendid, but less used libraries, and withdrawing rooms, had failed to do. There were their portraits, high-featured, stern men, and fastidious women, on the wall; there were the enormous buffets, laden with plate, among it cups and salvers won at half the courses in the South, by racing grandfathers; there were spindle-legged harpsichords of the time of cousin Dolly Madison, and cousin Martha Washington; there were swords and guns belonging to Cavalier and Tory ancestors; and, mixed in with them, were gigantic stalks of corn, deer's antlers, stuffed pet-dogs, and Lee's last master-pieces, of bits of painted satin, or stiff crayons. Lee herself, in her clinging, tight-sleeved, gown of some pale-blue stuff, her soft brown hair, rolled like a crown above her timid, high-bred face, was a fitting figure to give life to the quaint, old-time habitation.

Ellen drew Lee apart, while the others gathered into noisy, gossiping groups. "We have not had a minute to ourselves," she said, "and I have so much to tell you of the house."

"The house?"

"Yes—your house. Stephen took me over it, yesterday. Are you listening, dear? You watch the door, as if you expected somebody to come in, with bad news."

"Nonsense!" Lee forced a smile. "Tell me

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about the house. Stephen has written every detail, but it is different to actually see it for yourself."

"You will see it, for yourself, next week." But Lee did not blush, nor smile. She listened, with her eyes fixed vacantly on Ellen's face; but now and then they gave the same quick, terrified glance at the door.

"Only a week, to-day, and you will be at home there—*at home*," pursued Ellen, keenly watching her. "Do you realize that it will be next week?"

"Next week? No! Sometimes I think it will be never," Lee broke out, with a passionate contortion of her features. Then she controlled herself. "Don't heed me, Ellen," laughing. "I am not well, lately. I hardly know what I am saying, sometimes."

"Sit down, quietly, Lee. You are a little nervous, naturally. Let me tell you what Stephen is doing, to make ready for you."

"Another time. I cannot stay now. I am wanted outside." Her strained eyes on the door.

"No one called you."

"No, but—oh, there he is!"

The door opened, and Professor Sarth came in. He had a soft, noiseless tread, and glided round, behind the groups, until he reached the window recess, near to Ellen and Lee. He made an authoritative, but scarcely perceptible gesture, with his finger, and Miss Page instantly went towards him. Ellen blushed with anger.

"He summons her as if she were a spaniel, and she obeys him! There is no prouder or more reserved girl, with men, in all Virginia, than Lee Page. At least, heretofore."

Meantime, the professor said to Lee, in the sharp tone he would have used to a servant, "I must have another exhibition; and put you to sleep."

"Now? Here? No, no! For God's sake, not now!" cried Lee, but in a whisper. "My father forbade me, positively, the other day, to submit to the passes again. Dr. Wynn's sister is here; she would think it improper, indecent in me. It will break off my marriage."

"Ta, ta!" with a careless fillip of his fingers. "If you choose to consider your father, and your marriage, instead of *me*, very well! I am satisfied—" But, he looked her steadily in the eye. The sentence was finished between them without words. Her lips grew colorless, her features pinched, as she stared into his gray, implacable eyes. She tried to speak once, but the sound choked in her throat. At last she bowed assent. The professor whirled round lightly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in a shrill, gay voice. "I propose a little scientific exhibition, for our amusement, this evening. It will especially amuse Miss Wynn," bowing to Ellen, "who is, I understand, a lady of scholarly tastes and high culture."

There was a momentary, embarrassed silence. Then cousin Betty Page came to the front. "If you mean, Professor," she said, boldly, "by your exhibition, a repetition of the experiment you made, last night, with my cousin Lee, I must very decidedly object to it. It is not pleasant, to use the mildest expression, for a lady to submit to, or for her friends to witness."

"If Miss Lee objects to it, I shall not insist," he said, smiling amiably. "What does she say?" He did not even glance at her, being occupied in taking off his eye-glasses, and carefully polishing them. But Lee's eyes were fixed on his face.

"I do not object," she said.

"Do you wish for it?" he persisted, placidly.

"It is a thing, Lee," cried cousin Betty, hotly, "which your mother, if living, would not allow."

The girl threw up her hand, in deprecation, but did not take her fascinated gaze from Sarth.

"Do you wish for it?" he insisted, still without looking at her. But Ellen fancied that he made a slow sign with his hand, a gesture, by which he seemed to assume control of the girl's whole flexible, slight body, as she bent towards him.

"I do wish for it," she said, in a low, steady voice, "and if my dead mother were here—" she paused, and added, "I should still consent to it."

"Take your seat," said Sarth. She sank into a chair.

"*I*, for one, shall not stay to see it," said cousin Betty, angrily, leaving the room.

"Why such a pother?" said the little man, in his airy, foreign accent. "It is but a moment's divertissement. The lady is tired. I put her to sleep—so," rapidly waving his lean, white hands over her, then passing them, with light touches, down her arms. Her head sank on her breast, her whole body relaxed; but the eyes rested on his—helpless, obedient.

"She sleeps," he said, triumphantly. Then, after a moment's pause, he reversed the passes. "She is awake, now," he said. "But it is better that she should rest. The day has been exhausting. Go to your own room, Miss Page," he commanded. And Lee, rising slowly, walked to the door, sluggishly, as though under the influence of a narcotic.

"It is but a little experiment," he said, smiling, and turning to Ellen. "I had understood you were interested in science and kindred pursuits. Miss Page is singularly receptive of mesmeric influences. I may say that I have brought her under absolute control."

Miss Wynn bowed, but made no reply. She

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left the room, however, and sent a messenger for her brother. "Come at once," she wrote. "It is imperative: don't wait."

Miss Page did not go to her own room. There was a little chamber, adjoining the library, dimly lighted by the lamps in the larger room, and opening through low windows into the garden. Its damp, dusky air was heavy with the smell of herbs and roses. It was here that Sarth had chosen to hold his interviews with her; and here the girl dragged herself, with slow, unwilling steps. Sarth entered, a few minutes later, and threw himself on a sofa.

"Sit down," he said, waving his hand.

But she remained standing.

"What do you want, now?" she asked.

Repugnance, fear, loathing, were in her face; a timid, immature face, which, up to a month ago, had never expressed any emotion, which an innocent child might not experience.

"What do I want? I want more money. That is, your brother wants it, if he is to be saved from the gallows."

"What can I do? I have sold every jewel I own, even the cross my mother gave me—"

"It was to save her boy. She was very fond of Fred, wasn't she? He has often talked to me, at night, when we would be camping on the plains together, of your mother; and the little garden you and he made, while she watched you; and of your lessons together." He watched her keenly, as he talked. She began to weep, sobbing silently. "Fred never ceased to love you and his mother. He was a wild fellow; he drank hard, and gambled high; but there was the one hope for him, his love for his mother and you. I can't bear to tell him that you are so engrossed with your lover, and your marriage, that you will let him die, and will do nothing."

"It would be a lie, if you told him that," said Lee, standing erect. "Only tell me what I can do, and I will do it."

"You know, as well as I. Fred has killed this man, Phipps. Under great provocation, he says. But that must be proved. Phipps was popular in Denver. Fred is a stranger. He needs the best counsel that can be had. His witnesses must be brought from another State. In short, we want money—money, and more of it. Will you tell your father?"

"It would kill him. To go to him, and say that my brother was on trial for murder, and that—oh, my God, I cannot do it," she cried. "Anything but that!"

"Then, will you ask Doctor Wynn for the money?"

"He has none to give me." The blood rushed to her face. Her voice was suddenly strong. "What right have I to ask Stephen Wynn to help me? I never will marry him. There never was a blot upon the family name of the Wynns. He shall never think that he brought disgrace into it by me."

"You are going to shoulder the disgrace of being the sister of a murderer, then?"

She shuddered, but did not answer.

"You will not ask Wynn for the money?"

"No."

"Nor marry him?"

"I never will," she said, sinking into a chair, and beginning to cry.

"Then—marry me!" hissed Sarth, springing up, and stooping over her. "You told me that the fortune, left to you by your mother, was to be paid to you on your wedding-day. It does not matter who the man is, that you marry, the money must be paid, all the same."

"Marry *you*?" Her lips scarcely formed the words. "You?"

She feebly lifted both hands, to thrust him away, but they fell, powerless.

"Yes, me! John Sarth. From the very first day I saw you, I meant to have you for my wife. But what matters that?" recollecting himself. "You care nothing for me. But in this way you can save your brother. It is the only way. When Fred sent me to you, to ask help, he said, 'Little Lee will refuse you nothing, for me.' You say you cannot be Wynn's wife, or get money from him. Then take this other way. Go with me, now—to-night—to a magistrate, and marry me. I have shown them all the power I have over you, purposely, to explain such a course. They will think it love; love for me, not mesmerism. Eh! do you see?" lowering his voice, and lifting her hand. She attempted to draw it away, but he made a rapid gesture, and it lay in his, cold and nerveless.

"To-morrow," he continued, "the money will be paid to you. I will telegraph it, by draft, to Denver, as I have done the other funds you have given; and Fred will be saved. Will you do it?"

She tried to rise. "Give me time—my father," she muttered.

"Time? As much as you choose, provided you don't risk poor Fred's life with the delay. But I would not be slow in deciding, if you want to keep the boy from being hung."

His very brutality forced her in the way he would have her go. It was something so alien to herself, so outside of any former experience of her life, that it stunned her. This talk of the gallows, this dragging her into marriage by sheer brute force, felled her reason, as the attack of an ox would her body.

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She rose to her feet, however, with something of the dignity, which had always belonged to Lee Page. "I cannot marry a man, whom I do not love," she said. But her words sounded to her like one of the feeble platitudes of her copy-book. Love? Who had talked of love?

She must marry him to save Fred's life. Love had nothing to do with it.

She went out of the room, into a long passage, from which the doors of the sleeping-chambers opened. Sarth followed her, quietly. She walked hastily towards her father's room, laid her hand upon the door-knob. She could hear him moving inside. A sense of rest and calm fell on her, at the thought of telling him all.

All? That his son was a murderer? Her hand dropped. "I cannot do it," she said.

"As soon as Fred is set free, he will come home, and begin a new life," Sarth eagerly whispered, for he had followed her. "It will make your father a happy man. He need never know what has happened. But if Fred is found guilty—when your father hears it—"

She turned on him. "Have you no mercy?" she cried. "No man could torture a woman as you do me!"

"It is not I. It is you, who refuse the only chance of escape. Marry me, and Fred is saved. Come, come," gently drawing her toward the door. "I have a buggy in waiting, in the garden road. We can drive to Mill Creek, and be back in half-an-hour. The money will be sent, and—" he hesitated, then went on, boldly, "if you wish it, I never will see your face again. Come,"

He passed his hands quickly over her head, down her arms; and half dazed, and shivering, she followed him, down the steps, and along the garden path. At the gate stood the buggy.

The girl stopped, muttering something about her mother.

"Come," said Sarth, holding out his hand, shaking with excitement, but not touching her.

She followed him.

Suddenly, there was a quick, firm step, behind.

"Ah, Lee!" said Ellen Wynn. "I have found you at last! Just in time for a quiet chat. Professor Sarth will excuse you, I am sure, especially as I have good news to tell you. Your father telegraphed, yesterday, to San Francisco, to know if anything could be discovered of Fred. He was impatient to have news of him, before the wedding. He has just received a reply."

"Well?" gasped Sarth, with a hoarse laugh. "What of Mr Fred?"

Lee did not speak.

"He arrived from Honolulu, a fortnight ago, in good health and spirits. He has been in Japan for a year. He started for home at once. He is due here to-morrow. Your father is—"

But Lee, with pallid face, and blazing eyes, had turned on Sarth, like one of the Erinyes.

"And *you*—?" she cried.

But the man was already gone. Nor was he ever seen again by one of the Page family.

Fred Page did arrive the next day, a sturdy, manly, bearded fellow, who, if he had not made his fortune, had sowed his harmless wild oats, and was quite ready to settle down.

Sarth, he recognized by description, as a disreputable, clever fellow, whom he had made his partner and confidant in the mines, and who had used the knowledge of his family, so gained, to cheat poor, credulous Lee out of her jewels, by a clumsily invented story, and to force her nearly into marriage.

The wedding was one of the gayest, and most brilliant, which was ever known in the great Page clan. From the dressing of the bride, to the throwing of the last shoe, Ellen Wynn was the manager, the good genius, of the whole affair.

Lee hung upon her neck, fondly, at parting.

"You do not know from what you saved me," she whispered.

But there was a queer twinkle in Ellen's eye, which seemed to say that she did know.

## TO ANNIE.

BY S. S. GORBY.

Sweetly the bright stars are gleaming,
Up in the heavens above;
Twinkling, and smiling, and seeming
As though they had something to love.
Looking with eyes that are beaming
With rapturous love and delight,
While I, at my table, am dreaming—
Thinking and dreaming
Of Annie, my darling, to-night.

Softly the bright stars are shining
Up in the ether so blue;
Smiling as though they're divining
What I am dreaming of you.
I should not care much if they knew it,
If stars, like my love, should prove true;
But if they prove false, they will rue it—
Oh, sadly they'll rue it,
Those stars in the ether so blue.

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# THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 467.

## CHAPTER XX.

WHILE Lucy was occupied with her father, and his nearest friends were flocking around him, anxiously offering help, Mrs. Farnsworth and Octavia had withdrawn to another room, and were hurriedly putting on their wraps.

Hovering in the darkest part of this room, they found a little, old woman, who hastily put on her spectacles, as they entered, and looked wistfully around, as if to discover some means of evading observation; but this was soon rendered impossible, for Octavia found some difficulty in disentangling her cloud of white zephyr, from the bugles and fringes of her opera-cloak, and cried,

"My good woman, can't you see that I want help?"

Then aunt Hannah crept forward, shrinking, and evidently afraid; for her hands trembled, as she reached them out for the cloak, and she managed the garment so awkwardly, that Octavia snatched it from her hold, and huddled herself into its snowy folds, with angry impatience.

Mrs. Farnsworth was always ready to offer a rebuke to others, and, being really shocked by the girl's rudeness, said,

"Pray help *me* a little. I shall be much obliged."

Hannah did not speak; but a quickly-drawn breath, that was almost a sob, made the lady turn, with a look of surprise. She saw nothing but a shrinking, little woman, who held a cloak so high up, that it covered her face with shadows. True, the garment shook in her hand, but that old house was so full of draughts, that the motion seemed nothing remarkable; so she gathered the cloak about her, and left the room, without knowing that the old woman remained there, with clasped hands, and tears rolling down.

When Octavia appeared in the outer room again, all the shadows of discontent had left her face; for Lord Oram stood waiting for her, and, before him, such evidences of ill-temper were never permitted to appear. Still, she kept her mother waiting in the cold air, with malicious intent, while she took elaborate leave.

Of course, Mrs. Farnsworth was not rendered particularly amiable by this studied delay. She understood its meaning well enough, and knew that, altogether, the evening had been a failure. She was made to feel, by the independence of the people she had left, that an American donation party, apple-bee, or husking, must always lack the patronage and servility of a tenant-gathering in old England, and was rather humiliated by a state of things, that had brought her high-born friends so nearly down to the common level.

This she tried to explain to Var, as they sat shivering in the sleigh, waiting for Octavia's appearance; but that gentleman was in no way disposed to be critical. He had been delighted with the whole proceeding, he said.

This adroit tactician might have gone further; but that moment, Octavia appeared, jumped, with a graceful leap, into the sleigh, and, nestled down by Lord Oram in the furs.

Once home, the gentlemen were dismissed, with soft hand-clasps and beaming smiles, to be drawn back to the country town.

And now Miss Octavia gave way to the storm, that had been raging under all her assumed cheerfulness.

"A pretty state of things you have plunged me into," she said, throwing her cloak across one of the antique chairs, "but, of course, I could have expected nothing better."

"May I ask what you did expect?" answered Mrs. Farnsworth, pressing her lips hard together.

"Expect? Why, it was absurd folly, of course; but I did think that the very wish to get me out of your path, which you have expressed so many times, would impel you to help me now. Here is a match, that just meets your exaggerated views of gentility—a nobleman, no doubt of that—young, wealthy—"

"I beg pardon, but there is some doubt of that," said the mother, with cutting brevity.

"Who told you so?" demanded Octavia, turning sharply on her mother. "Count Var, perhaps?"

"Yes, Count Var, who is an honorable man, and who speaks from his own knowledge. Oram's estates are heavily encumbered."

"Well, what then?" exclaimed Octavia. "Could anything else bring an English nobleman to this



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country, for a wife? They have an aristocracy of birth—we, of money."

"But you have no money, my Octavia," said the mother, with a soft voice, and a cruel smile.

Octavia turned pale. The mother's smile deepened, as she saw the swift pallor on her daughter's face, and the white lips curl with a sneer.

"You may taunt me with this once too often," said the girl. "The time will come, when my father's money must be mine."

"When I am no longer here to control it," answered the lady, still smiling, as if it were not her own death she was speaking of. "But will Lord Oram wait so long?

The jeer in her mother's voice deepened the angry pallor on Octavia's face.

"Think of the blue blood in my veins. You have not counted that," she said, with a fine twist of irony.

Now, the smile died on Mrs. Farnsworth's lips, and she grew white with rage, like her daughter.

"Do you presume to question that?"

Octavia's eyes gleamed. She had, at last, aroused her mother.

"I presume to question anything you advance, when we are quite alone," she said. "It would be impolite to investigate one's mother in company, you know, especially, with all these evidences of high birth around us."

Mrs. Farnsworth was thoroughly enraged now. Her eyes flashed fire; her foot trembled on the carpet, as if she longed to trample her daughter into the earth. Octavia was absolutely frightened into cowardice.

"I thought it was your ambition to get me well married—that you would be willing to make sacrifices," she repeated.

"Heaven knows that I have worked hard enough, to get you well placed," interrupted the mother, with some relenting; for the great tide of passion, with both, was beginning to ebb, when met with equal force.

"But how could you take me into that horrid den, where I was left quite alone, while Var flirted with that pale-faced girl, as if I hadn't been in the world, and Lord Oram was seized upon by that abominable Mrs. Doolittle, exactly as a hawk pounces on a chicken? I tell you, I never was so overlooked in my life."

A proud woman would have exacted a more respectful apology than was embodied in Octavia's complaining words, after so much rude insolence; but Mrs. Farnsworth was not a proud woman. It pleased her to be called so; but with her, vanity and intense selfishness stood in the place of real dignity. She was accustomed to these abrupt quarrels with her daughter, and managed to win excitement, and some valuable practice, out of them. The bitter resentment, which the girl's dependent position was sure to bring into the contest, added greatly to its interest; but, most of all, she enjoyed the romance and pathos of a reconciliation, in which all the poetry of her soul could agitate itself, and find intense expression.

This supreme moment had arrived now. The firelight, that shone across her face, revealed that her eyes were flooded with tears; gentle sobs disturbed her bosom. She reached out her arms, and, in a voice broken with maternal anguish, cried out:

"Oh, Octavia, my child—my child. Will you never understand the mother, who would gladly die for you?"

Octavia hesitated a moment; the corners of her scornful, little mouth curved downward; and, with a lift of the white shoulders, she half turned away, rejecting the offered embrace.

Then came a great sob, and a cry of anguish, from the mother.

"Oh, Octavia—Octavia, do you wish to break my heart—that has forgiven you so often?"

Octavia's shoulder was still lifted a little, rebelliously; but she allowed herself to be enfolded in those appealing arms.

"There, there, mamma, I'm awful sorry. Now, just let us end it. One gets so tired of quarreling, and making up. It becomes monotonous."

"Monotonus? Oh, my child, you say that, when I suffer so? But sensitive feelings go with great endowments, and these are not always given by inheritance. It will be my sad doom always to fail of appreciation, even from my own child."

Here, Mrs. Farnsworth pressed her lips to Octavia's forehead, and gently released her.

The girl's face was flushed now, and her eyes shone like stars, in the firelight; for she began to comprehend that something more than a common quarrel and reconciliation was intended.

"Now, why not speak out, and have done with it," she said, forcing her mother into a chair, with a sort of caressing authority, that was very attractive, and kneeling down before her, as suppliants would before a queen. "There—now, I am listening."

"For what?" questioned the mother, smiling down upon her, well pleased with the pose.

"For—"

"Hush," said the mother. "What is that?"

Octavia held her breath.

"Surely, it is the bells—our bells."

Both women started up, and went to the window. They were right. A sleigh had drawn

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up before the gate. There was a little crowd around it, and some one held up a lantern, by which they could see that a man was being lifted out of the furs.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Of course, there were various opinions about the donation party, when it broke up, that night; but a general idea of its success prevailed. To the society, it had been a grand love-feast, with worldly variations, that greatly enlivened the young people, but troubled some elderly consciences, as a doubtful experiment. To the little shoemaker, it had been, from beginning to end, a personal ovation. That dash of patriotic music, with which he had greeted the young lord, had imparted a ring of lively defiance even to his hymn tunes, and so inspired him, that he could hardly keep from humming to himself, while sitting at the table, by his wife, who held a year-old baby in her lap, with one hand, while she fed it, and herself, with the other.

Afterward, came more music, and that young lady, with jewels on her white neck, and smiles on her beautiful mouth, crowning the night with her praises. No wonder the shoemaker felt that his wife was taking liberties with a great man, when she placed the sleeping baby in his arms, and expected him to carry it home.

Mrs. Doolittle went home radiant. She had been seated, a full hour, at the head of the society table, side by side with a British lord; on her left hand was Mrs. Farnsworth, and the minister, whom she patronized graciously, and below them, Miss Octavia, with that count, sitting between between her and Lucy, with whom he conversed as if she were a born queen. Then, directly opposite, sat Doolittle, looking like a prince, in his best Sunday clothes.

Still, when once in the street, with her husband, who carried a lantern, to direct her footsteps along the snowy path, she confessed that something had happened that she did not approve of. She was not quite sure whether people, among lords and ladies, took their young ones to suppers and parties or not, but she had left her boys at home, and it did seem to her, as if Mrs. Patterson might have done the same.

All this, Mrs. Doolittle said on her way home, that night, and in rather exalted tones of voice, too, though she knew, well enough, that the little shoemaker was close behind them, side by side with his wife, lagging under the weight of a stout, sleeping baby, muffled in a woolen shawl.

Other stragglers were coming along the road, tired, sleepy, and a good deal demoralized by the late hour and that hearty supper. Still, there was much talk in their homeward progress, while a pung or a cutter dashed by, now and then, enlivening the scene greatly.

Half-way between Wheeler's Hollow and the village, the highway was spanned by a small plank-bridge, with heavy logs guarding the sides, under which a brook of some depth flowed, in the summer, but was now scarcely perceptible, from the snow and ice that covered it.

Doolittle held his lantern down low, as he crossed this bridge, and the Pattersons, following him, thankful for the light, walked fast, in order to keep up with some of the neighbors, who had gone on before. They had all reached an abrupt lift of the road, when a great clash of bells, and tramp of hoofs, startled them, so suddenly, that they rushed on one side, and left the track clear.

It was well they did so; for, coming down the hill, at a furious pace, and dashing from side to side, was Mrs. Farnsworth's sleigh, on its return from the old mansion-house. Lord Oram and Count Var were swaying to and fro, among the furs, and the city coachman, enraged by this long night ride, and flushed with drink, furiously cracked his whip, and urged on his horses.

As the team plunged on to the bridge, both the gentlemen started to their feet. One, deceived by the snow into believing it solid ground, gave a mad leap, which carried him over the log barriers, down upon the ice below. The other seized upon the coachman, tore the reins from his loose grasp, and holding them, with a grip of iron, guided the furious horses along the road, slowly, but firmly, checking their speed.

Down the steep embankment of the stream, and out upon the ice, crowded the frightened group that had followed the sleigh.

Nathaniel Drum first, and, after him, Doolittle and some others; a pale, breathless band, expecting to carry a dead man up from beneath the bridge.

There, indeed, they found Lord Oram, lying, stunned and still, upon the ice, his face, white as the snow around it, turned upward to the sky.

"Dead as a door-nail, I'm awfully afeard," said Drum, as the light of Doolittle's lantern fell upon it. "What's ter be done?"

Doolittle placed his lantern on the ground, and stooped over the prostrate form.

"If there's a spark of life in him, the first thing is to save it," he said.

Drum placed his hand where that young heart should have been beating, but directly lifted a shocked, pale face to Doolittle.

"Nary a spark," he said.

Doolittle looked around. Some pale-faced

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women, some of them crying, looked down from the bridge.

"One of you come here and take the lantern," he said. "We shan't have more than men enough to get him to some house."

Mrs. Doolittle threw herself down the bank.

"Give us hold here," she said, while tears rained down her face. "I could help carry him, if you'd only let me."

"There ain't no use in that," said Drum. "Jist take hold of his feet, some of you fellers, while I lift his head and shoulders. Climb ahead with the lantern, Mrs. Doolittle, and we'll foller."

Mrs. Doolittle climbed the bank, holding the lantern in one hand, while she pulled herself up, by leafless bushes, with the other, crying all the time. Her husband and Drum followed, carrying the lifeless young nobleman up to the road, with great tenderness and care. Once upon the bridge, they laid him down, folded his sable-lined overcoat reverently around him, and stood together, uncertain.

They were about mid-distance between the minister's house and the old Wheeler mansion. To which of these places should they take the deathly form lying at their feet?

While they were deliberating, a faint sound came from down the road, and they knew that some conveyance was approaching.

"It is Mrs. Farnsworth's team coming back," said one.

Mrs. Doolittle held up her lantern, as a sign of distress, and waved it slowly over her head.

Count Var threw the reins back to the sobered coachman, and came from the sleigh, pale as usual, and grave to solemnity.

"Is he dead?"

"So far, we can find no signs of life," answered Doolittle.

Var went to the edge of the bridge, and looked down.

"It was a fearful leap," he muttered, measuring the distance, "but greater risks have been run, and life saved. It may be so here."

Turning swiftly, he lifted Lord Oram from the ground, and before any one could offer help, carried him to the sleigh. There, holding his friend close in his arms, he said:

"Some one of you take charge of the horses; that fellow might follow up one murder with another."

In an instant, Nathaniel Drum was in the driver's seat, with the reins in his hand.

"To the old place, I reckon?" he questioned.

"To the nearest house. Leave us there, and then go for a doctor. Drive for your life."

The distance between the bridge and the Wheeler mansion, seemed as nothing to Var, who had Lord Oram in his arms, and had carried him up the walk to Mrs. Farnsworth's house, before that lady could discover the cause of his return.

"It is Lord Oram, and, oh, mamma, he is dead. I know that he is dead," cried Octavia, rushing toward the door, and out upon the porch, where she stood, wringing her hands, and posing, with tragic effect, as Var brought his lifeless burden into the hall.

The young lady followed him, still wringing her hands, and appealing to the count for some assurances that the young man was still alive.

Var did not answer her; but carried his friend into the parlor, and laid him down on a couch.

Certainly, the young man seemed dead; his limbs were relaxed, his hand fell down to the floor, the blonde gold of his beard and moustache was matted with snow.

Octavia knelt down by him, and, lifting that supine hand from the floor, laid it tenderly on his bosom. Then her head drooped, her lips were pressed upon it, and she murmured, "my beloved, oh, my beloved!"

Count Var was greatly shocked, and had, all along, exhibited deep feeling; but a gleam of fine irony passed over his features now. He made no effort to console the lady; but went to the door, to assure himself that Drum had driven away in search of the doctor.

Mrs. Farnsworth had, certainly, managed to retain sufficient composure to understand all that was going on. She saw that look on Var's face, and hastened to counteract the impression, which her daughter's overacting had made.

While Octavia lay with her face almost upon the bosom of the man, whose life seemed to have passed away, uttering broken murmurs, and kissing the hand she still clung to, the mother, observing that Var had returned to the hall, went up to the girl, put aside the rich drapery of her evening-dress, that was streaming over the floor, and made an effort to lift her from her knees.

"Octavia, my child, control yourself. Remember that his friend is here, to observe all this passionate devotion. An hour from this, you will blush to meet him."

The girl lifted her head, and a singular look of intelligence was in the eyes, that the mother had expected to see full of tears.

"Oh, why should I care, now that he is dead? See how cold he is growing. Lay your hand here. Can you feel how still his heart is, and blame me, that I suffer?"

The mother placed her hand upon the young man's heart, and held it there, half-a-minute.

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Then the same expression, that had kindled in Octavia's eyes, flashed into hers.

"You see, you see, yet have the heart to drag me away from him!" pleaded the girl. "It is cruel, it is cruel!"

"But Count Var will be back, in a moment. He must not find you kneeling here. He must know nothing of this infatuation. Have you no pride?"

"Pride? What has that to do with him, now that he is dead? Oh, mamma, I loved him so, I loved him so!"

All this time, Count Var was in the hall, listening, anxiously, for some sound of the doctor's coming. The position that Octavia had taken, by his friend, filled him with absolute impatience, if not disgust. He doubted the sincerity of that by-play in the parlor, and felt contempt for all duplicity, which was not adroit and subtle as his own. Neither Mrs. Farnsworth, nor her daughter, had learned, that perfect honesty is the best means of deceiving an unscrupulous and crafty man. Instead of accepting the truth, of which he is himself incapable, he is likely to search beyond it for the falsehood, which would be natural to his own character. Thus, frank simplicity often baffles design, without meaning it; while craft, pitted against craft, succeeds, ever, with the keener intellect.

At another time, Count Var might have been amused by what he saw, from the shadows of the hall; but now, he was so anxious and impatient, that the scene became unendurable.

Octavia did not seem to know of his approach; but kept her place by the couch, sobbing, piteously.

Suddenly, there arose a noise in the yard, The gate opened. There was a jingle of bells, and swift footsteps tramping up the walk.

"It is the doctor," cried Octavia, starting to her feet. "Oh, if, by a miracle, he could be saved!"

Count Var met Doctor Gould at the door, and came into the parlor with him. Mrs. Farnsworth and her daughter withdrew, and shut themselves up in the lower room. When they were quite alone, the elder lady sat down on the sofa, and drew a deep breath.

"It would have been terrible, if the fall had killed him," she said. "The very thought of it makes me tremble, even yet."

"But now?" said Octavia.

"Yes, now, it really does seem providential," answered the elder lady. "No doubt of it, his heart was beating."

"I was sure of that," answered Octavia, "from the first; there was a faint flutter, like a bird dying."

"But was he conscious?"

"Part of the time, I am sure of it."

Mrs. Farnsworth smiled.

"Again, I say, it was providential. A whole year of ordinary intercourse could not have done so much."

"Besides, he is hurt, some way, or we should not have had that long fainting-fit. It may be weeks before he can be taken from us," said Octavia, calculating her chances, as a miser counts his gold.

"Besides," said Mrs. Farnsworth, "Count Var must stay with his friend. How strangely things do come about!"

The eyes of the mother and child met. Both smiled.

"I hope it isn't anything very serious. One doesn't mind sitting with a patient, reading to him, and all that; but real, downright nursing would be something awful," observed Octavia, after some moments of silence.

"One must be prepared to take up a duty with patience," was the sententious reply. "I have always tried to impress this upon you."

Octavia gave her head a little toss.

"I only hope such duty will not come my way, mamma, dear; but, I hear doors open and shut. Something is going on. Shall we go down?"

The two women found Doctor Gould in the hall, putting on his overcoat.

"Will he live?" questioned Octavia, with downcast eyes, and restless hands.

"Rather, is he still alive?" broke in the mother, anxiously.

"He is still alive."

"But in danger—you do not mean to say that?"

"Yes, neglect might bring danger."

"But he will not be neglected here," said Mrs. Farnsworth, lifting her head, with dignity. Now, do not hesitate to tell us the worst. It is important that we should know."

"A dislocated shoulder, and—"

"Well, doctor, well?"

"And some concussion of the brain."

"Oh, that is dreadful."

"He will require careful nursing."

The two women looked at each other. Doctor Gould understood the glance.

"I shall arrange for that," he said. "There is a little old woman, down in Wheeler's Hollow, who understands her business. Can you make room for her?"

"We must find room for any one, that is necessary to his lordship's comfort," replied Mrs.

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Farnsworth, with dignity; for Doctor Gould's independent way of arranging her household was rather offensive to her.

"She had better come at once, then," said the young man, settling himself into his overcoat. "We have carried the gentleman into a room upstairs, where he must be kept very quiet. You understand. Good-night. I will send the nurse."

When the doctor went out, he found Drum waiting to take him home.

"Seem tet be a trifle down in the mouth," said that individual, leaning over from his seat. "Is it 'cause that 'ere British lord is going ten make a die of it?"

"There's no reason why he should die just yet," was the answer. "But he's had a narrow chance for his life."

"Wal, I should jist think so. He was about the limpest critter, that I ever took hold on; but I say, doctor, that other chap, there's clear grit in him. You wouldn't believe it, but there jist is."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

It was strange to Lucy Hastings; but her father seemed to lose all the vigor that had been so gradually coming back to him, after that benevolent gathering of the cousins. From that day, his spirits drooped, and some strange, nervous anxiety seized upon him. He was not less tender in manner and speech, than formerly; but even in the depths of that great sorrow, his sadness had not been more complete. The good man struggled with it, and, at times, made touching efforts to be cheerful; but when Lucy, pleased with this, brightened even under those forced smiles, they would die out of his eyes, and leave them so full of wistful tenderness, that her heart ached under it.

Lucy felt that some anxiety, regarding herself, had caused this change; but when she questioned him on the subject, he gently put it aside; or seemed so distressed, that she lost all courage to go on with questions that only gave him pain.

Aunt Hannah, who had almost drifted into the household, had been away, since the accident at the bridge; but made a hurried visit to the Hollow, when Doctor Gould insisted that she should leave the bedside of his patient, and get a little strength from the fresh air. At such times, Lucy observed that a singular change had come upon her old friend. These mild, blue eyes, had brightened with unnatural excitement; the whole face had taken a new expression—wakeful, animated, but, in no sense, restful or happy. She seemed like a woman shielding herself from something that she feared, and yet half hoped for. What could it be?

What was there in that quiet neighborhood, to disturb the monotony of that gentle, old creature's life? Lucy wondered at the change; but could, in no way, account for it. Her father, in his deeper experience, pondered over it, till it seemed to him, as if unhealthy influences, from the Wheeler homestead, were reaching into his home, from every direction, as fevers curdle and creep through the atmosphere.

Had any one followed aunt Hannah, when she returned to the old mansion, one night, her movements would have caused some surprise; only, that so insignificant a person could hardly be supposed to command much observation, in that pretentious household she would have been an object of conjecture, and, perhaps, of suspicion.

In passing in or out of the house, this old woman always went through some back-door, and neither then, nor at any other time, was seen without a hood of black silk, coming well over the face, and under that, a cap-border, which permitted no portion of the hair to be seen. She always wore spectacles, too, and spoke in a low, measured voice, full of respect, and humble in its tones, but seldom loud enough to be heard, without great attention.

"It's about time you got back," said Mrs. Drum, that evening, when aunt Hannah was passing through the kitchen. "Shouldn't wonder if you found that young feller wuss, for being left alone so long."

"Alone?" said aunt Hannah, somewhat anxiously. "His friend was with him, when I went out."

"Wal, I reckon he didn't stay long. Mrs. Farnsworth was all by herself, in the out-room, sort o' ruminatin' in the firelight, when I ketched sight of him, slying along through the hall, and inter the room. Then he shet the door to, and stayed, and stayed, till Miss 'Tavia went in, and got things a-going lively enough. You never heard sich a touse in all your born days."

"What was it about?" questioned aunt Hannah, so deeply interested, that she forgot her usual reticence.

"How can I tell, being in here, and nothing but a door-crack to peek through? It was only when they come inter the hall, that I got a chance, and that wasn't over much. The madam, as she calls herself, was white as a sheet, and her eyes burned like coals of fire. So did Miss 'Tavia's, only more so; but Mr. Var was jest as cool as a cowcumber. It was worth while ter see him a-bowin' to them afore he went upstairs. Then madam and Miss 'Tavia went upstairs, one after

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t'other, and you could a heard 'em a-talkin' and a-mutterin' ever so long, though all the doors was shut, and nobody but me down here. By-ah'-bye, the old maid, that's allus pokin' about where she's no bisness to be, come down, with her high-flown jabber, and I got enough out of it to know that she was asking for you, 'cause her mistress—as if I'd call the best woman that ever drew breath, mistress—was in a fit!"

"A fit!" exclaimed Hannah, looking wildly at the old housekeeper.

"Oh, don't you be skeered. Madam was hysterickey, that's all. Hippo don't kill nobody; a spiff of camphor generally brings 'em to. I took my own bottle out of the closet, and went up to her bowder room, poured some inter the hollow of my hand, which I held close over her mouth and nose. That brought her to, I reckon."

"How could you be so rough?" exclaimed aunt Hannah, more loudly than she was in the habit of speaking, and with an angry ring in her voice. "It might have thrown the poor dear—the lady—into spasms."

"It brought her out of 'em. You can't learn me anything about high-strikes, now, remember, I tell you, that, nuss or no nuss, that 'ere camphor brought her to, any way, and there she lies, kinder sobbin' out her breath, like a baby that's been whipped."

"Did she ask for me?"

"You? Not as I know on. What put that inter your head? The only name she did call out was, 'Oh, mother, mother! This is retaerbution!'"

"Did she say that—*did* she say that?"

"Jest that! Curus, wasn't it, for a pusson of her age? Why, what makes you shiver so? There wasn't nothing in that. Hysterickey women ginerally du git out of their heads."

"But you are sure she said just that?"

"Jest that!"

"Mrs. Drum—"

"Wal, what on it? Seems to me, that you're getting a'most as fidgety as she was."

"Do you think she would be hurt or angry, if I went up—very softly, you know?"

"Hurt—angry? There's no telling. Only, if it was me, and I wanted ter go, wal, I should, that's all."

Aunt Hannah hesitated. Some strange excitement was upon her; a flash of those blue eyes shone through the spectacles; her lips quivered, and both hands shook as she lifted them to draw the hood more closely over her face.

"Yes, I will go—I will go!" she said. "God help us all. I will go!"

Uttering these words with a degree of emotion that astonished Mrs. Drum, aunt Hannah left the kitchen; but checked herself in the hall, and stood hesitating there some minutes. Always a timid and gentle woman, she almost yielded to the dread of a repulse, that came upon her there, and would, perhaps, have retreated, but for a faint sound that reached her from above.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Old mother Drum had informed herself very correctly about the occurrences of that evening. When aunt Hannah left the house, Lord Orain had been sleeping; but he awoke, after awhile, and instead of the kindly nurse, found Miss Octavia seated in the easy-chair by his bed, with his hand softly resting in hers. This seemed to the young man but the continuation of a dream that had haunted him through days of oblivion and nights of pain. In that dream came back faint memories of a fair face, almost resting on his bosom; of sobs, broken up with loving murmurs, and bursts of passionate grief. A feeble thrill passed through his hand, where it lay folded between those soft palms, like some wounded bird, sheltered in a nest. The thrill of kisses given there, it seemed to him, long ago, but which the touch of those white hands revived, came in place of the fierce anguish that had taken away all his strength.

Through the half-closed lashes of his eyes, he saw this young girl, still dreamlike and beautiful, so close to him that he could almost feel her breath, gentle and loving, watchful of his welfare; the same girl that he had known, but in a new and more lovely phase of character. She did not know that he was conscious. This thought pleased him. It was thus that she had first betrayed herself. He would lie there, perfectly still, and watch the changing expression of her face. A movement might frighten her away. Even an irregular breath threatened to alarm the delicate sensibilities that had brought her to his sick-room.

As he lay there, other thoughts crowded in, rebuking him. Why had he ever thought her haughty or superficial? nay, even questioned her entire loveliness of person?

A door opened, very softly; but in the entire stillness of the chamber, the faintest sound jarred. Octavia started, and turned her head; but the face that had looked through, for a single instant, had withdrawn itself, and Count Vaf was softly descending the main staircase, with the faintest possible flush in his face.

"For once," he thought, "that bird is caged; I need fear no interruption from her."

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In the ruddy glow of firelight, which touched all that antique furniture with gold, he found Mrs. Farnsworth sitting, with a book in her lap and her eyes fixed upon the fire, dreaming such dreams as only blind self-deception can put into an elderly woman's brain, when youth and manly beauty essay to match with maturity and wealth.

That day, Count Var had found, among the old books stored away in a closet in his room, which he had been carefully searching, an old English Bible, and there, on a register-page, yellow with time, he found a record far more satisfactory than the family-tree which Mrs. Farnsworth had adorned, with little regard to anything but her own artistic fancy. The fiction of that tree had puzzled him; but here, in the old Bible, of whose existence the woman herself was not aware, he found records on which even a suspicious man could set a record which made even the blood in his self-centred heart burn and throb with ambitious longing.

"At last," he said, going up to the hearth, and resting his elbow on the mantelpiece—"at last, I have found you alone—in the twilight of this old room, too—where even your heart should be subdued to gentleness, if it responds in anything to mine; for here—do you remember?—we met for the first time."

Mrs. Farnsworth was taken by surprise. No young girl of sixteen had ever allowed her heart to wander into dream-land more completely than she had done, with regard to this handsome man, who had kept her in a state of humiliating doubt by those adroit attentions and that unspoken adulation which expresses so much, but really pledges itself to nothing.

At first, surprise kept her silent; but her eyes were lifted to his, and, directly, he saw a glow of triumphant consciousness flood them almost with the beauty of youth.

"You surprise me. I was not prepared for this," she said, swerving back to her natural self-poise; but her voice had a thrill of joy in it, and he saw that her hand trembled, among the leaves of the open book in her lap.

"How could you feel surprise? Surely, a man who asks everything, and gives so little, might be expected to hesitate."

Even assumed humility sat well on that superb countenance. The woman lifted her eyes to it, and kept them there, infatuated.

"Is it, indeed, that you, of all men, can appreciate—that you love me so?"

"Had I loved you less, all this would have been said before."

The suppressed passion, which seemed to fetter his speech, enchanted the woman.

"Why do you speak of yourself with such depreciation?" she said, with an encouraging smile. "Such men as you might mate with royalty, and yet confer much."

"I have so aspired. There is a royalty above crowns—that of beauty and intellect."

Spite of herself, Mrs. Farnsworth sat more uprightly in her chair. With her, flattery could not be too intense. She craved it as opium-eaters hunger for the drug that kills them. From his mouth, it was delicious.

"Yet, I have nothing to give—an empty title, perhaps, and an estate laden with debts."

"A title, old as the hills, an estate that money can disencumber—are these nothing?" she said.

"To a proud man, even the confession of high-born beggary is painful. Can you wonder that pride, fostered through so many generations, revolts at it?"

"I am surprised at nothing, now that your heart has searched for mine," said the lady, to whom that statuesque position by the mantelpiece was less ardent than her ideas of the occasion required.

Perhaps her countenance expressed this; for the faintest possible smile dawned upon Var's finely-curved lips; but he was far too perfect in his art for any direct recognition of her discontent.

"Love is so grand and beautiful in itself, that so gross a thing as money should hold no consideration, where it exists. To me, wealth has no value, only as it may serve to give greater happiness to the man who—who—"

Here Mrs. Farnsworth faltered, turned her face from the firelight, and partly held out her hand.

"To the man who holds yourself, alone, as the most precious boon that fate can have in store for him; who will think his misfortunes a blessing, if they have led me to your heart."

The man was close by her now, with one knee bent to the cushion, always laid before her easy-chair. Her hand was softly taken, and she felt an exquisite thrill of triumph pass through her, as his lips touched it.

"Ah!"

This one exclamation broke from her, and she would have snatched her hand away; but he held it close, and, following the direction of her startled eyes, turned his head, and saw Octavia standing in the open door.

Very quietly, and without the least appearance of discomposure, he arose, and took his old position by the mantel-piece. Then Octavia, recovering from the surprise, that had, at first, held her dumb, came forward, pale with rage and unbridled scorn.

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"Count Var, do you know that the lady you are kneeling to is my mother, and old enough to be yours?"

Mrs. Farnsworth uttered a faint cry, and fell back in her chair, struggling for breath.

Var bent his head, and smiled upon the excited girl, as if quite unconscious of her wrath.

"I have not inquired about the lady's age," he said, "because some persons exist, who never can grow old; but you are very kind, to inform me; believe me, I appreciate it."

For a moment, Octavia shrank from the cool sarcasm of this speech, which only stung her anger into bitterness.

"You knew, at any rate, that she was old enough to be flattered out of her senses by your soft words, and mock sentiment, which I understand, if she does not. You also knew—but, of course, that is of no consequence—that she has control over a large property."

"Octavia, Octavia, have you no pride, no feeling. How can you insult a nobleman, and my guest, in this rude manner?"

Octavia turned upon her mother, with all the audacity of an untamed animal. In a less fiery mood, she might have pitied the trepidation that had driven the haughty woman into a protest that, in manner rather than words, was almost abject.

"You had better ask me why the scene I have just witnessed did not have the effect of a charming tableau! Had it been a mother and son, perhaps I could have understood it better; but—"

Here, Count Var was aroused into something like resentment, by this rude assault of a child upon her mother. He had spent most of his life among nations to whom homage to parents was almost a religion, and this scene disturbed him, as an insult to the Cross might have shocked a Catholic. He approached Mrs. Farnsworth, with a gracious dignity that Octavia, even in her supreme anger, felt as a rebuke.

"This discussion must be very painful, my dear madam. I shall never forgive myself, for having brought it upon you. I think this young lady will herself thank me, hereafter, if I ask permission to lead you from the room."

"If my mother wishes to leave this room, I am quite strong enough to support her. Certainly, you have no right to stand between me and her yet," said Octavia, throwing one arm around her mother's waist, and attempting to put Var aside with the other hand.

Mrs. Farnsworth put her daughter away, and took the count's arm. She had been greatly disturbed, and he could feel that she trembled.

As they reached the hall, Octavia turned upon them, once more.

"You can leave us here, Count Var," she said. "These ancestors will protect her from any violence you dread from me. Don't you think so, mamma, dear?"

Something craftily threatening in Octavia's voice had more effect on Mrs. Farnsworth than her hottest anger had attained. Her hand fell from Count Var's arm, and she said, in a low, hurried voice:

"Yes; you had better leave us, now."

It was here that old Mrs. Drum had seen the count bend low before his hostess, and leave the hall. And in the same place, an hour later, aunt Hannah stood, in doubt and trembling hesitation, before she ventured up the stairs that led to Mrs. Farnsworth's room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# ROBIN REDBREAST.

BY R. I. M'MECHAN.

In his merriest mood, and his whimsical way,
While Nature is giving a concert to-day,

The robin is singing the same quaint tune
That rang through the door-yard and orchard last June;

The same that he caroled so early and late,
In the sweet honeymoon, to his darling mate,

While, busy and happy as birds could be,
They were building their nest, in the old apple-tree,

What pity his song should be hushed in the haze
And the silence of Indian Summer days,

When the pensive shadows of Autumn fell
On the dear little home that he loved so well,

And the cold winds, wandering to and fro,
Gave a warning note of the coming snow!

We know not just whither the robin went,
When Winter his frost-powered messengers sent

Or whether he sang, in a far-away clime,
The same merry tune, to the same sweet rhyme;

Or whether his mate, and the nestlings three,
That she tenderly reared in the old apple-tree,

Are present to-day. But one thing is plain:
From the rollicking, musical, masterful strain,

That enters, in ripples of joy, through the door,
We know that the robin is with us once more.

Thus, after the storms, and the deluge of cold,
And after the sorrows of Winter are told,

He came, on a mission of joy, from the South,
As the dove to the Ark, with a leaf in her mouth.

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# THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

"WILL you, Ethel? It is only for a moment. Will you give me the sweet right to call you wife?"

So Ethel, impulsive, generous-hearted, and bound, as she thought, by the strong links of gratitude and pity, knelt by the dying man, and the words were spoken that made her a wife. The minister, a friend of the sick man, left the room, and she still knelt there; for the weak clasp of his hands held her.

Ethel Arnold was an orphan; but she had felt but little of the usual friendlessness and loneliness of that state, so guarded and blest had her life been, by the love and care of this dying man. He had been her father's ward, and so trusted and beloved by Mr. Arnold, that he had left her and her large property in the care and guardianship of Paul Lindsey. From that time, as child, girl, and woman, she had always looked up to him, as her dearest friend—her brother.

But not as a lover. No! her lover—the ideal, coming man, who was to glorify her life—was not at all like Paul Lindsey. He did not have that pleasant, thoughtful face, those tender, gray eyes, nor these straightforward, manly, honest ways. No, he resembled more a corsair. He was to be brilliant, dashing, rather gloomy; with dark secrets in his life, burdens of gloom, and grief, and, perhaps, remorse, which her love was to lighten. And he was to have errors, picturesque sins, which her silent example was to purify. He was to be something between Byron's "Lara" and an Italian brigand.

Ethel had read a great many novels.

He was not to be rich, like Paul, nor, like him, beloved by all classes, from the rich to the poor. No, she much preferred a very poor man, so she could make a sacrifice of herself, and be bewailed over by mercenary friends. And she rather wished to have him persecuted and contemned by the world, so she could take him to her heart and crown him, saying, "though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here."

Yes, Ethel had read a great many novels.

As for Paul, she had never thought of his being anything to her, only the truest and kindest of friends; one to be relied upon, when all others proved false. A sympathizing friend; but only a friend; not a lover. No, no, never that!

And now, he was dying, this good friend, this brother! For the ceremony made no difference, only a few words said, to please a dying man. Her good brother; her dear brother! Her tears fell fast upon his wasted hands, as she knelt, with her cheek close to his; knelt there, while his voice died away in faint whispers, and fainter, till it was silent. Till the close clasp about her hands relaxed, and she thought he was dead.

But he was not dead: he was only sleeping. A day passed, while this strange slumber lasted; the doctors came, and shook their heads, and said he would never awake again; but they were all mistaken. There came a time, when he roused out of his stupor, when he said to her:

"Ethel, sweet one, I am going to live—and what then?"

Said it, with his large, troubled eyes full of wistfulness, and care, and sorrow. And she listened, with her face hidden in her hands, in an agony of bewilderment and self-pity. Awhile ago, the thought of his dying had seemed to leave the great world empty and desolate. But, a wife, yet not a wife! To be bound by the law, while her young heart was aching for freedom! What should she do? What could she do?

But one thing was plain to her. She must say nothing to excite him, while his life hung thus upon a thread. And when he said again to her, in his faint voice, "Well, what then, Ethel? What then?" She nerved her voice to say, "You mustn't talk any more, now, Paul; when you are stronger, then we will talk of anything you wish."

But it was long weeks before they spoke of this again, for he had a second relapse, that brought him down, still nearer, to the grave.

And Ethel watched over him, faithfully, day after day. If he had been, indeed, the husband of her young heart's choice, she could not have nursed him more faithfully. The housekeeper, Mrs. Lindsey, shared her labors, as much as Ethel would permit; but she had a habit of falling asleep in her chair, and the bare possibility of Paul's being neglected, in any way—the thought of his wanting anything, needing anything—gave Ethel such agony, as might have taught her what her feelings really were for him, if she had been wise enough to have understood



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them. But she had not understood her true feelings for him. She thought she loved him only as a dear friend, a brother.

This housekeeper, Mrs. Lindsey, was the widow of a distant relative of Paul Lindsey, and when Ethel's father died, he invited this widow of his cousin, who was in reduced circumstances, to come and live at his handsome country-seat, and make a home, where he could invite his ward, during her vacations.

Mrs. Lindsey had been a widow, with one son, at the time of her second marriage, and Gerald Black had now come, for the first time since his mother's marriage, to visit her. He had had some appointment that had kept him abroad.

But he seemed very glad to be in his native land again; very glad to be at rest. He was one of those men who love rest; who love to fold their hands peacefully over their bosoms, and let the waves of Time bear them on gently.

Gerald Black thought Ethel was the loveliest girl he had ever met. Perhaps her sweet, fair, innocent face was a welcome contrast to his own dark, haughty, and rather imperious countenance. He thought, also, what a fine thing it would be, if he could have the control of her wealth; for he thought she was very wealthy. Why, it would make it entirely unnecessary for him to work another day; and Gerald Black had a strong, constitutional aversion to labor. He would never be a bold, active villain. His badness would always show in a cowardly, deceitful manner. He was not at all energetic, even in wickedness; he was too lazy to ever make a thorough scamp. But he tried to ingratiate himself in Ethel's favor in every way he could, consistently with his natural constitution. He flattered her, in a certain heavy, persistent way, that, at first, was rather disagreeable to her; then, what proved more successful, he appealed to her pity. He had been unfortunate all his life; fate had been against him; an evil star had shone upon his birth. And, finally, in the long days, when Paul was out of danger, and coming slowly back to life again, Ethel got accustomed to his maunderings, and, at last, began to feel pity for the man who had been so baffled and ill-used.

The next thing he tried, was to render her still more wretched, by dwelling upon the sacrifice she had made, in wedding Paul. She was wretched enough, as it was, concerning it. What should she do? What could she do? This was the burden of her thoughts, day and night, night and day. She loved her freedom—she had not thought of being married to anyone—least of all, to Paul. And feeling, as she did, such a strong affection and respect for him, made it, she said to herself, worse for her. If she disliked him, she could leave him without any compunction.

It was four weeks before Paul spoke to Ethel, again, about their future; for she avoided being alone with him, all she possibly could.

But one soft, bright, summer day, just at sunset, she entered his room, bringing the fresh, sweet breath of roses and lilacs with her; for she came in through the low French window—his room was on the ground floor, and opened into an old-fashioned flower-garden—she had her hands full of roses and lilies, as she entered.

He looked up to her, his face lighting up, as it always did at her approach, thinking what was indeed the truth, that the flowers were not half so sweet as her face. She thought Mrs. Lindsey was in the room—she usually was at this hour. But she had gone out, and Ethel stood, hesitatingly, for a moment; but Paul held out his hand so beseechingly, that she went forward, and laid the flowers down, by his face, on the pillow. He took her hand, silently, in both his own.

"Look at your flowers, Paul. See how fresh and sweet they are. You will soon be better, so you can go out and gather them for yourself. Are they not sweet?"

"Yes," still holding her hand, still looking up in her face—"yes."

"Shall I read to you, Paul?"

"No; sit down, here, close by my side, so I can look at you."

She obeyed him, silently, and he looked up in the sweet face, so near to him, yet that, he felt in his soul, was so far from him, till tears rose and hid her face from him. He raised her delicate hand to his lips, and then laid it over his eyes. Suddenly, he looked up in her face, her sweet, woeful eyes.

"Ethel, I was selfish, I was mad, to do as I did. But, before God, my darling, I thought I was leaving you, forever; and I loved you so, and—and—there was another reason, that I thought was a strong and good one. But I fear my own mad, selfish love tempted me, instead of honor. There were other ways—"

He paused, hesitated, and then went on:

"Your sad eyes have almost killed me, ever since. But, hear me, Ethel; trust me, sweet, as you always have. I claim nothing. You are free as you ever were. I claim no right, only the right to watch over you, protect you. You shall be to me, only as a dear sister, until I can win your love, if such bliss can ever be for me."

Her sweet face changed from red to white, and then to red again, as he talked. But, again, she silenced him, by saying he was too weak to talk.

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When he get stronger, they would speak again of their future.

But Gerald—he talked. He read poetry to her by the hour, invariably selecting those poems in which dashing, haughty heroes, ill-used by fortune, got the victory at last, and carried off the lady of their love. His dark, languishing eyes always pointed the moral of the poem, and Ethel felt herself to be the heroine. She grew accustomed to it; to feeling herself in a perfumed, intoxicating atmosphere of adulation and homage; and is it to be wondered at that it grew to be rather delightful, than otherwise? To see this haughty hero, although he never assumed the attitude physically, yet forever giving her the impression that he was on his knees to her; that his rapt, poetical soul was bending in adoration at her shrine?

And Paul? Paul saw it all, for that Ethel was slipping still farther from him. But, what right had he to speak, to fetter her still more to his will? He instinctively disliked and distrusted Gerald; but he felt that it would be impossible to him to speak to Ethel of his suspicions, of his want of faith in him. So the weary days rolled by, and Paul did not get strong. And the good doctor changed his medicine daily, patiently preparing new pills and powders, and sighed in spirit to think there was no greater change for the better in his patient. If the good doctor had only known, it was a little heart-food, a little sunshine of the soul that Paul needed, instead of drugs.

And at this very time, Mrs. Lindsey—and he had some respect for her judgment—began to hint to him how wretched Ethel was; and, though he could scarcely tell how she gave the impression, for she certainly did not put it in plain words, yet give the impression she certainly did, that Ethel desired a separation, and that it was only justice to her that she should have it. And, in the same way, she gave him the idea that Ethel loved her son.

Poor Paul, he did not know what to do—what he ought to do. He said to himself, that, if he respected and trusted Gerald Black, he would remove all barriers between him and Ethel; he would give her to him, though his own heart broke. But, feeling towards him as he did, his course was not clear; he was her guardian, too, and she was more dependent on his guardianship than she knew. For, while she thought, and everyone thought, she was the heiress of a handsome property, she was, in fact, absolutely penniless; for the bank in which her funds were placed by her father, had failed, soon after her father's death. Paul had kept the knowledge from her, judging, rightly, that she would refuse to accept so much from his hands. This it was, together with his great love, that had influenced him in wishing her to become his wife, when he thought he was leaving her forever. He had left her all his wealth, by will; but he had some distant relatives, who, although wealthy, were unscrupulous, and destitute of right principle, and he feared that they might make her trouble. He felt that she would be more absolutely certain of inheriting his large fortune, if he left her his widow.

What to do, to do right by Ethel—this was the burden of his thought, day and night.

And, poor fellow, he was very weak yet; weakened by his almost mortal illness, and weakened, still more, by sorrow and hope deferred. He felt that he could not decide—he must have time to think; and so, when the doctor decided that a short sea-voyage, a trip to Cuba, was imperatively necessary in his case, he caught at the suggestion. He would go away, entirely away, from the sweet temptation that was luring him, may be, from the path of honor; he would go and think it over, calmly, and when he returned, he would decide.

But how fared Ethel, in the days that followed Paul's absence? Did she experience a sense of relief, when the man, who so suddenly and unexpectedly was forced upon her acceptance as a husband, was out of her sight? When there were no loving, patient eyes to follow her, as she listened to the gallant compliments of the ideal man?

Why, no; as the days went by, each one seeming longer, more tedious, than the last, the compliments of Gerald Black seemed coarse, his admiration offensively presuming; she grew weary of his conversation, his presence. And there was a dreary void in her heart, a constant longing for the dear friend, who had always been so great a part of her life; she missed him every day, every hour. Could it be, she said to herself, that she had been deceived in regard to her own feelings? Could it be, that she loved him, not with a calm, sisterly affection, but with the love that was nearer and stronger?

But still, the rumor went abroad, possibly from Mrs. Lindsey, though it would be difficult to find the person to whom she told it; still, the impression went abroad, that Ethel had parted from her husband, and was only waiting for time, to obtain a legal separation.

On hearing this rumor, an old lawyer friend, who had always done the business of the family, went to visit Ethel. He was a warm friend of Paul's, a friend of her father's, as well as her



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own. He thought she was wrecking her happiness. So the kind-hearted, old gentleman, in order to influence her for her own good, revealed to her a profound secret. He told her, that, instead of an heiress, she had absolutely nothing. And said he:

"One reason why Paul was so anxious to marry you, was, so he could be absolutely sure that you would inherit his large fortune. He had willed it to you; but he thought it would be still surer, if you were his wife. A nobler soul never lived than Paul Lindsey."

Noble, indeed! She went down at once into the valley of humiliation. So he married her out of pity! And, instead of being the heiress, independent, and secure from all possible want, she was absolutely dependent, and had been for years, upon the bounty of the man, whom she had so hastily wed. But her thoughts were all confused, and running together—she could hardly hear the lawyer's last words, her head reeled, and she felt so dizzy. In fact, the first symptoms of that terrible fever were upon her, that Paul had almost died with. But she thought, dreamily, how sorry Mrs. Lindsey would be for her. And she was sure, too, of Gerald's sympathy; the heroes of all the romances he had read to her, were faithful unto death, and the more the heroines had lost, the deeper grew their love.

So, that night, when Mrs. Lindsey came into her room, with a cup of tea, and a slice of toast, for she had sent down word, that she was too ill to go down into the dining-room, she told her all; how, instead of being an heiress, she was a poor girl, was absolutely penniless, and had been for years.

Mrs. Lindsey was perfectly overwhelmed with astonishment and dismay. She said but little; but her deeds spoke.

The next morning, Ethel was worse. There had been several cases of smallpox in the neighborhood, and the doctor who was first called in, a young village practitioner, with no overstock of brains, or education, pronounced it a case of smallpox. He did not tell Ethel so, but told Mrs. Lindsey and Gerald. And the consequence was, that within an hour of the time he communicated the knowledge to them, they were on their way to the station. They, each of them, left a letter for Ethel, which she read at once.

Mrs. Lindsey said, she could not think of remaining longer, to be a burden upon her, as she had no means to support even herself; but she should always love her, she would always seem to her like a beloved daughter; but duty seemed to demand, that she should depart at once, etc.

Gerald's letter was more poetic and flowery. He cursed his evil star more bitterly than ever. He denounced his fate—he was wretched, despairing; but his business called him back again to the East at once; he must go. He ended by avowing, that the star of his fate was setting in blackness and gloom. But he knew the good angels would be with her—he knew they would watch over the lot of one so innocent and good.

They, neither of them, mentioned her illness. That was too awkward a subject for them to converse upon gracefully, so they ignored it.

Poor Ethel! She had fallen upon evil days, indeed. Her old nurse stayed with her, and was faithful and true, and waited upon her, devotedly. But, as the days went on, and she lay, burning up with fever, and raving with delirium, she thought, in the intervals of consciousness, that she sometimes felt, upon her burning forehead, a softer hand than good aunt Chloe's, a lower, tenderer voice—the tenderest, and most loving voice in the whole world, soothing her, calling her pet names.

But, when consciousness returned, no one was in the room but aunt Chloe, and her daughter Fanny, the chambermaid. Aunt Chloe was speaking, in a low tone.

"To think that Mrs. Lindsey and her son, after pretendin' to think so much of Miss Ethel as they did, should run off and leave her, because they thought it was smallpox; so afraid of losin' their precious lives, just as if it would be a loss—precious little loss it would be to anybody. Never waited to see her, or see if they could do anything to help her—or make any arrangements for her to have any care; they didn't seem to care whether she was left to die, or not, if they only got away."

As Ethel lay, and heard these words, a great tide of remorse and despair swept over her. To think of the utter worthlessness of those who had made such loud professions of attachment, and then to think of the true, tried devotion of the patient heart she had slighted. Oh! to see him once more—only to see him, to ask him to forgive her; to tell him that she loved him, now—had always loved him, only her weak heart had been led away, by a slight fancy.

But he was far away from her; and in a distant land was learning to forget her, nay, to despise her. She would never see him again; or, if she did, he would have ceased to love her; he would regard her with indifference, as a stranger.

Tears, which she was too weak to wipe away, rose to her eyes, and slid silently down her white,

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wasted cheeks. And now, aunt Chloe and Fanny, thinking she was asleep, went down to their supper.

Did she hear a light step enter the next room, as their heavier footsteps passed away? No; it was only her fancy. She had thought it sounded like the step she should never hear again. She was alone. The twilight shadows were gathering in the large, quiet room. She was alone; she should always be alone.

All the while she had lain there, burning up with the fever, she had been tormented by snatches of poetry, persistently echoing through her brain. Sometimes it would be only a line or two, echoing over and over again, and sometimes long poems, learned when she was a school-girl. And now, as she lay there, in the twilight shadows, she could almost fancy her fever was returning again, for the words of an old song she had often sung rang so persistently through her memory—words, that, when she was well, and happy, when he was with her, who was "tender and true," had oftentimes filled her eyes with tears, so well had the poet painted the sick anguish of a broken and remorseful heart:

"Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so patient, and loving, Douglas—
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

"Never a scornful word should grieve you;
I'd smile as sweet as the angels do—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

"Oh, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few:
Now, all men beside seem to me like shadows,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

"Oh, to call back the days that are not!" Over and over again the words sounded, sounded, through her tired brain, her tired heart. "Oh, to call back the days that are not!" when he was with her, who was always tender and true; he who had studied her lightest words, her lightest fancy, and fulfilled her wishes, almost before they were known to herself; who was patient with her, loving, gentle, with the perfect gentleness of devoted love. But those days could never come back again. Those happy days, those blessed days! "Blinded," indeed, her eyes had been, that she had not known they were blessed days; had not known that he, who was the best, the tenderest, was also the dearest, the nearest to her heart. She was the first in his mind, in his heart. And she had loved him always, but she had lost him, lost him forever. And now, she had no one; she was alone. Swifter and swifter the tears ran over the white cheeks; and, forgetting everything but her heart-ache, her heart-hunger, she cried out, in her poor, weak voice:

"Oh, Paul, Paul! Come back to me! Come back to me!"

And was it a dream, a blessed vision, or did that dear face bend over her? Did his faithful arms gather her to his heart, as he whispered:

"I am here, my darling. Do you really want me? Do you love me? Am I to be so blessed at last?"

Happy hearts! Happy twilight, invaded too soon, by the faithful Chloe, with toast and tea. Paul had not sailed for Havana, as he intended. Some strange presentiment—he called it, now, an angel whisper—had urged him to defer his departure; and while waiting at New York, he heard that Ethel had the smallpox, and heard, also, of the flight of her household. So, of course, he returned to her at once, intending to leave again, as soon as she recovered.

And Paul did sail, in the very next steamer, for the balmy South-land, but not alone. Paul Lindsey, wife and maid—so their party was registered. And so we will leave them, happy Paul Lindsey and his happy, little wife, sailing away southward, toward the land of sunshine and of flowers.

## THE SHIP OF HOPE.

BY EMMA A. HILL.

A golden boat, with its shining freight,
Goes sailing adown the sky;
Sailing away, with the young spring moon,
Through foam-tossed billows of cloud, and soon
Is lost to the wistful eye.
Oh, fragile shallop, come back again!
Thou bearest a tender tie.

Low dips its radiance in the West,
Till only her golden brim
Peeps over the beetling mountain crest,
And lights the wood-bird to her nest,
And softens the shadows grim,
That lurk and crouch on the frowning ledge,
So indistinct and dim.

With a yearning heart, my prayer goes out,
For the light that is lost to me;
For the hopes, as golden, that sunk in gloom,
Now hidden by shadows, 'ere life's bright noon;
And I long, dear Christ, to flee
To the rock, that covers the sinner's doom—
To Thy blood-stained cross and Thee.

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a Princess costume. The skirt is of

No. 1.

plain blue cotton-satine, which is kilted, and set on to a deep yoke. The skirt is very narrow, only a little over two yards wide, and even all around.

No. 2.

The Princess polonaise is made of figured cotton-satine, with foulard finish. These foulard satines



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look almost as well as silk, and are used in combination costumes, either of the same color as the plain, or in a contrasting color; thus a pale blue

No. 3.

satine skirt will have the over-dress of maroon or claret; pale pink, with olive or gray. Our model is figured, and of the same color as the kilted skirt—a simple Princess polonaise, open in front, two-thirds the length of the skirt, to display the kilted skirt; slightly looped in the back, and finished with a plain hem on the edge. Very small buttons are used on the front of the dress, one on each cuff of the sleeves. A round, turn-over collar finishes the neck of the dress. Parasol and bonnet to match. Six yards of plain, and six yards of figured goods, will be required, of yard-wide material. This would be a pretty style for a dotted mull, or Swiss, over silk, or satine skirt and under-waist.

No. 2—Is a walking or traveling-suit, of checked woollen goods; they come in all colors, brown, gray, mignonette, black and white, and mixed colors; most useful and serviceable wear for mountain or seaside. The style of making is simple, and becoming for young girls. A short,

No. 4.

round skirt, with a side-plaiting nine inches deep, stitched on with a heading one inch deep, trims the skirt. A plain, round over-skirt, slightly

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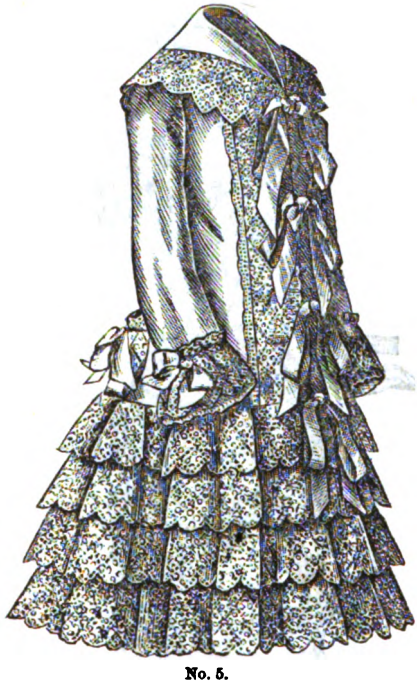
draped, and finished with a hem. The Norfolk jacket is plaited in the back, same as in front; as far as the waist, it is fitted to a tight lining. Turn-over collar; plain, tight coat-sleeves, with cuff. Belt of the material. Such a jacket can be worn, also, over a black silk skirt, either for the street or house. Eighteen yards of single width goods, or ten of double width, will be required.

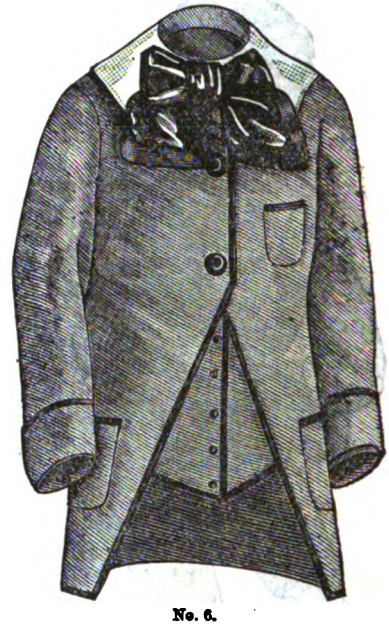
No. 3—Is a young lady's costume. The plain material is of any of the thin light fabric suitable for the season. Albatross cloth, bunting, grenadine, satine; any of these, combined with figured foulard, or damassé silk, or chintz with the



No. 5.

satine, will make a charming costume. The kilted flounce is nine to ten inches deep, and the tunic is arranged upon a foundation of crinoline. The waistcoat, pockets and cuffs, are of the figured material. Bows of ribbon, to correspond, ornament the pockets and cuffs, and the same at the throat. Our model calls for copper-colored material for the jacket, drawn tunic, and kilted flounce, while the waistcoat, and other trimmings, are of brown damassé. Nine yards of plain, and three yards of figured goods, in double width, will be required.

No. 4—Is an evening-dress, for a young lady. Any pretty material may be used; white, pale pink or blue grenadine, nun's veiling, albatross, or one of the figured mulls, or batiste. The skirt is cut with a moderate train, and the edge trimmed with a knife-plaited flounce, headed by



No. 6.

a puff, the same width. The drapery is arranged upon the skirt; gathered up quite full on the left side, where it is ornamented with a bunch of

No. 7.—A.

artificial flowers, or ribbon-loops. A plaiting of the material, or gathered lace, finishes the edge of the tunic and basque. The back drapery is

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very full, and very much puffed. The low-necked basque is cut quite long, and the sides caught up in paniers, to the back; opening in front, over the skirt. Small buttons fasten the

No. 7.—B.

front. Finger puffed sleeves. The corsage bouquet is worn at the neck, towards the left shoulder. Some light, white material, over an old silk skirt, would make a complete and fresh toilette; with either flowers or ribbons for ornamentation. High or square neck may be sustituted for the low neck, if preferred.

No. 5.—Costume for a girl of ten to twelve years. The material may be white or colored. The skirt and paletot are both trimmed with frills of embroidery. Large collar, open at the throat; and bows of narrow satin ribbon are placed on the front of the paletot, on the sleeves, and at the back. Made of plainer material, such as a bordered chintz, or of toile d'alsace, knife-plait the frills, and a very stylish costume will be the result. Of de bèige, with knife-plaited frills and trimming, a useful traveling and mountain-dress can be made.

No. 6.—For a boy of six to seven years. We have here a jacket and vest, of pheasant-brown diagonal, bound by chocolate-colored braid. It recedes in front, on a waistcoat bound to match, and buttoned with gilt buttons. Larger ones button the jacket. Jersey collar, in cardinal-colored linen, or white. Brown silk cravat.

No. 7.—For a child of two to four years. We give the back and front view of a paletot, made of cashmere, flannel, or piqué. In the front view, the trimming is of wide braid, on the upper part; and a narrow side-plaiting, with embroidered band, edges the garment. In the back, a deep plaiting forms the skirt; this has a band of the embroidery laid on. Where the sacque and plaited skirt meet, a band, laid in three deep folds, is put on, and held in place by a bit of the embroidery.

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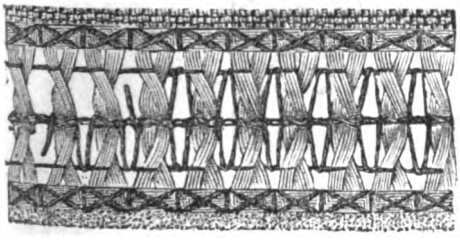
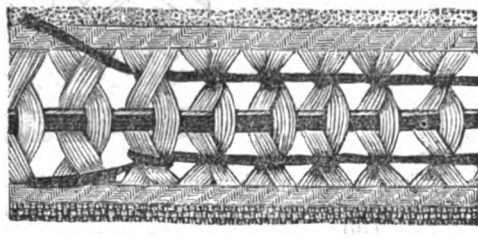
In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

## DESIGNS IN PUNTO TIRATO.





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# PANTS AND JACKET FOR SMALL BOY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, a new and pretty costume, (jacket and trowsers,) for a boy, of three or four years old. Folded in with this number, is a SUPPLEMENT, containing a full-size pattern for cutting out the same. The Pants consist of four pieces, viz.:

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2.—HALF OF BACK.
No. 3.—HALF OF FRONT WAISTBAND.
No. 4.—HALF OF BACK WAISTBAND.

The pants are buttoned to an under-waist, made to fit, like a petticoat body.

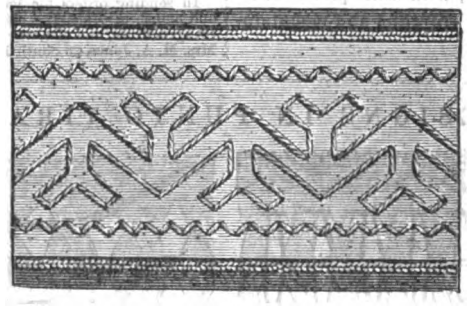
The Jacket is in four pieces, also, viz.:

No. 5.—HALF OF BACK.
No. 6.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. 7.—COLLAR.
No. 8.—SLEEVE.

The letters show how the pieces are to be put together. Make of flannel, navy-blue or gray, for every-day use, and trim with black or white braid. In linen, or piqué, for the hot weather. In white flannel, for a dress suit. All the eight diagrams, for this suit, we would observe, *go across* the Supplement. All the diagrams for the Girl's Dress, (see next page,) *go up and down* the Supplement. It is not, therefore, possible to confuse the two, or make a mistake.

# BORDER: STEM-STITCH AND BRAID.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This border, which would serve as a dress-trimming, is done in stem-stitch, and Russian-stitch. At each edge, there is a row of braid stitched on by machine.



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## GIRL'S COSTUME.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, a new and pretty costume for a girl. On the SUPPLEMENT are the full-size patterns. It consists of front and back, sacque shape, without darts, and fitting loosely; to which is added a short skirt, which is plaited or gathered on. All the pieces, which are four in number, are drawn with the same sign, and numbered 1x, 2x, 3x, 4x.

Our model is a white nainsook, trimmed with insertion and Hamburg flouncing. If trimmed with the four ruffles of Hamburg on the skirt, make the skirt piece less in width, no wider than the waist part; that is, put it on with only enough fullness to keep it from hooping. It must be narrow, to trim with ruffles. If one deep embroidered flounce is used, then it must be as full as the skirt given.

This is also a good model for making up simple ginghams, bordered calicoes, etc., using the bordering for the ruffles, and in place of the bands of insertion. Many are made by laying three box-plaits lengthwise, front and back, in the waist part. The yoke is only simulated, by the trimming being put on in that shape. This is the most simple and universally adopted style for little girls.

## SOFA CUSHION, WITH LACE COVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for one of those SOFA CUSHIONS, WITH LACE COVER, now so fashionable.

First, make the cushion the required size; then cover with pink satin, or silk. Make the lace, for which we give the design, for the border, and for the centre. Arrange the lace as seen by illustration. This design for lace may be used for other purposes. We give this, as many subscribers have written for lace patterns.



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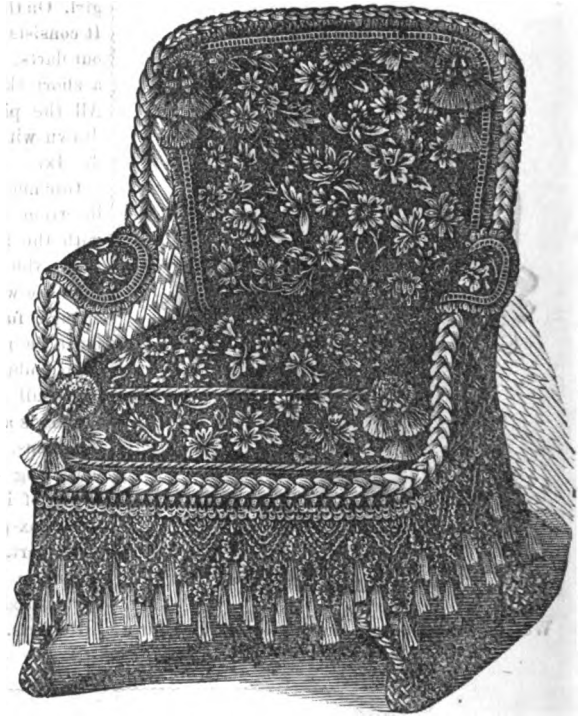
# LOW CHAIR OF FANCY STRAW.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Low chairs of fancy straw are now very fashionable for the parlor, both because they are comparatively inexpensive, and because they are light and graceful. They are generally upholstered with cretonne, or, if a more elegant covering is desired, with embroidered work. We give one, here, upholstered with silk plush, embroidered in satin-stitch. The chair itself is gilt, of a dull tint of gold, and the cushion for the seat should measure four inches high. It is loose from the chair; but the cushions for the back and sides are upholstered in the regular way, with buttons. A colored braid, with tassels, is sewn round the plush; and a cord of the corresponding color round the cushion.

In the front of the number, we give the design for the embroidery, which is worked on the plush in satin-stitch, with colored silks. The small covers for the arms are embroidered to correspond. Round the lower part of the chair, is a crocheted border, with tassels, which may be any pattern that is wished. The design for the embroidery is especially beautiful, and can be used for a sofa-cushion, ottoman, etc., etc.

# PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, in colors, a new and pretty design for a photograph frame. To make it, take a piece of good, black, navy-blue, or maroon-colored velvet, the size of the frame desired. The daisy pattern is to be embroidered in Kensington-stitch, with white filoselle, and yellow for the centre.

Then cut out the centre size of the photograph, and mount the velvet on to a wooden frame, made as thin, as consistent with sufficient strength to keep the frame in shape. Any carpenter will make the frame, if you give the proper dimensions. Enough of the velvet must be allowed for turning in the inside, and, also, enough to make a good outside edge. Tack the velvet on to the board with small furniture tacks; and finish the inside with a fine gold cord, sewed on neatly.

Fit a glass to the back; adjust the picture, and then back up the frame with a peice of pasteboard, neatly covered with silk to match. Several small tacks will keep this in place. We give the design, complete, of one size, that of the ordinary *carte de visite*. We also give a portion of a frame, larger size. Thus, from our pattern, two different frames, different in size, can be made, so as to suit different sized photographs.



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# EMBROIDERED MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, an engraving of a square mat, of fine Holland, fringed out all round, and having a border in open work. For the latter, draw out a sufficient number of threads, and work one side like an open hem, taking in six threads at a time. On the other side, three threads of the first six must be taken, with three threads of the second six, and so on. Above, we give a design, full-size, for the embroidery in the centre. The flowers are worked with pink crewels, in buttonhole and interlacing satin-stitch; the stems, calyces, and stamina, in satin, and overcast with maroon crewels. The leaves are worked in satin and overcast-stitch, with two shades of green, and two of red-brown crewels. This pattern is especially suited for dinner-mats.



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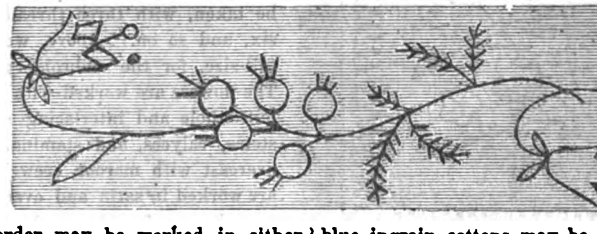
# EMBROIDERED DRESS TRIMMINGS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, two very beautiful designs for dress trimmings, now so fashionable. The foundation may be, either black or colored satin; the embroidery is worked *au passé*, and in Russian-stitch, with silks the natural colors of the flowers (rosebuds and daisies) and leaves.

# BORDER FOR SUMMER DRESS.



This neat border may be worked in either chain-stitch, or back-stitch. It is suitable for children's washing frocks; and either red, or blue ingrain cottons may be used. The design may, however, be carried out in silks, if that is preferred.



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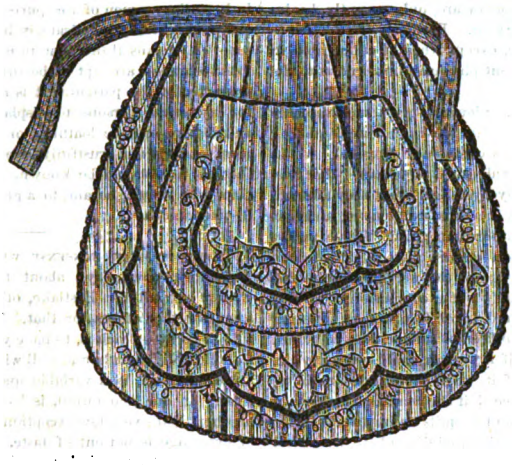
## POCKET APRON, FOR WORK.

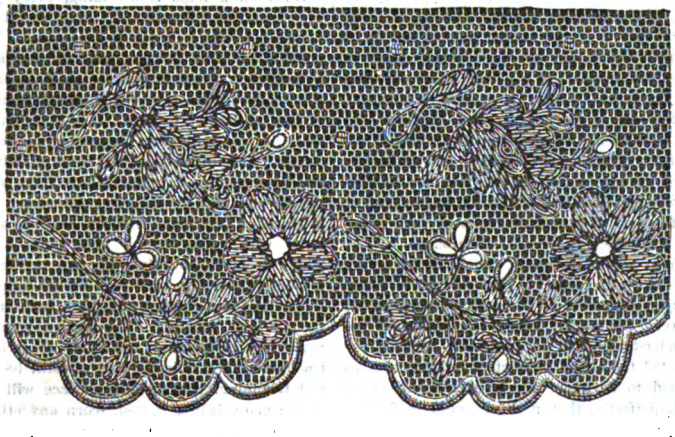
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This apron is made of white or brown linen, and the design is done in braid and outline-stitch. The pocket is first worked, and then laid on, and the edge finished in buttonhole-stitch. Then the outer design is worked, and the edge of the apron scalloped. Red and black, or all in white, for the embroidery, just as the taste may decide. Something to wash well, is most to be desired. A very useful addition to the work-table, as the knitting-balls, or crewels, can be kept in the pocket, the work rolled up in the apron, and the whole laid away easily, and as easily resumed.

## DESIGN FOR DARNED NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Use plain bobinette footing, and darn in the pattern with fine linen floss. The edge is buttonholed in scallops, and then cut out. These designs in darned net are now very fashionable.



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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HYSTERIA AND ITS PHENOMENA are, only recently, beginning to be properly understood. Formerly, hysteria was not recognized as a disease, except when it culminated in insanity. But every competent physician now knows to the contrary.

A recent article, in a leading journal, gives such valuable information on this subject, that we cannot help quoting part of what it says. "It was commonly supposed," writes the editor's correspondent, evidently a physician, "that hysterical persons were willingly hysterical; that they affected, or at least exaggerated, their nervous excitement; and that they were to be censured, rather than pitied. These unjust opinions were founded upon certain facts, which, in the absence of scientific knowledge of the nervous system and its diseases, seemed to justify such conclusions. It was observed that a stern command, given to a woman suffering with mild hysteria, usually sufficed to subdue the symptoms. Hence, it was argued that if a woman could cease crying, laughing, and all the rest of it, when commanded to do so, she could stop of her own accord, if she would. In a certain sense, this was and is true; but it omits an important factor from consideration, namely, the inability of an hysterical patient to exercise the will. This is a condition always present in hysteria. The patient's will is paralyzed, and the physician who commands her to be quiet, simply substitutes his own will for hers. She is frequently as powerless to resist his authority as she is to control herself, and for that reason his command is usually effective, in mild cases."

The writer goes on to say, that the popular misconception to which he has referred, was strengthened by the so-called "contagiousness" of the disease. When women, in apparently good health, were seized with hysteria, merely because another woman manifested hysterical symptoms, persons ignorant of nervous pathology naturally supposed that the afflicted persons were simulating a disturbance which they did not feel, and many cruelties were inflicted upon such persons, in consequence of this erroneous deduction. But later investigations have given us a glimpse, at least, of the truth with respect to nervous disease; and physicians now recognize hysteria for what it really is, namely, a very distressing malady of the nervous system. Instead of being misled by its tendency to spread among women, and by its yielding to stern command, they use these facts as guides in the treatment of the disease. If a person, in strong sympathy with an hysterical woman, is present—a husband, father, or brother—the physician, at once, banishes him from the room, because his known sympathy tends to encourage the self-pity which marks hysteria, and to lead to the persistence of the symptoms. In like manner, the physician forbids every manifestation of anxiety, excitement, or uneasiness, on the part of attendants, because such manifestations excite the patient to renewed disturbance.

The writer from whom we quote, concludes by saying that another mistake with respect to hysteria has led, many times, to an unjust judgment of the afflicted persons. It was assumed, very commonly, before the nature of the malady was understood, that, in hysterical attacks, the patients manifested their true characters in their acts, as men are supposed to do under vinous excitement. It is now understood, perfectly, that nothing could be further from the truth than this. Moral insanity is one of the common symptoms of the disease. Women of the utmost truthfulness will sometimes practise the most wanton deceptions, in hysteria; women of the purest minds will sometimes do things shockingly indelicate, in like circumstances. Indeed, some physicians think that in hysteria, as in insanity, the manifestations are apt to be directly contradictory to the character of the patient. It is a very common occurrence for hysterical persons to display the strongest suspicion and dislike, even to loathing, of those persons whom they most tenderly and trustfully love, when in health. It is well that all this should be known. We have met even physicians who were ignorant, to a great extent, of hysteria and its phenomena.

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THERE IS MUCH NONSENSE written, in newspapers and magazines, now-a-days, about furnishing houses. Some writers are all for Eastlake, others all for Queen Anne; some for this, others for that. Yet, there is but one safe rule to go by—which is, to have your chairs, sofas, etc., comfortable, solidly made, and well within your means, as to cost. Taste, after all, is a variable quantity. What is thought "fine," in one generation, is looked on with contempt, in another. With very few exceptions, the really good furniture of every age is not out of taste, and will always look well. The only style, that is hopelessly vulgar, is that of George the Fourth. But all flimsy, pretentious, uncomfortable furniture ought to be frowned down; and we know no furniture, belonging to any era, which is worse than some of this sort now manufactured, especially that manufactured wholesale. Do not let nonsensical talk about "æsthetic furniture" betray you into buying any of this sort of stuff, fit for show only, not for use. Buy what is well made; what you, yourself, like; and what you can use in other rooms, if you ever move. It is positively absurd, as a leading London journal says, to have to "go to books and lecturers, to learn how to buy chairs and tables, curtains and wall-papers." It is not this decorator, nor that furniture-dealer, that has to live in your house: you, yourself, are the person that has to do that; and you should gratify yourself, not him. All he wants is to make the most money out of you he can.

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HAND-MADE LACE is becoming, every year, more chic. The beautiful "Rose-Point," even, so often seen in Vandyke's portraits, is likely to be revived. This lace is composed of immense flowers, made in what is called "buttonhole-stitch." These flowers are made separately, and afterward collected and sewn together, by means of other pieces of lace of lighter texture. It is to bobbin or pillow-work that the rose-point owes its gradual declination in popular esteem. Bobbin lace, and the aerial productions of Mechlin and Valenciennes, have, for a long time, reigned supreme; but are now, with the daintily-outlined and superbly-worked products of Venice and Alençon, about to share their popularity with "Rose-Point." The point à l'Aiguille lace, which is made entirely with the needle, and the point d'Alençon, the only variety of French lace made with pure linen hand-spun thread, are, also, both rapidly regaining their former standing. The sudden popularity of hand-made lace is, however, not likely to seriously injure the machine-made article, for this can still be used for quilling and trimming. But hand-made lace will always have its value; many ladies, indeed, scorn any other kind; and a woman's leisure cannot be better occupied than in making this dainty article.



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ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE to clubs for "Peterson," at the price paid by the rest of the club. It is never too late to make additions, as back numbers, from January, can always be supplied. *Nor is it ever too late to get up clubs.* Clubs may begin with either the January, or July number; but all the members of a club must begin with the same number. Always say when your club is to begin. Send for a specimen, and get up a club. Our clubs, and the premiums, remember, are as follows:

Two copies for one year for $3.50, or three copies for $4.50, with *either our large steel engraving,* "Grandfather Tells of Yorktown," for a premium, or our elegant, gilt, quarto, illustrated ALBUM.

Four copies for one year for $6.50, or six copies for $9.00, or ten copies for $14.00, *with an extra copy of the magazine for one year as a premium.*

Five copies for one year for $8.00, or seven copies for $10.50, or twelve copies for $17.00, with *both an extra copy for premium, and either the steel-engraving, or* ALBUM.

These terms are so low, these premiums so valuable, that *no other magazine can compete with them.*

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TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—The best way to clean white, or other light kid gloves, is to put one glove upon the hand, and, with a cloth well saturated with pure benzine, rub all parts of the glove, making it quite wet with the benzine; then dry it, on the hand, by rubbing with a soft towel. Repeat this until the glove is perfectly clean.

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"DECIDEDLY THE BEST."—The Moberly (Mo.) Monitor says: "Peterson's is just received, and is an unusually brilliant number, especially in its engravings. Every lady should have it. It is decidedly the best magazine in the United States."

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TO DRESS IN PERFECTION, you should study your figure, complexion, and style. On the proper use of colors, etc., with these things in view, will depend, in a great degree, your success. It costs no more, remember, to dress in taste, than to be a "guy."

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SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE, if you wish to receive "Peterson" at the present club rates; for if the price of paper does not fall, we shall have, next year, to advance them to the old standard, viz: what they were, when paper was the same as now.

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"PETERSON" THE BEST.—A lady sends an addition to her club, and says, "This subscriber thought she would try some other work, but she has now come back to 'Peterson,' *as the best.*" We receive scores of such letters.

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"CHEAPEST AND BEST."—The Mt. Joy (Pa.) Herald says: "Peterson's is the cheapest and best of the fashion monthlies; it also far exceeds any of them in the excellence of its literary contents, prose and poetry."

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"ALWAYS GOOD," is the verdict of the Rock Island (Ill.) Union, on our last number. "It is as fresh and sparkling as the Spring," it says. "For sustained excellence, 'Peterson' has no superior."

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"BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED."—The Ottumwa (Ia.) Courier says: "Peterson's comes to us most beautifully illustrated, the cheapest and best magazine in the world."

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LOUD AND BOISTEROUS talking, or laughing, should always be avoided. Nothing is so lady-like as a low and well-modulated voice.

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AVOID SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, above all things. To be perfectly easy in manner, you must forget yourself.

A NEW VOLUME begins with this number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe, especially to those who do not wish back numbers. Single subscriptions taken, *for six months,* at one dollar each. But no club subscriptions are taken for less than a year. Always say, when you remit, whether you wish to begin with January, or July.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Bailiff's Maid. From the German of E. Marlitt. By Mrs. A. L. Wistar.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is, very properly, called a romance, and not a novel. Marlitt never writes novels, in the critical sense of the word, but only romances. Yet his stories are not the less charming on that account; in fact, are the more charming. With the exception of "The Mamselle's Secret," this is the most pleasing of all his works. It is a love story, just hovering on the edge of the improbable, but never overstepping it, and, therefore, legitimate, considered as a romance. The descriptions of the hills and forests of Thuringia, among which the incidents take place, are as graphic as they are delightful: we fairly smell the aromatic woods, see the clear-flashing brooks, hear the fox scouring through the long grass. It is a glimpse, as it were, into a German Arcadia.

*Bellah. A Tale of Brittany. By Octave Feuillet. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—When a first-class French novelist selects a suitable theme, the result is a story, which, as a work of art, cannot be surpassed. Nor is this question of a selection one to be overlooked. We remember hearing Lowell, the poet, say, many years ago, that true genius showed itself as much in the choice of a theme, as in the treatment of it. In the tale before us, Octave Feuillet, from the first, has assured its success, by the selection of his subject. The incidents are absorbing, the characters natural, the atmosphere, so to speak, healthy and invigorating. On the whole, "Bellah" is one of the best books of the year; admirably fitted for summer reading, especially.

*Xenie's Inheritance. By Henry Greville.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—In the present dearth of good novels, it is refreshing to meet so well-told a tale as this. The stories of this author are always excellent; but her Russian stories are her best, and this is one of the best of these. The mania for inculcating some pet idea, or doctrine, of her own, and making fiction merely the disguise for an argument, does not possess this writer. She is a good, old-fashioned story-teller, who seeks to amuse, and not to dogmatise. To use a homely phrase, "she sticks to her last." The novel ends happily.

*The Eichoffs. From the German of Moritz Von Reichenbad. By Mrs. A. L. Wistar.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Mrs. Wistar always makes excellent selections, when she wishes to translate and adapt from the German. Her translation, too, is always good. She never offends, by retaining foreign idioms; and her mastery of English is very thorough. "The Eichoffs" is a story of Northern Germany, valuable for its sketches of life and society there, as well as interesting as a mere story. The volume is printed, with that praiseworthy neatness, which always distinguishes the publications of this firm.

*Miss Leslie's Cook-Book. By Eliza Leslie.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—For an ordinary household, this is undoubtedly the best cook-book extant. It is full of receipts, coming down from that "good old time," when cookery was an art with our grandmothers, and when it was the fashion to go to Mrs. Goodfellow, in Philadelphia, and practise under her. All the best receipts of the once famous Maryland kitchens are to be found here. No recent compilation, that we have ever seen, is half so good as this one.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS FOR FIFTY CENTS.—Many requests have been made to us that we should sell copies of our premium engravings. We, therefore, offer, *to subscribers to this magazine, or to any of their friends*, either of the following for fifty cents:

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| THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS, | (27 in. by 20) |
| WASHINGTON'S ADIEU TO HIS GENERALS, | (27 " " 20) |
| BUNYAN ON TRIAL, | (27 " " 20) |
| BUNYAN IN JAIL, | (27 " " 20) |
| WASHINGTON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE, | (24 " " 20) |
| THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM, | (24 " " 16) |
| "OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN," | (24 " " 16) |
| WASHINGTON AT TRENTON, | (24 " " 16) |
| BESSIE'S BIRTH-DAY, | (24 " " 16) |
| CHRIST WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM, | (24 " " 16) |
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| GRAN'FATHER TELLS OF YORKTOWN, | (24 " " 20) |
| WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE, | (27 " " 20) |
| THE ANGELS OF CHRISTMAS, | (20 " " 16) |
| THE PARABLE OF THE LILIES, | (20 " " 16) |

Always say, when remitting, which plate is desired. Address, Charles J. Peterson, No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE gives speedy benefit for night sweats of consumption. It strengthens the nerves and muscles, and promotes recovery.

VASELINE.—When Vaseline, or Petroleum Jelly, was first proposed for medical and toilet purposes, its progress was slow, and its reception cold, as the public naturally supposed that it was one of those ordinary preparations, of more or less value, which continually arise, run their short race, and then disappear. Now, it is acknowledged by physicians, the press, and the public generally, that no substance ever discovered is so healing in its nature, and its use in the hospitals of the world has become extensive. As a family remedy for wounds, cuts, burns, sprains, rheumatism, catarrh, chilblains, hæmorrhoids, and skin diseases, it is invaluable; and the home which does not now contain, at least, a twenty-five cent bottle of Vaseline, is behind the age.

Many of the toilet preparations, made from Vaseline, are the only harmless and beneficial articles of their kind in use. Who now wants to put pomade, or cold cream, made of pig's lard, on their heads or skin, at the risk of being poisoned, (for it is an undoubted fact that lard is poisonous, when in the least rancid, and that all lard soon rancidifies,) when one can procure really elegant, pleasant, and entirely safe, pomade, cold cream, and camphor ice, made with Vaseline, and containing no lard, as cheaply as the former. Both science and experience teach, that all complexion powders and Fluids are more or less detrimental to the skin, while some (owing to the contained lead) are dangerous in the extreme. Those who nightly use Vaseline, for face and hands, will quickly discover how, longest and best, to preserve the skin from the ravages of time, decay and frost, while an habitual use of cosmetics will impair and destroy any complexion.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium anywhere in the United States.

DON'T USE ANYTHING to soften and improve the skin, except Pearl's White Glycerine, and Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. See advertisement.

WHY BE TORTURED with hard or soft corns? German Corn Remover cures every time. For sale by all druggists.

GERMAN CORN REMOVER will allow nicer fitting boots. Take no other. Sold by druggists. 25 cents.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FORREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVSEY, M. D.

### No. VII.—CULVER'S ROOT—LEPTANDRA VIRGINICA.

BOTANICAL CHARACTERS.—Stem, two to three to five feet high, erect, straight, obtusely angled; leaves, whorled in fours to sixes, three to six inches long, tapering to a sharp point; flowers, in dense, terminal spikes, white, with exserted style and stamens; calyx, four-parted; corolla, tubular, with a spreading border, deeply four-cleft. Found in low grounds, borders of woods, thickets, etc. Blooms in July. This plant is referred by Darlington, by authority of Bentham, A. Gray, and others, to *Veronica Virginica*, and gives the common name, Tall Speedwell, while the name, Leptandra, is not even to be found in the Latin Index of Wood's Botany, though he calls this species Culver's Physic. Nevertheless, our medical authorities continue to treat and speak of it under the old name, Leptandra, and the writer is not inclined to depart from the customs of the medical fathers.

When the writer entered the profession, over thirty years ago, he found that a "tea" of Culver's Root was habitually used by many families, on both sides of the Delaware, some thirty miles from Philadelphia, and was highly esteemed by them in "bilious headaches" and "liver complaints," and more especially in the beginning of "chills," or "fever and ague." They claimed that they could frequently "break" the chills by drinking freely of this tea, till it purged briskly. It, certainly, required but a few grains of quinine, subsequently, to arrest the disease, or prevent the occurrence of the chill.

It has been used largely, before and since, by Botanics and Eclectics, under the name of *Leptandrin*, a brown, dry powder, which contains the active, purgative principle. Ten grains of this is thoroughly triturated with ninety of pulverized sugar, and given, in three to five-grain doses, as a tonic and laxative. As dyspepsia is generally complicated with a torpid liver, inactivity of the bowels, and constipation, a few drops of the tincture, or fluid extract of Culver, in cold water, will be found very useful, taken before meals. Leptandra, in either of the above forms, in large or purgative doses, operates freely, but mildly, without producing any constitutional disturbance, or in any way impairing the general integrity of the constitution, or debilitating the stomach or bowels. Mothers, who are inclined to *doctor* their own households, will find this agent quite convenient; more safe and satisfactory than administering calomel or blue pill, for simple ailments of the stomach, liver, bowels, and "bilious" or sick-headaches.

COLUMBO—*Frasera Carolinensis* (American Columbo).—Stem, smooth, three to six feet high, showy and tall, with verticillate leaves, in fours to sixes, which are oblong, sessile. Petals of the flowers, greenish, with blue dots, and a large, purple gland. Blossoms in June and July. Found in rich soils; is a stately plant, and good tonic. (Wood.)

This is an old Botanic remedy, recommended, forty years ago, by Dr. Beach and his followers, and is useful in dyspepsia, jaundice, debility, etc. *Fraserin* is the active principle, and is now generally used, triturated as above; and, given in small doses, will increase appetite and give vigor to the digestive organs. Combined with Leptandrin, it becomes

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much more valuable in inveterate cases of dyspepsia. In feeble and debilitated habits, where a gentle tonic, mild aperient, and diuretic, are needed, there are but few articles which fulfil these indications so well as *Fraserin*.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

### No. 113.—DOUBLE DECAPITATION.

1. Behead a patch, and leave an awkward person; again, and leave on the outside.
2. Behead a willow fishing-basket, and leave a dance; again, and leave a snake-like fish.
3. Behead the fruit of a vine, and leave a plant of the cabbage tribe; again, and leave to mimic.

*Harlem, N. Y.* MINNIE S. YOST.

### No. 114.—REBUSGRAM.

L (th) Y.

*Smyrna, N. Y.* HANK KERCHIEF.

### No. 115.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The whole, of 9 letters, is a sprinkling of dust.
The 1, 2, 3, is a species of poplar.
The 4, 5, 6, is a genus of plants.
The 7, 8, 9, is an element of electricity.

*Dunkirk, N. Y.* MY DOT.

### No. 116.—ANAGRAM.

One arm is set.

*Boston, Mass.* DUBBLE U. CAYENNE.

### No. 117.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in have, but not in hold.
My second is in brave, but not in bold.
My third is in arm, but not in hand.
My fourth is in bog, but not in land.
My fifth is in slave, but not in toil.
My sixth is in tin, but not in foil.
My seventh is in tart, but not in sour.
My whole is a well-known garden-flower.

*Marblehead, Mass.* HARRY L. CHENEY.

*Answers Next Month.*

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

No. 109.
Anoa, Oryx, Paco.

No. 110.
O—range.
H—edge.
I—deal.
O—mission.

No. 111.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| C | O | P | A | L |
| M | I | L | A | N |
| M | A | D | G | E |
| E | L | D | E | R |
| E | N | T | E | R |

No. 112.
Fourth of July.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### PRESERVES, JELLIES, PICKLES, ETC.

*Preserved Peaches.*—Pare the peaches, cut them in halves, and remove the stones; allow one pound granulated sugar to one pound peaches; crack one-quarter of the stones, extract the kernels, and remove the dark skins; then boil them in just water enough to cover them; boil until soft; let them steep in a covered bowl, until needed; place the peaches and sugar alternately, in layers, in a porcelain kettle; let it warm up slowly, then strain the kernels and add the water (the kernels may also be added, if desired); let them boil slowly until the peaches are clear and tender; it takes about half-an-hour; then skim them out carefully, and lay them upon large, flat dishes; boil the syrup until it is clear and thick, about fifteen minutes; skim thoroughly, as fast as the scum rises; fill jars two-thirds full of the cold preserved peaches; pour on the boiling syrup; when cold, place brandied tissue-paper on the top, and cover the jar well with stout paper.

*To Bottle Green Gooseberries for Tarts.*—Cut off the tops and tails of some gooseberries, which have not obtained their full growth, and put them into wide-necked bottles, which have been well washed and dried. Cork them loosely, and set them in a pan of cold water, which should be brought to boil very gradually. Leave the gooseberries to simmer, until they assume a shrunken appearance; then take the bottles out. If they are not full, take the contents of one bottle to fill up the rest, and pour sufficient boiling water into the bottles to cover the gooseberries. Cork the bottles closely, and tie a bladder over the top, keeping them in a dry, cool place, till wanted. When required for tarts or puddings, pour some of the water away, and add as much sugar as would be necessary for fresh fruit, which they closely resemble in flavor and appearance.

*Tomato Catsup.*—Cut one peck of ripe tomatoes in halves, boil them in a lined saucepan, until the pulp is all dissolved, then strain them well, through a hair sieve, and set the liquor on to boil, adding one ounce salt, one ounce mace, one tablespoonful of black pepper, one teaspoonful of red pepper, one tablespoonful of ground cloves, five of ground mustard; let them all boil together, for five or six hours, and stir them most of the time. Let the mixture stand eight or ten hours, in a cool place; add one pint of vinegar, and then bottle it; seal the corks, and keep in a cool, dark place.

*To Preserve Morello Cherries.*—Take the cherries when they are fully ripe, and stone them; weigh together the juice and fruit; to one pound of them put half-pound clear brown sugar. Boil the cherries in juice for one hour and a-half; then add the sugar, and boil for as much longer time; stir them occasionally, to prevent their burning. They are excellent for pies, and should be stirred for a day or two, to keep the syrup from settling at the bottom. It is best to put them in rather small jars, for the preserve will become acid, if exposed to the air when the jar is opened, if not soon used.

*Preserved Quinces.*—Pare and quarter the quinces; boil in enough water to keep them whole; when they are tender, take them out, and, to each pound of quinces, add one pound white sugar; let them stand, with the sugar on, until the next day, when you will find the syrup as light and clear as amber; put them in the kettle, and let them boil twenty minutes; they never get hard. The water they were boiled in, may be used to make a jelly of the parings; add one pound white sugar to each pint of juice, and boil half-an-hour.

*Cherry-Bounce.*—Stone and put into a stone jar the cherries; place this jar into a pot, containing water; set it on the fire, and let the water boil around the cherries until the juice is



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extracted; then strain the juice, and to one gallon, put four pounds sugar; put it into a kettle, and let it boil until all scum has been taken off. While boiling, add a pinch of allspice and a few blades of mace. Just before bottling, put to each gallon of liquor, one quart of brandy and one quart of rum.

*Blackberry Jelly.*—Put the fruit in a stone jar; set the jar in a pot of cold water; put a few small sticks on the bottom of the pot, to keep the jar from breaking. When the water boils around the jar, and the fruit is soft, take it out, and squeeze out the juice by putting the berries in a bag. To each pint of juice, put one pound sugar; put it in a skillet, and when it comes to a boil, watch it that it does not burn. Let it boil until it jellies. It takes about twenty minutes.

*Plums in Vinegar.*—Gather the plums with the stalks, prick them with a needle, and put them, with layers of cloves and cinnamon, into glass jars. For every four pounds of plums, boil up two pounds of sugar, and one quart of best vinegar, and pour it warm over the plums. Next day, pour out the vinegar, boil it up again, and pour over the fruit. This must be repeated a third time. Tie up with bladder. This preserve improves much by keeping.

*Peach Butter.*—Pare ripe peaches, and put them in a preserving-kettle, with sufficient water to boil them soft; then mash them through a colander, removing the stones. To each quart of the peach, put one and a-half pounds of sugar, and boil very slowly for one hour; stir often, and keep it from burning; put in stone or glass jars; seal tightly, and keep in a cool place. Grape butter is also excellent. Grapes can be used that do not ripen.

*Pickled Cherries.*—Pick over your cherries, and remove all the specked ones. Put them into a jar, and pour over them as much hot vinegar and sugar as will cover them; to each gallon of vinegar, allow four pounds sugar. Boil and skim it, and pour it hot over the fruit. Let it stand a week, then pour off the vinegar and boil it as before; pour it hot over the cherries the second time. As soon as they are cold, tie them closely.

*Blackberry Cordial.*—Two quarts of blackberry juice, one pound loaf-sugar, four grated nutmegs, half-ounce ground cinnamon, quarter-ounce ground cloves, and quarter-ounce ground allspice; simmer these all together, for thirty minutes, in the saucepan, tightly covered, to prevent evaporation; strain through a cloth, when cold, and then add one pint of the very best French brandy. Bottle and cork tightly.

*Currant Jelly.*—Strip your currants off the stem, and put them into a stone jar; set the jar into a pot of water; let the water boil around the jar until the juice is extracted from the currants, then strain the juice through a coarse muslin bag. To one pint of juice, put one pound sugar; when dissolved, let it boil, and skim it; when it stiffens, take it off. Boil it about twenty minutes.

*Imitation Guava Jelly.*—Two parts apples, to one of quinces; stew the apples and quinces separately, as the latter, being tough, require longer cooking. The apples should be of an acid nature. Put them together, with an equal quantity of loaf-sugar; boil till all the fruit will smash against the side of the stewpan, then strain, and put them into pots, with brandy papers over them.

*Jelly made from Mountain-Ash Berries.*—Stew the berries until quite done, press out the juice, and weigh it; add one pound powdered loaf-sugar to every pint of juice; boil, skim, and stir, until the sugar is dissolved, and until the juice will jelly, when dropped on to a cold dish; a little dissolved isinglass may be added.

MISCELLANEOUS.

*Toast and Water.*—Hold a small piece of bread before the fire until it is the color of mahogany, but do not let it burn. Put it in a jug and pour boiling water upon it, cover it down close until cold. Isinglass would make it more nourishing for an invalid. Or the bread should be very slowly and thoroughly toasted, great care being taken to prevent its burning in the slightest degree; cold water should then be poured over it. It must stand some time before being used. A little isinglass (being very strengthening) may be dissolved in the water.

*Scones.*—One pound of flour, two pounds of butter, two teaspoonfuls baking-powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little more than half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful pounded sugar (if liked sweet); rub the butter into the flour, having previously added the baking-powder and salt; then mix into a very light dough with the milk. Roll out very lightly to the thickness of half-an-inch, and cut into shapes; bake on the overshelf in a quick oven. This recipe is excellent, if carefully followed.

*Chicken Jelly.*—Half a raw chicken, pounded with a mallet, bones and meat together; cold water to cover it well. Heat slowly, in a covered vessel, and let it simmer until the meat is in white rags, and the liquid reduced one-half; strain and press through a coarse cloth; season to taste, return to the fire, and simmer five minutes longer; skim when cool.

*For Chilblains.*—A solution of nitrate of silver, diluted with water, has been found very efficacious, for it dries and heals them rapidly.

## FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF SMOKE-COLORED FOULARD, SPOTTED WITH RED.—The front of the skirt is made of gaged flounces of plain, smoke-colored silk, as is also the gaged front of the corsage and the cuffs. The rest of the dress is of the foulard, simply draped. The corsage is V-shaped in front.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF MAUVE BENGALINE.—The front and sides are laid in kilt-plaits, but the front is caught together by four pieces of cream-colored surah silk, caught up in the middle of each piece; the back of the skirt is simply draped; the deep-pointed basque-waist is trimmed with mauve *passementerie*, and opens with lappels in the front; three-quarter sleeves; Leghorn hat, trimmed with lace and ostrich feather.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED SURAH SILK.—The front has four deep flounces, gathered in the middle of each, so as to form a puff above each flounce; the back is trimmed with narrow knife-plaited ruffles, and the skirt is artistically draped; the bodice is full in front, and has many close gagings, reaching to the end of the long point; a loosely-plaited fold of lavender-colored surah finishes the bottom of the bodice, and is arranged with the drapery at the back; necktie of the same silk. The large chip hat is lined with lavender silk, and has lavender-colored plumes.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF DELICATE BLUE, OLIVE, AND PINK BROCADED SILK, worn over a plain olive silk skirt, trimmed in front with chenille fringe, in which the colors of the brocade are seen; the bodice is coat-shaped, and the drapery is arranged in an indescribable way, as all well-draped garments are done, on the figure, to suit the style of the person for whom they are intended. In the ruffle at the back, as well as in the drapery, blue silk appears. Bonnet, of Tuscan straw, trimmed with a wreath of large roses, shaded from dark-red to pink; dark-red strings.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DELICATE LEMON-COLORED, FIGURED GAUZE, OVER LEMON-COLORED SILK.—The gauze is used only on the front of the skirt and bodice; the back of the skirt, as well as the deep-pointed bodice, and half-sleeves, are of the silk. The bodice is square in front, and, with the sleeves, is trimmed with *crêpe lisse*.

FIG. VI.—TRAVELING-DRESS, OF DARK, FAWN-COLORED

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BÉGE.—The lower part of the skirt is kilted; above this, the drapery has but slight fullness. The Princess over-dress opens in front, over this drapery, and is simply looped in the back; it is faced with a striped, brown silk. The cape, which does not quite reach to the waist, ties in front, with bows and ends of the striped silk, hemmed, ribbon-width. The same silk trims the cape, and forms the collar. Brown straw hat, trimmed with brown velvet, and long, gilt pin.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY MOMIE CLOTH, SPOTTED WITH DARK AND LIGHT BLUE.—The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a side-plaited ruffle, with two bands of dark-blue silk on it. Knots of light-blue and dark-blue ribbon extend down each side of wrinkled apron-front. The back is draped. The pointed bodice, of the figured *momie* cloth, has a dark-blue, plaited, silk vest, with collar and cuffs of the same. Bonnet, of gray straw, lined with blue, and trimmed with a wreath of roses.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED, FRENCH BUNTING, FOR A YOUNG LADY.—The skirt is box-plaited, and the paniers are edged with a satin ruffle; the bodice is gathered, and the collar is of satin, edged with lace; the Swiss belt is of satin, as are, also, the cuffs, edged with lace, on the three-quarter sleeves.

FIG. IX.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE NUN'S VEILING.—The very bottom of the skirt has a narrow, knife-plaited ruffle. The skirt is laid in box-plaits, which are allowed to flow loose, about a quarter of a yard from the bottom, and so form a flounce, which is edged with Spanish lace. The Princess bodice is square, back and front, and, with the sleeves, is trimmed with Spanish lace. The drapery, below the bodice, is laid in upright folds, and falls gracefully at the back.

FIGS. X. AND XI.—FRONT AND BACK OF A SEASIDE COSTUME.—Dark-blue summer serge or cambric may be used for this costume, and the braid may be either white or red. This braid is sewn on to a color that contrasts with the dress, but the same fabric. Short, kilted skirt; Laveuse polonaise, fastened down the centre with buttons that match the braid in color. The polonaise is turned up all round the figure, and falls in a double drapery at the back. Large, sailor collar, and deep cuffs to match. Tuscan straw hat, trimmed with the same colors as the dress.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED AND PLAIN BATISTE, TRIMMED WITH EMBROIDERY.—Kilted skirt; paniers edged with lace, and draped at the back with a sash. Basque bodice, with large collar. White chip hat, trimmed with large, brown feathers.

FIG. XIII.—PELERINE COSTUME, of chestnut-brown, summer camel's-hair, trimmed with a silk of a rather lighter shade of brown. The plaited camel's-hair skirt is trimmed with a band of the silk. The polonaise is turned up, washer-woman style, in front, with the silk, and has a draped tunic at the back; a silk cord and tassel is tied at the side. The pelerine has a silk-lined hood, and is gathered in the centre. The sleeves are turned, at the wrists, with the silk. Brown felt hat, trimmed with a cord and tassel.

FIG. XIV.—COARSE, BLACK STRAW BONNET, with the brim lined with heliotrope satin, worked with dark-red beads. The bow at the top, and the strings, are of heliotrope-colored ribbon, faced with dark-red.

FIG. XV.—STRAW BONNET, OF SEAL-BROWN COLOR, and trimmed with one of the new satin ribbons, shaded from seal-brown to bége-color. The lining is of the same color. The large cluster of flowers is composed of lilies-of-the-valley and mignonette.

FIG. XVI.—TUSCAN STRAW BONNET, trimmed with a bow of yellow ribbon on the top of the crown, fastened down with a gilt pin and a gay bird. The strings are of yellow satin.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The fine woollen materials are so soft and thin, that they are suitable for wear nearly all summer; and nothing can be prettier for a house-dress, as the drapery falls so gracefully. Pongees, foulards, surahs, buntings, de bége, as well as batiste, Swiss mull, jaconets, percales, momie cloths, and lawns, are all equally popular for warm weather. The beauty of all cotton goods depends, very much, on the making, the trimming, and drapery. They seem to require more care, to make them stylish, than a silk or a woolen material. The gay, striped, or shaded silks, of which our Paris correspondent speaks, and which we have mentioned before, are most dangerous things, in the hands of a person without taste. It requires all the intuitive knowledge of a first-class, French dressmaker, to keep a dress of them from looking vulgar. It is almost impossible, too, for a person with a good eye for color, to endure some of the bonnets, trimmed with these ombre or shaded ribbons. For a person with but a few dresses in her wardrobe, it is much safer to adhere to black, white, and soft grays, or almond-colors; these are always lady-like, and can be varied by knots of ribbons or flowers. Black is so universally becoming, that it must always be popular; and black lace, as well as black grenadine dresses, are among the favorites of the best-dressed people.

Grenadines are sometimes worn over colored dresses, such as dark-red and old-gold, and are very dressy.

The old-fashioned, dotted Swiss mull is now preferred, by many young ladies, to the jaconet dress, which requires so much time and care to laundry; as the dotted mull, with care, will wear a long time.

It is impossible to describe the make of percales and chintzes. No matter how beautiful the color or pattern may be, if not trimmed with style, they are never becoming, though extremely useful. They require much ruffling, to look well, as a rule.

While pointed bodices are very fashionable, round waists are, also, popular; in fact, anything may be worn, in these days of changing and varying tastes.

BONNETS AND HATS are in as great a variety as dresses. Only what is becoming need be studied. Some are pokes, coming far over the face; others, the tiniest bits of capotes, that show half of the top of the head.

PARASOLS are usually large; but smaller ones are, by no means, out of fashion. A lace trimming on the edge is general, however.

Some extravagant women are cutting up their Indian shawls, to make into wraps. The fashion will, most probably, be a fleeting one; and the more economically inclined are using French shawls, or new Paisley shawls, which, as the name indicates, are made in Scotland. The real Paisley shawl is wool and cotton, and is brochéd exactly like the ordinary brochè shawl. The Paisley shawl has either a black or white, plain centre, and a border of palms, in grays and black, and a few threads of blue and red, giving a dull-gray effect. There are shawls, called Paisley, now in the market, all wool, which look like brochè shawls, in all colors, and brochéd all over; but they are not the real Paisley shawl.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

THE fashions vary, rapidly and continually. Novelties are being perpetually introduced, and toilettes of the wildest eccentricity, are seen side by side with those of the severest simplicity. Fashion, too, seems to have gone backwards, in search of novelties. Robe dresses and skirts, with three flounces, recall the styles of thirty years ago, while the poke bonnets, and huge fans, belong to an epoch even more distant.

The latest craze is for striped silks, in the gayest possible combinations, which, somehow, are prevented, by the taste of

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the French designers, from looking flashy or inharmonious. These silks are all in the soft, satin-finished surah, which popular material seems to have dethroned all other forms of silk goods, for every-day wear. Even Lyons satin is seldom seen, except in ball-dresses, while faille is utterly and entirely dethroned. I doubt if the first-class Parisian dressmakers send out one faille dress each in the season, unless it be to fill an American order. But to return to the striped surahs, I must say, that when well-made, and worn by a stylish lady, they have a very striking effect. They are worn wholly untrimmed, except by draperies of the stuff itself. Stripes of different shades of orange and brown are seen together, as are also dull shades of green with dark-red, and the shaded stripes, that our grandmothers used to wear, are also in vogue. Sometimes, the corsage and skirt draperies are of the striped surah, while the skirt itself is in some contrasting color or material.

Lace dresses, both in black and white, are coming very much into vogue, and will, probably, be even more popular, as the season advances. They will be charming for watering-place wear, in the United States. They are composed of lama lace, about a finger-length in depth, set in full ruffles, on a short skirt, of either black or white silk, to match the lace. A wide scarf, of watered silk, also matching the lace in color, is draped around the skirt. The corsage is composed of lace, lined with silk. These dresses are made short, for dinner-wear, or for small parties, and are extremely elegant and tasteful.

Here are some dresses, gotten up for a young Austrian countess, and recently worn by her, at the *fêtes* given in honor of the marriage of Prince Rudolph. A ball-dress, of white satin, is brocaded with lilies-of-the-valley, in silver. The corsage and train are composed of this brocade, the underskirt being of white satin, and covered with three wide flounces of fine point-lace, put in very full. Each flounce is headed with a fringe of lilies-of-the-valley, in silver. The low-necked and short-sleeved corsage is trimmed with lace and fringe, to correspond with the skirt. A dinner-dress was in black silk gauze, the skirt being crossed transversely in front, with three full, wide ruffles of black Chantilly lace, each headed with an embroidered band, in floss silk, the pattern being red and white roses. The long train is covered with draperies of the gauze, over which fall long trailing garlands of red and white rosebuds; these garlands are continued from the waist to the skirt-hem. The skirt is finished around the edge with a finger-wide plaited flounce of rose-red surah, over which falls a full ruffle of wide Chantilly lace. Across the low-necked corsage is set, transversely, a garland of red and white rosebuds. A third dress is in satin, of the new and delicate yellow, called the Aida. A morning-robe, for the same lady, is made in the loose peignoir style; it is composed of pale blue plush, faced with pale yellow plush. The sleeves are slashed, up the inside of the arm, so as to show puffs of pale blue satin, and are caught together with cords of pale blue and yellow. The robe is cut straight up the centre of the back breadth, to allow of the escape of a long, full train of pale blue satin.

Changeable surahs are much worn, combined with the shaded silks, whereof I wrote in my last. Bonnets of the poke shape, in black net, embroidered thickly with jet, are greatly in favor with very fashionable ladies. They are trimmed with a single cluster of pink, or of crimson roses, placed at one side of the crown. Hats, composed of black-beaded lace, and with large jet beads fringing the front, are shown, and are very becoming for youthful blondes. Large Gainsborough hats are still worn; but are less popular, than during past seasons. Black surah parasols, lined with black or white silk, and trimmed with black or white lace, are much liked. There is an attempt made to revive the gigantic fans of the eighteenth century; but, as yet, all those shown in Paris, are imported from Vienna. They are made in a thoroughly demi-toilette style, the sticks being of wood, and the leaf of gaily-tinted percale, the design, in some cases, being heightened with gold thread. These designs are, usually, Watteau scenes, set amid bright-hued arabesques. These large fans are very graceful and picturesque, for watering-place wear; but are rather unwieldy for the opera, or for receptions.

Silk stockings are now adorned with open-work, in the most delicate and lace-like patterns imaginable, and this open-work is embroidered in silk, to match the stocking, with arabesque designs, or small flowers. These stockings are very costly, and are very beautiful. Bracelets of gold are now a good deal worn with visiting toilettes; they are either plain, flat bands of burnished gold, or else, of the serpent shape. They are clasped over the long gloves now so universally worn. An all-black toilette, for visiting, or the theatre, worn with long, black kid gloves, and set off with a single knot of red roses, in the hat or bonnet, and with gold bracelets, worn over the gloves, is the very height of style, if of handsome materials and fashionably made. It has, also, the merit of being universally becoming.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF BLUE LAWN.—The bottom is trimmed with a ruffle, on which three rows of white braid are run, and headed by a puffing, shirred, and finished by a narrow ruffle above it. The bodice and sleeves are, also, shirred. Blue sash. Hat, of coarse, white straw, trimmed with blue ribbon and a pink rose.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE BUNTING.—The skirt, as well as the over-dress, is laid in box-plaits, and trimmed with narrow, white braid; the front of the over-dress fastens back, with a button at the side, and shows the plaited skirt. Square, sailor collar. Straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon, and blue and white floss pompons.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUMMER SUIT, OF GRAY TWEED.—Trousers loose, below the knee, and trimmed at the sides with black braid; Spanish-cut jacket, trimmed with braid, and worn over a loose, linen shirt; wide, white collar, with red necktie. Gray straw hat, trimmed with red ribbon.


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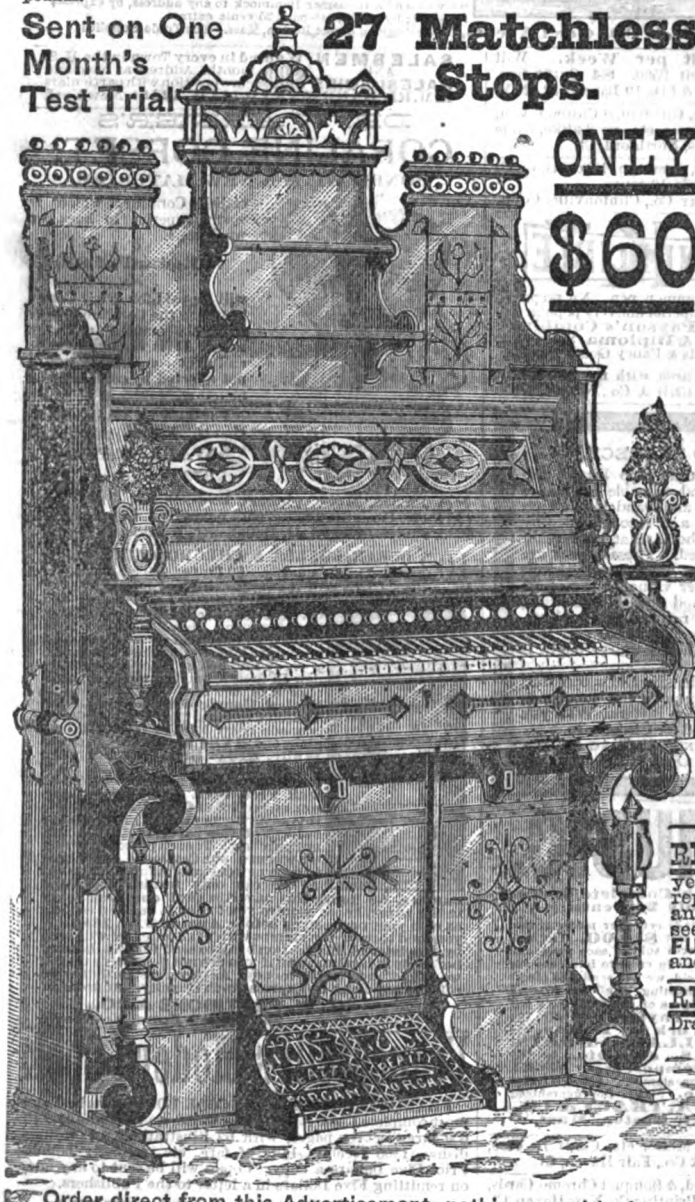


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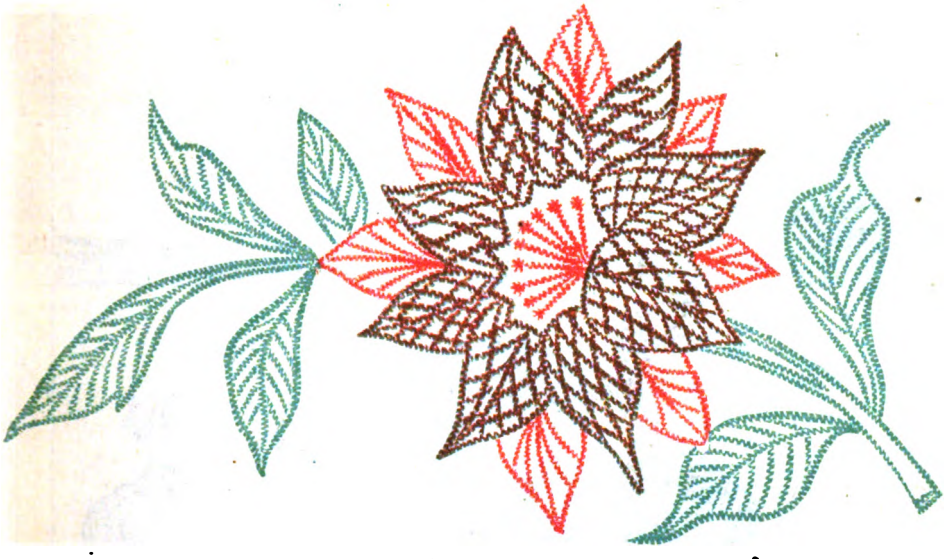

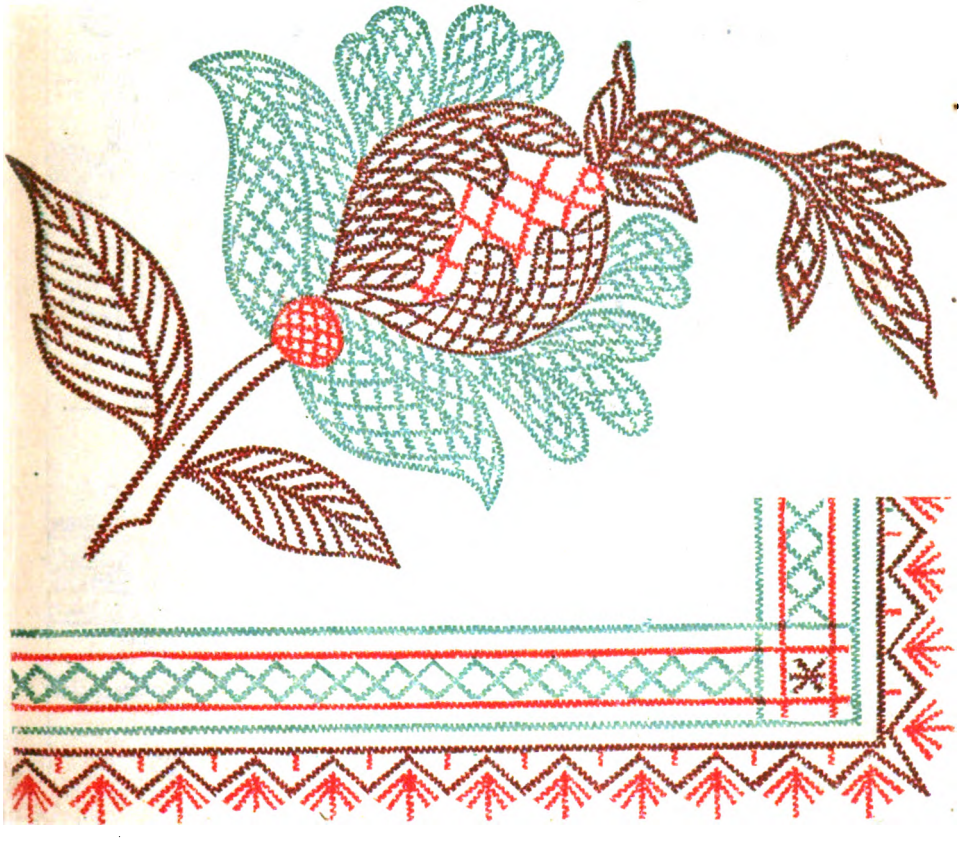

CHENILLE EMBROIDERY; ON SATIN.

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ORELIA AND HER AUNT. [*See the Story, "Orelia's Aunt."*]

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YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS: BACK AND FRONT. BOY'S DRESS.

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OUT-OF-DOOR COSTUMES.

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GARDEN-PARTY DRESSES.

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NEW STYLES FOR OUT-OF-DOOR DRESSES.

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NEW STYLES FOR WALKING DRESSES.

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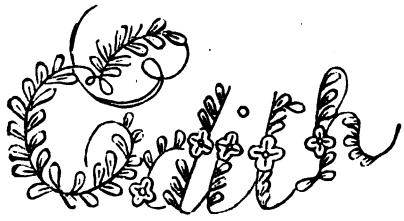


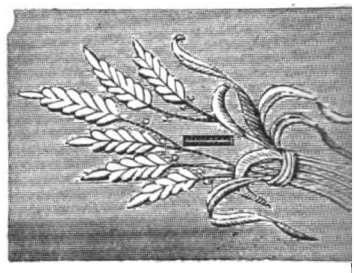

POPPY FOR TEA-CLOTH. NAME FOR MARKING. BUTTON HOLE.

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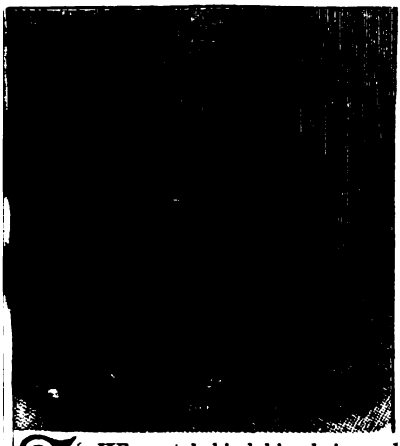
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1881. No. 2.

# BESSIE WILMOT.

BY ELLA WHEELER.



SHE went behind his chair, and said, sympathetically, "Are you tired, Archie?"

"Yes—tired and discouraged. My picture is far from my ideal of what I fancied it would be; and the old, terrible gloom seems settling down upon me again. I was born under an ill star, Bessie, and have, perhaps, inherited failure as my life's portion."

Bessie Wilmot put her kind, brown palms upon his hot brow, and stroked it gently.

"You are overworked," she said. "You will feel better to-morrow, after a good night's rest. You have, already, recognition from the best artists, not only in the west, but in the east."

Bessie Wilmot's mother had married Archibald Andrews' father, six years previous to the opening of our story. He had been a widower, for many years. Archie was handsome, improvident, and, alas! often drank to excess. But his engaging manners, had won the fancy of Bessie's mother, a weak, imaginative woman, who fancied she had found, at last, the heroic destiny she had missed in earlier life—that of rescuing a gifted man from his debasing habits, by the spell of her love.

So she married the handsome, reckless artist, and for a month he did not drink a drop. Then his old appetite came on with redoubled fury, and the tears and complaints of his wife were of no avail. For two years, he lived, growing more and more the slave of his appetite, until he fell from his chair, and died, in a fit of apoplexy.

Bessie was only eighteen, when this happened, and Archie was three years her senior; but she seemed much older, from her self-dependence and maturity of thought. She cheered, upheld, and encouraged him, who, at first, nearly broke down under the shame.

"It won't do to give way," she said. "We are poor. You must work. You can be a great artist, if you will. I must take a place in a school. I shall, probably, begin my duties week after next. We must work *together*, Archie."

Archie went straight to his studio. "Bessie was right," he said, "I was a coward to think of giving up."

So the days and weeks and months rolled by. Bessie secured the hoped for place in a ward school, and Archie's earnings, sometimes more, sometimes less, added to her own, managed to clear up all outstanding debts, and keep the little household together.

Meantime, all Archie's spare moments were given to a picture, which he hoped might win a place in the art exposition, which was to be held a few months later.

To-night, the old gloom had settled upon him. But Bessie's soothing words rallied him once more, and his cheerfulness returned; returned, and with it came the thought, that had come to him often of late—that of asking Bessie for a nearer relation than the one he now held.

And so he had spoken, and she had answered, and they went on their way as of old; only that, perhaps, there was a new light in Bessie's eyes, and a softer color on her cheek, when she heard Archie's step; and she broke out into little



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snatches of song now and then, and did not tire so easily at her tasks.

At last the time came when Archie's picture was finished. Everybody, who saw it, was delighted with it. Bessie's heart throbbed to hear its praises. At the exhibition itself, the picture was equally successful, and drew for Archie the gold medal. He came home radiant. Bessie met him in the hall.

It was Saturday, and she was not in school. She had been restless and uneasy all day, knowing how greatly Archie would be affected, for good or ill, by the fate of his picture.

When he came in, her heart leaped with emotion, for, she saw by his face, and knew by his carriage, that he had succeeded. She went forward to meet him, with a glad cry.

He reached out his arms, and drew her close to his heart, and for the first time in their years of association, he kissed her lips.

"I am successful," he said, "and I owe it all to you, dear."

Then he let her go, but all of life had been glorified for her, in that brief moment.

When she went to her room that night, she looked at her reflection in the mirror, as fondly as a mother looks upon her child.

"He kissed you," she whispered, "and you must be fair—though you were the plainest face in the world before, his kiss would have made you fair and sweet, I know." And in truth she was very fair that hour; love had lit the gray eyes with sudden glory, and the color in cheek and lip was like a carnation.

Bessie's mother, a weak, complaining invalid, ever since the death of her husband, now became seriously ill, requiring constant attention; and, in this strait, Bessie wrote to her mother's only living relative, a sister, a widow, living in a distant city.

"My mother speaks of you constantly," she wrote. "She feels sure she cannot live many months longer, and she wants to see you before she dies. Come, if you can, and remain with us to the end."

The answer came by return mail.

"I will come as soon as I can pack my trunks. I was about to close my house, and go away for the summer with my daughter, who has been applying herself too closely to her art studies the last year, and needs a change. We will come to you, and remain as long as my poor sister needs us."

Bessie was delighted at the idea of her cousin's companionship. She had not seen her, since the two were children, but remembered she was near her own age, and a very bright, pretty child.

An occasional correspondence had been kept up between the two, often interrupted by an interval of years. Since her second marriage, Bessie's mother had requested her daughter not to write to her sister, as she did not want her to know of her mistake and disgrace, for a second time.

"She objected to my marriage with your father, Bessie, because he had nothing but a handsome face to recommend him, and I am sure she would be very much disgusted if she knew what I had done in my maturity. She married for money, and always wanted me to. She had no romance, or sentiment about her, and never understood me."

So Bessie had not written; but now, with the shadow of approaching death upon her, the desire to see her only sister rose strong within her, and she asked that the letter might be written.

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A few weeks later they came. The stately mother in widow's weeds—the fair, sweet daughter, who took Bessie to her heart at once, and made her feel that she had found a sister, instead of a cousin in her.

Lisle Stanton was an unspoiled child of fortune. She had been the idol of her parents and teachers, and a pet in society. Without being beautiful, she was what people called "charming," and her greatest charm lay in her perfectly sweet disposition, and rare good breeding, which passed for wonderful simplicity of manners—the first requisite of good breeding.

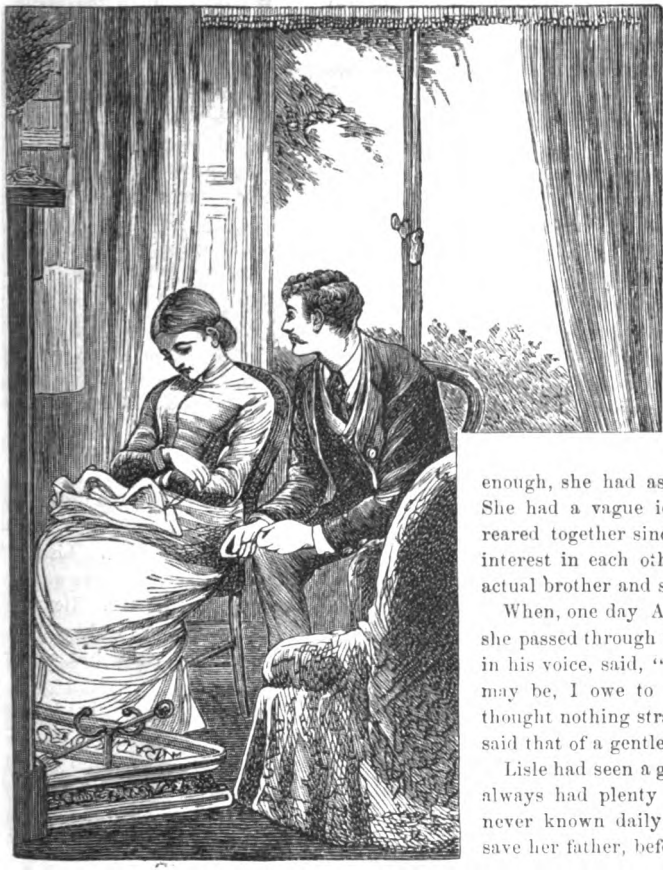
She had not as classic a cut of feature as Bessie, nor as fine a stature; but she had a rounder contour, a softer bloom, exquisite hands and arms, and that nameless charm that breathes from a happy heart and a loving nature.

She was a fine art scholar, and had made it a specialty. She drew and painted, with unusual skill. She was, therefore, in perfect sympathy with Archie, and her enthusiasm over his work, lent him renewed life and courage. Often she and Bessie, with others, sometimes Archie's patrons, went to his studio, to see some new picture, just finished, and on exhibition there for the first time.

Bessie's heart leaped with delight as she heard her cousin's appreciative words of praise, after a forenoon spent in Archie's studio.

This girl, with her fine artistic tastes, and her enthusiasm, was just the friend Archie needed near him to cheer and inspire.

"I know nothing about his art," she said to Lisle, "and he knows I do not; and when he is blue and discouraged, and dissatisfied with his work, I can only repeat the praises of others, and try to cheer him in a general way. I am so glad you are here, for, now he has a footing in the world of artists, I want him to go higher. And he is so liable to have a season of gloom, as dark and despairing, as his recent hopes have been fair. One extreme follows the other with him. I have been dreading the day when the reaction came—but now you may be able to avert it. Be with him as much as you can, Lisle, and interest him in new ideas. You have no comprehension how terrible his seasons of melancholy are—they are almost insanity; and I think every effort should be made to avert their recurence, as are made for unfortunate people, who suffer from climate-fevers, or malaria, periodically."



Lisle listened, and never for one moment, imagined that Bessie was speaking with more than a *sister's* interest in Archie Andrews; for so, oddly enough, or naturally enough, she had associated them in her mind. She had a vague idea that the two had been reared together since childhood, and that their interest in each other was very like that of an actual brother and sister.

When, one day Archie looked after Bessie, as she passed through the room, and, with a tremor in his voice, said, "God bless her—all I am, or may be, I owe to her, Miss Stanton." Lisle thought nothing strange of it. Many a brother said that of a gentle sister's influence.

Lisle had seen a good deal of society; she had always had plenty of attention. But she had never known daily association with any man, save her father, before. She had her favorites,

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but she had never seen her ideal. Now that she was released from all conventional restraint, and in almost hourly companionship with a handsome, gifted young man, whose tastes ran in the same channel as her own, she felt a new emotion growing in her heart. She was no unsophisticated girl—she was a woman, and she knew what this feeling was. She knew she was growing to love Archie Andrews.

She did not shrink from the knowledge. She believed him to be free, and it did not seem an immodest thing to her, to think that he might love her in return.

He was poor—but that did not matter. She was an heiress in her own right, and would be glad to share her wealth with him. So she dreamed her first beautiful love-dream, and the summer days went by.

July came, and with it Bessie's vacation. But her mother required almost her whole time now, and Lisle and Archie were left to entertain each other.

Archie was doing fine work, and was more cheerful and entertaining than Bessie had ever known him.

"I am so glad you are hear, dear, for Archie's sake, if for no other reason," Bessie said to her, one night. "I am so much occupied now, he would be very lonely but for you, and I fear, very melancholy. He has not had a 'blue' season since you came."

There was no shadow of fear in Bessie's heart. Was not Archie her very own—were they not linked together by every tie, tender and sacred? Had they not suffered together, and wept together, and worked and struggled up into the light of hope and love together? And had not Archie taken her in his arms and kissed her, and said all that he was, he owed to her?

How, then, could she fear another woman's influence—and that one, her own loved Lisle. Lisle who had riches, and a world of suitors in her own degree? The thought would have seemed the wildest folly to her. Archie and Lisle were mental companions, counsellors in art, sympathetic friends.

In August, Bessie's mother died. Then came the question of the future. Mrs. Stanton and Lisle would return home in a month, and they urged Bessie to go with them. Bessie was too weak and tired to make any plans, and acquiesced to all they said. Yet, she wondered a little, why Archie did not speak out, and tell them he had other plans for her future. It had never occurred to her, that he had any intention of allowing her to go away from him.

One day, as Autumn drew on, she had been out for several hours, attending to some purchases for her long neglected wardrobe. She had come in unobserved by any one, and, too tired to go up to her own room, she had

dropped down upon a lounge in an alcove, behind the lace curtains.

She fell asleep almost as soon as she had touched the lounge. She was awakened, awhile after, by the sound of Archie's voice. Lisle was seated in front of the fire-place, for there was just chill enough in the air for a little fire. Her work had fallen in her lap, and she was looking down, shyly; for Archie was seated beside her, eagerly talking to her.

"Lisle, Lisle," he was saying, "what is there in the blood and brain of you that does all this? The touch of your garments—the sound of your voice thrills through every nerve. I could dare such things—defy such things for you; and the lightest quiver of your eyelids were wealth

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enough to pay for the loss of all the world beside. This yearning, burning hour, I would push back the truest heart on earth, undo from mine, the patient, helpful hands that have raised me from the very dust, to find your own held out to me, and your lips waiting for my own. Oh, I am mad, mad—but you must save me, Lisle—you must not let me commit so cruel a sin—do so great a wrong!"

There was a moment's terrible silence—terrible to the man, whose heart and conscience were at war—terrible to the woman, who dimly understood that a barrier lay between her and the man she loved—terrible to the listener in the alcove, who knew the dearest hope of her life was gone out in darkness forever.

Then Lisle, who had been listening, with downcast eyes, looked up and spoke, almost with a gasp.

"Do you mean," she began, "do you mean that another—"

Archie hurried to finish the broken sentence. "I mean that I am under bonds to another, Lisle—to the truest woman on earth. There has been no formal engagement, only it has been understood between us, for a long time. All I am, I owe to her; and I never dreamed that I did not give her the best I had to give, until you came. And then—oh! God forgive me—but the thought of making any woman but *you* my wife, Lisle, is maddening. You have grown to fill my life, my heart, my soul. So great, so mighty, so absorbing a passion, *must* have found a response in your breast, Lisle—but you must help me to be strong. I am going away for a time. Take Bessie home with you; after a few months or a year, I will return and fulfil my word of honor. I shall be stronger then."

And Lisle's answer came, low, tremulous, yet clear and distinct, as they rose and moved away from the tortured listener, and left the room.

"With all my soul and strength, I love you, Archie; and with all my soul and strength, will I help you to be strong, and do right; and God be with both of us."

Bessie, when she found herself alone, crept out into the hall, took her garden-hat from the rack, and stole away in the twilight. She felt she must be alone, to fight out her battle; and she sought a favorite spot, by the river, where she often had gone before. Here, she sat down on the bank, and with her chin resting on her hand, and looked out on the fading day. No one was near. No one was in sight, except a solitary boatman, already disappearing around a turn in the river. But she saw nothing, not even the sunset, that she seemed to be absorbed in. No wonder! She had come to where we all come, sometime in our lives—first or last, sooner or later—her Garden of Gethsemane. For

> All those who journey, soon or late,
> Must pass within the garden's gate—
> Must kneel alone in darkness there,
> To battle with some fierce despair.

In the morning, if she was strangely white and hollow-eyed, it was not wondered at. She had been overworked, her aunt said.

"We will take you home with us, dear, and you shall be nursed back to strength and health, in a little while," her aunt said, soothingly.

But Bessie only smiled, wearily.

A week later, at the tea-table, Archie announced his intended departure for the west.

"You have all made your preparations for departure," he said, "and I have been of what use I can be. Now, I want to go prospecting a little, and think I will run away, for a month or two. A party of my friends start for Denver, in the morning, and will go camping in the mountains. I have promised to accompany them."

After Lisle had gone to her room, that night, Bessie tapped on her door, and entering, she sat down on the side of her cousin's couch.

"Lisle, dear," she began. "I want you to do a painful duty for me."

"Well?" Lisle queried, wonderingly.

"I want you to take a message for me, if you will, to Archie—" she hesitated, and then went on, hurriedly:

"Some time ago, when Archie was very despondent and gloomy, he made some sort of a proposal to me. We have always been very dear to each other—very near. He was so easily depressed or discouraged, that I dared not tell him how impossible such a union would be—how—how lacking I was in all, save a sisterly affection for him. I made some remark, that could be easily construed in either way; and the months have gone by. I thought, perhaps, it was better for him, to have some personality, aside from his own, to think and plan for, until he reached higher ground. But now, he has reached that ground, and seems entirely freed from the old gloom and despondency. Yet it is not a pleasant subject for me to introduce. I want you to make known to him, by word or letter, dear, that I desire my freedom, and that he has his. Now that our paths are to separate, I think it should be so. Tell him, I love him very tenderly, Lisle, and shall always be the same friend, as of old; but now that he is strong enough to stand alone, I think the farce of our engagement should be done away with. It has been troubling me, sorely, for many days—this matter has, and I could not decide in my mind how to broach it.



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Then I thought of you, and resolved to ask you. Will you do this for me, dear?"

There was a strange tremor in Lisle's voice, as she promised, and she lay awake to weep happy tears that night, after Bessie had left her.

Archie's plans for the west, were abandoned, at the eleventh hour.

"Some affairs in the studio hindered," he said, "an order for a picture, he could not well lose, for a pleasure trip."

A little while later, they all went away, and left him. As they were parting, he took Bessie's hand.

"I want to thank you, dear," he said, "for the help and strength you gave me, when it was sorely needed. You were kind, and considerate, and womanly; and you have been very delicate in giving me my freedom. Since you have never loved me, as I fancied you did at one time, it will not pain you to know, that a rare and sweet, new love has crept into my heart, almost unaware, this summer, and that it is not a hopeless one."

"God bless you both," said Bessie, and hurried away.

Once in her aunt's home, where nothing was expected of her, and where she could let her strained nerves relax, she fell into a low, prostrated state, which baffled the skill of the best physicians.

"Nervous prostration"—the words are common enough; but do you know the awful meaning of them? It is a state only one degree removed from insanity—worse, far worse, than the most acute disease, or contagious malady, in all the list of human ills.

She was tenderly cared for, and every comfort and luxury was hers. But "a mind diseased, no medicine can cure."

In the glad time of the winter holidays, the bells rang out the chimes for Lisle's wedding. They went to California for the winter, and only returned in the spring, to go to Europe. They had been there just six months, when the news came of Bessie's death.

"Nothing seemed to rally her," said Mrs. Stanton, who joined her daughter in Europe, a few months later. "Her constant care of her mother, together with her duties as a teacher, seemed to have utterly broken down her nervous system. Poor child, she seemed so glad to die. 'I have nothing to live for,' she said, so many times. It seemed so strange, for one so young; but it was the state her nerves were in, that gave her such mental depression, of course."

Archie brushed away a tear, as he listened.

"All I am, I owe to her," he said, and then he turned to his lovely wife, and added, "but I thank God, I was not called upon to make a sacrifice of my life's happiness for her."

And no spirit whispered to him, that a life had been sacrificed for his happiness.

# LONGINGS.

BY MRS. ESTHER A. LOWDEN.

I HEAR the song of birds outside—
  I catch a glimpse of blue, blue sky;
All nature's pulse seems strong and full,
  While I so helpless lie.
The smell of June floats to my room,
And makes me long for rest and home.

I know how sweet the fields must smell,
  How soft the brooklet warbles by.
The birds low trilling o'er their nests,
  Where the young birdies lie;
The drowsy hum of busy bees,
The wind's soft murmur through the trees.

I see a farm-house, quaint and old,
  Its color long since washed away;
Red roses twining about the porch,
  And half shut out the day.
Old Rover basks in the open door,
And the sunshine gilds the farm-house floor.

Deep in a cushioned, old arm-chair,
  A women sits, in plain drab dress.
Her hair put back in silvery bands,
  A kerchief pinned across her breast.
Through cloud and sun her feet have trod,
The narrow way that leads to God.

Oh! saintly face, with holy calm,
  Oh! tender smile, that ne'er grows old;
Have songs that angels softly sing,
  Come down here from the streets of gold?
What makes thy face so wondrous fair?
Is God's own smile reflected there?

Oh! summer night, with scented breath,
  Oh! round, full moon, with silver face;
The white rose by the farm-house wall,
  Sways back and forth, in tender grace.
The magic stars, so calm, so still,
My very soul with rapture thrill.

Weary and worn, I lie, all day,
  Up in the darkened, silent room;
While broken dreams float through my brain
  Of summer, and the dear, old home.
Of girlhood's joys and careless mirth,
The cricket chirping on the hearth.

I know God's ways are right and best,
  I do not doubt the Father's care.
But, oh! the tears start to my eyes,
  Shut in from such a world, so fair.
My heart cries out with longing pain,
For that dear, loving voice again.

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# JACK'S COURTSHIP

BY KATHERINE KANE.

MARRIED for two years, and never a quarrel until now, worth mentioning, that is. But, to judge from present appearances, we were now going to make up for lost time; for my "better half," Mrs. Charles Forrester, formerly Miss Fannie Tarleton, sat opposite me, with her absurd little nose away up in the air, and an expression of "You're perfectly horrid, but I will bear with you," on her pretty face.

Now what was all this about? Merely this.

I had only returned from Chicago, the day before. There, one fine morning, I had received the following letter, from Jack, my brother.

The first part related merely to business, and has no connection with my story. The last part, however, weighed upon my soul.

"As you asked, I've kept an eye upon No.—— Madison avenue, and everything seems to be in the most flourishing condition. Fannie is in the best of spirits; in fact, I think your absence quite agrees with her. By the way, a comet has flashed upon New York society, since your departure, in the shape of a certain Lord Trevor, a howling swell. He must have dropped from regions celestial, for nobody knows whence he came, or whither he goes. But what of that? We are all happy, in the proud consciousness that a genuine (?) lord sojourns with us, for a time. At present, he is bestowing a goodly share of the light of his countenance upon your 'wigwam.' Whether your spouse, or Miss Eustis, be the attraction, I know not. I dropped in there last night. The '*mise-en-scène*' was lovely: pink shades, subdued light, flowers, low murmur of voices. It made me think of houris, syrens, all kinds of naughty and nice things.

"The *dramatis personæ* were disposed in the following manner: Your better half was in one corner, flirting, with the most overwhelming success, with Regy Langdon, who had that wilted, pricked-balloon kind of expression, he always adopts in times of danger. In the recess, at the far end of the room, behind the Hebe, you know, sat Helen Eustis, and this long-legged idiot, Lord Trevor. He was intended, by kind Providence, to be an anaconda, I'm convinced, but got changed in the cradle. Never before did I exist such legs. He absolutely has to coil them around the furniture, when he sits down. Fannie was as sunshiny as possible; but the others! Regy Langdon looked as if he'd like to eat me. 'Milord' honored me with a supercilious stare, out of his glass; while Helen Eustis—well, I suppose women are all alike, after all. By the way, if I were you, as soon as I got home, I would look up the fellow's antecedents, for Helen's a deuced sight too nice a girl to throw herself away on an adventurer. As for myself, I've about decided to go out to San Francisco. Dick Mitchell's offered me a berth with him, for awhile. J. B. F."

Here was a pretty state of things. Jack madly in love with Helen Eustis; Helen flirting, like mad, with a man, who might turn out to be anything, from a chimney-sweep to the king of the Sandwich Islands; and Fannie, like the blessed little goose that she is, evidently charmed at the idea of Helen making a good match, under her auspices. I could see the whole performance. Fannie devastating Regy Langdon's tattered heart, so as to give Helen a clear field with the fascinating stranger.

By the way, a word of Helen Eustis. She was an orphan, and a school-friend of Fannie's; and heiress to a considerable fortune, which, by her father's will, she would become posessed of, at the age of twenty-one. She was an English girl, and, as Fannie said, "just like one of Miss Braddon's heroines," for she had a guardian, of whom she stood in deadly terror, for he seemed to be a perfect fire-eater, a cross between a Pirate-chief and a Zulu. This pleasing individual, I had never seen. But Fannie, in her letter, said he was expected the following day.

I always liked Helen Eustis. In the first place, she was charmingly pretty. But if she had trifled with Jack, and it began to look that way, Fannie's intimacy with her must end. As for Jack, dear fellow, it was a bad case, with him, from the moment he first set eyes on her.

I arrive just at breakfast time; but Helen Eustis is never punctual, so that, I know I have a good quarter of an hour.

"Such an imprudent thing to do," I conclude, after having told Fannie my mind, "to allow a man, of whom you know absolutely nothing, to be on such an intimate footing in the house."

Fannie balances a teaspoon, artistically, on the tip of her finger. "What a goose you are, Charlie!" she replies, sweetly. "He was pre-



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sented to me, at Mrs. Morris's. Certainly, no one could be more fussy than she is."

"Where was he presented to her?"

"Oh!" answers Fannie, triumphantly. "They came over from Europe together, in the Siberia."

"Exactly, as I supposed," I exclaim, delightedly. "A mere traveling acquaintance. His name is, probably, Snooks. And you present him to Helen Eustis, and encourage him to make love to her. You know, of course, that if your 'lord' should turn out to be a disreputable gambler, you will be accountable to the charming and lamb-like guardian."

Fannie quakes, visibly. "Oh! Charlie," she gasps, with an appealing glance, "not really! What would he do to me?" She looks frightened to death. I feel like a brute. But discipline must be maintained.

"I can't say, positively, of course," I reply, thoughtfully, "whether he would win the case. But it would, probably, be a very expensive lawsuit, and you, of course, would be dragged into court, and the newspapers; and I suppose it would be very disagreeble for you."

Every vestige of color leaves Fannie's face. "Charlie, darling," she says, imploringly, "I should die—I know I should!"

I can stand it no longer. I instantly throw down my arms, and go over to the enemy, (behind the coffee-urn,) where I kiss her.

She, (the enemy, I mean,) is slightly consoled; and then I proceed with my sermon. "And putting aside everything else, dear," I continue, "I think you might have thought of Jack."

"Jack!" replies Fannie, quickly. "Don't speak to me of Jack. He bores me to death! If he really cares for Helen, why doesn't he tell her so? Does he expect her to sit quietly, with folded hands, until he deigns to drop the handkerchief? Now, don't be idiotic about Lord Trevor, until you see him; and then you'll change your mind. By the way," she adds, casually, "he dines with us, to-morrow, to meet Mr. Ferguson, and one or two others; you don't mind, do you?"

I gaze reflectively upon my better half. For a combination of calm audacity and delicious impertinence, she is, certainly, unsurpassed.

"Oh! no, certainly not," I reply, with bitter sarcasm. "He is the man, of all others, I shall be pleased to see."

Dead silence, for an instant; then I feel soft arms around my neck, and I hear an unwontedly meek voice in my ears.

"I asked him, you know, dear, before you said anything about it."

Humbug—bless her heart! But what was the good of a row? He had been bidden to the feast, and must come. We exchange a final kiss of peace, and then separate, sheepishly, as we hear a swish-swash of skirts, heralding Helen's approach.

I take a grim satisfaction in making myself very disagreeble, to my fair sinners, during breakfast; but, with true diplomacy, I reserve my best shot for the last.

"By the way," I say, carelessly, as I light my cigar, "We'll miss Jack, won't we?"

"Miss Jack?" repeat two bewildered voices. Helen turns, and fixes her gray eyes upon me. A bright wave of color sweeps over her usually pale cheeks; but she doesn't speak.

"Miss him?" repeats Fannie, giving my arm a most disrespectful shake. "How horrid you are, Charlie! What do you mean?"

With great dignity, I disengage myself, and then slowly put on my overcoat, saying, leisurely, "He always was queer. But I suppose he thought it better to settle everything, before making any talk about it. Didn't you know, he is off to San Francisco, next week?"

A grim silence follows. I absolutely don't dare approach my wife or Helen. Fannie glares at me, with speechless indignation. As for Helen, I feel that I'd better not look in her direction, for I have an inward conviction, that she is on the verge of tears. So I fly, for my life, feeling, however, that I have given a Roland for their Oliver, and that the wrongs of one of my suffering sex had been partly revenged.

In the course of the morning, Jack saunters in. At first, he is jolly as ever; but speedily he relapses into silence, and sits, moodily, biting his moustache. He looks cross and dyspeptic; also, uncommonly ugly, I decide. If such is the effect of love—deliver me!

At last, I feel that I shall lose my mind, if I gaze at his melancholy countenance any longer; and I break out into, "Jack, my dear boy, if you care for the girl, why don't you tell her so? That's all she's waiting for."

"Eh? what?" he ejaculates, astonished at my outburst. Then my meaning seems to dawn upon him; and he answers, dejectedly, "Because of that long-legged fool, confound him! She's not looked at me, since he put in an appearance. She's only been amusing herself, with me, all along. I don't see the funny side of the joke, and it's about time for it to stop. San Francisco's the place for me," and he gives a despairing pull to his long moustache.

I feel very sympathetic, mindful of a certain period in my own life—when Miss Fannie Tarleton was weighing me in the balance. So I repeat to Jack, Fannie's sage remarks of the

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morning. Hey, presto! it transforms him at once. In the best of spirits, we saunter out. We pass the club, quite by accident, of course. Jack has a happy thought. "Let's go in, for a second," he proposes. "I want to catch Andrews; he came over in the Siberia, with Trevor, and may be able to give us a few interesting items."

In we go, and are in luck; for, in the dining-room, we find Andrews, mortifying the flesh by an early dinner. He rises, joyfully, as we enter, and pushes out a couple of chairs. He is a great talker, and speedily tells all he knows.

Trevor, it seems, was the last arrival on board ship. He tore down on the wharf, in a cab, at the last moment, with a small valise as his only baggage; and then, immediately, made a grand fuss about the non-arrival of his valet, with the rest of his goods and chattels. "Hadn't they arrived?" he said. "How strange! Well, they would probably be at Queenstown, awaiting him." Queenstown was reached, but there was no valet, no trunks, for his lordship. Passengers were very much amused, and made lots of jokes, which Trevor took very good-naturedly. "He seemed like a jolly enough fellow," said Andrews, "but told the most awful lies—Baron Munchausen wasn't a circumstance to him—and the most absurd stories, of which he was always the hero. In short," concluded Andrews, "he's a good-natured fellow, but no more of a lord than I am. No blood there, if I know any of the signs. English Consul, you know, says there's no such title, or person, in the peerage. Great Scot! it's twenty minutes of three, and that confounded boat always starts on time. Bless you, my boys, bless you!" and we catch a vanishing glimpse of his coat-tails, standing out at an angle of forty-five degrees, as he rushes through the open door.

We saunter slowly homeward, and I say, judicially, to Jack, that I do not see anything in Andrews' testimony to prove Lord Trevor an impostor. "Lords had been known, before, to be impecunious, and also to lie."

"Pshaw!" returns Jack, impetuously. "I'd stake my life on it, the man's a swindler."

"Why?" I ask, somewhat maliciously. "Is his affection for Miss Eustis proof positive of his being a swindler? Where, in that case, would some other people be?"

Jack deigns to make no answer to my impertinence, but looks contemptuously ahead into space. At the corner, we pause, and I send him to his rooms, to dress for our dinner-party. At first, he declares, flatly, that he won't come.

"What!" he says, crossly, "come to see Helen walk out, on that idiot's arm, while I have to talk to some simpering goose of a girl? No, Charlie, I can't do it; and you oughtn't to expect it!"

He absolutely grows quite pathetic; but I am inexorable, and threaten him with Fannie's wrath. Then he quakes, and finally goes off, promising to appear in due time.

I reach home, and find my women-kind gorgeous to look upon. Fannie dashes out into the hall, with, "Do make haste, Charlie! Dinner is ordered for seven; and you are such an old fuss!"

I obediently depart. But, somehow, my fingers are all thumbs, and I enter the drawing-room, to find all the guests assembled, with the exception of Ferguson, Helen's guardian. Trevor is present, a vision of swellness, and rather a good-looking fellow, I think, with very blonde hair, and rather singular gray eyes. He is bending over Helen's chair, in an attitude of listless devotion, quite impressive to lookers-on; to Jack, particularly, who is stranded on a sofa, with a pretty little thing in pink, who is chatting away briskly, utterly regardless of the fact that he doesn't hear one word she says. Mr. and Mrs. Eckert complete the party. Mrs. Eckert, at present, is the gossip, *par excellence*, of New York society; consequently, much sought after. Mr. Eckert, miserable being, rejoices in the mournful distinction of being Mrs. Eckert's husband. May all his sins be forgiven him; they ought to be!

We all talk miserably on, trying to look unconscious that it is ten minutes past the appointed hour. Finally, Fannie's patience fails. She gives me a peremptory little nod. Ferguson's time is up, and out we go, into the dining-room.

In future, I shall have the most disagreeable associations connected with the innocent and unconscious eating of bivalves. Divorces, elopements, suicide, defaulters, forgeries, all sorts of horrors, were poured into my wretched ears, by Mrs. Eckert, whilst I swallowed my oysters. I was heroic, however, and bore my suffering manfully, even smilingly.

Jack is behaving shockingly, staring blankly ahead of him, with the most sulky expression. Helen continues her flirtation with Trevor, on the most scientific principles.

As for myself, I am so miserable, that I begin to think it rather funny. Finally, Mrs. Eckert pitches into my cousin, Maude Carrington. This is too much, and the worm turns. Suddenly, we hear the sound of carriage-wheels, and a voice in the hall. The door opens, and Ferguson walks in. He makes a profound apology to Fannie, shakes hands with me, kisses Helen, is introduced to everybody, and then seats himself, quietly, and takes a leisurely view of the company.

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I look at him, curiously, and see an extremely handsome man, of about fifty, with iron-gray hair and moustache.

With English taciturnity, he answers yea and nay only, and devotes himself religiously to what is set before him. But who could long resist Fannie's sunshiny little ways? He couldn't! He begins to thaw, visibly. Then he produces some eye-glasses, and stares at us all, in succession. As his eye rests on Trevor, he gives a perceptible start, and an expression of profound astonishment comes over his face. Again he looks at Trevor, and then he turns to me.

"Who is that?" he asks, curtly.

"Trevor," I reply—"Lord Trevor."

"Indeed," he answers, slowly, without any change of voice or expression; and then, addressing Trevor, he says, quietly,

"Browne, your game's played out. Go, at once, or I shall have you arrested!"

Trevor started to his feet, and stood, scowling threateningly at Ferguson, who answered with a contemptuous smile.

Everyone sits still as death. "You'd better go, at once," reiterates Ferguson, sternly.

Trevor turns to Helen. "Farewell," he says, taking her hand in his. As he touches her hand, Ferguson steps forward, threateningly. I see what is coming. So does Trevor. Quick as lightning, out comes a strong fist, with the force of a sledge-hammer; then a dull thud, and Ferguson lies on the floor. The whole thing took but a second. Then came a bang of the door, and Lord Trevor is gone.

Mrs. Eckert screams, wildly. Helen Eustis is deadly pale, and looks as if about to faint. Jack flies to her side. Mr. Eckert stands motionless, with his mouth wide open. Fannie and I are the only ones who seem to have our wits about us, and we try to bring Ferguson to his senses. At last, his eyes open.

His first words are, "Where is that rascal?" We help him to a seat, and, in a few minutes, he is sufficiently recovered to explain the remarkable *coup de theatre* with which he has just favored us.

"Who was Trevor?" he says, in answer to our questions—"Simply, Browne, my valet."

We all look like fools. A valet! He whom New York society had dubbed "the mould of fashion—glass of form." He had been Ferguson's valet for years. Finally, small sums of money began to disappear; then, one morning, Ferguson awoke, to find himself minus a valet, and also five hundred pounds.

Six months or so after that, he received a summons to Scotland Yard, where the chief of police presented him with a photograph, asking him if it was not his former valet. Sure enough, it was. He was then told that the fellow had been discovered in Paris, under the name of Lord Montague.

"But didn't you make some effort to have him captured?" I interrupt, eagerly.

"No," answers Ferguson, shame-facedly. "I'm ashamed to say, that I have a sneaking weakness for the fellow, in spite of his sins: he was meant for something better!"

What an evening it was! Our guests leave us early, all dying to get away, to tell their sisters and their cousins, their uncles and their aunts, the last delightful scandal. "What queer people you met at the Forrester's," I could hear Mrs. Eckert say; and my hair simply stood on end.

At last, I put our last guest, the pretty, pink girl, into her carriage, and return to the drawing-room.

But, what do I hear? Something that sounds like a kiss. And what do I see? Jack, with his arm around Helen's waist, her head placidly resting on his shoulder. Perhaps they may not be glad to see me, I think; and quietly vanish.

Fannie says, that it is all my fault; that, if I had staid at home, as I should have done, it—the "Trevor catastrophe," I mean—would not have happened. Was there ever such injustice?

# THE BLINDNESS OF LOVE.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

"Come, be my fairy, Mabel,
And give me a gift to-day;
A gift that shall last, till the Present
Embraces the great For Aye."

"I will be thy golden Fairy;
What would thy heart's wish be?"
And the laugh of the beautiful Mabel
Sounded so sweet to me.

"Not a costly, lordly mansion;
Not a gift of golden pelf;
But the gift I ask for, darling,
Is naught but thine own dear self!"

"Oh, blindest of all blind mortals!"
She said, in a voice so low;
"*The gift that you ask for, darling,*
*I gave you, long, long ago!*"

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# ORELIA'S AUNT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

There was only one thing in the world, that she thought uglier than her nose, and that was her name; her nose turned up slightly, and her name was Orelia. These united misfortunes often made life a burthen, and she sometimes thought, it would have been better to be noseless and nameless, than to bear these inflictions.

When the boys wanted to tease her—and, obedient to the nature of the species, they often did want to—they would call out, "Oh, re'ely, now!" at every remark she offered; and Tom, the worst scamp of the lot, had succeeded, more than once, in reducing her to tears, by regarding her olfactory organ, with an ingeniously-mingled expression of sorrow and surprise, and slowly sighing:

"It seems turn-up-er than usual this morning. I wouldn't have believed it could. What a snuff-box it would make, if it only had a lid."

But all the same, Orelia Markham was a very pretty girl, and promised to be still prettier, in the course of a few years. As for her name, it had brought with it a compensation, which she would probably appreciate later, much more than she did now, that was a gift of thirty thousand dollars from the maiden aunt, after whom she was christened.

Indeed, at present, this inheritance often became an additional source of trouble. She had not, as yet, entered into possession even of any portion of her little income; but, nevertheless, the boys generally got the greater portion of her pocket-money away from her, on the plea, that, as she was an heiress, she would prove herself a horrible miser, if she refused to assist her brethren in an emergency, such as the imperative needs for tops or taffy, when their own scanty funds had come to an end.

It was in vain, she pointed out the fact, that the mother did not make her even so large an allowance as they received. Of course, this was in accordance with the rule, laid down in many families, that girls do not need money so much as boys, a very puzzling rule to me. The statement, however, had no effect in touching their hearts, or checking their rapacity. They pretended to think her wealth at her own disposal, and accused her of having secret hoards put away in mysterious places, and not unseldom made this belief a pretence for ransacking her bureau, and turning everything upside down, a cruel proceeding, which caused her, being an orderly, little creature, great anguish and desolation of spirit.

She was some months past fifteen, and very far advanced in her studies, much too far, to suit my ideas, for her mother believed in pushing children's intellects, which to me seems about as sensible, as to blow open a bud, in order to hasten its growth into a fully-developed flower. But Orelia was exceedingly childish in many ways, delighting in a good game of romps with the boys, and had, since her last birthday, got herself into sad disgrace with her aunt Mercy, by that virgin's discovering her seated in a convenient crotch of a cherry-tree, with a forbidden novel in her lap, her eyes stained with tears over the woes of the heroine, and her mouth stained with the juice of the luscious fruit, she devoured between the chapters.

Miss Mercy, her aunt, was seven-and-twenty, rather pretty, too; at least, with a clear cut face, and the look of a lady. She was thin, had always been thin, but unquestionably was getting thinner, as years went on; malicious people sometimes declared her elbows would soon be as sharp as her temper. She burned every romance she could lay hands on. "They only put nonsense into the heads of girls," she said. Perhaps, when she had been younger, she had believed in love; but she did not now, or, at least, she said she did not; it was, to use her favorite phrase, "too idiotic."

Mrs. Markham believed herself greatly attached to her sister-in-law; but she was not; she only had a superstitious reverence for Miss Mercy; a sort of a vicarious adoration, in reality a tribute to her dead husband. Mr. Markham had died before Miss Mercy was eighteen; she was his only living relative; and she was, so to speak, a sacred legacy left to his wife; and Mrs. Markham considered her so.

Mrs. Markham's children often differed and squabbled; but on one subject they all agreed; and that was in disliking Miss Mercy. At her periodical visits they put on, metaphorically, mourning. Of the boys, she was a little afraid; it was over Orelia she tyrannized. She had a pet idea that the girl should be sent to some strict boarding-school. "Already putting on the



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airs of a flirt," she said, to Mrs. Markham. "Only to-day, as we walked on the beach," the Markhams lived at a pretty seaside village, "a gentleman passed us, and as he looked at us, Orelia glanced back, and caught him looking again; he had stopped to talk to some strange lady, on a pretence, perhaps, to ask his way. I could have shook the child; she'll never learn propriety." It was in vain that Orelia protested, and it was the truth, that she had looked only to watch a gull, but that, when she caught the man's eye, she couldn't help half laughing. Miss Mercy thought she told a falsehood, and indeed, said so; and Orelia was vehemently protesting against the accusation, when the boys burst into the room.

"Who do you think," they cried, all in one breath, "has got back? It's Mr. Denham. He's coming over after while, and we're to go home with him, and see what presents he has brought!"

"Gently, gently, boys! You forget your aunt doesn't know Mr. Denham, and won't understand your noise."

"Please don't make my nephews think me a dragon, sister," returned Miss Mercy, with a smile, always ready to reprove her brother's widow, but, put into such good humor by the boy's news, for she had heard a good deal of Mr. Denham, that she could not be very severe. "I suppose you are all delighted. I am."

"You bet," replied her nephew, with an intelligence, which, at another moment, would have been primly met by Miss Mercy.

"Am I to go, too, then?" asked Orelia. "I was away, you know, when Mr. Denham was here. I wonder what he is like?"

"Oh, he thinks girls a bother," said Tom.

"You shall go, dear, if your mamma, or I can find time to go with you," said Miss Mercy, sweetly interposing. "Sister, your head was so bad, yesterday, that you ought to rest; so I will take charge of the children."

"Oh, thanks," rejoined Mrs. Markham, with a readiness of assent, which caused Orelia's face to fall; while Tom pinched his second brother, Ernest, in the calf of his left leg; and Ernest made an awful grimace at Charles, the youngest of the flock, partly because Tom hurt him, but more to express his disgust and wrath at his aunt's proposal.

"Did you say Mr. Denham was coming over this morning, Tom?" asked Miss Mercy. "Dear boy, how warm you are. Oh, what a thorough Markham he is, sister—look at that forehead!"

"Oh yes, about half-past ten," said Tom, retreating somewhat abruptly from his aunt's embrace.

"You bad boy, you have made me spill a glass of water over my gown," said she, laughing. "Now I shall have to go and change it."

"Well, it's your ugly gray one, so it's no matter," replied Tom.

"And you can put on that pretty, new, white dress, aunt Mercy," added Orelia, looking up at her, with eyes which conveyed a certainty that the accident had been brought about for this express purpose.

"My dear," said Miss Mercy, sadly, "your speaking of dresses, reminds me of yesterday. I think your mamma will agree with me, that, unless you mend, very neatly, the one you tore in climbing the ladder, it will be right you should stop at home."

"Oh, then we boys can go alone to Mr. Denham's—we don't need taking care of," cried Tom.

But, after a short absence, aunt Mercy returned, looking sylph-like in her embroidered white robes; and when Mr. Denham appeared, Miss Mercy was seated on the verandah, with her young relatives grouped about her, in quite an effective tableau. She had thoughtfully brought down a quantity of photographs for their amusement. Mr. Denham was very fond of children, and thought the tableau pretty.

He was a man of about eight-and-twenty, though looking younger than his age, handsome, clever, and rich. He had bought a place in the neighborhood, the previous year, and taken possession, while Miss Mercy and Orelia were in the White Mountains. But Miss Mercy had heard so much of him, that she had come back, this season, with the full intention of fascinating and subjugating him, very speedily.

Miss Mercy's often repeated intentions of that nature upon men, had, somehow, failed so signally, that it was a wonder she did not get discouraged. Yet each new man found her more eager; and she had a happy faculty, as she reviewed the past, of convincing herself, that her previous victims had not escaped; but she had driven them from her. She made a good many other people believe this, too; notably, her sister-in-law. If you only have a strong will, and are persistent enough, you can force people to believe almost anything.

Mr. Denham adored the seashore, especially when, as at Belgrave, a pretty, rural country lay back of it. He was a keen lover of nature, and all sorts of out-door employments, and had a special mania for gardening.

This year, therefore, Miss Mercy was bucolic. She brought a dainty set of garden-tools with her; philosophical books, essays, and the like; she was familiar with Froude and Herbert

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Spencer. She had novels and dramas, too, strange to say; she had reconsidered, it seems, her notions about fiction. The secret, perhaps, was that Mr. Denham was a confirmed romance-devourer; and the drama his delight. He was a fine Italian scholar; and Miss Mercy, the past winter, had developed a taste for that language. As she sat on the verandah, she had on the table, by her side, a volume of the plays of Corsa, the one modern Italian tragic poet. Into the bargain, there lay, within reach, a pile of delicate lace-work, a sketch-book, and a case of pencils. Mr. Denham, she had heard, liked to see women's dainty fingers employed with the needle; he envied anybody who had a talent for drawing, and Miss Mercy's talent in that direction, was really very poor.

She did not seem aware of Mr. Denham's approach, until the boys cried out his name, and hurried forward. Tom was clinging to one arm, Charley to the other, and Ernest swarming about his legs, as he came up the steps. Miss Mercy had risen, and was looking eager and pleased. He greeted her with a compliment, like the well-bred man he was; and she beamed seraphic in her amiability; though even in those first moments of fluttered delight, she made a mental memorandum against Orelia, on whom she saw he looked, admiringly. She was the more angry, secretly, because, in Mr. Denham, she recognised the stranger on the beach.

"My dear," she said, "will you call your mamma? Then you must go to your piano. Tom, don't forget your Latin lesson—set your brothers a good example, like the good boy you are."

"Oh, it's a shame to have lessons, the first day Mr. Denham gets back," cried Tom.

"Ah, but you are to have the afternoon free, and you will enjoy it all the more, if you do your work first," said Miss Marcy. "I am sure Mr. Denham will tell you the same."

So they all departed, and Miss Mercy had the visitor to herself for half-an-hour. But her society was not particularly agreeable to her intended victim. He had thought, Orelia, with her roguish look, and her mass of golden hair, far better worth looking at; and was rather annoyed, that the pretty child had been so unceremoniously dismissed.

"I am quite wild with delight, at finding myself, at the seashore again," said Miss Mercy; "how I wish I could live here altogether."

"I am afraid you would find it rather dull in the winter," Mr. Denham replied. "All the cottage-people, nearly, desert it. Except Mrs. Markham, and a few ladies like her, there are not many left."

"But a person who loves nature, and has any mental resources, could never feel dull, by the sea, even in winter," she cried, enthusiastically.

"And Miss Markham has so many," he answered, politely.

She did her best to look seventeen, and betray an interesting embarrassment. She took up her lace-work, for that purpose, and wove a few meshes, feeling confident that he was admiring her hands, which were pretty; but the ungrateful wretch was only thinking that they were too thin, and the fingers too long. Somehow, the taper nails suggested an animal that liked to scratch. He admired plump hands himself—something like Orelia's promised to be! in fact, were already.

Then he noticed the Italian book, and she told him how diligently she had been studying, all winter; gave him a great deal of information about herself; and was deeply interested in everything that concerned him, as if they had been old friends, which was very kind on her part, though he did not feel in the least grateful.

He was glad when Mrs. Markham appeared, at last. Secretly, he thought that Miss Mercy was as artificial as some Dresden china figure. "In fact," he said, to himself, "the porcelain image would be a pleasanter companion, for it couldn't talk: heavens, what a clapper that woman's got."

He would not hear of Mrs. Markham's remaining at home. "Oh! you must come, my dear madam," he said. For he had no mind to be doomed to entertain Miss Mercy, at his villa, all the afternoon. But in spite of Mrs. Markham's presence, and the children's demands, and the moments he would bestow on the now shy Orelia, he had so much of Miss Mercy's society, that he wished, several times, her visit to her sister-in-law was near its close, instead of being just at its commencement.

Before a month had passed, he had grown tired of repeating the wish; and had often almost decided to desert the neighborhood. One thing only restrained him. Yet, if he had been asked, he would have been unable to give the reason. The fact is, Orelia was fast developing in mind, in many ways, especially since his arrival. Girls start up into women, sometimes, in this way, in a single summer. More than this. The childish innocence and unconsciousness, which seemed a mere cloak for depravity to Miss Mercy, was to him an additional charm. He saw, too, what Mercy was unaware of, that she was envious of the girl. But Orelia never complained of her aunt's injustice, though the boys were less reticent, and he heard many

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things, which roused his ire, and caused his indifference towards the aunt, to grow into an active dislike, which would have been more bitter, had not a large share of contempt mingled therewith.

For awhile, though by no means satisfied with the progress she made in her siege upon Mr. Denham's heart, Miss Mercy tried to convince herself that she was winning. She succeeded well enough, in thus deluding herself, to keep her in a continual state of excitement, which rendered her very lively and gay in society, and very cross and unreasonable when at home.

She annoyed Mr. Denham a great deal, by an affectation, before other people, of an intimacy, which had no foundation. She annoyed him even more, by a sentimental manner, when she could capture and force him into a *tête-à-tête*, which he found horribly exasperating. He had been in the habit of dropping into the house, daily, at first; but his visits became less frequent, after a while. Miss Mercy, casting about for a reason, hit upon one, which rose out of her envious jealousy of her niece, and her dislike to Mr. Denham's praises of the girl. She had noticed, that, while he treated Orelia with the frank kindness of an elder brother, he showed also, by a certain deference, that he did not agree with Miss Mercy in thinking her a mere child; and this exasperated the aunt, beyond words.

Miss Mercy declared, therefore, that Orelia's forwardness and hoydenish ways had displeased Mr. Denham, and driven him away; and she caused both the girl and the mother to shed a good many tears, by her insinuations, and her open lectures. Very often, Mrs. Markham grew indignant; for she knew that her daughter had never thought of attracting attention. But the habit of submission was so fairly fixed, and Miss Mercy, as the representative of her dead tyrant, had so long ruled the gentle lady, that, when her brief anger was over, she repented in dust and ashes; and the plainer she showed her regret, the more severely Miss Mercy castigated her, and punished poor Orelia.

The girl, meantime, had spirit enough to rebel. But she was devoted to her mother, and suffered in silence, rather than give her pain. Poor child, she tried to find consolation, in the fact, that each day shortened her aunt's visit, and that once gone, nearly a year would elapse, before she would again make life a penance by her return.

Miss Mercy, finally, threw off the pretence of sweetness and amiability, under which, at first, she had worked her designs. She allowed Orelia, now, to see that she was watched. "The girl has a secret," said Miss Mercy. "Otherwise, why should she often be locked in her room?" Why should Tom, in his mischief, sometimes throw out vague hints, which seemed to alarm the artful creature? "Yes, a mystery there is," she continued. "But I will keep my suspicions to myself. There is a point, beyond which even Mrs. Markham cannot go, in her infatuation. The weak, silly mother means to remain obstinately blind to her daughter's evil impulses; but she will have to admit them at last."

So said Miss Mercy to herself. Meantime, she had given her sister to understand, that Mr. Denham was her admirer. But, at last, Miss Mercy got past the stage, when her imagination and her vanity could delude her any longer. She had to admit that Mr. Denham was changed, that he did not mean to become a victim. To do her justice, she believed, in her heart, that Orelia had confided her wrongs to him, misrepresented, and told lies. And then the coming blow fell. One night, at an entertainment, given in the village, for some charitable purpose, Miss Mercy overheard an unfortunate speech, uttered by Mr. Denham. She had worried him, past endurance, all the earlier part of the evening, and in answer to some laughing remark from a friend, he said:

"Miss Mercy! Don't talk about her—upon my word, she is the most odious, affected woman, I ever met in my life.

What ailed her sister-in-law, in the carriage, as they drove home, Mrs. Markham did not know; but she was upraided and lectured in a terrible way; awful menaces were held out, that it would be no wonder, if her husband's ghost were to arise; and by the time they reached the house, she was reduced quite to despair.

Miss Mercy vowed, that, unless Orelia was sent to school, she should withdraw her countenance from her brother's widow; shake the dust of the dwelling from off her feet; she could not stand by, and see Mrs. Markham allow that wicked girl to go on in her present evil courses; and she hinted at probable consequences in this world and the next, which were enough to make one's blood run cold.

Miss Mercy thoroughly deceived herself. She believed that she meant to do her duty, and refused to see that what she wanted was revenge; and she elected to think that Orelia, by her artful complaints, had succeded in prejudicing Mr. Denham's mind.

Brow-beaten and distressed as she was, the widow would not yet give in to the idea of sending Orelia away; but Miss Mercy felt confident, that in the end, she should be victorious;

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and this, certainly, was a gleam of comfort, in the midst of her angry despair. The next morning, therefore, she renewed her attack on Mrs. Markham, though, as early as breakfast, she had found means to inflict pin-and-needle torture on Orelia, because of some neglected duty. Orelia was banished to her room; and, after the boys had gone to their lessons, Miss Mercy devoted herself to the overwhelming and entire subjugation of her brother's widow. Unluckily, Tom, prowling about, when he ought to have been at his studies, caught enough of the conversation, to fill him with wrath; and, chancing to meet Mr. Denham later, told him, with indignation, of the "rigging aunt Mercy had dared give mamma, because she would not consent to send Orelia to school."

In the afternoon, Mrs. Markham went into the village to do some errands, and took Orelia with her; the boys were out, and Miss Mercy determined to ransack her niece's chamber, in the hope, if she could find no evidence of the girl's treachery, at least to discover some other reason for reproval.

But clothes and books were all neatly arranged; no sign of mystery existed either, except such as might be contained in a cabinet standing in a corner. That cabinet was locked. Now, what could be a greater proof of depravity, in a child of fifteen, than such secrecy. Locked! It should be opened, if there was a key in the house, which would perform that mission. But, though Miss Mercy brought all of her own, and as many others as she could lay hands on, not a key would fit, and even Miss Mercy could not go to the extent of forcing the lock.

She searched everywhere; peered among books and school-exercises; and, at last, her diligence was rewarded; her worst suspicions more than verified. At the bottom of a portfolio, she came upon an unfinished letter, evidently a rough draft, and among other evidences of precocious guilt, were these lines:

"I walked an hour yesterday in the grove, but you did not come. Ah, cruel, cruel! Then I murmured with the poet;

> 'Each trial has its weight, which whoso bears,
> Knows his own woe.'

I never felt the truth of those mournful lines, as I did when I repeated them as I turned homewards, faint at heart, sick with hope deferred."

There was more, in the same pathetic style. Miss Mercy read, and shuddered, and moaned aloud. She fancied herself overwhelmed with grief, at the discovery of her niece's duplicity; in reality, she was filled with triumph. That letter must have been written to Mr. Denham! As this thought occured to her, she heard that gentleman's voice, in the hall below, conversing with her niece and her sister-in-law.

Mr. Denham had met Orelia and her mother in the village, and walked home with them. He did not betray Tom's confidence, but his heart swelled with wrath against Miss Mercy, as he saw how sad Orelia looked. He turned the conversation upon the education of young girls, and when Mrs. Markham mentioned that Miss Mercy considered school the place for them, he opposed the opinion strenuously, and artfully pointed out to the little lady, that her success with Orelia ought to prove that no school could do what had been done at home.

They reached the house, and he went in, as Mrs. Markham said that she fancied Miss Mercy was absent; but the three were scarcely seated in the library—Orelia grown light and gay, under the encouragement of Mr. Denham's sympathy and cheerful talk—when the door opened, and Nemesis appeared upon the threshold, regarding her with eyes of fell intent.

Miss Mercy only acknowledged Mr. Denham's greeting by a stately curtsey. She moved forward, still fixing her niece, with that stony gaze, holding the letter in her uplifted hand.

Orelia did not notice the letter, until her aunt was close to her; when she recognized it, she uttered a little cry, and started up, as if to seize the sheet; but before she could speak, Mrs. Markham exclaimed,

"What have you got there, Mercy?"

"Ask Orelia," returned Miss Mercy, in an awful voice. "Let her answer, if she dare!"

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Markham, in alarm, her nerves greatly shaken by the scenes she had gone through, on the previous night and this morning. "Oh, what is the matter, Orelia, what does your aunt mean?"

The girl had grown red, then white; her great eyes were full of tears. Her suffering was so apparent, that Mr. Denham could hardly endure the sight.

"That is my letter, aunt—give it to me please," said Orelia, with a womanliness which enraged Miss Mercy, as much as it astonished her other listeners.

"I know it it is yours, you wicked girl," she cried. "Orelia, I wonder you do not sink into the earth."

Orelia burst into tears. Mrs. Markham was scarcely less agitated. Mr. Denham rose and said:

"I will bid you good-day, Mrs. Markham. I wish Miss Mercy had given me warning that this was a tribunal of justice, and I would have retreated at once. I can't bear to see children

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cry—especially so good a girl as my little friend, Orelia."

His manner was so gentle, that his severe reproof did not sound uncourteous; and his anger was so great, that he could not repress the speech.

Miss Mercy turned fiercely upon him. After the confession she had overheard, on the previous night, she knew that it was useless to keep up appearances before him.

"I must beg you to wait," she said. "I have every reason to believe this letter was written to you—I know it was, in fact."

"In that case, you had better give it to me, Miss Mercy," he replied, with a bow.

"I consider it your duty, if you expect us to consider you a man possessing any claims to honor, to tell us, the natural guardians of this wicked creature, if she has been in the habit of writing letters to you."

"I shall be happy to answer any question that Mrs. Markham may see fit to ask," said he, turning to that lady.

Miss Mercy shook with rage. Mrs. Markham wailed, piteously:

"Oh, what is it, what is it?" she cried.

"Listen to this," cried Miss Mercy.

"Aunt, aunt," moaned Orelia. "Oh, mother, don't let her read it."

"I will!" cried Miss Mercy.

"You must excuse me, Miss Mercy," said Denham. "You insist on my remaining; but I cannot, and will not, aid you in tormenting your niece, by listening to a letter she does not wish read. You say it is written to me. If I cannot have it, at least, it ought to be given to her mother. Certainly, you have no right to read it, aloud. You must excuse me for adding, that I think you had no right to read it at all."

He fancied that Orelia had written to him, complaining of her aunt, and begging him to intercede with her mother, to prevent Miss Mercy sending her to school. The girl never had told him a word of her troubles; but, remembering Tom's disclosure of the morning, he believed that he had arrived at a correct solution of the matter.

"Yes, give me the letter, Mercy," pleaded Mrs. Markham.

"I do not admit your right, Mr. Denham, to interfere with my duty to my dead brother's child," said Miss Mercy, more furious than ever. "You have not yet cleared yourself from suspicion—you have not answered my question."

"Any that Mrs. Markham asks, I shall reply to," he retorted.

"Oh, Mr. Denham, I didn't believe Orelia ever wrote to you," sobbed the widow.

"She never did, in her life," he answered, "though, if she had, I am at a loss to see what harm Miss Mercy could find therein."

"What harm?" she shrieked, and rapidly read aloud, the sentence I have quoted.

"Mother, don't let her," cried Orelia, interrupting.

"Oh, you didn't write that for Mr. Denham," moaned her mother.

"Of course she did not, nor to any person," rejoined Denham.

"Oh, you want to screen her, do you?" demanded Miss Mercy, with a sneer.

But at this instant, Tom, who had been waiting in the next room, burst into the library, exclaiming:

"'Reely, why don't you tell—I wouldn't stand this!"

"No, no!" she fairly shrieked. "Don't, Tom, don't!"

"I will!" he cried. "Mother, aunt Mercy ought to be ashamed of herself. I tell you what, we boys are sick of being hunted and badgered. Ernest would have run away, last week, if it hadn't been for me. We will all go, if you don't stop aunt Mercy's tormenting us and you."

"Tom, Tom!" groaned his mother, while Miss Mercy stood speechless, with wrath and horror, for she really loved Tom.

"Don't, Tom!" pleaded Orelia.

"I will!" he said, obstinately. "Mother, I know what that letter is. 'Reely begun it, this morning. We dress up her dolls—one is Mr. Denham, another's aunt Mercy. 'Reely writes letters from one to the other, and we laugh so when she writes them—aunt Mercy makes love to Denham, and he pokes fun at her."

"Be these children—human children—or fiends incarnate?" moaned Miss Mercy, sinking into a chair.

"I mean the dolls," Tom explained. "You needn't be in a wax, aunt Mercy, so long as it isn't true."

"This is all false!" exclaimed Miss Mercy. "Annie Markham, that wicked girl has contaminated her brother; taught him to have his lies in readiness, in order to screen herself."

"Don't you call me a liar!" roared Tom, quite beside himself with passion: desperate, too, as children always are, when once they have broken bounds. "I'll get all the letters—we keep 'em in the cabinet—I've got the key in my pocket now. There's stories, and verses, too. 'Reely writes stunning ones."

"Mother, don't let him," sobbed Orelia. "I can't bear it—I'd rather say anything aunt likes."

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"Ha!" shivered Miss Mercy.

"I will," repeated Tom. "Mother, it's only she's ashamed to let you all know, she can make verses—she wouldn't have let us, if she could have helped it."

The boy ran off. Orelia buried her face in her hands. Mrs. Markham babbled incoherently, on the verge of hysterics. Denham regarded the discomfited Miss Mercy, with such undisguised triumph, that her temper rose anew.

"We need not detain you, sir," she said, insolently.

He bowed again, and occupied himself in giving Mrs. Markham a glass of water, and whispering soothing words.

Back came Tom, with a great wooden box, which he placed on the table, threw up the lid, and took out two dolls, which he held aloft. One was dressed as a man, the other in feminine attire. The puppets were painted, and attired in a fashion, which made them such absurd caricatures of Miss Mercy and Mr. Denham, that the gentleman burst out laughing, and Tom howled in ecstasy.

Miss Mercy gazed at Mr. Markham's portrait, which hung on the opposite wall, and moaned:

"My brother—my sainted brother."

Notwithstanding her distress, Orelia's sense of fun was so great, that she could not resist laughing, and Mrs. Markham, more and more hysterical, laughed and cried at once.

"My brother," groaned Miss Mercy. "Oh, I pray that you are spared this scene. Annie Markham," she continued, her voice changing to a menace, "beware, lest your husband's spirit appear, and curse you for thus aiding your children in their sins."

"I'm—I'm very sorry—it was terribly naughty of them," stammered the widow; and then began to laugh again; and that set the other three off anew.

Miss Mercy rushed out of the room, packed her trunks, and left the house by the next train. She believed that by this step, she should most severely frighten and punish her sister-in-law; and so remained inexorable to the poor lady's prayers and entreaties.

But Miss Mercy's retreat proved a sad blunder; for Denham took advantage of her departure, to exercise his influence with the widow.

The boys vowed, that if aunt Mercy came back, they would run away. Denham persuaded Mrs. Markham to remain quiet. He strengthened her by his counsels; showed her plainly how wrong she had been, to yield to Miss Mercy's tyranny, and how terrible the effect would be upon her children; set these things before her, in their true light, and enabled her to persevere in her new firmness.

It was not many weeks, before Denham found that he had fallen in love with the pretty child-woman, Orelia, who, in her sympathy for her mother's distress and fears, grew more womanly each day. Denham told his secret to Mrs. Markham; but pledged his honor, that neither by word or sign would he disturb Orelia, for a year and a-half, on condition that she kept the tyrannical aunt at a distance.

The widow was one of those natures, who must lean upon somebody. Mr. Denham now became her prop, and she trusted him implicitly. By the time Miss Mercy, tired of writing objurgatory letters, condescended to forgive her relatives, Mrs. Markham was so completely emancipated from her control, that she wrote her frankly, she intended, henceforth, to be mistress in her own household.

Denham, certain that Miss Mercy would invade the premises, persuaded the widow to go away with her flock, for a few weeks; and on her arrival, Miss Mercy found the mansion deserted. She never recovered even a show of her former power; for Denham married Orelia, at the expiration of eighteen months, and Mrs. Markham was so petted by her son-in-law, and idolized by her children, that she wondered, daily, over the new brightness life had assumed, and felt inclined to think she must have developed fresh faculties for enjoyment.

## WHAT?

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

What does the bird, born in a gilded cage,
Know of the wild, sweet freedom of the air
Outside? the madd'ning thrill of boundless space,
Bound only by the heavens, blue and fair?

What does the child, whose life has never passed,
Beyond the inland, narrow, small, unfree,
Know of the grand, calm, passionate, wild soul,
That throbs in every movement of the sea?

What does the man born blind, and deaf, and dumb,
Know of the sweet, strange secrets of the earth?
What do the mountains, standing stern and grim,
Know of the rapturous mystery of birth?

What does the woman, whose soft, silent lips,
Have ne'er been pressed by kisses sweet as pain,
And sad as joy—what knows she of a love,
That all the storms of Time have never slain?

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# PENDORIEL.

BY A. C. GORDON.

## I.

"Fo' miles up, and a piece, m'ma," said the captain of the little steamer. "Yes'm, we could easily see't f'om heah, but foh that skirt o' woods across the bend." For he knew every turn of the Sunflower river.

The morning was soft and balmy. It was the fresh May-time of the year. The cypress trees, along the river-banks, showed grim and naked, through the meagre drapery of the gray, hanging moss, and their own scant foliage; but, over the live-oaks, clad in glittering, silver leafage, and amid the close undergrowth, trailed the yellow jasmine, in the glory of full blossoming. The air was full of the odor of bud and bloom. The noise of the steamer startled, now and then, a solitary water-fowl, from his slumberous reverie beside some black pool of stagnant water.

To the young girl, who stood on the deck of the little vessel, the scene was one of deep interest. It was her first experience of the far South. The flash of the river-water, in the sunshine, the almost tropical multitude and variety of the flowering vines and creepers along the banks, the solemn aspect of the moss-shrouded cypress, the vivid greenness of all other vegetation, the sweet, fresh perfume of the morning air, the shrill and frequent calls of river and forest birds, all served to impress her with a sense of delightful novelty.

She was a charming creature, with her soft, pink-cheeked, round, little face; her piquant nose, and the bright expression of quick intelligence in the large, deep-brown eyes. Not far off sat a staid, dignified lady, of middle age, whom the girl called "mamma."

"Psheh! yeh can't fool dis niggeh," the steward had said, when the two passengers came aboard the little steamboat, at Mobile, "I knows 'em, wharebeh I sees 'em. Dey come f'om up No'f, dem folks. Mebbe dat gal's sick, an' dey's a-fetchin' of her down heah teh smell de sorgum an' tuppentine. Mebbe, agin, it's de ole 'oman."

The little steamer gave a shrill whistle, as it passed a bend in the river; and now was seen a "landing," on the right bank.

"Mamma!" exclaimed the young girl. "See, he is waiting for us; and he's a young man." And she clapped her hands, joyously.

"Dat gal's a devil of a flut, I do 'spec'," was the inward comment of the steward, as he came forward to help the ladies with their satchels.

There were two figures at the landing. One was Pendoriel; the other was his negro cart-driver. The former stepped down to the gangway, and came aboard the boat. The negro man climbed into his ox-cart, waved a long whip over the heads of his patient-eyed beasts of burden, said in a deep, gutteral tone: "Gee—woh, come yeh—woh—come yeh!" and rolled his eyes, in admiration of the newcomers.

"You are just a splendid-looking fellow, and no mistake," thought the girl, as she surveyed Pendoriel, with a quick, appreciative glance. "But you do dress in a most barbarous fashion; and I wish your hair wasn't quite so tangled; or your beard so long. I rather like your brown face—and your eyes are superb."

Pendoriel was a tall, lithe young man, with a royal bearing, full, at once, of dignity and easy grace. He spoke to the captain, as he stepped on deck, and then lifted his hat to the ladies, with a gesture of almost knightly dignity, but with a manner, in which the faintest indication of embarrassment was perceptible. His voice had a clear resonance, that the young girl marked with silent commendation; though she could not help noticing the curious, yet musical, way in which he generally dropped the r, in his pronunciation, as in fact, did everybody in that region.

"I trust you had no trouble in getting up safely," he said. "The trip is ratheh tedious, at this season of the yeah. The late April showeahs, you know, swell the riveh. As I advised you"—this with a faint smile—"in response to youh advertisement, motheh and I live heah quite alone. We have no society in the neighbohhood—no neighbohhood, in fact; but ah quite thrown upon ouh own resouhces. I'm afraid you'll have ratheh a lonesome time of it,"—to the younger of the two—"unless, indeed, you ah fond of horseback-riding and boating. Most Southern girls ah, I believe; but I don't know whetheh, in the city—"

"Oh, I am devoted to outdoor exercise. I adore the country. After those stupid balls, and receptions, and calls, even Patagonia would be Paradise!"

She evinced decided enthusiasm, and he was a firm believer in it; but it was such an enthusiasm



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as was not altogether calculated to arouse his own. He looked at her, in a slightly startled way. She noted the look, and saw that it ended in wonderment at her strange, physical beauty. She was satisfied.

"You are a giddy thing," he was thinking, in his earnest fashion of thought. "I don't know much about women, young or old. I think you are very beautiful; but I shall not fall in love with you, and forget my one great purpose. I wonder if you are a coquette? They say that a peachy skin, and frank, sweet eyes, are not infallible signs of honesty. But pshaw! you are nothing but a spoiled child. Poor, gilded butterfly! I fear you'll find this prosy life of ours a vain and empty one, and long, in a day, for your hot-house atmosphere once more!"

And she:—"You look like a man of will and endurance. I think you could dance until five in the morning, and be fresh still. You would be adorable, in a dress-coat. I wonder if you ever wore one? What a truthful, candid face you have! But it is almost too earnest. Were you ever guilty of frivolity in your life? Billiards, cigars, fast horses, flirtations, operas, what do you know about them? If you would only fall in love with me, how you would love me, I am sure! I'll try it! I'll have that beard trimmed, and a new suit on you, in a week—and then!"

Pendoriel's mother, clad in widow's weeds, met them at the door, and welcomed them. Her bearing, like that of her son, was one of courtly grace and dignity. At times, a somewhat hesitating air betrayed, in her, that slightly distrustful state of mind, which results, not infrequently, where misfortune has usurped the place of prosperity. The marks of sorrow were visible on the pale, quiet face; but the expression of it was one of sanctified loveliness.

"I jes' tell yeh, ole Mis' was a stomp-down beauty, 'fo' de wah, when Masteh fus' married heh," said the old, black butler, one day, to the girl, nodding his own gray head in the direction of the eastern portico, where Pendoriel's mother sat. "She ain't got ugly yit, nutheh, yeh see. She was as purty as you is, chile; an' it's jes' de trubble dat makes her look ole. Masteh got shot in de wah, yeh know, de niggehs was all sot free off'n' ouh hah's, an' de plantation jes' went teh de debble. 'Me an' de young masteh is done tuk holt on it lately, sence he came home f'om de Newnivussity; an' we'll see gran' days agin, fo' me an' him is done.' He don't 'peah teh think 'bout nothin' 'cep' gittin' de place teh rights agin, an' old Mis'—Yes'm, he's always studyin' 'bout heh."

The gentle-faced, gray-haired lady said to her guests, with that soft, liquid accent, which distinguishes the best Southern pronunciation:

"You ah the first boahdehs we have eveh had. We weh not brought up to it, my deah"—this to the girl—"but I insisted on youh coming. I thought it might help him, and be a pleasuh to him"—with a nod in the direction of her son—"and he, well, he thought you might be company foh me. I don't know whetheh we can make you comfohtable, but we will do ouh best."

The hesitating air soon vanished, and the young girl thought she had never seen a sweeter, kinder face. It seemed to grow sweeter and kinder still, as she learned to know it better; and it always wore a gentle gravity. It would light up in a marvellous way, whenever her son's name was spoken, or he came near her.

"He is a splendid son, my deah," she would say, "no motheh could wish foh a nobleh."

The house was built of brick; and there were green shutters, and white facings, and manifold rooms, and passages, and hallways. It was an old-fashioned house, with porticos and verandahs all about it. The front faced the river.

"I shall name it Gan-Eden," said the young newcomer, as she danced through the open door, and into the sunshine, and saw the wilderness of roses, that had grown up under the fostering hand of the gentle-faced mother of Pendoriel. The flash of the river-water was very perceptible, and the murmur of its flowing clearly audible, from the portico, with the great white pillars fronting the river and the west, where the girl used to sit, in the late summer evenings, and watch the red tints die out of the western sky, and the stars come forth, one by one, in the heavens.

"It is the perfect picture of idyllic peace," she thought, that day of her arrival; and she plucked two white rosebuds, and fastened them beneath her brooch.

## II.

A new, and sweet, and strange experience began for the master of the plantation, on the Sunflower river. In its rapid growth of deliciousness and joy, it made a secondary thing of his one great purpose. He came to the supper-table, that evening, with a white rosebud on the lappel of his corduroy coat; and there was only one left, to kiss her dimpled chin, where, a little while before, the coquettish young beauty had pinned two, amid the old lace at her throat.

His sweet-faced mother noticed the likeness of the two buds, and smiled, faintly—perhaps, in memory of a long gone time, when he, whose portrait hung in the front parlor, and she, would,

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sometimes, wear twin roses from the same bush.

Pendoriel was in love already.

"Books?" said the old butler, to the darkey audience, in the kitchen, a few days after the newcomer's arrival, "Books? Lord sakes, ef dat gal ain't jes' cunjured him, sho' enough! He's fo'ebeh readin' books, anyhow, when he ain't out on de plantation; but sence she come, he's done got 'stracted, an' let de plantation slide, an' sont foh all de books in Mobile. He's dragged all on 'em out'n' de book-shelves in de settin'-room, an' jes' scattered 'em all oveh dis heah house. An' he's a-readin' heh po'try an' stuff all de time. Ev'vy night, I has teh take dem two camp-cheehs in off'n' de verandy, whah dey leaves 'em reg'lah o' evenin's, a-settin' side by side, a-readin' po'try! Umph! He betteh keep a-ten'in' teh dis heah plantation, an' let dat ah Yankee gal alone!"

"Yes, an' outside o' dem books," responded the hostler, from the chimney-corner, "he's mo' perticklerish 'bout de hosses, dan he eveh has been afo'. Dey ain't neveh had no sich feedin' an' rubbin' sence I'se been on dese premusses. Ef dah's a speck o' dirt, as big as a pin-p'int, on dat gray what she rides, he jes' comes down teh de stable, an' raises de debble. Done gone sont teh Mobile ahtch a side-saddle for heh, 'fo' de 'oman been heah two days! Psheh! tell *me* 'bout 'em!"

The girl had builded better than she knew. In a short time, Pendoriel went to Mobile, and when he came back, he would have reflected credit, by his dress, on Poole himself.

"Did yeh eveh see de like?" queried the old butler, who was likewise Pendoriel's valet, as he sat, in the early morning of a June day, at the kitchen door, with a new shoe at his side, and his left hand thrust into the fellow of it, while he brandished a recently-acquired blacking-brush. "Yes, did yeh eveh see de like? Done gone turn fine gemmelman onst mo', an' got me a-blowin' an' a-sweatin' heah, along o' dese yeah shoes, jes' teh please dat gal. I don't reckon she keers nothin' 'bout his ole hoofs, nohow!"

But she did. The change in his appearance flattered her. She knew it was her work. At the same time, she became, by degrees, conscious of a change in her own nature, scarcely less marked than this alteration in his outward and visible form. The light thoughtlessness, which had been fostered in the superficialities of a fashionable society, began to crumble away before this man's sincere presence. She did not take long to see the truth and honesty of his purpose, and it came upon her as a revelation. He unburdened his soul to her; he told her of himself, of his hopes, of his aspirations. She discovered that he was seeking, with all his energies, to recover the lost wealth that had been his father's possession, before the war—not for his own sake, but for the sake of his mother, who, he said, had never grown used to be without it. He was deeply read in the old masters of literature; he knew the world, and the world's history, through the medium of books; and he was full of half-antiquated notions of truth and sincerity, and of reverence for woman.

She only laughed, joyously, when her mother bade her not trifle with Pendoriel's heart, though she thought, "He is too honest for trifling;" and knew it might never be anything else, if she won his affection, for she was plighted to a man in the North. Yet, in spite of all misgivings, she continued, in girlish-wise, to render unto this new lover sweet smiles and gentle words; while he waxed strong and throve upon them. He had been a bashful lad at college, that sole season of his life spent away from home; and this sweet slip of girlhood was the first and only one of her sex, save his mother, with whom he had ever come into intimate, daily contact. She was lovely and attractive, and full of joyous and buoyant spirits, and it was no wonder, that, almost before he knew it, he adored her with a fervor which colored all his thoughts and deeds.

Packages of pamphlets and magazines came frequently from Mobile, and they read them together, beneath the live-oaks, and among the clustering roses. He repeated for her old poems, that won an additional charm from the sonorous intonations of his melodious voice; and in return, she sang him songs from the last operas. He thought her, at first, a child, with few serious thoughts; but she knew that she was a woman, and that he loved her. His gray-haired, sweet-faced mother looked on in silent approval. Her life, like his, had been a lonely one; and she longed to keep this fresh, dewy bud, to adorn the old place.

The days went by in summer idleness. There were horseback rides down the river-road; and moonlight excursions in the rowboat, on the river-water; in all of which those two constituted, always, the sole company. It was a novel experience to her, in its difference from the conventionalism to which she had been used; and she was charmed with it all. It did not take her long to learn, that even the touch of her garments thrilled him with delight; and, if her hand, by any chance, happened to meet his—!

Still, a sore struggle was waging in her heart, through all the rides and moonlight boatings—a struggle between awakened conscience and strong

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inclination. How could she escape from the toils she had woven about herself?

"He is so kind to me," she would say, in self-communion, in the still night, "and so gentle. And yet—" And her thoughts would go back to boon days and gala nights, at the North—the far away, almost forgotten, uncared for, North—to glittering ball-rooms, where one had always been quickest to claim her hand in the dance; to soft whispers in dimly-lighted conservatories, whose exotic plants exhaled subtle odors, and where was forever the faint, lulling fall of water, in the marble basins of tinkling fountains. Then her troth-plight would rise before her. So, humming often the rhyme of an old French song, "*Loyal je serai durant ma vie*," she strove to be honest; to hate the smell of the Southern honeysuckle, which would, at night-time, of all other times, thrust itself farthest into her chamber-casement, and grow sweeter and intenser in its perfume; to forget the glory of the Southern summer moon; and to shut out from her hearing, the gentle murmur of the swift-flowing Sunflower river.

"What is that couplet you repeat so often?" Pendoriel queried, one day; and then her womanly instinct prompted her to tell him all.

"It means that loyalty is above all other things in this world," she said, with an attempt at a smile, which was an ignominious failure. "I have a lover in the North, whom I shall marry some day, and I sing it when I think of him."

The words cost her a powerful effort; and the blood surged to her face, as she saw him turn away, with his own face pale as death. She noticed that, ever after that, the grave melancholy of his demeanor was intensified; and though he did not any the less continue to seek her company, he ceased to smile at the nonsense of words and deeds, with which she had been wont to beguile him.

One autumn morning, they rode together down the winding road, that followed the bend of the Sunflower river. There had been a heavy frost the night before, and the leaves of the forest trees were already beginning to turn. The blooms of vine and flower were gone.

"The old conventionality, the old hollow mockeries, the old insincerities," she thought, with bitterness of spirit, "all these will enter into my life again, in a few days. I shall miss my short, sweet freedom, and I shall miss even more—" She scarcely dared finish the thought. On the next day, she was to go home.

"I shall never forget your kindness," she said, and she turned her face to where he rode in silence, at her side, booted and spurred like a cavalier of old. They were the first words that had been spoken, for a good half-hour. She knew there were thoughts in his heart, akin to those in hers. "I can never repay you for it all," she said.

Suddenly he checked his horse beneath a giant oak, whose broad shadow fell across the road. Involuntarily, she followed his example, looking at him, anxiously.

"Eveh repay me?" he repeated. The words came hard, between his clenched teeth—"eveh repay me?" He lingered on them, as if a hundred memories were passing through his brain. "Don't you know that you have already repaid me, ten thousand fold? Don't you know that youh smiles—youh kind words—youh—don't you know that I love you?"

There were tears in his eyes, ere the words had all come. Her gaze fell full upon his face, and the anguish depicted there—the foreshadow of her going—touched her with an infinite regret. The words which he had just spoken, confused and broken as they were, at once thrilled her exquisitely, and confounded her with the overwhelming sense of a revelation, whose meaning she had only dimly guessed. She saw her fate, standing face to face with her; and she perceived that it was not the tranquil, propitious fate, her fancy had theretofore depicted it. She saw, reflected in the pallor of his face, miscalculated strength on her part, and a miserable future, not for him only, but for herself as well. But she did not let him know. Touching his horse, lightly, with her riding-whip, she turned her own, in the direction whence they had come.

"I am going away, to-morrow, you remember," she said, and her soft voice had a tinge of sadness, though there was no tremor in it. "We mustn't quarrel, on the eve of my departure."

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## III.

"It beats anything dat eveh I see, in my born days," said the old butler, to the cook, at sunset of a drear December day, as he piled the huge logs on the crackling, hickory fire in the kitchen, and kicked his master's favorite pointer-dog, that lay dozing in the chimney-corner. "I done tole ye all so fust. Dat gal done 'witched him wid her purty eyes. She done voodoo him. He followed heh roun' heah de whole blessed time she stayed, wuss'n' dat dog; an' he 'peahed oneasy-like af he missed heh out'n' his sight foh an houh. Now, he done put out'n' gone ahteh heh! It jes' takes de rag smack off'n' de bush! I neveh ain't see'd sich a fool-'stracted-lookin' white man sence de Lord made me, 'tel he got



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teh dat steamboat. Done gone leave ole Mis' heah all by hehse'f, wid nobody but me an' de niggehs. Jes' look at de place! See how it's all a-gwine teh de debble, sence he stopped takin' keah on it."

It was as he had said. Pendoriel had started North, in search of his lost heart.

"It is perfect folly, that I should love her," he had often thought. "She is wealthy, and fond of society, and naturally constituted to enjoy it. The adoration of men is the breath of life in her nostrils. My love could never atone for the solitude of this place, which I cannot leave, in my mother's lifetime. It is very lonely down here upon the Sunflower river. I never knew how lonely, until she went away."

In his unselfishness, he had shut out the thought of all things, other than her happiness; and he regretted, with many a pang, that he had ever told her of his love, because he imagined that it had given her pain. His great purpose in life, entertained with such hope and persistence, previous to her coming, seemed to have faded from his mind. He would go to the stable, and kiss the neck of the gray horse which she used to ride. He read, and re-read, the volumes with which they had whiled away the happy hours. In one of them, she had written, at his request, the words of a foolish, little song she sang to him, not long before she went:—

"Is there any hope in the world, I wonder,
For one whom the hard gods hate?
For one whose heart is riven asunder,
By the hunger insatiate?

"Is there any balm for the bruise and anguish
Of a life with its chords unstrung?
Or a master-voice, when the sweet notes languish,
To recall a strain once sung?

"Is there, anywhere, some sleeping river,
That one may drift with the tide,
Alone with his pain and the calm moon's quiver,
Till his sense and his soul have died?"

He did not know, when she sang it, that every word came from her heart; he only saw its application to himself.

He would often take from his pocket-book, and con over, some scraps of paper, on which she had "tried their fortunes," as she said, scribbling their names side by side, and marking out, with little downward strokes, the letters that were common to both. There it was, in her delicate handwriting, after her name and his alike, the word "Love;" for so the fortune had been told. It was a true piece of fortune-telling, truer than such things often are. But he did not guess it. He never knew, in all his life, that this divination, made laughingly, one summer's day, among September roses, was anything more than a half-way truth. And yet, how well he remembered the smile on her face, when she had written the word. He did not think of her as a coquette, nor yet did he dream that she returned his love, in the slightest measure. His simplicity, and his worship of her were strangely intermixed.

His thoughts followed her in her Northward flight. His soul went out in pursuit of her, and he said to himself, one cloudy December morning, when the little river was muddy and swollen with the winter's rains, and the rose-bushes she had loved were stripped of their flowers and leaves, and beaten to the ground: "I can stand it no longer. I must see her again."

So it was, that, on the day previous to that on which the old negro butler gave expression to his disgust, at his young master's outrageous behavior, Pendoriel had taken the steamboat, and gone down the Sunflower river. He was on his way to her. She had been from him so long, nearly two months, and they seemed to him two centuries. She had never written, in answer to his letters, because she had not ceased to sing, though with an aching heart, "*Loyal je serai durant ma vie.*" He wondered, as he sped along toward his destination, how life had ever been endurable, before she came. His old-time purpose rose up before his contemplation, and he laughed, scornfully, at its insignificance, in the light of this great passion that possessed him. Everything, in his past life, seemed dull and empty, as he reviewed it, year by year, up to that day, a few months back, when he had taken her by the hand, to lead her across the gangway, to the landing on the river. And then followed the reflection:

"But I was, at least, contented, in those olden days. Now, what is left to me? Perhaps, it would have been better, if I had never known her. And yet—and yet, I do not think, that I could have missed those few glad months, though all the rest of life should prove a burden. In two days, I shall see her again—again," he said.

He had never before been farther North than Virginia, where his college years were spent; but he knew the number of the street in the city where she lived. He opened his pocket-book, and taking out a delicate card, looked at it. She had given it to him a short time after her arrival, when the idea of having him fall in love with her first took sweet possession of her soul. There was her name, and "*Thursday*," printed in the corner. He remembered he had asked her what that meant; and that she had told him it was the day of the week on which she received visitors, in the fashionable society in which she lived, up North. He remembered, too, that she

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had added, with the joyous smile which haunted him always:

"But when *you* come, all days will be alike."

The train drew into the depot of the great city. He passed out, with the careless, hurrying throng, and, entering an omnibus, drove to a hotel. He took great care with his toilet, that day. He spent, at least, three-quarters of an hour before the mirror in his room, trying to get his cravat into a correct knot. He gave the boy, who polished his boots, a half-dollar, to make them shine as never boots shone before. He found the house where she lived, with little trouble, and his heart beat high, as he went up the steps.

"How often her feet have passed along this way," he thought. "Perhaps, she may come out of the door and meet me, before she knows that I am near. Ah, how pleasant that would be! I am sure she will be glad to see me, because, it will remind her of down on the Sunflower river, where she said her life was very happy."

He did not notice that the shutters were closed and barred, and that there was an air of solemn gloom surrounding the great house, there upon the noisy street. He was surprised that his ring remained so long unanswered. He stood there, for some moments, then rapped again. The door opened, slowly, at last, and a servant in livery stood in the way.

"Is she at home?" he queried, and called her name, and handed him his card.

The man looked first at him, and then at the card, in a startled and confused manner.

"Didn't you know she was dead, sir? She died two weeks ago," were the words that stabbed his heart like a knife.

Yes, she was dead. The struggle between loyalty and love had been too much for her; they called it a rapid cold; it was, in reality, something else. Only, he never knew the truth.

He staggered down the steps, stricken mortally, but uttered no word.

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## IV.

He went back to the plantation, and his gentle, gray-haired mother met him at the door. Ere many moments had passed, she was soothing him with caresses and tender words, as she had often done when he waa a little child, and had met with one of the many woes that befall helpless childhood.

"I tole you dat gal warn't down heah foh no good. She done ruin his sperits, an' he don't take no intrust in nothin' at all, any mo', but goes roun' heah mopin' an' lookin' like he don't keah nothin' 'tall 'bout me, let alone dese niggehs," said the butler, querulously, not long after Pendoriel's return.

He is living down on the old plantation yet. But the jasmines and the roses of each summer, only fill his soul with a bitter sorrow, because they remind him that she is dead. The flash of the river-water in the sunshine, the moonlight, and the heavy night-aroma of the honeysuckle, alike recall his irreparable loss; and he never sees the smoke of the little steamer, far down beyond the bend, that it does not bring up to his recollection, as vividly as though it were only yesterday, the May morning, long ago, when he first took her by her slim, white hand, to lead her across the gang-way, to the landing, on the Sunflower river.

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# QUESTIONS.

BY L. BRIGGS MITCHELL.

Will angels bear my spirit home,
When I am called away?
Will friendly spirits aid my flight,
Up to the gates of day?
Or, will the soul, released from earth,
In darkness lone and drear,
Forever seek companionship,
And light, and joy, and cheer?

When this ethereal self-hood quits
This hand, and heart, and brain,
Will drowsy stupor seize its powers,
And ages sleep the same?
Or, will transcendant glory dawn,
Bright from the eternal throne?
And shall I see Him as He is,
And know as I am known?

And is there nothing more of us
Than beasts who die unknown?
Will death be but oblivion,
With all our hopes o'erthrown?
Or, will we just begin to learn
The glories hid from view
To mortal eyes—so measureless—
Through countless ages new?

Which brightest, dearest, truest, seems
The opposites portrayed?
Which kindles most of joy and hope?
Which most doth instinct dread?
The answer comes, like waves of light
Upon the shores of time,
God's Word and reason, both attest
The future all sublime.

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# THE NEWS FROM YORKTOWN.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44.

## CHAPTER IV.

A MOMENT or two after, the scene of the tragedy was crowded with persons from the house: Mrs. Agincourt, who had heard Grace's shriek, being one of the first to arrive. Her husband followed. Aylesbury, turning to leave, met him, face to face. He laid his hand on the old man's arm.

"I owe it to myself," he said, "before I go, to tell you—whose kindness and hospitality I shall never forget—that this quarrel was none of my seeking. I was driven into it, to protect my life. It was not my fault."

His hearer listened, in a sort of a dazed way, for a moment; he hardly knew, as yet, exactly what had happened. He stared, shook his head, freed himself from the young man's touch, and hurried on, without reply.

Aylesbury, thus repulsed, turned for a last look in the direction of Grace, with the secret hope that she might recall her cruel decision. But she did not even look up.

"She has cast me off, forever," said the young man. "What have I left, to live for?" And mounting his horse, he rode off.

"If I could only remain till to-morrow," he said. "But the orders to join are marked 'immediate.' Gracious heavens! am I to be parted from Grace, forever, in this way, without any fault of my own? I cannot go, till I have heard from the Hall. I will wait a few hours, and meantime, send a note to Grace, telling her the real state of affairs. By riding harder and faster, I can make up for the lost time."

His first act, therefore, on reaching his own house, was to write to Grace, despatching the missive by a trusty servant.

The messenger fulfilled his errand, faithfully; that is, so far as he could. But, though he delivered Aylesbury's letter, it never reached Grace; for her father, taking it from the hand of the footman, who brought it in, and recognizing the writing, tore it, angrily, up.

"Tell the boy there is no answer," he said, sternly. Nor did he then, or ever after, mention the circumstance to Grace. Much less, did he inform her of what Aylesbury, himself, had told him. "I would not have believed it of him," said the old baronet. "To pretend he was forced into it! That is the worst of all."

Thus it was that our heroine was left in ignorance; and the silence of Aylesbury suprised her. She hardly remembered what she had said, in that first burst of horror; but, whatever it was, Aylesbury should have made allowances for it, she thought, and sought an explanation.

All that day, and all of the next, she expected a message. Not a foot-fall sounded in the corridor, that she did not start, thinking it might be a servant, with a letter. But when, on the afternoon subsequent to the encounter, she heard that her lover had gone, she gave up all hope.

"It is over," she said, "he had no excuse to make. Oh! the horrible passions of men."

Meantime, Aylesbury's servant had brought back quite a rose-colored account of his doings; and when his master asked if the note had been sent up to Miss Agincourt, answered: "Shore 'nuf, Mars' Philip, shore 'nuf. But de word sent back was, dere was no answer. As to de young gemman, he's in a bad way. Doctor say he shore to die. 'Taint no great loss, noways, for a wuss mars' nebber was; de way he knock de boys 'bout, for nuffin at all, de Lord help 'em."

It was with a sad heart, therefore, that Aylesbury set forth on his journey. The only thing now left for him, was to seek distraction and forgetfulness. "Perhaps," he said, as he rode northward, "it may be my good fortune to be sent, on a forlorn hope. Death would be a glad release."

Aylesbury had already lost nearly twenty-four hours. But as he rode a blooded horse, and his servant had one equally high-bred, he soon made up for this. His course led him past the site of what is now Washington city, but which was then only a low, uninhabited plain, and so on to Baltimore, then a town of only about eight thousand inhabitants, or so. Crossing the Susquehanna, near the head of Elk, he continued his progress, till he reached Philadelphia, which, though it contained a population of but little more than forty thousand, was altogether the largest and richest place in America, and both politically, commercially, and socially, the metropolis. Forty-eight hours after, he was in camp, and paying his respects to the Commander-in-Chief.

Washington, at this period, was in the prime



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of his manhood, being not quite fifty years old. The great chief is known, generally, to this generation, by Stuart's portrait of him, painted ten years later, when age had begun, somewhat, to tell on him. The picture, which best represents him, as he appeared at this time, is the portrait by Peale. He had, already, however, that imposing presence, and dignified address, by which he is traditionally known to posterity.

In the presence of this august personage, Aylesbury forgot, for awhile, even the cruelty of Grace. The reserved, yet kindly, manner of Washington, had the effect on him it had on everyone else: he was not only lost in admiration, but he was awed, also: "he is a man to die for," he said to himself.

"Welcome to our ranks," said the Commander-in-Chief, taking Aylesbury's hand, kindly, even warmly. "I remember your father well. We were comrades, in Braddock's war. If he were alive, to-day, he would be here with us, I am sure, for he was the soul of honor, brave as a lion, the foe of injustice in every form. In his stead, I am happy to greet his son. I am glad, too, to hear that you have lived in France, and know, already, some of the brave officers, La Fayette, Lauzan, and others, who have come out to us; for you can be of great service, as, unfortunately, few of us speak their language, and fewer understand them, as only a person, educated in Paris, can understand them. Already, there are little jealousies, which I look to you, in especial, to smooth away. Your father had great tact, and you remind me of him, strangely. You will understand the opinions, modes of thought, and even prejudices, of our allies, and interpret them, so to speak, to our own officers."

Aylesbury bowed assent. This was being received with a favor he had little expected. Washington continued, saying,

"I have just heard that the Marquis de la Fayette has sailed from France, with both naval and military reinforcements for us, and that he may be expected daily. His arrival, I hope, will put a new face on affairs. We shall, I trust, have hot work. At present, we are not able to cope with Sir Henry Clinton, at least, not to act offensively; but when the Marquis comes, we shall be more than his match, I believe. All this in confidence, however. And now, good-morning. You see," turning to a table, covered with papers, "I am not exactly master of my time. But come, this afternoon, and dine with me."

It was rare for the great chief to talk so long, except with his intimates, and Aylesbury realized the condescension. He bowed low, and left. But that night, in his troubled dreams, there mingled, with the sorrowful face of Grace, that always haunted them, the august presence of Washington, though there was a smile on the countenance of the latter, that seemed to augur good, rather than ill.

## CHAPTER V.

Aylesbury had left home, as we have seen, expecting that his rival would die within twenty-four hours. But the wounded man did not die. He began to rally, on the contrary, after the first day; and if our hero could have remained a little longer, he would have heard the good news. As it was, he was ignorant of it for months. Communication between different parts of the country was difficult, for there were no railroads in those days, the highways were bad, and stage-coaches, even, except between principal towns, were unknown. Occasionally, a letter came. But generally it was only when an officer, who had been a neighbor, went away on furlough, that news was had, by anyone, of events transpiring at home. It was in this way that Aylesbury learned, finally, of his rival's recovery; for he had neither mother, nor sister, nor any intimate friend, to write to him. A young lieutenant, who resided not far from Yorktown, and who had been absent on sick-leave, returned, one day.

"Bye-the-bye," he said to Aylesbury, "I heard of something you're interested in. That bully of an Agincourt, whom you pinked in a duel, as they say down there—how close you've been about it here—is going to marry his cousin, whom, I believe, you know."

"What!" exclaimed Aylesbury. "He didn't die, after all?"

"No. Didn't you know? Old doctor Grains says he had the constitution of an ox, which was what saved him. The fellow was delirious, the first day, with fever; but after that, he rallied; and is now as well and hearty as ever.'

"But he is going to marry Grace—Miss Agincourt, I mean—"

"So they say. But look here, captain, I wouldn't take it to heart. The gossips, down there, speak pretty freely, so you needn't mind my knowing it. She's treated you deuced badly, in my opinion—"

"If you please," interrupted Aylesbury, pulling himself together, "I'd rather Miss Agincourt's name was not mentioned. I, at least, make no complaint."

"No, captain, and you wouldn't, even if it was your death-wound. I know the stock you come of, and that is game to the back-bone. But there, you needn't turn away. I'm a garrulous fellow, they all tell me; but I mean well; and there are

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things, in this matter, that you ought to know. For instance, this fellow says you provoked the fight; that he only drew in self-defence; and that you run him through by a trick not recognized as legitimate. Nay, nay, don't break out. I don't believe a word of it, for I know you both; and I know that he is a sneak and a bully, and that you are a man of honor. An illegitimate thrust! By Jove, it's he that would be guilty of it, and not you. He's a quarrelsome brute; I know him of old. But I suppose he has persuaded Mr. Agincourt, and his cousin Bryan, that his story is true, and so they have brought Grace round to their opinion; for the long and short of it is, that she is to marry the fellow; and all I say is, may she live to repent it, as she well deserves. There, there, I mean no offense. But the whole peninsula is ringing with the tale of your mad attachment, and, though I don't want to probe your wound, you ought to know the facts."

But Aylesbury did not wait to hear the other to the end. He had turned away. "Great heavens," he was saying to himself, chafing, "am I such a mark for the finger of scorn—a shame and a hissing? And they will not listen to my explanation! I am condemned unheard. Oh! Grace, Grace, not even from you, have I justice."

The talkative, but well-meaning, lieutenant, watched him, as he strode moodily away.

"Poor fellow, I pity him," he said, "though he has half a mind, as I see, to quarrel with me, for telling him the truth. But it's the only way to work a cure. Women are all alike. Miss Agincourt, for all her sweet ways, is no better, I dare say, than Jenny Coles, who jilted me so abominably, and drove me to the war. I've no doubt this fine young lady flirted abominably with the captain. Perhaps, she even provoked the fight. Some of the jades like to think that men are at sword's point about them. Well, I made a narrow escape myself. If Jenny hadn't thrown me over, I'd have been a stupid, country rustic still, instead of a gay officer, and something of a beau among the girls. Gad, I hope Aylesbury will get over his affair as easily; he's too good a fellow to let a petticoat ruin his life."

Is it any wonder, that, after this, Aylesbury threw himself, with more eagerness than ever, into the war, chafing at the inactivity, which, as the months rolled on, continued to prevail? For the brisk operations, to which Washington had looked forward, on our hero's coming to camp, had been frustrated by the non-arrival of the French fleet, which was blockaded at Brest, thus giving the British ships ascendancy on the coasts of America. La Fayette, indeed, succeeded in reaching Rhode Island, but with only six thousand men; and there Washington went, to meet him in, July, in order to concert operations. But it was wisely decided, that their united forces were still unable to cope with the royal troops, or, at least, to force the evacuation of New York.

In September, came the treason of Arnold, which, for a few days, shook the infant confederacy to its foundations. No one, for awhile, knew whom to trust. In fact, never were the fortunes of the patriots at a lower ebb. For, apart from the ascendancy of the British in arms, the finances of the new nation were in a condition to make even the most hopeful despair. The paper money, on which Congress had relied, had depreciated to such a degree, as to be practically worthless. The consequence was, that very few new soldiers enlisted, and many of the old ones, seeing starvation before them, began to talk mutinously. Thus, the arm of Washington was completely paralyzed; at least, for all offensive purposes: so that he could do nothing but watch and wait.

The main interest of the struggle, meantime, had been concentrated in the Carolinas. Those colonies, indeed, were, for the time, subjugated. Charleston had surrendered in May, about the time that Aylesbury joined the army; Hayne had been executed; Tarleton's dragoons were carrying fire and sword everywhere. What Bryan had predicted, had come to pass: the whole South was threatened with subjugation.

More than this. The British generals held, and sagaciously, that the South, once cut off from the North, would compel the final surrender of the latter, as the separate sections were too interdependent, commercially, and otherwise, to get on alone. To complete the reduction of the South was, therefore, their policy. To assist in this, Sir Henry Clinton, the royal commander-in-chief, despatched, in the October of 1780, a force of three thousand men, under General Leslie, to Virginia. Just at that period, however, Cornwallis was driving Green from the Carolinas, and was in want of troops, so that he ordered Leslie to leave Virginia, and go to Charleston. A further force was, in consequence, despatched to Richmond. This was sent out, in January, 1781, under the traitor, Arnold, and was supplemented, two months later, by another expedition, under General Phillips. The tide of war, which, up to this point, had rolled past the Old Dominion, now surged, back and forth, along the James river, and its tributaries.

During these twelve months, life, for Grace, at least, had been sad enough. The silence of Aylesbury weighed, more and more, on her

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spirits, and finally on her health. She was angry at herself, for what she called her weakness, and strove to conceal it even from her mother. But the effort, though she succeeded, wore out her strength. Meantime, her father and her brother were urgent, that the marriage with her cousin, so long proposed, should take place soon. The constant pressure, brought to bear on her, was more than she could resist. "Had he only been true," she said to herself, thinking of Aylesbury, "I could hold out forever; but his prolonged silence is a confession of guilt. If I only knew what was right!"

Her elder brother, meantime, had joined the royal army; but before he went away, he resolved to wring from her, if possible, a conditional promise. Ever since Aylesbury's departure, Bryan had been kindness itself to Grace.

"You do not know how to treat her," he said to his cousin. "She is like a sensitive plant, that closes, if you touch it rudely. You are too rough with her. Win her confidence, by gentleness. If I were in your place, I wouldn't despair. Yes, I will talk to her, if you wish it. You have, as you say, waited long enough. Perhaps, as I am going away, she will listen to me."

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## CHAPTER VI.

One day, coming out of the library, he heard the whimper of hounds, in front of the house, and going to the hall-door, found that Grace was there, surrounded by her pet dogs. She had just returned from a ride, and having dismounted, was petting her horse, and feeding him with an apple. All animated objects loved Grace, from the wild bird in the woods, and the rabbit that never fled at her approach, to the great deer-hounds, that were the pride of Agincourt House, and the thorough-bred, that carried her like the wind, and yet stopped at her slightest word. She was never happier, in these sad months, than when out with her horse and dogs. Her favorite steed was, indeed, in one sense, almost her only friend. To him, when alone in the woods, as she patted his neck, after a sharp gallop, she breathed confidences, and whispered of griefs, that no one else heard of, or even suspected. For this pet horse, Selim by name, was intimately connected with all her recollections of Aylesbury. She had ridden him, always, when Aylesbury had accompanied her; and that had been almost daily, during their brief intercourse. If ever her heart, at one time, softened towards the absent lover, more than at another, it was when she was with Selim. Often, indeed, she could not but believe, notwithstanding all, that the innocence of Aylesbury would yet be proved; and the present was one of those occasions. She still wore her riding costume, an elaborate laced jacket, of the fashion of that day, not unlike the hunting costume at Compeigne, in the time of Louis Napoleon; but she had cast aside her hat, and her beautiful hair shone, like molten gold, in the sunshine.

"You darling, Selim," she was saying, as she patted him. "You darling."

"Yes," thought Bryan to himself, "it is darling something else, that you really mean. What fools girls are! She can't get that fellow out of her head, in spite of his base conduct. I must speak my mind, no matter what comes of it."

At the sound of Bryan's footsteps, Grace turned, quickly.

"Suppose you let the boy take Selim," Bryan said. "I want to talk to you, Grace. Come into the room here."

She smiled an assent, and followed him.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, dear," he said, when they were seated together, in the great, cool drawing-room. "This fine weather has quite brought the bloom to your cheeks. I hope you are done with that Aylesbury, however."

She did not answer, but looked down, tapping her skirt, the while, with her riding-whip.

"You make no reply," he said, after a pause. "But you know that I leave, soon, for Carolina, to join the army, and that I may never come back. What—tears? You say I must not talk so gloomily. But, my dear sister, my death is possible, at least; and wise people always look facts in the face. What is to become of you, if I am killed? Let me tell you, in confidence, what not even our mother knows. My debts, contracted abroad, have nearly ruined us. You may well start. You may well look reproachful. I deserve it all. Our good father, ever forgiving, has paid them for me; but the estate is mortgaged, in consequence, up to the hub, to our London solicitors; and there will be, literally, nothing left for mother, or you."

"Oh! Bryan!"

"Yes! You may well censure me."

"Oh! I was not thinking of censuring you. I was thinking that this dear, dear old place was gone from us, probably, forever. You did not mean to do wrong, I know." And she burst into tears.

"There is a way to save the estate, my dear sister. There, don't cry. Don't look so suprised. Give me your word to marry your cousin, and all will go well, even if I never come back; for he has promised, when you are his wife, to take up the mortgages. He is enormously rich, as you

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know, and can well afford to do it. His mother, though a nobody, was the greatest heiress of these parts. And he loves you."

"Oh! don't, don't," cried Grace.

"It is for your own good, dear, that I urge it. He has some faults of manner, I grant." He despised himself, as he spoke, but he knew he must go on. "Those you could easily correct, when once you were his wife."

"Don't, don't," again cried his sister. "You know I never could alter him. Oh! is there no other way?" She spoke brokenly, now, and the tears were coursing down her cheeks. "Is there no other way? You shake your head. Heaven help me!"

She buried her head in her hands for a few moments. Then she looked up, bravely, but pale as a corpse.

"Well, then," she said, "if you never come back to help poor papa; if, in his old age, he has to be turned from these doors; why, then, perhaps, I may marry my cousin—"

"That is the heroic girl I knew you to be," he said, drawing her to him, soothingly. "I will not press you further. Perhaps things may turn out better than we think. I may find some rich heiress in the Carolinas, who may take a fancy to me, and so may be, myself, able to redeem the dear, old estate. Dry your eyes, dear. It will turn out all right, let us hope, after all."

It was in this way that Bryan, half selfishly, but also half because he really thought it to be for his sister's interest, won from Grace her promise, if anything happened to him, to marry her cousin. Soon after, he left home, on his way to the Carolinas.

Here, in the numerous skirmishes that took place, Bryan had ample opportunity to show, that, in spite of his selfish nature, he inherited the high courage, which had made his ancestors famous in the old knightly days. He showed, also, that bravery is not confined to one side, in war; that men will die as loyally for the wrong, if they think it right, as for the right itself. Not even Sumter, or Marion, the most noted heroes on the American side, surpassed Bryan in the dashing character of their exploits. For some time, too, he bore a charmed life. He was heard of, now on the coast, now in the interior, now capturing a convoy, now attacking some isolated post. But, at last, his day came.

One afternoon, after a sharp skirmish, in which his side was defeated, he found himself deserted and alone, with only his African body-servant left. Escape was impossible. There was no hope of succor. But surrender was not to be thought of, even for a moment; for, in Bryan's eye, it was equivalent to dishonor. "What, yield to rebels and traitors?" he said to himself: and he set his teeth hard. "Never! I should be ashamed ever to look Cornwallis in the face again."

Close by, a narrow path opened into the forest; the trees and undergrowth set so thick, on either side, as to forbid entrance, except directly in front. Here Bryan took his stand, and awaited his pursuers.

"Dick," he said, turning to his attendant, "we'll hold this, till aid comes, or die like true soldiers of the king. You'll stand by me, won't you?"

"Yes, Mars' Bryan, I'se stand by yer. I carry you, many a day, when you wus a little chile, and I'se not leave you now. Only, only, Mars' Bryan, wouldn't it be jes' as well to run? I t'ink we could dodge dese fellers—dey're only pore, white trash—in 'dis 'ere wood behind us." And he glanced, regretfully, into the thick forest, where the shades of night were already beginning to make all objects indefinite.

"No," said his master, "an Agincourt may die, but he cannot run away." And he thought of an ancestor of his, in Richard Cœur de Lion's time, who had held a gate, all day, tradition said, against a horde of Saracens, in the Holy Land. "We can do as much now," he said to himself: then added, aloud, quickly, as he saw the foe close at hand. "Here they come. Have at them!"

When the stars rose, an hour later, they shone down on a cold, white, still face, turned up to the pitiless sky. Close by, lay the body of the black servant, who would have fled, if he could have had his choice, but who staid, since those were his orders, "to die with Mars' Bryan." Let us reverence heroism, whether in a bad cause, or a good one, whether it be found in the long-descended patrician, or in the poor, black slave.

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## CHAPTER VII.

It was in this way that Grace came to consent, finally, to marry her cousin. Of course, the ceremony could not take place, as we have said, until after some months of mourning. But it was understood, from the very hour that Bryan's death was known, that her fate was fixed; she did not attempt to conceal the fact; she had given her word; and no Agincourt had ever broken faith. Besides, even without the promise, she would now have yielded. For what else was there to be done? To turn her father out, a homeless beggar, in his old age, was impossible. The union with her cousin, though it might sacrifice her own happiness, would, at least, secure that of her parent. "Not to marry him would

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not make me happier, for alas! there can never be happiness for me," she said to herself. "No, I would yield, now, even if I had not pledged myself to Bryan to do it." It is, in a similar spirit of martyrdom and self-sacrifice, alas! that tens of thousands of my sex have walked over red-hot ploughshares, in the past, and will continue to do it to the end of time.

If Grace had hesitated at all, if there had been no promise to her brother, she would not have hesitated, after her mother appealed to her. So long as Bryan lived, his father kept the secret of the son's folly and extravagance; for he nourished, in secret, a hope, that some means might be found to extricate the estate, possibly, a brilliant marriage. But Bryan's death had frustrated these expectations. Ruin stared the old man in the face. He broke down, utterly, and in his grief and despair, the truth came out. He told his wife all.

"Oh! my darling, my darling," cried the latter, as she flew to Grace, and flung herself on the girl's bosom, "you alone can save us. It would break your father's heart, it would send his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, if he had to go forth, in his old age, landless and penniless. If ever you thought of Mr. Aylesbury at all, and I cannot believe you did, for all the traditions of your race would be against it; but if you ever did think of him, his unprovoked assault on your cousin, his silence since, are proofs of his unworthiness." Her husband had kept the secret of Aylesbury's letter even from her, so that she was sincere, when she spoke in this way. "Will you sacrifice your father, for a dream? Have you no pride? Is it possible, that a child of mine should think of one who has acted so basely? Grace, dear, say it is all a mistake on my part; that you have the spirit, at least, to resent treachery. On my knees, I implore you."

She slid from the sofa, where Grace was sitting, and sank at the girl's feet, as she spoke.

"Mother, mother," cried the daughter, stooping to raise her parent, "do not do that. I promise. Yes, I will marry my cousin. My father shall not suffer through me." And she clasped her mother in her arms, lifted her up beside her, and burst into a passion of weeping.

The preparations for the wedding went on, from that hour; for such was the difficulty of getting together materials for a trousseau, in the state of war then prevailing, that no time was to be lost. A few dainty articles were secured at Richmond, but most of the wedding paraphernalia had to be ordered at Philadelphia, which was the nearest port, where the foreign goods, considered so necessary for ladies of condition, could be procured. In all these preparations, Grace took no part. She was listless and uninterested. Most of her time was spent in long walks, in the vain hope of finding forgetfulness. Perhaps, in her secret heart, she hoped that something would yet occur to save her. But there was one spot she studiously avoided. It was that, where the duel, if such it may be called, had taken place. She never approached it consciously, and when, once or twice, her footsteps wandered near it, and she found where she was, she turned away, with a shiver.

But her hopes, if she ever really nourished any, were doomed to disappointment. The day, preceding the marriage, came and went. All the preparations for the ceremony were concluded. The house was full of guests. At her mother's urgent request, Grace retired, at an early hour; for she was only too glad to be alone, to escape from the congratulations, that seemed a mockery.

Her destined husband had been to see her, in the morning, and had seemed to her more repulsive than ever. A cold shudder ran over her, even now, as she remembered the interview. At this last instant, she thought of retreating. But it was only for a moment.

"No, it is impossible," she cried, clasping her hands, and looking up to heaven, with streaming eyes. "I must go on. There is no escape. Father in heaven, give me strength."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "BE TRUE."

BY EMILY SANFORN.

Dare to be true, in every place,
In every scene of life,
Turn error, falsehood, all aside,
Stand firm, amid the strife.

Let others see that you are true
In your convictions strong;
'Twill hold the balance in their view,
'Twixt every right and wrong.

So may you aid some suff'ring one,
Some deed you'll never rue;
And this will be your greatest joy,
In that you dared "*be true.*"

Be true to every worldly good,
To friendship, honor, too,
True in religion, faith, and hope,
"To thine own self be true."

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# THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. FARNSWORTH had fallen prostrate on the unique couch in her impromptu bower-chamber, and was weeping, bitterly, while the faint jerks that now and then stirred her limbs, gave out a threatening premonition of hysterics.

Miss Octavia, who was moving up and down the room, thrusting the spindle-legged furniture aside as she went, paused, now and then, to send an angry glance at the sobbing woman; but, observing these signs, always resumed her walk, with a sneer that was insultingly audible. At last, she paused, by the high-backed bishop's chair, and broke into speech.

"At your age, at—"

Here, the girl checked herself, and looked, furiously, at the door, from which a timid knock sounded. It opened, and a gentle, old face looked in, beseechingly.

"Let me speak to—to the lady. I heard her crying—I saw how pale she was—that is, being a nurse, I take the liberty—"

Mrs. Farnsworth rose upon her elbow, and hushed her sobs.

There was sympathy in the little woman's voice, and there is no one who craves that more than a selfish being, who is incapable of giving it.

"Come in," she said, "come in. Why should I conceal the ingratitude of a heartless child any longer? Come—"

Here, Miss Octavia gave the bishop's chair a shove that nearly upset it, and turned upon the intruder.

"What brings you here? Who ever invited you to leave the kitchen?" she demanded—"certainly, I did not."

Aunt Hannah neither answered, nor withdrew; but, after a moment's hesitation, quietly passed the girl, and went close to Mrs. Farnsworth, who made a gesture as if she would reach out her arms.

"Let me do something. It may be only a bad headache," she said, gently settling the lady back upon the cushion. "Young people do not understand these things."

Something low and tender in the old woman's voice, seemed to touch Mrs. Farnsworth, while it silenced the angry protest on Octavia's lips. The lady drew a deep breath, and softer tears than she had shed that night, stole from under her half-closed lashes.

"If you would kindly leave me with her a little while, she would be better, I feel sure," said the nurse, lifting her eyes to Octavia, as she passed her hand softly over the lady's forehead. "She is worn out, you see."

"Yes, I will go," answered the girl, "if you can keep her from making a scene here, it is more than I could do. Only this, madam," she continued, addressing her mother, "I trust you will, at least, spare me the exposure of further weakness before a servant."

The nurse arose from her half-kneeling posture by the couch, and held the door open, saying:

"She will be better, when you are gone."

There was a certain, gentle dignity in this, which checked the insolence of that unfeeling girl, who stood, a moment, irresolute, and then went away, biting her lips, baffled, and still angry.

When she was quite gone, aunt Hannah went back to the couch, knelt down by it, and ventured to take the hand lying upon Mrs. Farnsworth's bosom; but with a touch so gentle, that the excited woman hardly knew.

"It is rest and quiet you want most," said the soft-voiced nurse. "Young people do not always understand."

Mrs. Farnsworth made a sudden movement, and grasped the small hand in hers, with some violence.

"You heard her," she moaned. "You can judge how cruel she is. But that was nothing. No one would believe the things she said before we came up here. It was shameful—shameful. I never can forgive it."

Aunt Hannah did not speak. Softly caressed the other's hand.

"Oh," moaned the outraged mother. "The dragon's tooth has struck into my heart, at last. My good woman, do you know what it is to have a thankless child?"

The nurse bent her head, till it touched the couch, and, amid all her own selfish excitement, Mrs. Farnsworth that she was trembling.

"Yes, I have known that"



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The words were spoken low and brokenly.

"But you did not forgive it!"

"A mother forgives everything," answered the nurse.

"What, insult—cruel insinuation—interference, when the happiness of one's life is at stake?" cried Mrs. Farnsworth, sitting up on her couch, stirred to new resentment. "Can any woman forgive that? But then, it is different with you."

"Very different," said the little woman.

"The extremes of life never will understand each other. How can you know the pain, that comes through womanly dignity and family pride, wounded at the same time? With you, it is to resent and forgive; the pride, fostered through generations of ancestors, can never come between you and an erring child."

"Still, we have our feelings, and suffer from them, sometimes," answered the nurse, meekly.

The room was so dimly lighted, that my lady did not observe the flush, that rose and burned on the old woman's face.

"Still, you cannot be expected to comprehend the anguish, that I have been made to feel."

"No, that which I have known, is different—very different; perhaps, you could not understand it."

"Of course not. How should I? The trouble of the poor must be so different. Still, you have been a mother."

"Yes."

"Perhaps, had a daughter to rise against you, in your humble sphere, as mine rebels against me?"

"Yes—yes. I had a daughter once."

"Is she living, then, or dead?"

There was a moment's hesitation, and a quick choking of the throat, before the answer came. Then it was forced, and given in one word.

"Dead!"

"Then your troubles, on her account, are over; but mine—oh, mine are at the worst. No woman ever had a more ungrateful child."

"If you could manage not to think of it. A flash of temper, in a proud, young thing like that, does not amount to much. To-morrow, she will be sorry."

"Sorry? You do not know her. She will never rest, till she separates me from the man I love."

"The man you love?"

"Yes, the man I love, and who adores me. Is there anything strange in that, which makes you gasp for breath?"

The woman did not answer; but drew away from the couch, with her hands clasped, and her head bent. She really did seem to breathe with difficulty.

"You have been in the house so long, and never thought of this, more than she did," exclaimed Mrs. Farnsworth, with sharp impatience. "I wonder why anyone should be surprised?"

"It is so sudden," faltered the nurse.

"Sudden? Why, his attention, his absolute devotion, was apparent from the first. My whole household must have been blind, not to see it."

The nurse resumed her old place, by the couch; but in a strangely disturbed state of mind.

"May I ask—is it anyone I have seen?"

"Anyone you have seen? Why, woman, your stupidity is only equalled by my daughter's insolence. Has he not been with you every day, in the sick lord's chamber?"

"You mean, then, the young gentleman they call Var—"

Mrs. Farnsworth interrupted the question, before it was finished.

"Count Var. You, of course, do not know that this is a title of nobility, old, almost, as Rome itself, and that his wife will be known as Countess Var, among the highest aristocracy of Europe."

"No, I do not understand. Only this—only this. Europe is a long way off. He will take you away—out of the country, far from the reach of anyone who loves—who serves you."

Mrs. Farnsworth lifted her clasped hands, and looked upward, in a sort of ecstacy.

"But *he* loves me, and will be always at my side. What more do I want?"

"Oh, lady—lady, have you outlived all other want of love but this?"

There was a ring of anguish, in this humble woman's voice, that fell upon the lady's ear like a reproach; and that, her haughty spirit never could endure.

"You forget yourself," she said. "In the distress, brought on by my daughter's conduct, I have allowed you to come too near. We ask help from our servants, but not questions or advice."

"If I have been too forward, and offered either, it was because I felt that you were troubled, and might need care," said the nurse. "Now, I will go away."

"Not yet. I do not wish to be left alone, and you are pleasanter than the others. Indeed, now that I think of it, the people here are not exactly like you. Their manners are rougher, their language terribly provincial; but, possibly, you have not always lived in this out-of-the-way place."

There was a moment's hesitation, before aunt

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Hannah replied to these indirect questions. When she did speak, it was slowly, and with evident reserve.

"It is, perhaps, because I had better schooling than most girls about here, when I was young. If it makes you more willing to have me near you, I shall be glad of it. A woman, who nurses the sick, must study these things. We learn to walk softly, and speak in low tones. It is this, I dare say, that you have remarked," she said.

"No doubt, this is what makes you such a favorite, with Lord Oram and—and Count Var. How much you must have seen of them, in that sick room; for the count has been very attentive to his friend. What a gentle, caressing way he has."

Mrs. Farnsworth was drifting out of her distress, and, with the adroit tact of a selfish nature, had turned the conversation into the channel that interested her most. Aunt Hannah had been much with the count, and the lady longed to talk about him, even to this humble member of her household. Forgetting the stormy scene, through which she had just passed, she composed herself on the couch, folded both hands over her bosom, and, with half-closed eyes, prepared to listen. But the gentle, old woman had been more deeply agitated, than seemed natural to the occasion. She could not force herself to speak of this strange man, who was working such misery in the household. Nothing like the stormy resentment, that had driven Octavia, like a whirlwind, from the room, disturbed her; but the depression of great sadness came in its place. Many humble hopes had been smitten dead by the intelligence this quarrel had conveyed. Every triumphant word, that fell from the lady's lips, struck like an arrow on her heart. Had she been so happy, in that house, that she dreaded to leave it? What act of kindness had its mistress extended, that should make eternal separation seem a calamity to her?

Questions like these, the gentle, old woman alone could answer.

Mrs. Farnsworth did not observe the sorrow, that came, and deepened, in that patient face, while she was questioned, again and again, regarding all that had transpired in Lord Oram's sick-room. If she shrunk, and grew pale, when the lady broke out in praises of her young lover, or plunged into dreams of future greatness, when they should both have left her native country, forever, these signs of pain passed without notice. The lady was too full of her own happiness for any thought of anguish in another.

At last, excitement softened into pleasant languor: from exultation she passed into dreaminess, and from that to sleep.

Then aunt Hannah lifted her head, and looked about the chamber, as if she feared that some one might be hidden behind the antique cabinet, or high-backed chairs. All was still. Nothing but the rise and fall of that sleeping woman's breath could be heard. Satisfied of this, the old woman's face bent lower and lower, and her eyes dwelt, yearningly, on that unconscious face, until a slow rush of tears blinded them; then her hand stole down to the folded hands of the sleeper, and lay, trembling, there, small and withered, like a dead leaf on snow.

Mrs. Farnsworth stirred, and a smile stole to her lips, as if that gentle touch had woke some sweet memory in her dreams. Then the old woman's face drooped, lower still; kisses, soft as foam-flecks, fell upon that smiling mouth, and murmurs, scarcely deeper than a breath, mingled with the kisses. It may be that tears fell, also; for, all at once, the nurse drew back, with a faint exclamation. Mrs. Farnsworth had opened her eyes, and, resting on one elbow, was regarding her with a strange, questioning look.

"Was it you? Of course not. But did anyone touch me? Don't distress yourself; I have no idea that you could take such a liberty; but it seemed to me as if something that I remember, long ago, had come back to me. Have I been asleep?"

"Yes, lady, but not long—not very long."

"Then I have been dreaming—strange, that after so many years, dreams, like this, should come into my life again, and seem so real.'

"Was it of some person you wished to forget?" questioned the nurse, "or—or, perhaps, loved?"

"Wished to forget? One has not time to remember everything," answered the lady, with an impatient movement of the head; as if some unpleasant thought had been urged upon her. "I dare say, it was because you were looking at me, when I slept. Persons of exquisitely sensitive nerves, can be affected in that way."

"Then I will go," answered the old lady, and, with a deep sigh, she left the room.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

Doctor Gould had not seemed to feel the honor of attending a young, British nobleman, as might have been expected. He performed his duties well, and with great regularity; but gave no evidence of the deep obligation, which Mrs. Farnsworth felt was due to her patronage. To him, there was a double study in that sick man's room, to which he applied all the professional knowledge, and intellectual analysis of character, that belonged to him. That of Lord Oram's case,

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was easy enough. His frank nature required little study, and the injuries he had received in that mad leap from the sleigh, had, at no time, threatened a fatal issue. But, two characters, thrown strangely together, in the nobleman's sick-chamber, became objects of especial interest to the young man. These two were Count Var and the gentle, old nurse, Hannah Smith.

These persons possessed his mind, continually, but in a far different degree. Toward the count, he felt a burning desire for contest, without any cause that he cared to explain, even to himself. This strange man, with his low, caressing voice, his suave manners, and the wonderful beauty of his finely chiseled features, became a harrassing subject of thought to him. The very qualities than won so much favor with others, aroused his suspicion, and kept him in a state of restless inquiry.

Why had this man come down to the country, when everything beautiful about it was locked in ice, and buried deep in snow? What object could have detained him so long among the primitive, but common-place people, with whom he could have no ideas in common? Why did he so constantly attend worship at the red school-house, and drop into the ways of the little society, so quietly, that Mrs. Doolittle was beginning to talk of him as a convert? Why, above all, did he spend so much time at the minister's house?

In this last question the real trouble lay, with Doctor Gould. Had he controlled himself so long, concealed the one great passion of a life with the iron will which had impelled him to work out an independence for himself, before he would breathe it to any human being, only to see its object charmed, bewildered, and drawn out of his reach, by this plausible stranger

This thought maddened the young man. He could hardly endure the presence of this foreigner in the sick-room of his patient, much less in the minister's house.

That very day, he had driven down Wheeler's Hollow, and seen Lucy sitting at the window, with her eyes cast down and a look of embarrassment in her face, while Var leaned against the casement, bending toward her, with more than a lover's devotion in his attitude.

What right had the man there, charming that young creature, as serpents charm birds? Was the minister blind, that he did not interfere? Even the guardianship of aunt Hannah was withdrawn from the orphan girl, who had no means of knowing how dangerous these visits might become; for, in the simplicity of a guileless nature, Mr. Hastings was absolutely without distrust, or that experience of elegant civilization which makes sin itself appear beautiful. This was from no lack of intelligence; but grew out of a purely primitive life, and that entire goodness of heart, which thinks no evil and guards itself against none.

Doctor Gould called at the mansion house that evening, rather late, and met aunt Hannah in the upper hall, just after she had left Mrs. Farnsworth's room. By the swinging lamp, overhead, he saw that the old woman had been crying, and that her face was unusually troubled.

"Has anything gone wrong?" he questioned. "Surely, your patient is no worse."

The old woman shook her head, and tried to pass by him.

"But you are in distress, aunt Hannah. Why not tell me all about it?"

"No, no," she said, with an effort.

"Have you been at the minister's, to-day? Is anything going on there to distress you?"

Again aunt Hannah shook her head.

"You saw Miss Lucy?'

"Yes, I saw her."

"And the minister?"

"Yes, he was at home."

"And—and some one else, perhaps?"

The young man's eyes glowed, and he keenly searched the old woman's face. She looked up, suddenly, and a gleam of quick intelligence came into her countenance, as if some painful thought had occurred to her for the first time.

"No, only the minister and Miss Lucy."

Doctor Gould drew a deep breath.

"They were both well, and a little cheerful, I hope?"

"Not cheerful, doctor. I have hardly seen the minister smile since the funeral. It always seems as if he were dreading something yet to come."

"Yes, I have noticed that. But the young lady?"

"I can tell nothing about her—she changes so; one minute, cheerful and smiling, the next, down-hearted enough. One never can make out these ups and downs. The truth is, I have been out nursing, the better part of my life; but there are some girls, and women, too, that I never could understand; and when one does give me an insight into her heart, it—it breaks mine."

Aunt Hannah lifted her hand, hurriedly, and brushed it across her eyes. Again she made a faint struggle to pass the young man, but he checked the attempt, once more.

"Tell me," he pleaded. "I see that you are anxious about what you have observed. Two people, so unsuited to each other, cannot have

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approached a great degree of intimacy, and you remain ignorant of it."

"Oh, if I had never, never, found it out. I have known what sorrow was, before now; but nothing like this. It kills me to think of it!"

The doctor looked at the poor woman, in amazement. There was something in the depth of her distress that startled him. What had she found out, that could blanch her poor old face and set her limbs to shaking to that painful degree? Was this Count Var a deeper villain than he had yet dreamed of?

"It is this stranger, Count Var, whom you are thinking of," he said, sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper.

"Oh, doctor, do you know anything of him? Tell me, tell me, if you can. Is he honorable—is he worthy to be the husband of a confiding woman, who has given him her whole heart, and will give him everything she has on earth?"

For half a moment, the doctor stood mute and stunned. But at last, he spoke, but so hoarsely that his voice seemed that of another person.

"I know nothing about him. This Count Var may be all that he calls himself, or the most scoundrelly adventurer on earth. Mrs. Farnsworth should know. Ask her, if you feel so much interest. As for me, I have nothing to ask—nothing whatever!"

"Ask her—Mrs. Farnsworth? She would feel insulted by the question. She thinks him so great, so much above common people. Oh, doctor, doctor, is there no way in which you can put a stop to this?"

"How can I? What influence is left to me? If she loves him, what excuse have I for interference? A mother might prevail with her; but she has no mother!"

"No," said the old nurse, faintly. "If she had, what could a poor, weak creature like her mother do, but give up and die?"

The woman said this with such utter despondency, that Doctor Gould laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"We must not take things at the worst yet, aunt Hannah," he said, with a great effort at consolation. "She has great good sense and a brave heart."

"Inded she has," said the nurse, brightening a little.

"It may not be so serious as we think, either."

"God grant it!"

"So it is far better to say nothing about it to any living soul. The secrets we find out are not those we can honestly talk of."

"I never meant to let anybody know. It seems treacherous, when she trusted me; but my heart was full, and you seemed to have found out."

The doctor had, in some degree, recovered composure. The self-accusation of this kindly woman touched him.

"Do not fret about anything you have said. It will be sacred with me. Now, shall I go in to our patient?"

Lord Oram was lying high up among his pillows, bright and smiling, as if that sick-room had been one of the pleasantest of places.

"Oh, doctor," he said, in a full, cheery voice, "you are late, but always welcome. There is a pulse for you—full, but not feverish. I think you will agree with me as to that."

The young man held out his hand, and laughed, lightly, as Gould took it.

"Why, yes," said the doctor, "here is great improvement."

"You see, I have had splendid nursing. Var is forever hanging around, and as for the little woman here, she is worth her weight in gold. Then, other things come in, you know—sweet feminine sympathy, and all that—of which we dream, but never talk. So, take it for all in all, I am getting on famously; don't you think so?"

"So well, that I find nothing to suggest, this evening. Indeed, good nursing and pleasant thoughts are about all you need. We shall soon have you well enough to go where better advice can be obtained."

"Oh, I am content, as it is, my fine fellow. After you have brought me through the first hard drag, I don't mean that any other physician shall slip in and claim the credit."

"Thank you; but this is an unpleasant season of the year for a long stay in the country."

Lord Oram smiled.

"Oh, I rather like it. The old house is pleasant enough, and Var is in no haste to get away. His devotion is something wonderful, you know."

The doctor dropped his patient's hand, and drew on his gloves. As aunt Hannah opened the door for him, she was surprised to see a dark frown on his face.

The old woman had been a good deal disturbed, that evening, and when she saw her patient's eyes close, as if he wished to dream, rather than sleep, she went quietly into the next room, and seated herself in a chair, close by the door, left ajar, that she might be within reach of any sound likely to summon her to the young man's bedside. Here the kind soul fell into thought, and, from her stillness, you would have believed her the most contented and tranquil old creature

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on earth; but a person close by might have seen that her bosom heaved with slow sighs, and that tears were trickling down her cheeks.

After awhile, the door of Lord Oram's chamber opened, and Count Var came in.

"Are you awake?" he said, in a low, but rather hurried, voice. "I say, Oram, are you awake?"

"Awake, or dreaming, I scarcely know which," answered the young man, bearing the intrusion with his usual good nature. "But what is the matter? You look deucedly cut up—what is it?"

"Cut up? Do I look like that? And in this out-of-the-way corner of the w rld, too? No, Oram, nothing very terrible has happened. Only this—I have got into terrible disfavor with the fair Octavia."

"The fair Octavia! My dear, I don't relish the tone in which you speak of her."

"Don't like the tone in which I speak of Miss Octavia Farnsworth?"

"Exactly," answered Oram, rising to his elbow. "She is the daughter of one whose hospitality has been perfect, and in herself she is an angel."

Var laughed outright. It was not often that even merriment could win more than a smile from his perfectly chiseled lips; but now the sweetness of his voice was rasped by a sneer, as it filled the room with what would have, otherwise, been a burst of pure amusement—for he was thinking of that scene in the antique parlor, where the mother and daughter had met in unseemly combat, and the chivalric eulogium of his companion struck him with an irresistible sense of ridicule.

"In the name of Heaven, what are you laughing about, Var? Is there anything so very absurd in what I have been saying?"

"Absurd? No, bless your innnocent soul! How should there be? I only laughed at your earnestness. Of course, I am under as many obligations to these ladies as you are, and admire the beautiful Octavia as much as you can."

"Perhaps," said Lord Oram, sinking back on his pillow. "Perhaps! But then, you have not been ill, and under the spell of nursing so delicate that I might never have found it out, but for one little outbreak of feeling, that would have aroused a dead man to some sense of gratitude. I tell you again, Var, that young lady is a rare thing among women. We have never appreciated all the loveliness of her character. Up to this time, it seems that we have been camping down among angels unawares."

Again Var's lips curved, but no more laughter rang from them. Indeed, an expression of interest, not unmixed with anxiety, came into his countenance.

"You have discovered some new development of virtues in the young lady, perhaps, since I went out," he said, seriously enough.

Oram turned away his head, half impatiently, but smiling, in spite of himself.

"Loves her, perhaps," persisted Var. "That would not be remarkable, in a girl of tender sympathies."

Oram shook his head, but a glow of happy light shone in his eyes, contradicting the attempted falsehood.

"Then she has been here! What a beautiful, good soul the girl has! No wonder you are grateful, my dear fellow."

Oram again half rose from his pillow, and laid his hand, now delicate and white as a woman's, upon the count's arm.

"I say, old fellow, it's of no use trying to keep the thing from you; but, understand, it was an angel's visit, stolen and sacred. She hadn't the least idea that I had come to myself, or that I wasn't sound asleep, as I pretended to be, having a sort of feeling that she had been here before, because, you know, it isn't in reason that a dear old soul like nurse Smith should set one to dreaming that cherubs are dropping kisses like rose leaves around him as he sleeps—so light and fast, that he awakes with them on his lips."

"I understand," said Var, "and am beginning to envy your plunge over the bridge; but how did she stand the discovery?"

"With such blushes and tears, as drives a man mad with self-reproach. When my pulse gave a leap, to the first touch of her finger, the little hand fluttered away from it, like a bird that sees its nest in danger; and I knew that she had found me out; so I opened my eyes, suddenly, and made the dear, little hand a prisoner, or she would have run away, as I am sure she had done, many a time, before, thinking that I would never know—"

"Yes, I understand. If you were to talk a week, I could not comprehend the whole situation better," said Var; who told the truth; for he had made himself master of the young man's secret, and arranged his own combinations at the same time. "But how is all this to end?"

"How is it to end? Why, as such things should end, when two people love each other, and are free to act as they please," answered Oram, with a smile on his lips, and a hot red in his cheeks.

"That is, in an American marriage."

"Why not?"

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"There is no reason against it, that I know of. On the contrary—"

"Well?"

"These American marriages are getting very popular, in England, especially when rank is wanted, on one side, and money, on the other."

"What does a fair, young republican, like this girl, know or care about rank?" interposed Oram, with a dash of impatience.

"I don't think she has ever given the subject a thought. She is too proud—too sensitive—too—"

"Of course, she is everything; that goes to make a woman irresistible. But then comes the question of money."

"Of money? Where? How?"

"I think you have told me, that the old earl's estates were heavily dipped, when you came to the title."

"Well, yes."

"And that a considerable sum of money was wanted, to clear them."

"I may have told you so. At any rate, it was the truth, then, and, partly so, now."

"And, of course, I fancied that you would look forward to a wealthy marriage."

"I have not thought of that. A man must be deucedly hard pushed, to resolve on selling himself, in behalf of a cumbered estate. I would no more marry a woman for her money, than I would bribe her with my rank. It has been generally understood, that the men of our family, have married women whom they loved and honored—women who loved and honored them; and I do not mean to be an exception to the rule."

A look of patronizing compassion came into Count Var's face. If he had dared, it might have degenerated into a sneer.

"But the young lady will have money."

"Perhaps. I do not know."

"The mother is very rich, and she is an only daughter."

"She is a lovely woman!"

Count Var laughed, pleasantly.

"I see, I see! This new passion drives everything else out of your head. You will need a cool brain, and an honest friend, in dealing with these Yankees. I will take care of your interests with the mother, in spite of all this chivalry. A man, in love, never has full possession of his senses."

Oram closed his eyes.

"I am getting a little tired."

Count Var arose.

"I will not disturb you longer," he said. "You have given me a surprise. To-morrow, perhaps, I may return the compliment; but there is one thing, that you do not seem to have remembered. The earls of Oram have never married for money, very likely; but has any of them married beneath his rank?"

Lord Oram was aroused from the lassitude, into which he was falling, by this question. His eyes kindled, and his color rose.

"You have told me that Mrs. Farnsworth was descended from an English family, old, almost, as my own."

"I have told you this."

"That you can trace her line back, through the 'wars of the roses'?"

"I have said that, also."

"Then, what is there to ask?"

"Nothing, if you are content to marry the daughter of an American, who has made his money as these Yankees do, by small trading at first, and speculation afterward."

"Have I not said, that the money this young lady may, or may not, have, is nothing to me? If her mother is all that you represent her, and her father was an honest man, surely I have no right to ask for more. You ought to remember, Var, that with all right-thinking men, rank is but the stamp on gold. It shall be enough for me, if there is no dross in the metal on which my father's crest is graved. That is an inheritance I have no right to bestow on a woman of low birth."

Oram said this with great earnestness; for it was a subject upon which he felt deeply, as most men of his class do; but this very earnestness fatigued him, and he sank back on his pillows, breathing heavily.

"Well, well," said Var, in his usual quiet way, "we shall have plenty of time to talk this matter over, unless you get strong more rapidly than seems probable, now. So, good-night."

Oram muttered "good-night," and betook himself to dreaming again, as young men will.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Count Var went to his chamber, after this, more excited than was natural to his cool and calculating character. This sudden passion, in his friend, had taken him by surprise, and, for a time, disturbed all his well-laid plans. He could hardly force himself to believe that the young nobleman was in earnest. That Octavia was so, he had little doubt; for she had been an object of cool observation, with him, all the time. "Let me think awhile, and, if I can, untangle this new complication," he muttered, to himself. "Is it for good, or evil, that she comes up in this form? In some way, she has managed to subjugate that warm-hearted boy in yonder, and, unless I interpose, will make sure of him. Shall I interpose?"

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This question threw Var into deep thought.

"The young fellow shall not be altogether sacrificed," he reflected. "If great advantages come to me, out of this, he shall, in some degree, share them. It needs a cool head, like mine, to take care of him. This passion, and the girl's ambitious longings, put her into my hands; whereas, that unfortunate intrusion had placed me at an awful disadvantage; for I can see, plainly, that she is the stronger force, and dominates over the mother. Now, the young lady cannot mar my plans, without imperiling her own. The influance she holds over this singularly selfish and most sentimental lady, I hold over the man she proposes to marry. It is an even game. Let us see, my self-sufficient young lady, which will win! But first, let me look this whole matter over again. One cannot be too confident, when chances like these turn upon one pivot."

Here, Count Var opened a large, black-lettered Bible, which contained many rude prints, and a register, written on vellum, through which he had, more than once, traced back, generation by generation, the ancestors of the Wheeler family, until he reached one James Wheeler, earl of Ainsworth, whose younger brothers had come to America, and settled in New England.

This register ended in the names of these two younger brothers, who had joined the fortunes of Charles Edward, much against the will of their lordly relative, and had fled to America, after the Stuart cause was forever lost, and the gallant chief, himself, became a perpetual exile.

This Bible harmonized, with great particularity, with Burke's Peerage, up to the last date in its register, and in that dictionary of rank, the earldom appeared to have expired; at any rate, it had fallen into some sort of abeyance.

Count Var went over the genealogy of the Wheeler family very carefully, as lawyers search a legal document. All the information it contained, had been known to him, before he left England, with some other points of interest, that might have explained his constant recurrence to the register, and the great care with which he kept the old volume from all eyes but his own.

That night, he not only read every scrap of writing, in the book, but took Burke's Peerage from his trunk, and went back, some four or five centuries, to a time, when estates were measured by the hide, in old England; for, at this period, the Wheelers had first come into notice.

All this time, Count Var was remodeling his plans, and preparing for the exposure of them, that Miss Octavia had so rudely precipitated, by breaking in upon the first really decided love scene, that had yet transpired between himself and the widow Farnsworth.

The next morning, when Count Var came down to breakfast, he found no one at the table, but Miss Octavia. She received his polite salutation, with a droop of the mouth, and a lift of the head, that would have dismayed a less self-centred

"Your mother is not down,'" he said, with a quiet smile. "I trust that she is not ill?"

"Indeed, you are exquisitely polite, Count Var; but when you wish to inquire after Mrs. Farnsworth, my mother, pray, let it be of someone else."

"Indeed! And why? One would fancy, that an affectionate and highly-bred daughter, might be the best possible authority."

Octavia bit her lips, and bent her eyes downward, that he might not see all the loathing that was in them.

"Do not make me forget, that you are my mother's guest," she said, at last.

"And that I have presumed to entertain a hope, that she may accept me as your father-in-law," was the cool rejoinder.

"My father-in-law!"

The sneer, with which Octavia said this, was cold and cutting, as Var's own smiles. He felt the sting of it, and, for once, the color mounted to his forehead.

"It would seem best," he said, "that you and I should thoroughly understand each other."

"I think we have come to that point, since last night," was her answer.

"Far from it. No two people ever were more uselessly at variance. If you did but know it, our interests run in parallel lines."

"Our interests?"

"And our wishes."

"No wish of mine can ever harmonize with yours, Count Var."

"Not when I am ready to recognize your influence over the woman I love?"

"The woman you love! Speaking, perhaps, of the old lady, upstairs."

"Exactly. I am quite aware, that she is somewhat older than myself."

"Somewhat!" sneered the young lady.

"And that you naturally find objections."

"Indeed! Has your penetration gone so far?"

"But there may be, also, advantages."

"I have always given you credit for genius, Count Var; but it must be transcendent, if you can point out one advantage, that may spring out of the scene, that disgraced this house, last night."

"Still, I, too, have influence."



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"I know that, too well; the influence of hard craft, over a weak, romantic woman."

"I speak of the influence, that comes out of a long friendship—of experience—some knowledge of human nature, and sincere attachment."

These words were enforced by a clear, penetrating look, that brought a hot red into Octavia's face, and then left it white as snow. ar saw his advantage, and went on.

"You look upon my hopes, regarding the lady upstairs, as an offence. Perhaps they are so. It may be in your power to destroy them, or dull their accomplishment with disagreeable associations; and the whole world may think you right. In this country, daughters sometimes pride themselves on a power of control over their parents. It may be a virtue; still, men brought up under the reverence of old countries, have not yet been able to regard it as such; but the influences of friendship are strong upon us. During some time, I have been a sort of guardian—certainly, the beloved companion—of a generous, true-hearted young fellow, who is not likely to shake off the influences of a long frienship, all at once."

Octavia's eyes fell. The shame of entire comprehension was on her, and she knew that this astute man had been reading her, through and through, all the time; that nothing she had done, and little that she had thought, was strange to him.

"He is warm-hearted, and susceptible to all that is sweet and affectionate in the female character, to a fault," said Var; "but anything harsh, or wanting in reverence, repels him. It is the nature of such men."

Octavia remembered the rude scene she had forced upon her mother, in this man's presence, and shrunk downward, as if a heavy weight had settled on her shoulders. Had this man repaid her insolence, by revealing it to the person she was most anxious to please?

The very thought made her shiver.

"I was talking with him, last night—"

Octavia lifted her eyes, gave one frightened look, and dropped them again.

"There has always been great confidence between us."

"And, in revenge, you—"

"No, no. I was perfectly aware that you hated me, and was, that moment, doing all that you could to thwart my hopes; but someone has said, that revenge, to be perfect, must be eaten cold. I can wait."

"Besides," continued Var, after enjoying the humiliation he had inflicted, awhile, "I would not, willingly, rob the dear fellow of one loving illusion. He is still young enough to suffer, when a loss of that kind is forced into his life. His dreams were happy, last night. I left them so."

Octavia's face was burning, now; burning, and very beautiful, in its wounded pride.

"No wonder," thought Var, who was a rare judge of female loveliness, "no wonder the young fellow is carried out of himself. I wonder if her mother ever looked like that?"

"I see that you can be generous, Count Var," said the girl, overpowered by his words, and the look that followed them; "for that, you will not find me ungrateful."

She arose, hurriedly, after saying this, and was about to leave the room.

"One moment," said Var, determined to complete his conquest over this wayward creature. "It is not only with men, that I have influence. There may come a time, when I can use it in your behalf, with one whom you are fast drifting into estrangement. There is one great want that we, probably, both feel."

Octavia lifted her eyes to his, questioningly.

Var answered the look, with one brief, unblushing sentence.

"That is—money."

Again, Octavia's lips curled, and her eyes flashed.

"You are, at least, frank, Count Var."

"Money that I can control for you, as well as myself," Var went on, without appearing to notice her scoff. "Without that, Oram could not marry, without ruin to himself; a thing I never will permit."

Octavia looked up, anxiously. Her dependent position was a continual cause of discontent. Could this man relieve her from it?

"You will see that I am not altogether mercenary," he said, with a generous smile. "Let us be friends. Half that your mother possesses, shall go for the coronet. She is ambitious, and will not think the price high. I think that you will not envy me all that is left."

"Are you speaking with Lord Oram's knowledge, or sanction?" questioned the girl, in a low, shamed voice.

"No! Lord Oram asks nothing. He would not listen even to me, on this subject, I daresay; but, none the less do I know, how necessary money will be to him, one of these days."

Octavia turned to leave the room. Her haughty pride was stung, by the cool way in which this man was dissecting her designs, and reading her thoughts, before they were uttered. Var reached out his hand, as she was about to pass him.

"Are we friends, or enemies?" he said.

After a moment's hesitation, the girl laid her hand in his.

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"Neither friends, nor enemies," she replied, smothering the bitterness of her humiliation, with great skill. "It may be, that you mean well, in all you have been saying. I do not wish to judge harshly; but, just now, I cannot talk of things, so perilous to my own future, without—without—"

The girl faltered, broke in her speech, and a rush of hot tears came into her eyes.

Var pressed the hand, still in his, with gentle firmness.

"Nay, but we must be friends. Believe me, your interests, just now, are my own. I need your sweet influence, with the lady up yonder, and—"

Octavia interrupted him.

"I understand. I am not ungrateful; but a passionate girl, who has considered herself almost mistress here, cannot be subjugated in an instant. Pray, let me go. I will think over all that has been said, and—"

He, now, in turn, interrupted her.

"Try to like me, a little."

There was such pleading in that handsome face, such a charm of persuasion in the voice, that Octavia, though still excited and resentful, could not resist their influence. The faint gleam of a smile broke through her tears, and her hand, almost imperceptibly, returned the clasp in which he held it.

"Had my heart been permitted to speak for itself," he said, with a look more significant than the words, "I might have ventured more rashly yet; but friendship is sometimes stronger than love. No aspirations of mine shall ever thwart the smallest wish of the young man upstairs. I saw which way his heart was drifting, and turned my very thoughts from temptation, that, in another case, might have overcome me. At least, you must give me credit, for so much self-abnegation."

Octavia's hand trembled, as she attempted to release it, and a great flush of scarlet came into her face. She fully comprehended the meaning of his words, and, in the surprise of gratified vanity, forgot how terribly the man had, all the time, been trampling her pride to the earth.

Var went on.

"If I ended in asking, only, the poor boon of watching the happiness of the two best beloved beings I know on earth, in the only way open to me, will you always hate me for that?"

Octavia lifted her eyes, flashed a bright look upon this strange being, who seemed to crush and lure her at the same moment, and then drew away her hand.

He continued, earnestly.

"Will you find some compassion for a man, who is strong enough for loyalty to his friend; but cannot altogether make life a martyrdom, by giving up all that his heart has craved? It is something to be near a beloved object; to protect, where you are forbidden by fate or honor to ask for more. Surely you will not condemn me, when I seize upon the only means, by which this meagre happiness can be won."

Octavia could only answer these pleadings with downcast eyes, and swift changes of color; for the consummate genius of this man had subdued her, utterly. At last she stammered,

"Not now. I cannot say more. Only this I regret: I am sorry that we have not understood each other better. Pray, let me go, now."

Var released the girl's hand. The next instant, she was in the hall, with a hand on her heart, and fairly panting for breath. He followed her with his eyes, till she disappeared up the staircase; then a smile stole over his face, and he muttered:

"The beautiful vixen! Taming her, is quite a pleasure."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "OH! CRUEL GRAVE."

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

To wait for one who never comes,
  Perhaps may come no more.
To start at voices in the street,
  Or footsteps by the door.

To pale at ev'ry postman's ring,
  And hark, with bated breath.
Yet never line, nor step, nor voice!
  Ah, this were worse than death.

In vain we weep, in vain we plead.
  What matters our despair?
The great, eternal Silences,
  They heed not tear, or prayer.

Their stony gaze, so pitiless,
  Looks past us, far away—
Oh! cruel grave, insatiate death,
  Give back, give back your prey!

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# THE NEW CARPETS.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

"I SHALL need a new carpet on the stairs and sitting-room, this fall, Charley," said Fannie Swift, to her husband.

"It's no use even to talk of it, Fannie," he replied. "We can't afford new carpets."

"That's always a man's song, Charley; but I really must have them. You don't like to see the house look shabby, any better than I do; and, I am sure, a distressed, old carpet, is the most disfiguring feature possible."

"There can be no new thing, this year," was the decided reply. "The competition in my business has cut down profits, so that increased expenditures are impossible."

"Why don't you leave that old business, then, and find something that will give you a decent support?" And Fannie swept off to the window, in a mood between a pout and a cry.

"Half-a-loaf is better than no bread. If I give up my present business, I may find myself starving. But if Myers will stand by me, I think I can weather it through. The tide must turn, some day, Fannie. Let us have patience."

With these words, and with as cheerful an air as he could command, Charley bade his pouty, little wife "good-morning." But there was no answering smile on her lips. She passed a very dull morning, thinking of her fancied grievance, until Miss Lillie Myers rang the door-bell. Then her frowning brow cleared up, all of a sudden, and her nimble tongue was speedily under the fullest headway.

Miss Myers was a lady of perennial youth, who must have drunk deep of that far-famed fountain, of which Sir Walter Raleigh came in search. She had, moreover, a peculiar tact, which made her a universal charmer, in a certain sphere. Young married ladies were her specialty, and she had some half-a-score, who rejoiced in her valuable sympathy and friendship, and who felt that to unbosom their trials and crosses, in her ever ready ear, was to rob them of half their poignancy. She was such a delightful companion for a shopping excursion. The dealers knew her well, and put on their most prompt and obliging airs, in her presence.

"What is it, darling?" she said, pathetically, as she put one arm about her friend's shoulders. "I know you have been grieving over something, and I do believe there is a tear in your eye. Certainly, tears are not very far away." And her voice had just the touch of sympathetic pathos, that carried Fannie's little heart quite away with her. In a few words, the young wife rehearsed her morning troubles.

"All men, Fannie, dear," was the answer, "are unreasonable, and selfish. Do you ever hear of their practising self-denial? No, indeed. If they want a thing, they have it. But a woman may go without a sewing-machine, all her life, for what they care, and cook the best way she can, in a worn-out saucepan, or patch and darn forever, over an old carpet."

"You may be thankful, Lillie, that you are free," sobbed Fannie, who began to think herself a most fearfully abused person. "What would you do, now, about those carpets?"

"I would certainly have them. You can't do without them. Just order them sent home, and have them put down, and then Charley will have to pay for them. I am known, very well, at the Lawson Brothers. They would send the carpets around, in a minute, if I gave the order."

"And Charley is going out to his grandfather's on Friday," interposed Fannie, "and will not be back until Saturday night."

"Just the thing. You can give him a pleasant surprise, when he returns. Come out with me, Fannie, and look at carpets, anyway. That will do no harm."

They soon reached Lawson's, and, at last, fixed on a lovely carpet.

"But I am not prepared to take it this morning, Mr. Lawson," said Fannie.

"The cash makes no difference, Mrs. Swift," said the obliging dealer. "We will give your husband three months' credit. You had better take it: otherwise, somebody else may come in and buy it."

That settled the question. Fannie gave the order, and tripped away.

"It is only sixty dollars, anyway, Lillie," she said, "full twenty less than our old ones cost. I am sure Charley ought to be satisfied, and praise me for making a good bargain."

Her inner consciousness, however, told her, that her husband would not praise her morning's work; but she resolutely put such thoughts aside; at least, while she had Miss Lillie by her side, to keep her in countenance.



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Charley came home, from his trip, the following week, in anything but a comfortable mood. He had hoped to borrow some money of his grandfather, in order to increase his capital; but, instead, the old gentleman had read him a severe lecture on extravagance, and had not scrupled to tell him, that he had heard his wife spoken of, as almost a spendthrift. "I'm told," he said, "that your house is furnished in a style better suited to a man retiring from business, than to one just beginning."

Fannie met him with some trepidation. The new carpets had been growing, less and less, a joy, every day. When she heard Charley's step in the hall, she felt her heart almost stop beating. His first words were: "Where did you get your carpets, Fannie?" Poor Fannie dropped her eyes, and stammered, "At Lawson's."

"Did you pay for them?"

"No, we need not pay for them for three months."

"Very well, the sheriff will help Lawson get his pay for them," said Charley, bitterly. "Oh, it is no use crying, now, Fannie. Get what comfort you can, out of them, for a week or two; then we will give them up, along with the rest," and laying aside his travelling wraps, he turned on his heel, and walked away.

Fannie heard the street-door close, a moment after. She flew to her room, and threw herself on her pillow, sobbing and crying hysterically.

Charley had gone out, to make a final, desperate effort to keep his head above water. He called on Mr. Myers, who had been his main standby thus far; but that gentleman received him with unusual coolness. He was not prepared to accord the assistance desired, he said.

"Excuse me, Mr. Swift," he continued, "But I am a plain-spoken man, as you know. And I would like to say to a young man, just setting out, that this is a poor time to be refurnishing a house. I saw a load of new carpets going in, at your door, the other morning. I cannot afford new carpets, this season; and my folks don't ask it. Excuse me, Mr. Swift, but two gentlemen are just coming in, whom I must see immediately, on pressing business," and he politely bowed Charley out.

A few days afterward, there was a red flag at the Swifts', and the identical stair-carpet, which Fannie had so recently bought, fluttered from one of the windows. Within, all was confusion. People were coming and going, inspecting the goods, and passing their comments.

"Are the people dead?" asked a stranger, going by, of a bystander.

"Only failed," said the man, indifferently, as he consulted his catalogue.

Years have passed since then, for these things happened in the disastrous years, that followed '73; and the Swifts, by industry and economy, have recovered from their ruin. Fannie has never since spoken to her "dear Lillie." It was a severe lesson, but a useful one; for now, whenever she is tempted to be extravagant, she recalls the NEW CARPETS.

# INVINCIBLE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

SHE sat within her citadel,
  In coldly meditative mood;
And looks that would at once repel
  Intruders on her solitude.
And not a star in heaven could be,
From friendship, more remote than she.

From out her turret-window, high,
  She looked upon the landscape round;
Held close communion with the sky,
  And in exalted pleasures, found
Her greatest joy; as coldly bright,
As Venus on a wintery night.

Had she a heart! Ah, who might know
  What passions beat within her breast?
What fires burned beneath the snow,
  Volcano-like, she ne'er had guessed;
As she within her citadel,
Declared herself invincible.

It chanced upon a summer day,
  When she all lightly was arrayed,
That love in armor stole that way,
  And cast his eye upon the maid;
Nor for one moment thought, I wist
That she was his antagonist.

"My troth!" he said, "but she is fair!
  The very one I'd choose to mate!
For never did I see elsewhere,
  A beauty so immaculate!
And, lest my courage should grow slack,
At once I will begin the attack!"

O dauntless love! t'were vain for me
  Thy plan of action to rehearse,
Or tell thy deeds of strategy,
  In this most unheroic verse.
Enough to know that strong redoubt
And iron bars, ne'er keep thee out.

From out her lonely tower, she leaned
  So high the common earth above;
And through the vines that intervened,
  She caught a hasty glimpse of Love.
But for a moment; yet she felt
Her icy heart begin to melt!

He came again, and yet again,
  Until she, of her own accord,
To still her heart's bewildering pain,
  Went down to meet her chosen lord;
Unable longer to repel,
The conqueror of the citadel.

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is an evening demi-toilette, of ivory-white nun's cloth, and pale-blue foulard silk. The foundation of the skirt is of pale-blue Silesia. It is made just to touch, and two and a-quarter

No. 1.

yards in width. This foundation is faced on the outside with the foulard, the width of a hem, and then trimmed with three rows of knife-plaitings, five inches deep. Above each knife-plaiting, is a slightly gathered, embroidered flounce, of nainsook or Swiss. Lace may be used, instead of the embroidery, if preferred. The polonaise is made

No. 2.

of the nun's cloth, and it opens in a deep point, on a plastroon of the blue foulard. The embroidery or lace edges this point, and so trims the bodice. The back of the polonaise is



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draped, and ornamented with pale-blue satin bows. Cuffs of embroidery or lace. The sleeves may be long, as in the model, or shortened to the elbow, and trimmed with a knife-plaiting, with

No. 3.

the embroidery as a heading, to match the skirt. For evening wear, we would prefer the elbow-sleeve. Many have the sleeves made entirely of embroidery or lace. Any of the thin, white, woolen materials, either the nun's cloth, Kybler cloth, albatross, or French bunting, are desirable for summer wear, as they are pretty, inexpensive, and durable. Four yards of double-width goods, or eight yards of single-width, will be required, and fifteen yards of embroidery or lace. Four yards of satin ribbon, for bows and ends on the back drapery. Any of the materials mentioned cost seventy-five cents per yard, for double fold; thirty-seven to forty for single width. Lace or embroidery costs, according to the quality. An old evening silk may be utilized, for the knife-plaitings. If foulard is used, five to six yards will be required, for trimming the skirt and making the plastroon on the bodice.

No. 2—Is a walking costume, of striped toile d'alsace, a kind of soft-finished gingham, which, this season, is most fashionable in stripes, although the plaids are still preferred, by some. The skirt

No. 4.

has a deep-kilted flounce, cut on the bias. Three rows of narrow braid, or machine-stitching, are placed above the hem. The tunic is arranged to fall in a point in front, and the right side is

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faced with a solid-colored cambric, corresponding with the colors in the material. A large bow, made of the solid cambric, finishes the point. The back is draped in irregular puffs. The jacket-bodice is double-breasted, and rounded off in front, and edged with braid or stitching, like the flounce on the skirt. Tight coat-sleeves, with cuffs cut on the bias. A little poke bonnet, trimmed with roses, and soft silk or ribbon, is worn with this costume. Fifteen yards of striped material, and one yard of plain, will be required. This model would be suitable for a traveling costume, made of some light woolen suiting.

No. 3—Is a morning costume, of pale-blue or pink cambric. The skirt has a deep, gathered

No. 5.

flounce, edged with a narrow knife-plaiting. The polonaise is cut without darts, in the front, and belted in to fit the waist. A narrow knife-plaiting edges the front of the polonaise, and is continued all around the bottom edge. The back is looped in large puffs. Turn-over collar, and coat sleeves. A blue cambric, gypsy bonnet, with pink roses, completes this costume. Twelve yards of yard-wide cambric will be required.

No. 4—Is a combination costume, for the street, of plain and striped woolen or chintz material. The skirt has, first, a side-plaited flounce, six inches deep, the striped goods being used crosswise. Over this, on the front breadth, is a kilting, the whole length of the skirt, made of the striped goods, lengthwise. The polonaise opens in front, over this, and is made of the

No. 6.—A.

plain material, bordered with a two-inch-wide border of the stripe. A scarf is arranged, in regular folds, across the front, and ends in long

No. 6.—B.

loops, over the back drapery. The same border, two inches wide, of the stripe, trims the bodice. Coat sleeves, with cuffs, of the stripe, put on

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crosswise. Six yards of plain, and eight yards of striped, material, will be required.

No. 5—Is a breakfast sacque, of pale-blue, pink, or any solid-colored cashmere. It is cut double-breasted, and has a rolling collar, cuffs, and pockets of satin, to match. In our model, the sleeves are demi-long; but this is entirely optional. The whole sacque is edged with white lace or embroidery. Lace is the most dressy, and quite as serviceable. Six large, iridescent pearl buttons are used, for the front. Two and a-half yards of cashmere, and seven and a-half yards of lace, will be required.

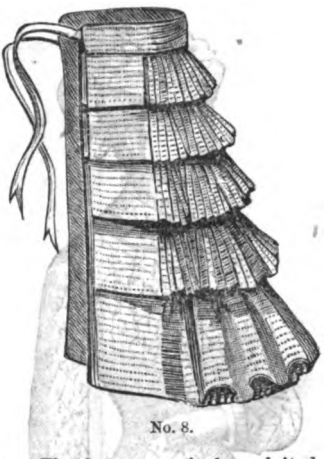
No. 6—Is the back and front view of a suit, for a boy of six years. It is made of a light, striped, summer cloth. A plain, navy-blue

No. 7.

flannel, with narrow, black braid, may be substituted for the stripes.

No. 7—Is a striped pink and white cambric, or gingham pinafore. The front is Princess, and the back takes the form of a blouse. A kilting edges the back breadths, and the same is carried up each side of the front. The same trims the armholes, and edges the front and back of the square neck. The sash commences at the sides, and is tied in a large bow at the back. In white nainsook, with the ruffles, or knife-plaitings, edged with a narrow Valenciennes lace, a very dressy apron is made. These aprons are very fashionable for all little girls, from two to four years. Some are made with high-necked yokes, which are tucked, or made of rows of insertion, or both combined.

No. 8—Is a good model for a tournure. It is made on a muslin foundation, which is boned. On this, are five plaited ruffles, of crinoline or



No. 8.

mohair. The lower one is box-plaited, and all the others are knife-plaited.

No. 9.—For a girl of two to four years, we give an out-door dress of white piqué, trimmed with wheel-worked embroidery, insertion and edge to

No. 9.

match. It is a half-tight-fitting paletot, with deep sailor collar. A ribbon is run under the band of insertion, at the back, and is tied in a bow, as seen in illustration. Large pearl buttons fasten the front, which is double-breasted.

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# BODICE FOR CHINTZ DRESS: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY

We give here an engraving of a pretty and seasonable bodice, for a chintz dress; and on the SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number, we give the patterns, full-size, from which to cut it out.

It will be seen, there, that the bodice consists of six pieces, viz:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF SIDE FRONT.
III.—HALF OF BACK.
IV.—HALF OF SIDE BACK.
V.—HALF OF COLLAR.
VI.—SLEEVE.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are to be put together. The dotted lines mark the darts. This is a very simple and easily made bodice, and particularly well suited for a wash dress.

Our model is a little, flowered, chintz pattern, on an ecru ground, and on the bodice, edge of tunic, and above the hem of the kilt-plaited skirt, are two narrow bands, stitched down, of plain, red cambric, (soft finish,) or sateen. Loops of ribbon, to match ornament the skirt.

We give, also, on the SUPPLEMENT, an Alphabet for marking Handkerchiefs, etc., etc.

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In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.



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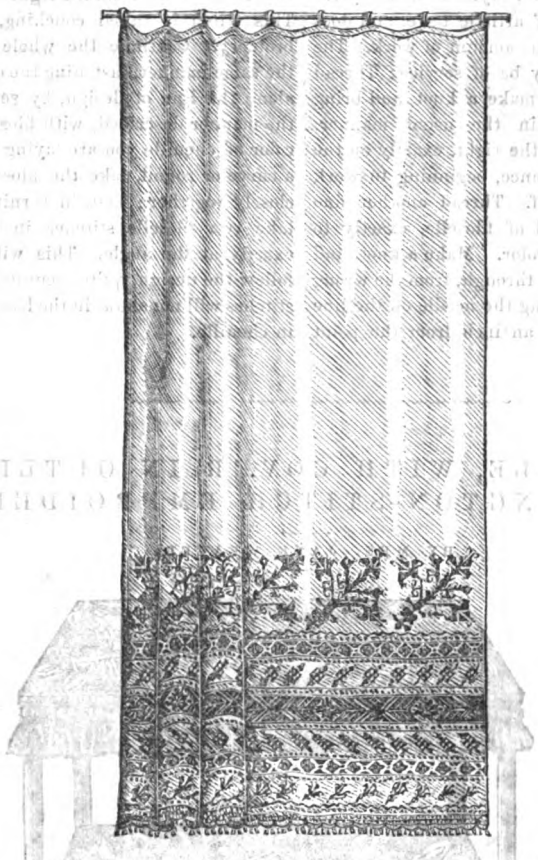
# WINDOW CURTAIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation of this curtain is unbleached cotton. The embroidery is done in red and blue cottons, in cross and Italian stitch, patterns of which we have given, at various times. Three bands of insertion of antique lace are let in between the embroidered bands of the cotton. This forms the border. The whole is edged with lace of an antique design. This curtain makes a very pretty portière, made of felt or cloth, in light-blue or olive.

# CHENILLE EMBROIDERY ON SATIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a new style of embroidery; *Chenille Embroidery, on Satin.* It has the great advantage of being very easily and quickly worked, and produces an exceedingly handsome effect. Our illustration gives the designs for a sofa-cushion, in



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cream-colored satin; but each of the different flower arrangements can be used separately, as a repeat, or in various combinations, for other purposes of decorative needlework. The designs are merely worked in outline, in fine chenille, and, as the beauty of the work depends entirely upon the choice of colors, for suitable flower groups, arranged in a conventional style, it affords great scope for the exercise of artistic taste, and does not necessitate a laborious amount of work. The following directions may be of service: Thread a needle with chenille; make a knot, and bring the needle through, in the usual manner, from the wrong side to the right, exactly on the line of design; for instance, beginning to work at the bottom of a leaf. Thread another fine needle with one thread of filoselle, exactly to match the chenille in color. Make a knot, and bring the filoselle needle through, from the wrong side to the right, inserting the needle on the line of design, a quarter of an inch from the point where the needle threaded with chenille has been inserted before. Place the chenille along the line of design; let the filoselle fall right across the chenille; insert the filoselle needle quite close to the point where you have brought it through, or even in the same hole. Be careful to see that the filoselle has crossed the chenille, and draw the needle down from the right side to the wrong. This stitch is called couching, in church embroidery. Continue the whole of the work in the same manner, fastening the chenille carefully along the line of design, by sewing it down in the manner described, with filoselle to match the color of chenille you are laying on. In working a curve or round, take the filoselle stitches very closely together; and, in turning a sharp point, take two filoselle stitches in the same place, exactly at the angle. This will enable you to follow the design, quite accurately. The filoselle stitches will not show in the least, when outlining in chenille.

## SMALL TABLE, WITH COVER IN OUTLINE AND KENSINGTON-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Either buy, or have made, a small table of the above shape. Have the legs painted black, and varnished. The top and shelf are of well-seasoned white pine. The cover is of mummy cloth, and the design is worked in crewels, in outline-stitch for the stems and scrolls. The leaves and flowers are in Kensington-stitch. The design will have to be enlarged, but this; or any other simple design, may be used for ornamentation. The colors must be in accord with the furnishing of the room for which it is designed. A tasseled, worsted fringe edges the top and shelf, and is put on with brass-headed tacks, which come for the purpose.

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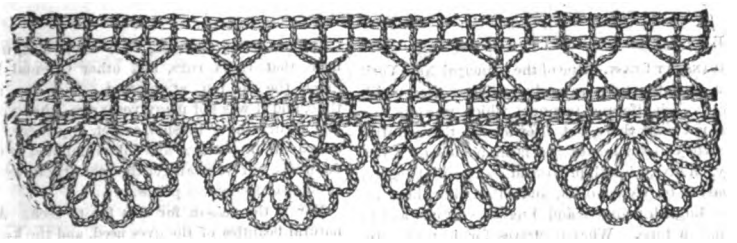
## DESIGN FOR CROCHETED LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Crochet in cotton, or fine Saxony wool. Lace of the latter is much used for trimming flannel petticoats. All these sorts of hand-made trimmings are now very fashionable.

## POPPY DESIGN, FOR TEA-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a very beautiful design for a Poppy, in embroidery, for a Tea-Cloth, or any other suitable purpose. Single sprays of these scarlet poppies are always effective, particularly when the design is not formal, as this is not.

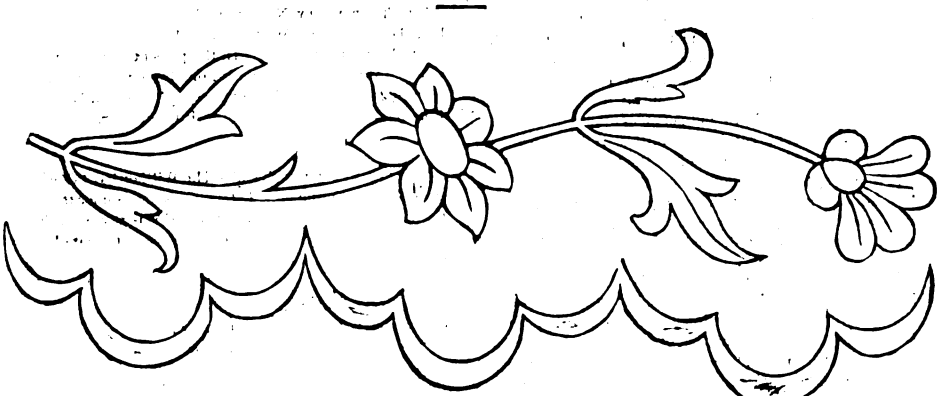
The material for a Tea-Cloth, to be worked with this Poppy, should be an ecru damask table-cloth, that which is termed unbleached. The design can be drawn on it, by putting a piece of carbon paper on the glossy side, next to the material, and tracing over the pattern with a black lead-pencil, pressing it hard.

The materials for working are in crewel, three shades of scarlet, one of dark-gray, for shading, black, and two shades of pale blue, green for the centre bud and its leaves; also, white, for the lighter shading of the tip of the seed-vessel in the centre. The stamens are done with black crewel, but the stems of the stamens with fine, black silk. Wherever the engraving is light, there use the light scarlet and the two other shades, as seen in the engraving. The dark-gray, when placed behind the black stamens, throws these to the surface. The design should be in detached flowers, and without stems.

## DESIGN FOR SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.

FOR ROBE OR SKIRT FOR INFANT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

BE AMERICANS, AT LEAST.—One of the principal New York dailies, in a recent article, severely criticises the slavish imitation of English life and manners, which prevails, to a great extent, not only there, but elsewhere in this country, among those who call themselves "the fashionable set." "New York society," it says, "is still provincial, to a painful degree, and it is marred by its manifest, and often ridiculous, attempts to ape English manners and English customs, and to adopt an English tone. What it strives for, is, rather, recognition and consideration in London, than in New York; and the consequence is, that it lacks the essential quality of original and genuine merit. Its imitation is snobbish, and betrays a consciousness of its inherent deficiency."

This was precisely what the Duke of Sutherland said, recently, at a dinner party, in New York, though he said it in more courteous language, and only after he had been urged for his opinion. It is what we have frequently heard English gentlemen of rank and position remark, when they thought their intimacy would warrant so free an expression of their views. "Why do you ape us, so much," they say, "our faults, as well as our virtues? Why are you not more American? Your political institutions are different; fortunes are differently distributed; everybody, in your country, has to work for a living, the very best condition of affairs for a nation, bye-the-bye. Why, then, imitate social customs unfitted for you? Why not be truly American, and, therefore, original?" It is this copying of English life, which the journal, alluded to, calls "provincial." When the highest aim of an individual, of society, or of a nation, is to imitate, true excellence will never be achieved. If Michael Angelo had copied Raphael, what a failure he would have been!

For it does not follow, if we decline to imitate English conventionalities, that we shall, therefore, be ill-bred. The French, the Italians, are well-bred, and yet are distinctively national. True breeding does not depend on any "trick of manner," but on an unselfish deference for the feelings of others. On this point, the journal, in question, says: "The fashionable society of New York, is not yet, by any means, distinguished for its gentleness, its instinctive good breeding, its inherited cultivation, and its high-bred courtesy. And, for a time, at least, it is likely to grow worse, rather than better; for the new wealth, which must, of necessity, be brought into it, is still, for the most part, tainted with vulgarity and coarseness. It may furnish the basis for an aristocracy of strength and material power, but it will be long before we get from it much sweetness and light—just what we most stand in need of, in New York."

And we will repeat, what we said at first, that the evil is not confined to New York, but pervades other cities, also, and even extends to some rural communities. It is in the union of courtesy with culture, that we find the highest type. When a person is not only thoughtful of the feelings of others, but is informed enough to talk on any subject that is started, then, and then only, have you the "*beau ideal*:" the union, in short, of social and intellectual culture.

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THE CIRCULATION of this magazine is greater, this year, than it was even last; and it was greater last year, than the year before; a proof that it continues to be *the cheapest, as well as best*. It is also greater than that of all the other lady's books together. "So much," writes an old subscriber, "for publishing a magazine of real merit, and not a mere catch-penny."

INDIAN RUGS, CARPETS, ETC.—It is a sign of improving taste, that India rugs, and other Oriental fabrics, are so much the fashion, at present. We can remember the time, and it was not many years ago, when you could hardly buy a Turkish, or Persian, carpet, anywhere. Yet, now, not only are their patterns and colors imitated by our own manufacturers, but you can get the real article, by hundreds, and at comparatively low prices.

Nor is the reason for this far to seek. Apart from the natural beauties of the dyes used, and the knowledge, taste, and skill of the natives of India, in the harmonious arrangement of colors, the charm of their textile fabrics lies in the simplicity of the decorative details, and intelligent treatment of them, with reference to the purpose the fabric is to serve. If you get them to copy a plant, for a carpet, they will peg it down flat on the ground, laying its leaves, and buds, and flowers, out, symmetrically, on either side of the central stem, and then only will they begin to reproduce it. Each object or division of an object will be represented in its own proper color, but without half-tints of the color, or light and shade of any kind, so that the ornamentation looks perfectly flat, and laid like a mosaic in its ground.

Nothing can be more ignorant and ridiculous, than the English, French, and American methods, of depicting huge nosegays on carpets, with the effect of full relief. It is certain, that you know not where to set your foot among them. Indian artists are also careful to avoid anything like a violent contrast. Although the richest colors may be used, they are so arranged, as to produce the effect of a neutral bloom, which tones down every detail, almost to the softness and transparency of atmosphere. All these Oriental rugs, and carpets, moreover, being hand-woven, outwear, altogether, those made in French, English, or American looms.

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FOR FIFTY CENTS, we will send, to any subscriber, or to the friend of any subscriber, a copy of either of our beautiful steel-engravings for framing, "Gran'father Tells of Yorktown," or "The Surrender of Cornwallis." For one dollar, we will send both. This being the "Centennial Year" of Yorktown, everyone should have a copy of one, or both, of these patriotic engravings.

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THE THOROUGHLY NATIONAL character of "Peterson" has long been known. Writers of ability, from every section, are welcome to its pages. In the present number, we have a story by a Western authoress, one by a Southern one, two by writers from the Middle States, and one by a lady of New England. It was so, also, in the July number.

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"HANDSOMER THAN EVER."—The Williamsport (Md.) Pilot says of our last number: "Peterson's is handsomer than ever: there is not the least doubt but that this is THE magazine for the household, and should not fail to reach the family circle of all."

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THE STEEL ENGRAVING, in this number, is another of those costly and beautiful illustrations, which can only be found in "Peterson." Every other magazine of note has abandoned steel-engravings, long ago, in consequence of the expense. But our rule is to give the best, regardless of cost.



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A NEW VOLUME began, with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe, especially to those who do not want back numbers from January. But back numbers can be supplied, if wished. *It is never too late to get up clubs.* Clubs may begin with either the January, or July number; but all the members of a club must begin with the same number. Always say when your club is to begin. Send for a specimen, and get up a club. Our clubs, and the premiums, remember, are as follows:

Two copies for one year for $3.50, or three copies for $4.50, with *either our large steel engraving,* "Gran'father Tells of Yorktown," for a premium, or our elegant, gilt, quarto, illustrated ALBUM.

Four copies for one year for $6.50, or six copies for $9.00, or ten copies for $14.00, *with an extra copy of the magazine for one year, as a premium.*

Five copies for one year for $8.00, or seven copies for $10.50, or twelve copies for $17.00, with *both an extra copy for premium, and either the steel-engraving,* or ALBUM. For larger clubs, still greater inducements. But see the Prospectus on the second page of the cover.

Our terms are so low, our premiums so valuable, that *no other magazine can compete with them.*

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THE COLORED DESIGN, given in our July number, for a photograph frame, has been so popular, that we add, here, some hints for making other frames, somewhat similar. For instance, a very pretty photograph frame can be made by embroidering on satin, satteen, or velvet. The frame, when completed, should be ten inches long, and eight and a-half wide. The embroidery should begin down in the left-hand corner, and extend to the top of the frame, say to about the middle of the top, or toward the right-hand of the top. Of course, in putting on the design, care must be taken, that not too much of it is cut off, by the square, or oval, place, which is to be left for the photograph. Anyone who can design, or can copy from nature, (which is even better,) can, for a very small expense, make exquisite frames of this kind. Daisies, golden-rod, lilies of the valley, wild roses, snow-drops, carnations, clover, etc., all look beautiful on these frames. Among the very prettiest, which we have seen, was one of clover-blossoms and leaves, thrown on an old-gold, satteen ground; another was of golden-rod, on a dark-blue, satin ground; and another of field daisies, on a dark velvet ground. If painting is preferred to embroidery, it looks equally well, and is more quickly accomplished. The frames can be easily made at home, of stiff card-board, or of *very thin* wood, and covered with the material afterwards.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*History of Woman Suffrage. Edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Matilda Joslyn Gage. Illustrated with Steel Engravings. In two volumes. Volume I.: 1846-1861. New York: Fowler & Wells.*—In this handsome octavo volume, we have a history of the movements in favor of female voting. Until within the last thirty years, or so, little, or nothing, had been done to agitate for woman suffrage. The first convention, in favor of that object, was held at Seneca Falls, in the State of New York, A. D. 1848. Since that period, however, there has been no lack of persistent work, or of earnest leaders; and we welcome, most heartily, this attempt to preserve, in a more permanent form than the fleeting columns of the newspaper press, the history of the movement. The volume is embellished with numerous portraits, engraved on steel, among them those of the editors, and of Frances Wright, Amelia Bloomer, and Lucretia Mott.

*Random Rambles. By Louise Chandler Moulton. 1 vol., 16mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—In this dainty, little volume, we have a collection of sketches of Europe, very appropriately called "Random Rambles," since they do not pretend to the dignity of a regular book of travels, but are mere pen and ink etchings, taken, as it were, "on the wing." Yet they are far more interesting than if they were more pretentious. There is not a dull line in them. The opening of Parliament, by the Queen; the Roman carnival; Venice, Florence, Paris, London; Italian life, French shopping, the English at home; all these, and a score of other things, are hit off with a graphic force, yet a lightness of touch, that places these "Random Rambles" at the very head of books of its class. The volume is handsomely printed.

*Etiquette of Social Life in Washington. By Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. Fifth Edition. 1 vol., 12mo. J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Very few books on etiquette have any reason for their existence. Generally, too, they are written by people who know less than they pretend. But this is an exception. In the first place, Washington society is like none anywhere else, and there are certain rules, indispensable to know, if you go there. In the second place, Mrs. Dahlgren has long held a conspicuous position in the social life of Washington, and is really an authority on disputed points of etiquette, at the National Capital. We cordially commend the book. We do not wonder it has passed to a fifth edition.

*History of a Parisienne. By Octave Feuillet. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a novel of society, of aristocratic society, in Paris; and, like all of Feuillet's stories, is admirably told. But it is even better than his usual fictions; more artistic, spirited, full of dramatic power. A profound moral, which every mother would do well to ponder, underlies the whole. Fortunately, however, marriages for money are, as yet, the exception, not the rule, in America, and the warning has less force here than it would have abroad.

*Mildred's Cadet. By Alice King Hamilton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a bright, cheery, love-story, just the kind that ladies love to read. But it has a merit even beyond this, and one that will win for it unusual popularity: it is an idyl of West Point; and the authoress, the wife of an army officer, knows all the details of life there, and has described them accurately. The story has a reality, indeed, that we find in few fictions. The whole book is vigorous and original.

*The Story of Helen Troy. By the author of "Golden Rod." An Idyl of Mount Desert. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a novel of society, of New York society, and its merit is, that it has been written, evidently, by one familiar with that society. Stories of polite life, whether in this country, or abroad, have generally come from persons, who were never "in society," at all, and are, therefore, more or less, caricatures. "Helen Troy" is an exception.

*The Tzar's Window. No Name Series. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—One of the best of this anonymous series. The author is probably the wife of some American diplomat, who has resided at the Court of St. Petersburg; for the descriptions of the ceremonies at the palace, at balls, weddings, and christenings, are such as could only have been written by an eye-witness. Who can the fair novelist be?

*Mrs. Geoffrey. By the author of "Phillis." 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The heroines of this novelist are always charming; but the heroine of this one is most charming of all. She is full of character, yet eminently loveable; bright, trusting, spirited, womanly in all things. We know no more agreeable reading, especially for a summer day, than "Mrs. Geoffrey."

*Hand-Book of English Synonyms. By L. J. Campbell. 1 vol. 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—There are not less than forty-four thousand words in this admirable little hand-book. We cordially recommend it to all, who wish to acquire a mastery of the English language.

*Rosescraft. By the author of "Achsah," etc. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A very excellent story, with a good moral; just the book, therefore, for family reading. Really, of its kind, one of the best fictions of the year.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS FOR FIFTY CENTS.—Many requests have been made to us that we should sell copies of our premium engravings. We, therefore, offer, *to subscribers to this magazine, or to any of their friends*, either of the following for fifty cents:

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| THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS, | (27 in. by 20) |
| WASHINGTON'S ADIEU TO HIS GENERALS, | (27 " " 20) |
| BUNYAN ON TRIAL, | (27 " " 20) |
| BUNYAN IN JAIL, | (27 " " 20) |
| WASHINGTON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE, | (24 " " 20) |
| THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM, | (24 " " 16) |
| "OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN," | (24 " " 16) |
| WASHINGTON AT TRENTON, | (24 " " 16) |
| BESSIE'S BIRTH-DAY, | (24 " " 16) |
| CHRIST WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM, | (24 " " 16) |
| NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE, | (24 " " 16) |
| CHRISTMAS MORNING, | (24 " " 20) |
| GRAN'FATHER TELLS OF YORKTOWN, | (24 " " 20) |
| WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE, | (27 " " 20) |
| THE ANGELS OF CHRISTMAS, | (20 " " 16) |
| THE PARABLE OF THE LILIES, | (20 " " 16) |

Always say, when remitting, which plate is desired. Address, Charles J. Peterson, No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, for seasickness. PROF. ADOLPH OTT said: "In the plurality of cases, I saw the violent symptoms yield, which characterize that disease, and give way to a healthy action of the functions impaired."

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.—There are few houses, in this country, doing as much business, as Messrs. Marchal & Smith, (see their advertisement, on another page,) that can claim, as they do: that, for twenty years, they have not had one dissatisfied purchaser. This, too, after having sold thousands of instruments, is a remarkable and enviable record. Their advertisement of Pianos, is worth reading.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE, cures sunburn and prickly heat, and makes the skin soft and smooth. Use Pearl's White Glycerine Toilet Soap.

No danger. German Corn Remover is harmless, but it always cures. 25 cents. Sold by druggists.

LOOK out for counterfeits. There are many imitations, and but one genuine German Corn Remover. 25 cents.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVESEY, M. D.

### No. VIII.—CENTAURY.—SABBATIA ANGULARIS.

The American centaury is a pretty plant, possessing the following botanical characters, by which even a novice can readily distinguish it: Stem, acutely four-angled, twelve to eighteen inches high, generally much branched and bushy; branches, opposite and erect; leaves, about one inch long, oblong, ovate, acute, clasping; calyx, five-parted, half the length of the corolla, the segments of which are deeply five-parted, of délicate rose-color. It is quite frequent throughout the Middle and Southern States, found in sterile, old fields, and open woods, as well as in low grounds. American centaury, in its general aspect, bears a close resemblance to the European (*Erythræa Centaurium*), and possesses the same medical properties. All parts of the plant are employed in medicine; it is intensely bitter, and is deservedly popular in some sections, more so, however, in ye olden time, when drug-stores and physicians were less common, than at present. Homœopathy, with its minute pellets, and saccharine powders, and the pleasant elixirs, fluid extracts, and active principles of the chemist, have almost entirely displaced many of these old, popular, and really good domestic remedies of indigenous growth. Time was, and not forty years ago, when almost every mother in the country had a goodly bunch of centaury, hanging from a rafter in the garret, cut when in bloom, amidst other bunches of pennyroyal, catnep, hoarhound, sage, and the bag of hops. In cases of slight remittents, or intermittents. or in loss of appetite, weakness of stomach or digestion, or, general languor and debility, she would put a handful of the tops of centaury—weighing, perhaps, one ounce—into any suitable vessel, cover with about a pint of boiling water, cover, and let it digest till cold. Of this, a wineglassful was given, frequently, during the intervals of fever, and three times a day, to give appetite, and tone up the system. Medicine did not cost the farmer and laboring man so much in those days as now, nor were doctors' bills so great a tax.

CLEAVERS.—*Galium Aparine*, [*Gala*, milk, some species curdle milk.]—Of twelve species, east of the Mississippi, and of eight, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, this one alone is used to any extent in medicine. Its chief characteristics are: Stem, procumbent, four to six feet long, prickly; leaves, about one and a-half inches in length, sessile, tapering to the base, in verticils or whorls of six to eight; flowers, mostly on axillary, elongated peduncles. Found along fence-rows, banks, edges of woods, shaded places, etc. It is known also by the names of goose-grass, robin-run-the-hedge, etc. It is an annual, and flowers in May. Galium, or cleavers, grows in Europe, also, and has long been used by the peasantry of England, in cases of dropsy and *lepra vulgaris*, an obstinate cutaneous disease. It is used in strong decoction, generally, but the inspissated juice, obtained by crushing and pressure, is still more efficient in diseases of the skin, scrofula, and scorbutic affections. It is aperient and diuretic, also, but to obtain favorable results, it has to be used freely in decoction, while a teaspoonful of the juice is a full dose. A decoction, or ointment—the latter made by taking any quantity, covering with lard, and simmering in an earthen pipkin for a time, then strain through a coarse linen cloth—can be used to advantage, externally, to scrofulous swellings.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

### No. 118.—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1. To vibrate regularly. 2. A festival in English country-places. 3. A cup for liquors. 4. A mythological being. 5. A sea-fowl of the genus Larus. 6. A measure of surface. 7. A tint.

*Primals.*—One of a genus of brilliant birds.

*Centrals.*—Applied to the highest class of envoys from the pope.

*Finals.*—Changed from natural enmity to the love of God.

*Dunkirk, N. Y.* MY DOT.

### No. 119.—RIDDLE.

The first of fifty; the whole of fifty; the last of fifty. What is it?

*Quinney, Wis.* WISCONSIN GIRL.

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No. 120.—Positives and Comparatives.

Example.—A female stag; to retard. Answer.—Hind; hinder.

1. A whining tone; an easy gallop.
2. A young horse; the cutting-iron of a plough.
3. An exhibition; a short fall of rain.
4. A title; a kind of a table, on which goods in a shop are laid.

*Grape Lawn, Va.* X.

*Answers Next Month.*

Answers to Puzzles in the July Number.

No. 113.

1. Clout, lout, out. 2. Creel, reel, eel. 3. Grape, rape, ape.

No. 114.

Thinly. ["th" in L Y.]

No. 115.

Aspersion.

No. 116.

Monasteries.

No. 117.

Verbena.

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### SUMMER DRINKS.

*Lemonade.*—To six lemons, allow three-quarters of a pound of lump-sugar, and a pint of boiling water; rub the lemons with some of the sugar, peel them very thin, strain the juice, put it, with the lemon-peel and sugar, into a jug, and pour over it one pint of boiling water; cover the jug well with a cloth, to keep in the steam, and let it cool. This must be strained, and diluted with cold water, to make three pints.

*Ginger Beer.*—Boil six ounces of bruised ginger, in three quarts of water, for half-an-hour; then add five pounds of loaf-sugar, a gill of lemon-juice, quarter-pound of honey, and seventeen quarts more of water, and strain it through a cloth. When it is cold, put in the white of an egg, and two drachms of essence of lemon. After standing three or four days, it may be bottled.

*To Make a Small Quantity Quickly.*—Over three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, one and a-quarter ounces of sliced ginger, and the peel of a lemon, pour a gallon of boiling water; when lukewarm, add a spoonful of yeast, and the juice of a lemon. This last is a most convenient receipt, when only a small quantity, for some particular occasion, is required, as it is quickly made, and not much trouble to prepare. The yeast should be in it one night.

*Claret Cup.*—Put into a bowl, three bottles of soda-water, and one bottle of claret. Pare a lemon very thin, and grate a nutmeg; add to these, in a jug, one pound of loaf-sugar, and pour over them one pint of boiling water; when cold, strain, and mix with the wine and soda-water; a little lemon juice may be added.

### MEATS, ETC.

*Roast Veal.*—Take from four to six pounds of the best end of the neck of veal, trim it neatly, and joint the cutlets. Put it to roast, at a very moderate fire, and baste it, plentifully, every ten minutes, first with butter, and then with its own gravy. It will take one hour and a-half, to two hours. During the last quarter of an hour, bring the joint nearer to the fire, and sprinkle it, plentifully, with salt. Serve with the gravy over, carefully strained, and freed from fat, and with the juice of a lemon, and a small piece of fresh butter, added to it.

*Roast Ducks.*—Pluck, singe, and draw, blanch the feet, and remove their skin; make a stuffing, with sage, onions (previously blanched and chopped fine), and breadcrumbs, using twice as much onion as sage, and twice as much breadcrumbs as onion; add a little butter, pepper, and salt to taste. When stuffed, truss them; tie some thin slices of bacon over the breasts, roast for fifteen minutes, before a brisk fire, basting well with butter; remove the bacon from the birds, a minute or two before they are ready. Serve with gravy in the dish, but not over the birds.

*White Sauce.*—Take a good-sized piece of butter, put on the fire, in a perfectly clean, small saucepan; when thoroughly mixed with the butter, add, gently, new milk or cream, if wanted rich, stirring all the while, till of a proper thickness. Flavor with salt, pepper, a little grated nutmeg, and a small piece of lemon-peel; boil up together. Just before serving, add lemon-juice to taste, and stir in the yolk of one egg off the fire. Great care is required, in stirring in the flour and milk, over the fire, to prevent lumping.

*Cutlets.*—Take one pound of any underdone meat, mince it in the sausage machine, or pound it in a mortar, season with pepper and salt, and add the yolks of two raw eggs. Press it out to the thickness of a cutlet, then, with a sharp knife, shape it into as many cutlets as possible, egg and breadcrumb, and fry them in boiling lard; serve round some mashed potatoes, asparagus points, or green peas tossed in butter.

*Broad Beans and Bacon.*—Choose young beans, boil them in water, with a goodly piece of bacon, a sprig or two of savoury. When they are done, put the piece of bacon on a dish, drain the beans, toss them, for a minute, in a saucepan, with plenty of minced parsley, and some butter, and then put them around the bacon.

*To Fry Chickens.*—Cut up the chickens, and season them with salt and cayenne pepper; roll them in flour, and fry them in hot lard; when the whole are fried, pour off the lard, and put in quarter-pound of butter, one teacupful of cream, a little flour, and some scalded parsley, chopped fine, for the sauce.

### VEGETABLES.

*To Cook Asparagus.*—To each half-gallon of water, allow one heaped tablespoonful of salt. Asparagus should be dressed as soon as possible, after it is cut, although it may be kept for a day or two, by putting the stalks into cold water; yet, to be good, like every other vegetable, it cannot be cooked too fresh. Scrape the white part of the stem, beginning from the head, and throw them into cold water; then tie them into bundles of about twenty each, keeping the heads all one way, cut the stalks evenly, that they may all be one length; put them into boiling water, with salt in the above proportion; keep them boiling quickly until tender, with the saucepan uncovered. When the asparagus is done, dish it upon toast, which should be dipped in the water the asparagus was cooked in, and leave the white ends outward each way, with the points meeting in the middle. Serve with a tureen of melted butter.

*Maccaroni, with Tomato Sauce—Neapolitan Method.*—Throw one pound of maccaroni into a saucepan of boiling water and salt; the water must be quite boiling. When sufficiently cooked, strain off all the water, put it into a saucepan, with three ounces of butter, three ounces of grated cheese, and the tomato sauce. Keep it on the fire, until the maccaroni acquires a fine color from the tomatoes, but care must be taken, not to keep it too long on the fire, lest it become soft



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and pasty. The tomatoes are prepared for the sauce, as follows: Take ripe tomatoes, wash, dry them, and cut them into halves; put them into a saucepan, without any water with salt, pepper, a few cloves, a little onion and celery, and boil till sufficiently done; pass through a sieve, and pour into the saucepan of maccaroni, as mentioned above.

*Turnips Stewed in Butter (Good).*—This is an excellent way of dressing the vegetable, when it is mild, and finely grained; but its flavor, otherwise, is too strong to be agreeble. After they have been washed, wiped quite dry, and pared, slice the turnips nearly half-an-inch thick, and divide them into dices. Just dissolve one ounce of butter, for each half-pound of the turnips; put them in as flat as they can be, and stew them, very gently, indeed, from three-quarters of an hour to a full hour. Add a seasoning of salt and white pepper, when they are half done. When thus prepared, they may be dished over fried or nicely boiled mutton cutlets, or served by themselves.

DESSERTS.

*Apple Dumplings.*—Take some finely sifted flour, say half-pound, and half the quantity of suet (quarter-pound), very finely shred, and well freed from skin. Mix the suet and flour, add a pinch of salt, and half-a-teaspoonful of baking powder, with sufficient cold water or milk, to make it of the right consistency. Knead it well, and roll it out to the thickness required. Divide this paste into as many pieces as are required for the dumplings. Take some large-sized apples, peel, core, sprinke them with moist sugar; then insert into the cavity of each, some butter, sugar, and a clove. Cover them with the paste, and join the edges, carefully. Tie each dumpling up in a floured cloth, and boil about an hour. Untie them, carefully, and turn them out without breaking them; serve with cream and sugar. N. B.—A little currant jelly may be substituted for the butter, sugar, and clove.

*Silver Jelly.*—Dissolve two ounces of isinglass, in one pint of water. Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a wineglass of gin; add it to the isinglass, and sweeten to taste, putting in twelve or fourteen drops of almond flavoring. Boil altogether, and clear with the whites of four eggs. Add bits of silver leaf, and agitate the mould till it is almost set. Gold jelly may be made in the same way, by using a wineglass of pale brandy, instead of the gin, and adding gold leaf, in place of silver.

*Coffee Ice Pudding.*—Pound two ounces of freshly roasted coffee in a mortar, just enough to crush the berries, without reducing them to powder. Put them into a pint of milk, with six ounces of loaf-sugar, let it boil, then leave it to get cold; strain it on the yolks of six eggs, in a double saucepan, and stir, on the fire, till the custard thickens. When quite cold, work into it a gill and a-half of cream, whipped to a froth. Freeze the mixture in the ice-pot, then fill a plain ice mould with it, and lay it in ice till the time of serving.

MISCELLANEOUS.

*Cleaning Black Silk.*—One of the things "not generally known," at least in this country, is the Parisian method of cleaning black silk; the *modus operandi* is very simple, and the result infinitely superior to that achieved in any other manner. The silk must be thoroughly brushed and wiped with a cloth, then laid flat on a board or table, and well sponged with hot coffee, thoroughly freed from sediment by being strained through muslin. The silk is sponged on the side intended to show, it is allowed to become partially dry, and then ironed on the wrong side. The coffee removes every particle of grease, and restores the brilliancy of silk without imparting to it either the shiny appearance or crackly and papery stiffness obtained by beer, or, indeed, any other liquid. The silk really appears thickened by the process, and this good effect is permanent.

*To Extract Grease From Silks.*—Scrape French chalk, put it on a grease spot, and hold it near the fire, or over a warm iron, or waterplate filled with boiling water. The grease will melt, and the French chalk absorb it. Brush or rub it off; repeat if necessary.

## TRIFLES IN FANCY WORK.

To ANY LADY, who does much work, few things are more useful, than an emery cushion; as, when the weather is warm, needles are apt to become rusty, and so spoil the work. Emery cushions may be made of many shapes. One of the newest forms, is that of a tea cosy, nicely stuffed with emery powder, and with a small flower, star, or other design, embroidered in filoselle, or worked in beads, on the sides. A tiny cord should be placed along the seams, and twisted into a loop at the top, to resemble a handle. They may be made of any pretty material—silk, satin, or velvet.

Many people have in their possession handsome boxes, that they are afraid to use, because they would be apt to become very much scratched, if stood about on tables, brackets, etc., without the protection of a cover. In order to make a cover to prevent this, cut a piece of material, the same shape as the top of the box. Cut two pieces for the sides, and two pieces of the same shape as the back and front of the box. You will then have five pieces; bind each piece all round with narrow ribbon, and sew them together at the sides, so as to make a cover exactly the size and shape of your box. If it fits exactly, it will need neither strings nor buttons to keep it on.

For concealing flower-pots, pretty covers may be made in the following manner: Take a piece of card-board, as broad as the flower-pot is high, and as long as its circumference, and join it into a circle, by pasting a piece of white paper in front, and at the back of the join. Cover it with colored pictures, dried autumn leaves, or spatter-work. Another shape is made, by cutting four pieces of card-board of such a size, that they will entirely cover the flower-pot, join the pieces loosely, by means of colored paper or ribbon, so that the ribbon or paper in the joins, serves as a hinge. Ornament, according to fancy, at the sides, and cut the upper edge into large points. These covers will be found very convenient, if properly made, as, during the winter, when flowers are scarce, they will fold up quite flat. Lamp shades may be made in the same way; but these look well, with a silk fringe, three or four inches deep, placed round the lower edge.

Hair-pin cases, to hang on the handle of the looking-glass, are useful, and should be made in the following manner: Cut a circle of card-board, about the size of a half-crown piece, and cover it with silk; cut a piece of the same silk, rather longer than the hair-pins the case is to contain, and sew it round the circle of card-board, in the same way as in the little work-bags before described. Run a ribbon into a hem at the top, so that it can be drawn up, and you will then have a long, narrow bag, which will be found very convenient for holding hair-pins, if they are put in with the points downwards. These little cases should, as far as possible, be made to match the comb and night-dress bags, in color.

## FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—DINNER-DRESS, OF BLACK SATIN. The long train is edged with a box-plaited ruffle, is gauged in two or three places, and trimmed with jet ornaments. The front is laid in crosswise folds. The cuirass-bodice is open square in front, has a high-standing or Medici collar, is gauged to a point, down the middle of the back, and has black lace sleeves. Long, black, kid gloves, and pink flowers in the hair.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF LIGHT-YELLOW POMPADOUR FOULARD. The dress is short, and the bodice and back are made of the figured foulard. The front of the skirt is of plain

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silk, gathered lengthwise, and finished, at the bottom, with balls, of the colors of the flowers on the bodice. Plain, yellow silk, ganged at the neck and waist, is on the front of the bodice, and passes below the hips, forming paniers, and is looped at the back.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE-STRIPED GAUZE, OVER WHITE SILK. The front is ruffled, and trimmed with pearl fringe, except the bottom ruffle, and narrow knife-plaiting. A white silk train turns back, and is fastened to the skirt by white ribbon bows. The corsage and paniers are of the striped gauze, the front being embroidered in white silk. The neck is cut V shape, and has a large bouquet of pink roses. Three-quarter sleeves. Pink roses in the hair.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE SATIN. The long train is edged with a narrow white plaiting. The sides are turned back, and richly embroidered in pink roses, bluetts and leaves. The front of the skirt is of three deep side-plaited ruffles, of dull-blue silk, edged with white lace. The deep corsage is without trimming, except the embroidered lappels and cuffs. Gold band, and pink roses in the hair.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-PINK FRENCH BUNTING. The dress is short, and the bottom has a narrow ruffle of white lace. The back falls in two full puffs, and has a fan-shaped appearance under the lower puff. The front is trimmed with plaited rows of white lace. The bodice is coat-shaped, slightly open in front, with large lappels, and is trimmed with large buttons. Half-long sleeves. Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with pink ribbon bows, and a bunch of pink buds and leaves.

FIG. VI.—OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS, OF BLUE PERCALE, FIGURED WITH DARK-RED. The plaited skirt, with its two ruffles, is made of plain, dark-blue percale, trimmed with a band of blue and red percale. The over-dress falls in a deep point in front, and is gathered high up at the back, under two pointed pieces. The whole is ruffled with blue percale. The collar is handkerchief shape, edged with the colored band. Straw bonnet, trimmed with blue feathers and ribbon.

FIG. VII.—OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS, OF BLACK SURAH SILK. The one deep ruffle is confined about the middle of it, and a scant puff of the silk falls above the ruffle. The over-dress is simply looped at the back, opens shawl-shaped over the underskirt, and is trimmed, from the neck down, with a narrow knife-plaited ruffle. The bodice is double-breasted, and is fastened with silver buttons. Bonnet of black chip, trimmed with bunches of black grapes.

FIG. VIII.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF FIGURED MUSLIN. The under-dress is of plain white muslin, trimmed with many knife-plaited ruffles. The over-dress is of the Princess shape, open in front, ornamented with an embroidered ruffle, and caught back below the hips. Large collar, fastened with a blue bow. A twist of blue ribbon on the sleeves. White chip hat, with blue surah silk band, and white feathers.

FIG. IX.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, of checked cotton and plain cotton, of the new crushed-raspberry color. The skirt is kilted, also the waistcoat. The over-dress forms a double polonaise of checked cambric, with a band of the plain material at the edge. Plain collar and cuffs, to match. Straw hat, faced with raspberry-colored silk, and trimmed with raspberry-colored feathers.

FIG. X.—OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS, OF ÉCRU BATISTE, EMBROIDERED WITH RED SILK. Round skirt, composed of two kiltings, with an embroidered flounce between them. Embroidered polonaise, draped at both sides, with red ribbon bows. A small cape, of the same material, forms a fichu on the shoulders, embroidered at the edge with red silk. A very narrow knife-plaited ruffle, of red surah silk, edges the dress. Écru-colored straw hat and feathers.

FIG. XI.—OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS, OF PLAIN NAVY-BLUE PERCALE. The bottom of the dress is in large box-plaits. The front is plain, over which the over-dress opens, which is trimmed with white embroidery, and is turned up at the back, where it is gathered to the cuirass-waist. This waist is made with many seams, and is finished with a large, square collar, edged with white embroidery. Sleeves trimmed to correspond. White chip hat, trimmed with dark-blue ribbons.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED ALBATROSS CLOTH. The bottom is edged with two narrow ruffles. The front is laid in wide, loose plaits, and is edged with a wide band of brown foulard silk, spotted with cream-color. The bodice has but one seam down the middle of the back, and is made slightly loose, back and front, and confined by a band of the brown foulard, at the waist. Two points, at the back, trimmed with the foulard, fall over the crossed drapery lower down. Yellow straw bonnet, trimmed with brown ribbon, and a large tea-rose.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF MOMIE CLOTH. The petticoat has two deep side-plaited flounces, of plain gray momie cloth. The over-dress is of gray momie cloth, with flowers of all colors sprinkled over it, and is cut in turrets at the bottom. The very deep basque has a large collar of the gray material. Sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Gray straw hat and plume.

FIG. XIV.—BATHING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL, trimmed with white braid.

FIG. XV.—BATHING-DRESS, OF GRAY SERGE, trimmed with red braid, and puffings of the serge.

FIG. XVI.—BATHING-DRESS, OF WHITE FLANNEL, trimmed with red braid.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Midsummer brings in no new fashions, and our very full remarks for July, apply equally well to August. Black lace, as well as jet and steel, are profusely used, especially on black dresses, and these are no longer considered as belonging to mourning costumes. Colored gloves, ribbons, and flowers, brighten up these becoming black costumes. A tiny red plaiting, on the bottom of a black grenadine, with red bows or flowers, as a trimming, is very stylish.

Every style of making dresses is popular, that is becoming. Some of the cotton dresses are as elaborate as the most expensive grenadines or silks, and others as simple as possible; but the style should always suit the figure and complexion. Elaborate ruffles and puffings are hideous for stout persons, and scant drapery, and long, straight lines equally unbecoming to tall, slender people. Tournures, or as they used to be called, "bustles," are again worn, quite small, to be sure; sometimes, consisting only of a small piece of gathered muslin, placed only in the middle of the back of the skirt, just below the waist. The very flat appearance, that was considered so desirable at the back of the dress, a few years ago, is now looked upon as quite old style, and the small paniers, that are now so popular, all show that dresses are destined to be worn fuller at the back and on the hips, than formerly, however flat they may fall in front. The tournure and paniers have the advantage of making the waist look smaller than the old style. Many new French dresses, now have the bodices cut entirely bias, as was the fashion twenty-five years ago. When these bodices do fit, they fit beautifully; but, at first, that is difficult to achieve.

Hats are dented in the middle, or at the sides, or not at all, to suit the fancy of the wearer. Pale-blue, pink, or white surah silk is used to face them with, sometimes plain, sometimes gauged; black velvet is also popular.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The summer has brought about no diminution in the beauty and variety of the costumes displayed in the establishments of the leading Parisian dressmakers. Watering-place dresses, and the toilettes for the August and September races,

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have taken the place of the spring costumes, that are beginning to lose their freshness. In fact, Worth is now showing his first models, for the winter and fall season.

Wash dresses, this summer, have presented no striking novelty of style. They have been mostly made with small, plaited ruffles, covering the skirt, from hem to waist. Over this, is placed a small, rounded, panier overskirt, trimmed with white lace. The waist is of the pointed-basque shape; sometimes, with a slight shirring in front and behind. Dresses of thick, white, undressed cambric, trimmed with narrow embroidery, are made with wide flounces, gathered and set on the skirt in groups of three each. The waist is round, and is fastened with a girdle of cashmere-patterned surah. A short, curved drapery of white muslin, edged with narrow embroidery, falls over the skirt in front, just below the waist. Under this is placed a scarf-sash, of the cashmere-patterned surah, caught behind, in a single loop, with wide ends. This is a Worth toilette, having just been completed for Trouville.

Light striped, or checked silks, in black and white, gauzes and foulards, are completely out of style this season, having been replaced by the brilliant striped and chené surahs, and satin-merveilleux. The chené styles are the newest, but are extremely showy, being in the most brilliant of all possible colors. Rose-reds and vivid blues are more shown; in fact, the fashions appear to have undergone a violent reaction, from the dull, faded hues that were worn so long. Worth has just completed a charming dress, in Japanese, steel-blue surah (a new color). The front of the skirt is covered by a wide scarf-drapery, composed of strips of the surah, sewed on black net. This drapery is put on in a single, long, full sweep, being met at the sides by revers of rose-red satin. The back of the skirt is covered with full-looped draperies of the blue surah, with gleams of the red satin showing amongst them, here and there. The corsage is plain, and is of the blue surah. This new blue is a very lovely tint, holding a place between the dark gendarme, or marine blue, and the lighter, and more vivid, shades of the same color. Another dress is in chené satin-merveilleux, the pattern being daisies on a dark-green ground. The front of the skirt is covered with wide, bias strips of the satin-merveilleux, narrowing from the waist to the hem, where each strip has the end finished with a narrow ruffle, above which is set a bow, without ends, of wide, seal-brown velvet ribbon. The ground-work of this skirt-front is seal-brown satin. At the back, the skirt is caught up in one deep-curved fold, bordered with wide seal-brown velvet ribbon. This combination is extremely tasteful and elegant.

Seal-brown, that is to say, the extremely dark-brown known in France as "loutre," will be one of the favorite colors during the coming season. It is rich, handsome, and always tasteful, besides being universally becoming. Worth has just completed a very elegant visiting-costume, in this color. It is composed of a long, tight-fitting coat, of heavy brocade, reaching nearly to the hem of the underskirt, which is composed of satin, and is finished with three narrow-plaited flounces, and is cut short, clearing the ground, entirely, all around. The coat has deep lappets at the side, so as to give it the effect of a paletot, worn with a plain overskirt, when seen from the front. It is caught up at the back, in a small, close fulness, just below the waist, and is closed, from throat to hem, with frogs and cords of shaded, brown bead passementerie. The effect of this dress is at once severe and elegant. Virot has prepared, to wear with it, a small, close, capote bonnet, of gold braid, trimmed with a small, circular cluster of brown ostrich-tips, and with scarf strings of seal-brown surah. These coats are also made of plain, gray cloth, with frogs and cords of steel passementerie, and are then made with silk underskirts, in black or cinnamon-brown. Cashmere dresses are made with plaited underskirts, either of cashmere or of surah, the plaiting coming nearly to the waist. Over this the overskirt is laid, in narrow, flat drapery in front, and full, bunched loopings behind. A small cape, lined with silk, and closed with a bow of satin ribbon, with long ends, is added to the costume for street-wear. A white cashmere, for a young girl, made with cuffs and vest of shirred cream-satin, and with a narrow plaited flounce of cream-satin, set around the edge of the underskirt, forms a very charming dress for evening wear, made in the above style. Another new, and easily made-toilette, is formed of a skirt covered with finger-wide plaited ruffles to the waist. Over this is worn a round waist, with a narrow drapery falling over the skirt in front, the waist, with its drapery, being of a different color, or material, from the skirt. One dress that I saw in this style, had the waist in black, and the skirt in violet surah, or the waist might be made of silk or satin, and the skirt of cashmere.

For next fall, the indications are that the choice of head-gear will be very varied, the largest of poke bonnets, and the smallest of capotes, being equally fashionable. Velvet and plush will be the reigning materials, especially for the pokes. Ostrich tips, and long ostrich feathers will be used on the large bonnets; and pheasant-breast, peacock's-breast, and dove's-breast plumes on the capotes. Toques continue in favor, being too becoming to a round, fresh face, to be discarded. Parasols are now made very large, and are bordered around the edge with lace or hand embroidery, put on transparent. These new parasols are made to match the costume with which they are to be worn, and are generally in brocade of some solid color. Watered silk, and shaded satin ribbons, are much used for trimming both dresses and bonnets. Large, crushed roses are the most fashionable of artificial flowers.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIGS. I. and II.—FRONT AND BACK OF A DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL. The dress is of gray bunting, trimmed with blue silk. The skirt is kilt-plaited all around. The silk scarf folds in front, is plaited at the back, and has fringed ends. The front of the bodice is gathered, and it laces at the back. Collar and cuffs of the blue silk. Gray straw hat, faced with blue, and trimmed with blue ribbons.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT, OF LIGHT-GRAY TWEED, with collar and cuffs of navy-blue. The trousers are ornamented at the sides with buttons, and are fastened with a band below the knee. The blouse jacket has a large sailor collar, with an anchor in each corner, gathered at the back.


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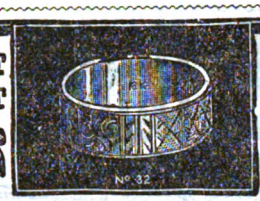


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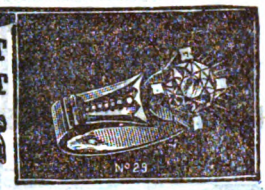

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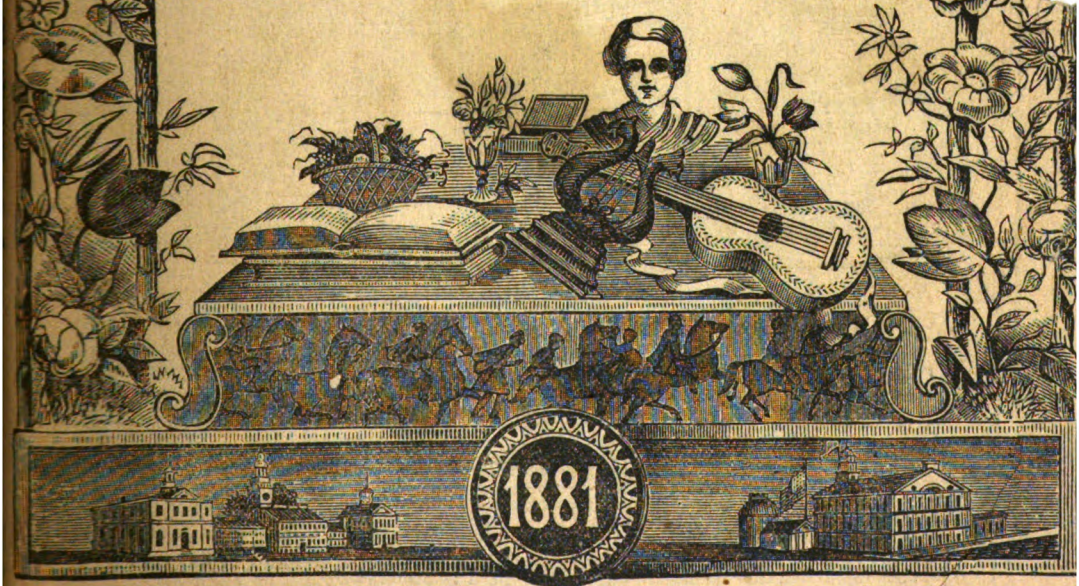


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**Grand Medals at Philadelphia and Paris**

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THE LAST OF THE WEDDING GUESTS.

[*See the Novelet, "The News from Yorktown."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER. BOY'S SEAL-SKIN CAP.

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VISITING DRESS FOR FALL: FRONT AND BACK.

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BONNET. SLEEVE. PLAID FICHU. BACK OF CASAQUIN BODICE.

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BODICE, WITH EMBROIDERED VEST. HAT. FRONT OF CASAQUIN BODICE. SQUARE COLLARETTE.

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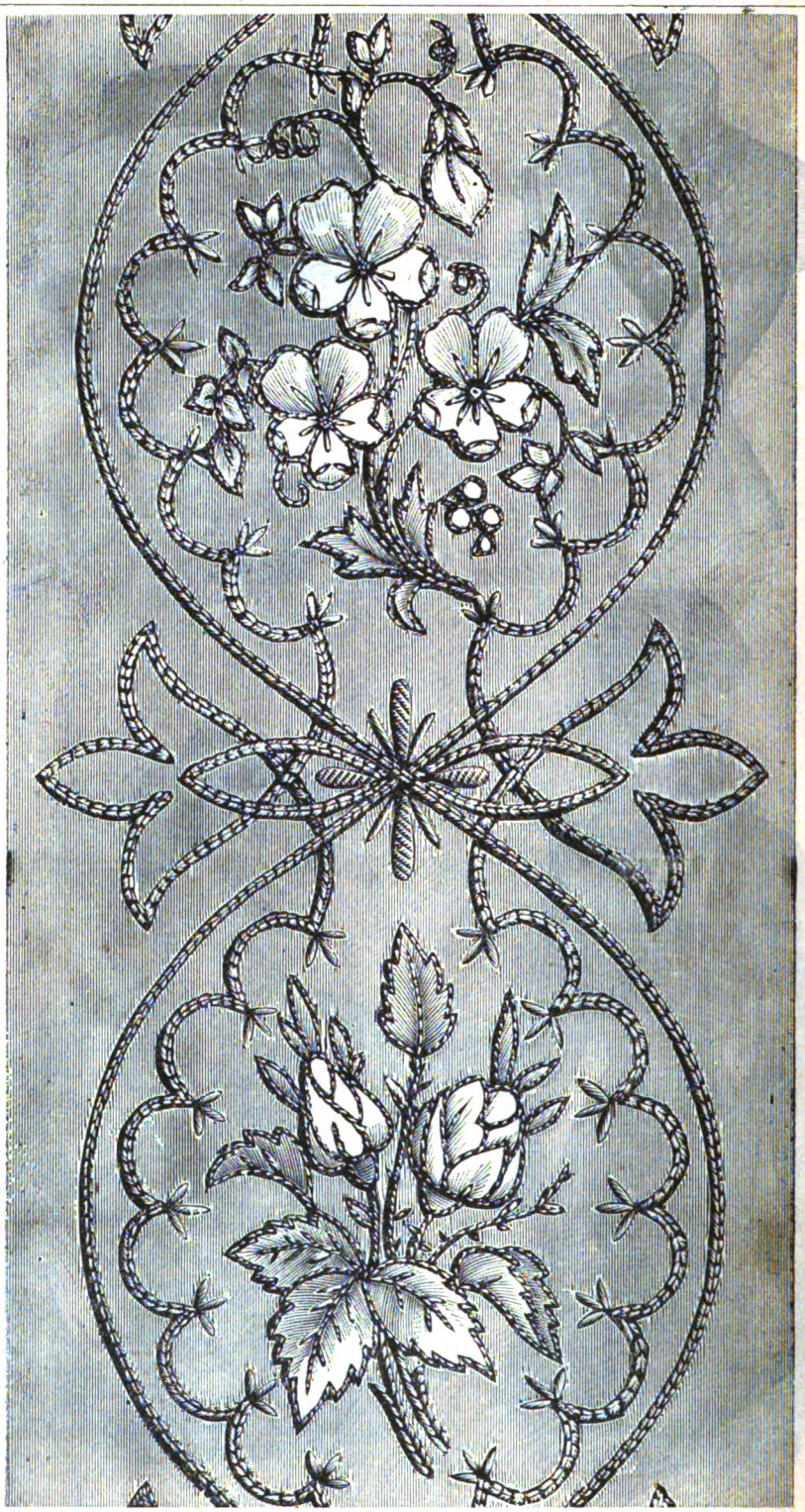

DESIGN FOR CURTAIN BORDER.

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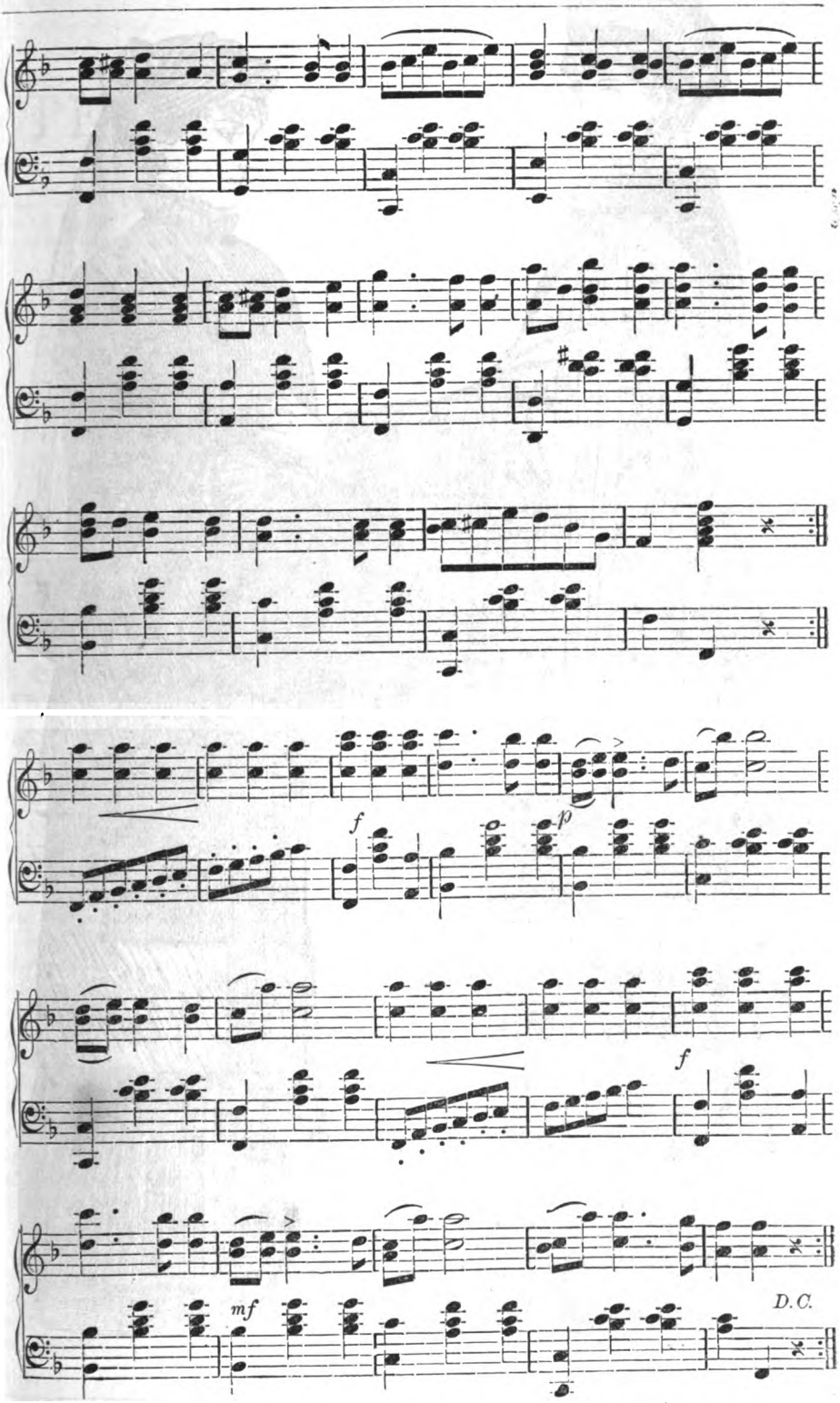


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NEW STYLE DOLMAN. MOURNING DRESS.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1881. No. 3.

## MILTON AND HIS POETRY.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

MILTON AT NINETEEN.

IT is the fashion, especially with my own sex, rather to disparage Milton. "Nobody," it is said, "reads 'Paradise Lost,' it is too prosy." Yet, tried by any standard whatever, the poem is a masterpiece of genius and learning. Epic poetry, just now, is out of vogue. But if epic poetry is to be written at all, it will never be better written, than it was in "Paradise Lost."

I grant, that it is not everyone who can really enjoy this great work. The pleasure of reading it, is in exact proportion to the reader's own cultivation. The more we know, the better we appreciate it. Much of its beauty is in the associations it awakens; associations historical, legendary, religious, scholastic, and otherwise. Milton, himself, was one of the greatest scholars of his time, and his verse is full of allusions to Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and other learning, that call up by a mere word, a whole train of imagery. It is not only his poetical power, therefore, that impresses us in "Paradise Lost."

Nor has any other English poet excelled him in the mastery of verse. His "on its hinges, grates harsh thunder," is only one of scores of lines, that are really Homeric in sound, as well as in thought. Those who wish to see him, in his less majestic moods, however, can go to his "Lycidas," his "Penserosa," and other earlier works. Here, they will find the same wonderful mastery of language, wedded, however, to simpler themes, and sung in lyric, instead of epic, strains. It is the "linked sweetness, long drawn out," in its perfection. Or, if the reader would choose a middle path, let him, or her, read the sonnets, especially that on the Nativity, the Waldenses, or others, only less noble. There is not, in all literature, anything grander than the second of these. It opens like an organ peal:

> "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

John Milton was born in London, on the 9th of December, 1608. His father was a scrivener of eminence, who had been educated at Christ Church, Oxford. The grandfather was keeper of Shotover Forest, in Oxfordshire, and the family had long been settled at Milton, in that neighborhood. Thus one sees, that although the poet himself was born in the city, his ancestors had been born, and lived, in the country, like those of Shakespeare, almost from time immemorial. The love of rural sights and sounds, which has so much to do in making the true poet, had been bred into his very blood, as it were, for generations. It had become a part of his nature, as it becomes a part of the nature of every one so descended, and rarely does become, I may add, of any one else.

In his youth, Milton was extremely beautiful, as his portrait, painted when he was nineteen, proves. Nor did this beauty leave him, until sorrow, as well as years, had told upon him. In early manhood, his light-brown hair, parted in the middle, fell down in curls on his shoulders; the expression of his clear, gray eye was serene and thoughtful; his complexion was brilliant; and his figure, though slight, was muscular, enabling him to excel in all manly exercises. He was fond of music, and loved "fields and woods."



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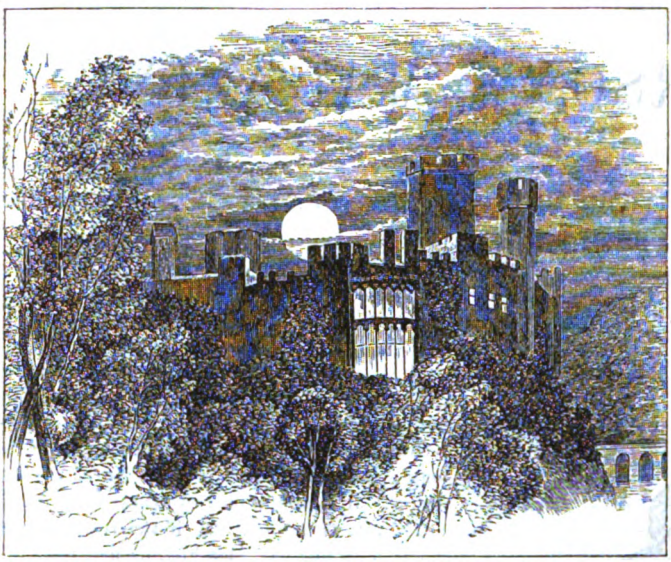

LUDLOW CASTLE, WHERE "COMUS" WAS FIRST PLAYED.

After leaving Cambridge, he went to reside at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he produced "L'Allegro," "Il Penserosa," "Lycidas," and probably, "Comus." This latter was written for the Earl of Bridgewater, and was played at Ludlow Castle, that nobleman's romantic seat, on the borders of Wales; and the earl's daughter, Lady Alice Egerton, took part in it, as did also his sons. Charles Lamb has asserted that "Comus" was even written at Ludlow Castle; but this is not generally believed, though it is not at all improbable.

The titles of two of these pieces, "L'Allegro," and "Il Penserosa," recall the fact, that Italian influences profoundly affected England, in Milton's generation, as they had in the two preceding generations. It was to Italy that the young nobles, ever since the Wars of the Roses, had gone to perfect their education; for Italy, at that time, represented all that was most finished in culture, whether social, or intellectual. The great mansions, which the aristocracy began to erect, from the time of Henry VIII. down, had their inspiration in the vast Renaissance palaces of the princes and cardinals of Rome. In like manner, the poetry of Surrey, Spenser, and even Shakespeare, showed the effect of Ariosto, Tasso, and Petrarch, in moulding the taste, as well as stimulating the imagination of English writers. It was Milton's ambition to see, for himself, the country which had exercised such a spell over the age; and as his father had come, by this time, to be a man of means, the poet was able, finally, to gratify his desire.

In 1637, he set forth for Italy, attended by a man-servant, designing to travel and study, in that land of poetry and romance, for an indefinite period. His visit was a triumphal progress. His personal beauty, his learning, and his musical accomplishments, made him a favorite in those higher circles, to which, fortunately, he bore letters of introduction. His travels, however, were cut short by the breaking out of the civil wars; and he hurried home.

It was in 1639, that he returned. Like his father, he belonged to the Puritan party. From the first, therefore, he took the side of Parliament. His history, for more than twenty years after this, is the history of a polemical writer. He became, towards the last, Cromwell's secretary; and when the Restoration occurred, had to go into hiding, for awhile. He had lived, during part of the Protectorate, in Barbican street, London. He was now compelled to seek refuge in Barth-

BARBICAN STREET, WHERE MILTON LIVED.

olomew Close, until the first fury of persecution was over; and it was not till an act of amnesty

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was passed, that he could venture to emerge from his concealment, and reside openly in London.

It is impossible to understand Milton, unless you consider him in two aspects. He was not

BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, WHERE MILTON WAS IN HIDING.

only a born versifier, he was a born controversialist, also. If, on one side, he was poetical, on another he was polemical. While the imaginative part of his intellect was strong, the logical part had not less mastery over him. His life was spent in being swayed, backwards and forwards, between the two. Up to the age of thirty, poetry prevailed. From thirty to fifty, polemics had the ascendancy. But when, after the Restoration, Milton found himself without a vocation, proscribed, and in poverty, he turned again to poetry for relief. It was at this time that he conceived the idea of "Paradise Lost." All his life he had been planning a great epic. He only waited, he was used to say, until leisure, and matured powers, should give him the mastery of his subject. At one time, he had thought of one of the many legends of King Arthur, as his poem. Finally, he settled down upon "Paradise Lost." To this mighty work, he brought a loftiness of thought, the result of a life of study and reflection, which elevates it, in many respects, above any other poem in the language. Yet even in "Paradise Lost," the influence of Italy can be traced. If Milton had not been enamored of Italian literature, if he had not travelled in Italy, if he had not studied the "Jerusalem Delivered," I doubt if he ever would have written "Paradise Lost."

The great epic was, principally, composed in London, but finished at a cottage at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, whither he had retired on the breaking out of the plague in the metropolis. It was at Chalfont, also, that he wrote "Paradise Regained." The idea of this latter poem is attributed, by tradition, to Thomas Elwood, the well-known Quaker. Elwood knew Milton, and visited him at Chalfont. One day, the poet gave the Quaker the manuscript of "Paradise Lost," to take home and read. Elwood was so delighted with the epic, that, in returning it, said, "Thou hast said a great deal upon 'Paradise Lost'—what hast thou to say upon 'Paradise Regained'?" Milton took the hint, and wrote the sequel. Many think that if "Paradise Regained" had been first, instead of second, it would have been considered the best. But it never does to repeat the same theme, even though in a different key; and hence "Paradise Regained" is rarely read, while "Paradise Lost" has become world-famed.

Tradition says that Milton, having become blind, dictated "Paradise Lost" to his daughters, who took turns in writing it down. His blindness dated from his forty-fifth year, and was brought on by excessive study. The great Salmasius, in 1650, published a treatise, instigated by Charles II., then in exile, asserting the inviolability of kings. To this, Milton, a true republican, if ever there was one, felt it his duty to

CHALFONT COTTAGE, WHERE "PARADISE LOST" WAS FINISHED.

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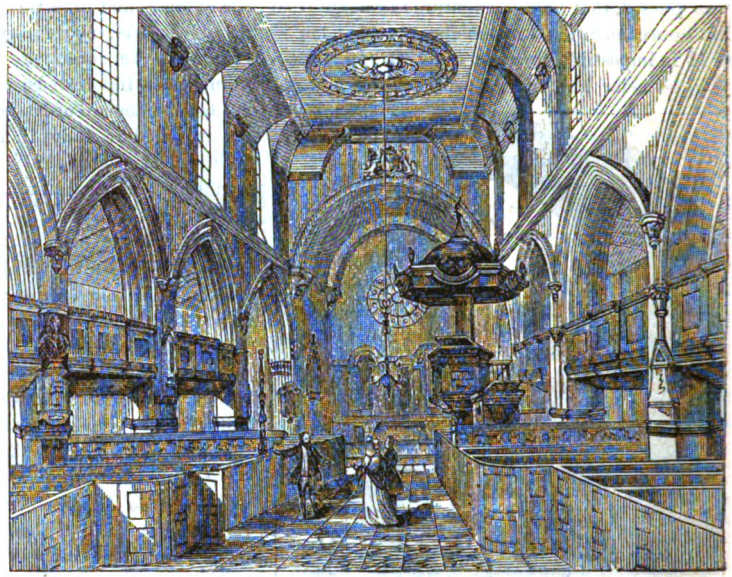

ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE, CENTRAL AISLE, WHERE MILTON IS BURIED.

reply. The result was, his first "Defence For The People Of England," one of the most masterly treatises, of its kind, ever written in any language. But the close application it required, combined with the weakness of his eyes, alarmed his physicians. "If you go on with this, at your present rate," they said, "it may cost you your eyesight." "It is a sacred duty," he replied, in the spirit of Luther, at Worms, "go on I must." And the result was, that by 1653, he was totally blind. His eyes remained, however, perfectly sound to look at, without speck, or disfigurement of any kind, up to the very day of his death.

Milton sold the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" for five pounds—twenty-five dollars. For a second and third edition, he received, severally, the same amount. After his death, his widow disposed of all her remaining interest in the work for eight pounds. Altogether, therefore, Milton and his heirs realized twenty-three pounds for this immortal work, or, in round numbers, about one hundred and fifteen dollars. In our day, we have seen sixty thousand dollars paid for D'Israeli's "Endymion." But "times change."

How Milton looked, in his declining years, we know, fortunately, from Richardson, the author of "Clarissa Harlowe." Richardson was acquainted with a clergyman, who, in his youth, had visited the poet. The clergyman, a Dr. Wright, found Milton in a small chamber, hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk stones. He used, also, to sit in a gray, coarse, cloth coat, at the door of his house in Burnhill Fields, in warm, sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts, as well as quality. This was while he lived in London, just before moving to Chalfont.

Milton was married three times. His first wife was Mary Powell, the eldest daughter of Richard Powell, a justice of the peace, of Forest Hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire. The marriage was a hasty affair, and did not result happily. Milton was already thirty-five, a Puritan in politics and religion, a secluded student, stern in manner, severe in principles, perhaps, a little dogmatic. His bride was young, gay, and, possibly, frivolous. They parted, very soon; but finally came together again. By her, he had three daughters, his only surviving descendants. After her death, he took a second wife, Catherine, daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney. She died, however, within a year of their marriage. One of Milton's finest sonnets, his twenty-second, is dedicated to her. Many years subsequently, when his daughters had all married, and he was left alone, he took a third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, of "a good family in Cheshire," as his early biographers say, with whom he lived on terms of such affection, that, when he died, he left her all that remained of his now nearly exhausted inheritance.

Milton died, on Sunday, November the 8th, 1674, in London. He was buried, four days later, in St. Giles, Cripplegate. The parish register notes the fact, that he was buried in the chancel. The entry reads, "John Milton, gentleman; consumcion; Cherwell, 12 Nov.: 1674." Those who look for his tomb, however, in the present chancel, will be disappointed; for in 1682, when St. Giles was repaired, the position of the chancel was altered; and the remains of Milton lie in what is now the central aisle.

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# THE NEWS FROM YORKTOWN.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137.

## CHAPTER VIII.

It was now the middle of September. Bryan had died about the middle of March, and six months had been considered, under the circumstances, sufficiently long to wait for the marriage.

Agincourt House, as we have seen, was full of guests. Cousins, and other near relations, with numerous friends, had crowded it, to its utmost capacity; all coming, in the true, old Virginia fashion, to assist at the ceremony. Even after Grace had retired, there were arrivals. Sir Peter Coales and his lady, detained by the casting of a horse's shoe, drove up, in their stately, old chariot, that had been in the family, since the reign of George I. The hospitable doors, flung wide open, welcomed them with floods of light: and light streamed from every bay and oriel. Within, the lively sound of violins greeted them, as they crossed the threshold. The elders sat, talking of the weddings they had been at, in their younger days, and deploring the falling off in the gaiety and splendor, with which they were now celebrated. The younger, more hopeful, or less critical, laughed at these gloomy views, and seemed disposed, at any rate, to make the most of the present moments. They gathered together, in the wide, deep hall, where a couple of the servants, who were fiddlers, struck up, after awhile, a Virginia reel. The two white-haired musicians were playing their best; the couples were racing up and down, wild with mirth and excitement; the old walls were trembling, to the dancers' feet; the elders, forgetting their vaticinations, were gathering around, and telling each other, that this was something like the old times; and crowds of dusky faces were looking in from the doors, at either end, with cries of "Hiaya!" "Dat's dancing!" "Give it 'em, uncle Jo'!" when, suddenly, a horseman was heard, galloping up the drive in front, and directly after, he rushed wildly in.

"What's the matter, Dick?" cried a gentleman, who happened to be standing by the door, and who recognized, in the arrival, one of the bridegroom's favorite servants. "Why, boy, you're as white as a sheet."

"Mars' has been thrown, and mos' killed," was the breathless reply. "Doctor Grains don't say he die. But he shake his head, and look like it. One t'ing sure, de weddin' hab to be put off. Dat sartain. Dem fiddles hab to shut up. Yes! come down from dar, uncle Jo'. Pore, lily Miss Grace, it mos' kill her."

A few words elicited the whole story, which was even more terrible than the messenger had first hinted. It seems, that his master had been recently breaking a wild filly, and that he had taken her out, that day, on returning from Agincourt House, and put her at a fence, which she had refused. He put her at it again, digging his spurs deep into her, angrily, until her sides ran with blood. She rose at it, under this punishment; but struck the top rail; and came down, with her rider under her. He was stunned by the fall. But, on being carried to the house, and put to bed, recovered consciousness, so that, when the doctor came, he was talking of getting up, and finishing his fight with the filly, by moonlight. "I was never foiled before, and won't be now. She shall do it, doctor," he said, with an oath, "or I'll shoot her, by the Lord."

The doctor looked grave, and made no reassuring answer; but proceeded to examine his patient. When he had finished, he looked graver still. In fact, he found that the spine was broken, and that the speaker had not forty-eight hours to live.

His extreme seriousness, struck the sick man.

"You don't look jolly about it," the latter said, affecting to be humorous. "Come, it's not so bad as your glum face hints."

"It couldn't well be worse."

"Couldn't be worse? What do you mean? You don't mean," with an oath, "I shall die?"

"While there is life, there is hope, is a maxim of our profession. But if you've any affairs to settle, you had better make sure, and settle them."

"Why, doctor, it can't be," cried the sick man, more in amazement, as yet, than in terror, however. "I won't believe it. I never, in some respects, felt better in my life. I haven't a bit of pain, or none to speak of, at least."

"I wish you had more pain, Jack," said the doctor, his voice quavering a little, and using the invalid's Christian name, just as he had, when the strong man was a child. "That's just it. I fear there's an injury to the spine."

"You mean I'll die?" with a startled look.



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"But I can't die. I won't die." He fairly shrieked now, his eyes wide with terror. "Why, I was to be married, to-morrow. And I'm not thirty yet. I ought to have fifty years of life before me. My great-grandfather, Agincourt, didn't die till he was eighty. Look here, doctor, I won't stand on money. You fellows say you can do everything. Save my life, and I'll pay you what you like: you shall have one of my plantations, and any number of darkies." His wild offers increased, as the doctor shook his head, and his voice rose sharper, until it became a scream. "I won't die, I tell you. Oh! my God!"

Between rage and terror, he choked for words; but his strained eyes were still fixed imploringly on the doctor. All his life, he had had his own way, in everything. He had but to ask, even for what seemed impossible, and it came. He could not understand, that anything could defy him, not even death itself.

It was a terrible scene. The old physician remained with him, for hours, striving to soothe him. Now he raved at his hard destiny, the hardest ever man had, he said. Now he cursed. Now he wept, and wrung his hands. Would nothing save him? Could pharmacy furnish no cure for a case like his? Must he really die, and within two days, and all because of that cursed filly? He wished he had shot her; she should be shot before another hour; where were his lazy hounds of servants, that they did not shoot the huzzy, at once?

Early the next day, the doctor returned, and found his patient more composed. Even cowards become reconciled, at last, to the inevitable, or, at least, grow stolid with despair. Jack held out his hand, with a faint smile, as the physician came in. Ah! was it, that something, even more than a sense of the inevitable, more than the stupefaction of despair, was at work within him? Did the old knightly spirit of his race leap out, from the embers, in which a brutish and besotted life had almost extinguished it? Or was it better still—was it that the softening influence of approaching death, the shadow of God's everlasting mercy—was already melting the selfish heart?

"I've been thinking a good deal, as I lay here," he said, "and begin to wonder, if, after all, Bryan hasn't been wiser than I, and whether it isn't better to die, fighting for what we think right, even if mistakenly, than to go down, in this way, like an ox under a butcher's axe. The Agincourts have died in battle, often enough, merely for an idea; but they died grandly; and I'm dying like a brute."

"Jack," said the old doctor, "Jack, there's one thing I'd like to know, and that's all about your quarrel with young Aylesbury."

"Well, what about it?" he replied. He spoke quickly and surlily. But the doctor noticed he averted his eye.

"You always said, Aylesbury began that quarrel, Jack. Now, I've known you both, since you were babies, and I don't believe it."

"Don't believe it?" He glanced up, furtively.

"Aylesbury was always peaceful, the last one to provoke a quarrel," said the doctor. "Besides, your uncle Guy had been very kind to him; the lad was going away; it was natural, he should wish to leave on good terms with all; while you, Jack—you—well, you know what you were."

The sick man made no reply; but went on picking at the coverlet. His hand trembled, visibly, however, and, once or twice, he stole a furtive glance at the doctor.

"I can understand," resumed the latter, after a pause, "that, in the first moments of irritation, you may have said more than you meant, and that, afterwards, you did not like to take back your words. But, if I was you, I wouldn't go out of the world, with a lie on my soul."

"A lie! That's strong language, doctor. And to a helpless man, who can't resent it." But, angrily as he spoke, he did not dare to look the doctor in the face.

"I'm an old friend, Jack," the doctor said, "and use a strong word, because, it seems to me, you hardly realize what you've done. You were speaking, just now, of the Agincourts, who died in battle, for God and king. Do you think any of those old heroes would have gone out of the world, with a falsehood on his conscience?"

"No, they wouldn't," said the sick man, suddenly. "It's a mean thing to do, and I won't do it."

Then he told his hearer how it all had happened. How he had insulted Aylesbury, hoping to provoke him to take the offensive; and how, when all had failed, he had tried to strike him with his whip, and, finally, had drawn on him.

"I was mad with jealousy, you see. But I've been sorry for it often, since then." He spoke almost with a whimper, poor fellow. "I have, indeed, doctor, though you don't believe it."

"I do believe it, Jack," replied the doctor, pressing his hand. "And this is an honorable, noble thing, you are now doing."

"I tried to drown my feelings. But drinking, rioting, nothing was any good. That's what's been the matter with me, doctor, this last year. No, I won't die, with a lie on my soul."

He ceased speaking, here, and closed his eyes,

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as if fatigued, and seemed to sink into sleep, for awhile. Ten minutes, or so, later, he opened them again.

"You really believe I'm dying, doctor?" he asked, incredulously. "Let me tell you, I think you're mistaken. I haven't a bit of pain. Seems to me, I never felt better in my life."

He closed his eyes again, with a languid air, and dozed off, once more; and never opened them; for he fell into a stupor, and so died, at daybreak, the next morning.

## CHAPTER IX.

Some three weeks after the funeral, Doctor Grains mounted his mare, and rode over to Agincourt House. Up to this time, he had said nothing of Jack's confession. "I will not trouble his uncle, as yet," he told himself. "My old friend is utterly broken down; we must give him time to recuperate. Besides, Aylesbury is away, and nothing could come of it, just now."

But this morning, a crisp, cool one, in the first week of October, the doctor heard news, which would no longer permit him to delay. Accordingly, he set out for the Hall, where he asked to see its owner, alone.

"God bless me," said Mr. Agincourt, "is that you, doctor? How you startled me! I really believe I have had a nap. It's dull work for an old man, who no longer cares to hunt, and with these dreadful times, and such sorrows—"

The doctor waited for a moment, in sympathy with the old man's grief, taking his hand, and pressing it, kindly. Then he said:

"I have not intruded before, my old friend, because I respected your grief. Poor, poor Bryan! And even Jack. In the grave, we forget everything, and though Jack was hardly an Agincourt, only one in name, in fact, yet he had lived with you so much, that you must have felt even his loss keenly."

"Yes! To think that I am his heir, instead of his being mine, as I once thought so probable."

"Man proposes, but God disposes, my dear, old friend," replied the physician. "It is about Jack, that I have come to see you. Do you remember his quarrel with young Aylesbury?"

"Yes. But what of that?"

"A good deal," replied the doctor. "Listen!" And then he told his story.

The old man, in hearing it, was roused from his apathy. Before the doctor had finished, he had started from his chair, and was walking up and down the room, in a state of ever-increasing excitement.

"Gracious heaven!" he cried, when the speaker stopped, "how unjust I have been. To think of it! But I was prejudiced, that was it. I see it all now. And the letter the young fellow wrote! That explained all, no doubt. Ah! what have I done? Was ever an Agincourt guilty of such dishonor before?"

"What letter?"

His hearer had quite overlooked the presence of a listener. He colored now, even through his wrinkled and tanned face.

"Ah, I forgot you did not know," he said. "I've a confession to make. Don't quite despise me, old friend. But Aylesbury sent a letter to Grace, an hour or two after the affray, and I—I tore it up."

"Without her seeing it?"

"Without her seeing it."

"And all this time, for more than a year, the young man has been under the belief, that his explanation was received, and disbelieved; nay! treated with contempt."

"It is even so. Heaven forgive me!"

"I never credited Jack's story, but I little dreamed of such injustice as this."

"I take shame to myself," replied the other. "I have done a great wrong. But no true Agincourt ever hesitated to make reparation, when he had once discovered his error. Even poor Jack, you see, did it." The tears were in his eyes. "Nor will I hesitate? I wonder where Aylesbury is."

"I heard, only this morning, and that is what brought me here. He has come South, with Washington, and is now before Yorktown, where we, that is, the Continentals, have cooped up Cornwallis."

"Then I will go, at once," replied the other, ignoring the reference to Cornwallis. "I will only wait till my mare is saddled. It is not so long a journey."

"Stay," interposed the doctor. "You forget the difficulties. How are you to make your way inside the lines? Remember, you are more than suspected of disaffection; you may be arrested as a spy; and not even your position, or your gray hairs, would save you. Washington is just, but he is stern. Think of André's fate."

"What, what," stammered his host, rising, angrily. "Arrest me for a spy? Me, who remember this Washington of yours, when he was only a poor, young land-surveyor. What would he have been, I ask you, if he hadn't married the widow Custis?"

"As for that," said the doctor, "a Washington has as proud a lineage as an Agincourt. They were Normans, as even you must admit, of the best stock; and money is of secondary consideration, as I've often heard you say, when a

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man has blue blood in his veins. Washington would have risen, let me tell you, whether he had married a rich woman, or a poor one; it is in the man; Virginia has had many brave and able sons, but never one his equal."

"For all that," retorted Mr. Agincourt, stopping in his walk, and facing the doctor, "they say, the widow Custis hen-pecks him."

"Well, well," replied the physician, "we won't quarrel. We all know the widow Custis. You royalists, I suppose, must have your fling. But this is not business. Let us return to our subject. Be guided by me, my dear, old friend. Write, as I have said, to Aylesbury. I will see that the letter is forwarded."

His host hesitated for awhile longer; but the doctor finally prevailed: and Mr. Agincourt sat down to compose the epistle. This was no easy matter; for the old man was not accustomed to much correspondence, and this, besides, was a peculiarly delicate affair. The letter was couched in the formal and somewhat high-flown language of that day; and was not innocent, we are glad to record, of more than one solecism in grammar; while only about a dozen words were misspelled. But this was no rare thing, at that time. Even men and women, of the highest rank, were guilty of these errors, a century ago. Mr. Agincourt's epistle, in spite of these faults, however, was a straightforward and honorable one; and, in that respect, it was, probably, above the average of our less punctilious generation.

The missive found our hero in the trenches at Yorktown. We shall not attempt to describe his feelings. He had already heard of the death of Jack. But he had not expected this justification. On the contrary, he had said to himself, that, now that his rival was gone, all hope was over of ever being rehabilitated in Grace's eyes. "He only could have set me right," Aylesbury had said, "and he has died, and made no sign. She is as far from me as ever." The contents of Mr. Agincourt's letter, therefore, were as surprising as they were gratifying. In an instant, all nature assumed a different aspect to the young man: the skies grew bluer, the sun shone more brightly, the waters of the York flashed by like burnished silver. Doctor Grains had feared that Aylesbury would remember only the terrible injustice done to him, and, especially, the suppression of his note of explanation; and so, might make an angry rejoinder. "Perhaps, he is cured, by this time, of his fancy for Grace," thought the physician. "If so, he will have his revenge now; most men would; and it will be sweet to him."

But the good doctor little knew his old *protegee*. Aylesbury wrote, immediately; "in a great hurry," as he said; and as, indeed, was the truth. Important events were in progress, connected with the siege, he continued, or else he would have replied in person; but it was impossible for him to leave his post, that day: to-morrow, he would endeavor to do so. Meantime, might he be allowed to say, he had always looked forward to his justification, sooner or later? In writing this, he exaggerated, as we know; but he wished to spare the feelings of an old man; and shall we be the first to condemn him? "In a couple of days, at latest," he wrote, in conclusion, "I shall be at liberty, and shall hasten to pay my respects at Agincourt House. Pray, make my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Agincourt, whose many kindnesses to me, I shall always cherish, among my dearest recollections. May I hope, also, that I have not been quite forgotten by your daughter? In all these weary months, I have never ceased to look back, on the days spent at Agincourt House, as the happiest of my life." He did not venture to be more explicit; but he hoped that these words would reveal to Grace, who might, probably, read between the lines, the fidelity, as well as strength of his attachment. "Ah! if I could only tell her," he said, as he folded the epistle, "that I have thought of her all the while, and have never, never, ceased to love her."

## CHAPTER X.

Nor was Aylesbury mistaken, in this supposition. When Grace heard the letter read, she knew that the writer still loved her, notwithstanding the injustice which he had suffered. The death of her cousin had been a terrible shock to her, naturally. But, after the first few days, she could not help feeling a sensation of relief. The tragedy, sudden and awful as it was, had saved her from a life of misery, a life that would have been but little better than a living grave. Nature, in time, asserted her rights. The strain of this impending doom once removed, her spirits recovered themselves, and with them her health. Another fact helped on this restoration. Her father, as she knew, was her cousin's heir, and this relieved him from all fear of ruin. The home of his ancestors, Agincourt House, was safe. In reality, Mr. Agincourt was richer than he had ever been: the richest proprietor, perhaps, in all broad Virginia.

By-and-by, her thoughts turned to Aylesbury. She knew, as yet, nothing of her cousin's confession. But something within her told her that he must have been the most to blame. Often, and often, during the past year, she had

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canvassed the matter over. Often, she had said to herself, that she had been unjust to Aylesbury. She had put this thought away, when she decided to marry her cousin; but it now returned to her; and returned, again and again. Yet how explain his silence? Why had he never made any effort to see her, to write to her, even? When she was told, towards the latter part of September, that Washington had arrived in Virginia, and, soon after, that the allied forces had shut Cornwallis up in Yorktown, she wondered if Aylesbury was with the army, or had been left, with some of the troops, in the North. Not hearing anything from him, or even of him, she concluded that he had not come South. Involuntarily, she sighed. For, deep down in her heart, a hope had re-awakened, which this conclusion now crushed again. "He has forgotten me, he despises me," she said. "He has, probably, asked to be detailed elsewhere, so as to avoid even being in my vicinity." All this time, remember, she was ignorant, that Aylesbury had written to her, and that her father had suppressed the letter.

But when the doctor came, and made his revelation, when she heard, in the same hour, of her cousin's treachery, and her parent's cruelty, she almost, for a moment, lost her reason. "Oh! what must he think of me," she cried, clasping her hands to her forehead, and recalling the injustice, the insults, even, which Aylesbury had suffered. "Never, never, will he forgive me. Nor ought he to do it. We have sinned, past all hope. All these long months, yes! for a year or more, he has been treated as a murderer; when, as even Jack admitted at last, he tried his best to avoid a conflict. Was ever such atrocity? Oh! my love, my love, if I could win forgiveness, by going down on my knees to you, if, for only one moment, you would smile on me, and say you pardoned me, I would be willing never to see your face again. But that will never be. Poor papa, he did it for the best; but he has destroyed my happiness, forever. I thought a life, wedded to my cousin, would be only a living death; but this is more horrible: I must live on, year after year, knowing how cruel I have been, and that there is no hope of forgiveness."

Her mother was the first to comfort her. She divined the thoughts of Grace, and after telling her of Mr. Agincourt's letter to Aylesbury, took the most cheerful view of the future.

"He always loved you," she said, "and will, as you will see, hasten to come here. Keep up your spirits, dear. All will go well."

"Do you really think so, darling mamma?" said Grace, nestling close to her. "Really think so? Oh! if he will only forgive me."

"Poor, dear child! To think how you have suffered," said her mother, stroking Grace's hair. "But it is all over, now. I always, dear, did like Aylesbury better than your cousin Jack."

That was all that was said about the now dead cousin, nor was any reference ever made to Mrs. Agincourt's former advocacy of his suit. But the mother and daughter talked long into the night, mingling their tears together. Before they retired, too, came Aylesbury's letter; and this filled them with gladness. They could talk of nothing but his magnanimity.

"Do you think, mother, dear," said Grace, at last, blushing, and half averting her face, as she rose to go to her own room, "do you think there would be anything wrong, if I put off this mourning garb, for a day? If he really comes to-morrow, as he writes he will, I shouldn't like to meet—him—for the first time, in black. It may be a foolish superstition; but you will let me wear white, won't you, dear?"

"Certainly, my love, and I hope to see you wear it, in due time, as a bride," said Mrs. Agincourt, as she kissed, once more, her departing child, now blushing rosier than ever.

Our readers, all of whom, we doubt not, are familiar with the history of that period, know that the aspect of the war had changed greatly within a few months. They will, therefore, understand the allusions we have made to the siege of Yorktown. General Greene, though defeated in his attempt to rescue the South, had made such a gallant fight, and had conducted so masterly a retreat, that the results were almost a victory. Cornwallis, in following him, had been drawn so far from his base, that he had determined to establish a new one in Virginia, hoping, eventually, to hold that colony, in addition to the Carolinas. But no sooner had he fortified himself, for this purpose, at Yorktown, than the eagle eye of Washington saw his chance. The French fleet had now arrived in American waters, and was supreme, for the time. Its presence, if it could be brought to the mouth of the James, would, he reasoned, prevent the British earl from being reinforced by sea. Meantime, if the American army could be rapidly moved, from New Jersey to Yorktown, a net would be drawn around Cornwallis, from which it would be impossible for him to escape in time. The plan was no sooner conceived, than it was put in execution, and now, ever since the middle of September, the allied forces, French and American, had been besieging the royal army. Hence, the presence of Aylesbury, so near to his old home, which the doctor had finally ascertained.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful; one

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of those golden days that are only seen in October, and then only in America. Grace had been too happy to have slept much; but she was too happy to show fatigue. She was up be-times, and came down to breakfast, dressed in virgin white, looking indescribably beautiful.

They sat down to breakfast, but Grace could hardly eat, and could not sit still. She was listening, evidently, for the first sounds of an arrival.

"I think I hear the gallop of a horse—yes," she said, starting up, just as breakfast was over, "I am sure of it. Come, mamma, dear. Come!"

They all rose and hurried to the great hall-door, Mrs. Agincourt and Grace leading. Two or three young ladies, from neighboring plantations, friends of Grace, who were on a visit at Agincourt House, followed. Mr. Agincourt, walking more slowly, brought up the rear.

They reached the hall-door, and there, emerging from the avenue, was an officer, in the white livery of France, leading a horse, without a rider. He drew up, just in front of the terrace.

"It—it is Hector—Mr. Aylesbury's favorite horse," cried Grace. "He used to ride it, every day. But what can it mean? What can it mean?"

She broke from her mother's side, and would have rushed down the steps, to interrogate the horseman, herself.

But her mother held her back.

"He is dead—I know he is," cried Grace, "see the empty saddle."

As she spoke, the French officer dismounted, and throwing the reins of both horses to an orderly, who had followed close behind, looked up, and gravely saluted the group at the hall-door. Then, taking a letter from the breast-pocket of his coat, he advanced, sorrowfully, and with downcast eyes.

Before he could reach the terrace-steps, however, a succession of shrieks was heard, from the rear of the hall; and Grace's colored maid came rushing up, her eyes dilated with horror. The news, in some inexplicable way, travelling, perhaps, from mouth to mouth, had reached the kitchen-servants, even before the riderless horse was seen; and it was this intelligence which now burst from the frightened lips of the girl.

"Oh! Miss Grace, oh! Ma'm Agincourt, Mars' Philip's dead," she cried, gasping the words out. "De Lord help us, and hab mercy on our pore souls. Dey 'saulted de batteries, and Mars' Philip fell dead, sure 'nuf, at de foot of de ramparts. And oh! dar's his horse; I knows it, I does. Oh Lord, oh Lord—"

What more she said, no one remembered, for Grace had sunk back, into her mother's arms, lifeless.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## SILENT SYMPATHY.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

How sweet the silent sympathy
A blessed few bestow,
When with the deepest grief and pain,
We struggle here below.

The help that comes when needed most,
The silent, tender kiss—
O, more than words we value them,
And more than words we miss.

We do not need a trumpet-blast,
To make us understand
The meaning of a tearful eye,
The pressure of a hand.

Job's friends showed more of faithful love,
These seven silent days,
Than when they talked so learnedly,
Of all Jehovah's ways.

Thanks for the silent sympathy,
A gifted few can bring;
That comes, like balm of Gilead,
That is so rare a thing.

## AH, ME!

BY MRS. DEBORAH PIDSLEY.

Ah, Me! It seems but yesterday, (so fast
The months and years have flitted by,) that I,
A happy, laughing child, was sitting by
My mother's side, her hand's warm clasp in mine.
Her gentle voice, so full of tenderness
And love, still lingers in my ear, and once
Again I live among the past—then wake
To find that youthful joy have fled for aye.
That only storm and darkness now are left.
Tossed by life's troubled waves, so tired and worn,
I long to rest me where the wicked cease
To grieve us, and the weary are at rest.

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# JACK DOLMAR'S DECISION.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

A LONG procession filed up one of the narrow, steep streets of Siena, and reached the broad, open space, in front of the ugly, old church of San Domenico.

It was a very gorgeous procession, with its martial music, its silken banners, and its picturesque, fourteenth century costumes; and in gazing thereat, one might have fancied oneself transported back into the heart of the Middle Ages.

But it only needed a glance at the surrounding crowd, to dispel the illusion. Black hats and flounced gowns, asserted the supremacy of the present era. There was nothing mediæval, unless it might be the dust, which was thick enough, and suffocating enough, to have been the accumulated result of centuries.

Ernest Latimer stood on the church-steps, and watched the procession, and the throng, as modern young men do regard such scenes, with a half pitying, half-bored expression.

But when the foremost rank of the procession had gained the steps, the crowd separated so suddenly, to let it pass, that Latimer was pushed close up into the face of an exceedingly pretty girl, and his right arm, which he had involuntarily extended to protect himself, was forced almost around her waist.

She looked at him, indignantly, as was natural, and without paying the least attention to his hastily-uttered apologies, retreated to the other side of her companion. This person, who was big enough, and broad enough, for a son of Anak, bent a scowling countenance upon our hero, who was about to scowl back, for the crowd had ruffled his temper, when, suddenly, the faces of both changed in expression.

"Hallo!" cried the son of Anak.

"Hallo, Jack!" responded Latimer.

Then they shook hands, and Jack said, with the composure and the inelegance of our day:

"This is a rum go! Who'd have thought of your turning up here?"

"I should have sooner thought of that, than of your doing so," retorted Latimer. Then he glanced at the lovely girl at Jack's side, who had been watching these proceedings with huge astonishment. "She must be Jack's sister," thought Latimer; and he added, quite enthusiastically, "I'm awfully glad to see you, Jack Dolmar!" And he shook hands again.

"Well," said Jack, heartily, "the sight of you is refreshing. Why, I was talking to Kate, about you, this very morning. Oh, I say, you don't know Kate, do you? Sis, this is Mr. Latimer."

The young lady looked at our hero, with a grave smile, as he lifted his hat; and Latimer, then and there, decided that she was the loveliest creature he had ever met. A certain mischief in her eyes, the result, doubtless, of the ludicrous way in which they had met, and which belied her somewhat stately mien, completed the charm, and rendered her perfectly bewitching.

"Have you been travelling, on the Continent, long?" he asked.

"We left England, last autumn, and have spent the winter between Rome and Naples," replied Miss Dolmar.

"Rome is the biggest sell in the world, and Naples is a bigger," interposed her brother, with decision. "Oh, I say, Katy, havn't you had enough of this? The procession has got into the church—let's cut the concern."

"You see what a hopeless Goth he is, Mr. Latimer," said Miss Dolmar.

"Thank goodness, that's over," said Jack, with a sigh of relief, as they turned away.

"His invariable remark, in Rome, after we had visited a ruin, or picture-gallery," said Miss Dolmar. "You may fancy what a sympathetic creature Jack is, to go sight-seeing with, Mr. Latimer."

"Give me nature," returned Jack. "Anybody else, who likes, may keep the faded, old frescoes, and the rubbishing piles of stones. And now, aren't you both hungry? Let's have lunch."

Latimer laughed to himself; this was so much like an Englishman. "Always hungry, always ready to eat," he thought.

A few steps led them to the Lizza, the pretty promenade, which every patriotic Sienese believes the finest in the world. At the farther side, some enterprising German had opened a beer-garden. Miss Dolmar declined anything, but Latimer, though not hungry, felt he must join Jack.

They sat there and talked, for a long while. They talked of Jack's visit to America, where he and Latimer had made acquaintance, and become fast friends; of Latimer's own extensive travels; of Miss Dolmar's London seasons; of books, art, etc.



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Then they walked about the promenade; and, at last, Miss Dolmar proposed that they should go up to the fortress, at the side, and watch the sunset from the ramparts. As they reached the iron gates, a young officer, seated in the shadow of the wall, started up, and hurried forward, with so many exaggerated, Italian expressions of delight, that Latimer felt sudden jealousy and wrath rise in his soul. Such a handsome, young officer, too; almost as tall as Latimer, himself, and possessing the advantage of his showy Lancer's uniform, to set off his fine figure.

But, somehow, Miss Dolmar's frank pleasure at meeting him, proved a sort of comfort to Ernest. If the Italian had been a favored admirer, he reflected, she would have seemed less frankly glad. So his wrath died out, and he could even mentally admit that the young lieutenant was "a splendid-looking chap."

The officer merely griped Jack's hand; too busy pouring out voluble greetings to Miss Dolmar, in his native tongue, to have any words to bestow on her brother, and the lady replied in very fair and fluent Italian, especially considering that she was an Englishwoman.

"Come, now, Luigi," cried Jack, "just stop your *inos* and *issimos*, and talk English. What's the use of your understanding the finest language in the world, if you won't speak it."

"Because Miss Dolmar speaks Italian so much better, than I do your iron-bound tongue," returned the lieutenant, though his excellent accent belied his words.

"No flattery allowed, young man," said Jack. "By the way, Della Bocca, let me make you and my American friend, Latimer, acquainted. As you are neither of you English, you won't need to be stiff and solemn."

"I could not be, with an American—I like their country too much," said the lieutenant, with a smile, that quite lit up his dark face.

"But what are you doing here, anyhow?" asked Jack. "None of your regiment quartered in Siena, is there?"

"No. But my mother lives here. I am on furlough. I'm a Sienese," he added.

"So you are—I forgot. Well, you can't help it," retorted Jack. "Since you haven't the bliss of being an Englishman, I suppose you might as well be Sienese as anything."

They all laughed, with the ease and heartiness with which people, who like each other, and are young, can enjoy mutual badinage.

"We are going to watch the sunset, marquis," said Miss Dolmar, presently. "Will you come?"

"Unfortunate wretch that I am," he cried. "I've got to wait here for the colonel, who is busy in the barracks; but I'll join you, after a little, if you will permit."

"Then I'll wait with you," said Jack. "These two people will want to rave over the sunset, and I shall be glad to escape their rhapsodies."

Latimer wondered if he looked as delighted as he felt, at this proposal, on Jack's part. When he glanced at Della Bocca, he knew that he must; for the young officer was watching him, with a half-envious, half-angry, light in his great eyes.

"I'm afraid we shall lose the finest of the sunset, Miss Dolmar, if we don't go," said Latimer.

"I am quite ready," she answered, with a smile, which made Latimer's heart leap, and caused the lieutenant a sharp pang. But, in an instant, the situations were reversed; for Miss Dolmar gave the Italian a still sweeter smile, and said, in the most cordial tones of her beautiful voice: "Please don't let Jack keep you here an hour—I've a thousand questions to ask."

"Indeed, indeed, I will not," he cried, flushing with pleasure, while his eyes shone like stars. "What a pleasure to have met you—I never dreamed of it—and you mean to stop some time?"

"A week, at least," said Miss Dolmar. "We are to wait for my aunt—she is in Naples."

Della Bocca clapped his hands, in a boyish fashion, which caused Latimer to smile, disdainfully, under his moustache; but he displayed a wisdom, very few young men would have been capable of; for, as soon as he and Miss Dolmar passed on, he said:

"What a very handsome fellow—he looks clever, too."

"He is," Miss Dolmar answered, "and the kindest, best-hearted man imaginable."

"Have you known him long?" Latimer asked.

"Oh, yes. He is a connection of some relatives of ours. He has been several times in England, and has visited at our house."

"Ah," said Latimer, and set his teeth hard. Why should fate have bestowed such unmerited happiness, on any member of the Latin race? "See those soldiers—rather poor creatures, as a rule, these Italian warriors," he said, aloud.

"Why, you were praising them, awhile ago," exclaimed Miss Dolmar. "You told Jack to look at our troops, of unfledged boys, before abusing these."

"Did I? Oh, that was for the pleasure of taking Jack down a bit—he is such a thorough Briton," returned Latimer. Then he began to laugh, and added: "That's not the real reason, though. I believe I was savage at the idea of

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Della Bocca's having known you a good while—being an old friend, when I'm just a new acquaintance."

"I could not consider you that," she said, seriously. "I do not forget your kindness to my brother. He would have died of that dreadful fever, in California, if it had not been for you. I have always wanted to thank you, Mr. Latimer. Let me do so now."

She spoke so gravely, that Latimer felt ashamed; and, for a few moments, they walked on, talking earnestly enough. They had a full half-hour's leisure, to admire the beautiful view. In the foreground, Siena seated, like a queen, upon her throne of hills; beyond, for miles and miles, a sweep of woodland and plain, dotted with villas and towers; and the purple hills, in the distance, gorgeous in the evening light.

Then Dolmar and Della Bocca joined them, and they all walked back to the hotel; and the Italian was asked to dine, an invitation he accepted, on condition, that the three would go with him, later, to visit his mother. The promise was duly carried out, and the mother proved a most delightful old lady, frank and playful as a child, yet so stately and dignified withal, so beautiful, in the picturesque ruin of age, that she seemed the fitting mistress of the great palace, strong and stern enough to have served as a fortress, yet so lighted up within by rare, old frescoes, world-famed pictures, and cinque-cento treasures, that the most imaginative person could not have conceived a more charming abode.

The week, which the brother and sister had proposed to spend in the quaint, old town, prolonged itself into a month. The aunt was detained, at Naples, by the illness of a favorite companion; and some other relatives, whom Jack especially detested, occupied Florence; and he declared that nothing should induce him to set foot there, while they remained.

But the time did not seem long to any of them. Jack Dolmar was the best-tempered of mortals, as he was the laziest, except when hunting and shooting. This entire freedom from society-duties, therefore, suited him exactly. To complete the sum of his indolent content, a pretty American widow, whom he had met in Rome, made her appearance at the hotel, and she and Jack plunged into a desperate flirtation. Neither believed the other really in earnest, and did not put much personal strength of feeling into the matter; though, with both, it was, perhaps, getting stronger than they knew.

As for Miss Dolmar, she never thought of danger—to herself or others. The old marchesa had told her that Luigi was to marry a distant cousin, in Genoa, and so fulfil a long-settled arrangement between the families; and Jack had said that he believed Latimer was engaged to some American girl. In consequence, Miss Dolmar accepted the attentions of the pair, as mere idle civilities.

But neither of the men were blind, in regard to the other. Each knew that he had a rival, and a dangerous one, too, from both physical advantages, and mental gifts. But there was a strong liking between them, in spite of this knowledge; a sympathy, which neither could resist, try as he might; and both had reasons for trying, when jealous or morbid. Della Bocca was only twenty-five, and Latimer not quite a year older; and, experienced men of the world, as they deemed themselves, there was a good deal of boyish impulse and vehemence still left in their natures. Whenever they could not be with Miss Dolmar, they were together; and they talked, freely, upon every possible subject, except that lady. It might have been better, and safer, if, in the beginning, they had come to a distinct understanding, on this point, and owned themselves rivals; but they did not; and it was very, very seldom that her name even found mention between them.

The weather was heavenly. The surrounding country afforded endless, lovely drives and walks. The charming, old town, itself, proved a never-ceasing object of interest. Just to wander about the streets, was like plunging back into the Middle Ages.

But the enchanted month came to an end, at last. The aunt was to arrive, in a few days, and the pleasant, little circle would be broken up. It was wonderful how both Latimer, and Della Bocca, kept from an open revelation of feeling. But, impulsive as both were, each had motives for reticence, sufficiently strong to enable him to preserve a reasonable degree of self-control. Latimer dared not speak, after so short an acquaintance. Katharine Dolmar was a very proud woman, he saw, and one quite capable of pronouncing his hasty avowal an impertinence. As for Luigi, he feared any discovery, on his mother's part, just now. No engagement, between him and his cousin, actually existed; but he knew what both families expected; knew, too, that Nina loved him. Nay! until the past winter had taught him the depth of his passion for Kate, he had contemplated the prospect of marriage, with pretty Nina, with sufficient complacency. If his mother got any suspicion of the state of affairs, she had quite determination enough to speak to Miss Dolmar, in a way that would put an end to his hopes. So he felt that he must wait. In a few

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months, he was certain of being promoted to a captaincy. Also, he should come into possession of an inheritance, which would render him independent of his mother. Then, he trusted, between her pride in his advancement, and her earnest love for him, to coax her into allowing him to have his own way.

The Dolmars gave a little dinner-party, one night; for, through the marchesa, they had made acquaintance with several Sienese families; had been invited to certain houses, to pass the evening, and drink orgeat, and eat little biscuits; and so they decided to return the hospitalities, in Anglo-Saxon fashion. The signora Della Bocca was to have matronized Miss Dolmar, but an inopportune neuralgic attack, a disease to which, like most of her elderly countrywomen, she was very subject, prevented her doing so; however, another stately dame, with many long titles, could do it just as well, in her threadbare, velvet gown, decorated with a torrent of lace, worth a small fortune. It was lucky for the old marchesa's peace of mind, that illness kept her at home; as Luigi was in a state of intense excitement, and the shrewd, little lady would certainly have perceived something of his feelings, towards the beautiful English girl.

The dinner proved very gay, chiefly through the efforts of Luigi and Latimer. When the ladies had all gone, with the exception of the widow, who sat bending over the table, where Jack was exhibiting some miracle of carving he had just purchased, to Luigi and a young Frenchman, Miss Dolmar opened the window, and stepped out into the balcony, and Latimer followed her.

"You have scarcely spoken to me, all the evening," he said, laughing. "But, at least, I suppose, you will bid me good-night."

"And I have to thank you and the marchese, for making the evening a success," she replied. "You quite surpassed yourselves. You had rather the advantage, for you speak French better than he."

"I am thankful to get the advantage of him in any particular, however slight," Latimer exclaimed, with imprudent warmth.

She looked at him, in a little surprise, though she laughed. She was so lovely, in her white robes, her face glorified by the moonlight, that he rather lost his head. Such wild words rose to his lips, that it required a powerful effort to check them.

"You must not be kept up any longer," he said, afraid to remain there another instant. "Will you give me one flower—just one?" he added, pointing to a bouquet she held. Had he known that Luigi had given it to her, he, probably, would not have made the request.

She selected a spray of lilies-of-the-valley, and handed it to him, saying, laughingly:

"It is a shame to spoil the bunch, but you have been so good, this evening, that I must not refuse you."

"Thanks!" he said. "I wonder if you can dream how precious it is to me." He pressed the flowers to his lips, as he spoke, gazing at her with eager, passionate eyes.

It was the first time he had ever spoken like that; the first time he had ever let his soul out in his gaze, as he did then. A sudden, quick tremor stirred Kate Dolmar's nerves. Almost simultaneously rose the recollection of what Jack had said about Latimer's engagement.

Words and look, under this memory, became an impertinence. But, ah! worse than that; in this quick moment of conflicting feeling, she learned a secret that she had not even suspected—she cared for him!

She looked full in his face, however, proudly, sternly, with a glance which turned him cold, from head to foot. "I have hopelessly offended her," he said to himself.

"It is chilly, here," she said, in an icy voice, and passing him, with a slight inclination of the head, joined the group at the table.

For a few moments, Latimer stood, leaning against the edge of the balcony, actually sick and dizzy, with apprehension and regret. What had he done—what had he done? Oh, he must speak now—she must hear; he must know his fate, however dreadful.

He started forward, not even remembering how mad he was to suppose, that, while so many were present, he could have an opportunity of speaking privately to her. When he reached the table, Miss Dolmar and the widow had departed; and the two men were just bidding Jack good-night. Latimer took his leave, also; hurried to his room; threw a paletot over his evening-dress; caught up his hat, and went downstairs, turning into the Lizza, upon which the back windows of the hotel opened.

He came face to face, as he reached the Lizza, with Luigi and the Frenchman. An Italian, who had been of the dinner-party had also joined them.

"Here is Latimer, too," said Luigi. "Come out to smoke, eh? We found Costarini loitering here. It does seem a shame to stop in-doors, such a perfect night."

Latimer was forced to put by his trouble; to stand there and talk; to behave as much like a sane man, as he could manage. Centarini and the

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Frenchman got into some argument; Luigi seized Latimer's arm, and pulled him forward, saying:

"Walk up to the fortress-gates, and back. Those fellows will have got to the end of their argument, by that time."

He was laughing, jesting, in the wildest spirits. Somehow, his light-heartedness roused a very devil of wrath in Latimer's soul.

"What a noisy fellow you are!" he exclaimed. "I believe you Italians always stay boys."

Luigi stopped short, and confronted him. They had reached an open space, in the middle of the shrubberies. The moonlight fell full upon his face, and it was angry and black.

As soon as the ungenerous words had left his lips, Latimer felt heartily sorry for having uttered them. He began to stammer some words of apology.

Just then, the light wind blew back the unbuttoned paletot, thrown over Latimer's shoulders, and the marquis saw the lilies-of-the-valley in the lappel of his coat.

"Luigi, I—" He began.

But Latimer could get no further. The sight of the blossoms he had given Miss Dolmar, roused Della Bocca's anger to a terrible pitch. He snatched the spray, flung it on the ground, and set his heel on it; his face livid, his eyes blazing.

"You are not worthy to wear them," he hissed out. "You are not a gentleman!"

Latimer's fiery temper was roused.

"It would not be to one of your race, that I would come to learn," he cried. Then his generous nature asserted itself, even over his anger; he knew the fault was his. "Luigi, I didn't mean that," he exclaimed.

"Oh, that comes too late!" cried Della Bocca. "You can't insult an Italian, sir, and then back out of the consequences."

"I'm not likely to try," said Latimer, divided between rage and remorse. "I think the insult came from you."

Luigi picked up the crushed flowers, and held them out, with a contemptuous laugh.

"If you had any more, I'd treat them in the same fashion," said he.

Even at this instant, Latimer had too much recollection of what was honorable, to let Miss Dolmar have any connection, whatever, with their difficulty.

"If you want to quarrel, you must choose another subject," said he.

"Ah, I understand. You are right," cried Luigi. "You have insulted my nation. Will you apologize?"

"Apologize?" Latimer laughed, derisively.

"You're a coward!" exclaimed Della Bocca; and Latimer caught the hand he had lifted, just in time to avoid a blow

The two men stood, staring in each other's faces, for an instant. It seemed to both, that they had always hated one another.

"This can't end here," said Latimer.

"No!" cried Luigi, wrenching his arm free. "This earth isn't wide enough for both of us."

Again he lifted his clenched hand. Latimer pushed him back. Their two friends, coming up the path, at this crisis, hurried forward, with eager inquiries and exclamations.

"Mr. Latimer has insulted my country," said Luigi. "Contarini, I must beg, to put the matter in your hands. No doubt, Monsieur de Morney will act as Mr. Latimer's friend."

He walked away, towards the fortress, and Contarini followed. The Frenchman remained with Latimer, and found the American as obstinate and determined, as Contarini did Luigi.

In a few moments, the two men left their principals, and held a brief consultation. They were helpless: Neither Latimer nor Luigi would hear reason. Latimer went back to his room; Luigi, to Contarini's house. When the intermediaries followed their principals, everything had been arranged. The two men were to fight, with swords, at daybreak, in the grounds of Contarini's villa, a short distance outside of the city gates, and already famous for such encounters.

Late in the night, Jack Dolmar was wakened, by a violent toothache, and he was so unaccustomed to pain of any sort, that he bore it with even less than the small amount of fortitude, which we men can summon against physical suffering. He lighted a candle, and dressed himself, fortunately remembering that Latimer had a bottle of chloroform in his room. So he started, candle in hand, down the corridor, hoping that he might succeed in getting what he wanted, without waking his friend. Softly opening the door, he entered. The curtains were drawn about the bed. Latimer neither spoke nor stirred. Jack walked on tip-toe to the table; but the chloroform was not there. He stumbled against a chair, and made such a noise, that he expected to see Latimer start up, in astonishment and anger; but there was no sign of his having been disturbed.

"Talk about the Seven Sleepers," muttered Jack, rather indignant, now, that anybody could slumber so profoundly, when he was suffering.

He went up to the bed. It was empty. It had not been occupied that night. Jack thought this very odd; but a fresh paroxysm made him forget everything, but the necessity of finding

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the chloroform. He discovered it, at length, behind some bottles, on the bureau, filled his mouth, and as soon as the anæsthetic dulled the pain, began searching for a bit of cotton. He recollected, that Latimer had bought some, the day before, to wrap up some bits of ivory carving. He pulled out the table-drawer, and the first thing he saw, was a letter, directed to himself, lying on the top of the piles of papers.

He tore open the envelope. As he unfolded the sheet, a second envelope, bearing his sister's name, fell from it. Jack glanced down the page, and uttered a cry of dismay and grief. The letter was to tell him what to do, in case the duel ended fatally for Latimer.

Horror-stricken as he was, Jack needed very few moments to get back his strong, practical common-sense, and, in the shock, to lose his toothache. He felt confident, that jealousy, in regard to his sister, had been the real cause of the quarrel; he had known that both men were in love with her; and he reproached himself now, bitterly, for having held his peace. He ought to have warned her; have warned Luigi, also; for when Latimer assured him that he was mistaken, about his ever having been engaged, Jack had learned his friend's secret; but he had not chosen to meddle. Latimer, he said, must tell Kate himself.

The duel must not, and should not, take place. Why, Kate loved Latimer; he was sure of that. The widow, indeed, had insisted it was Luigi she liked, and angered Jack, by declaring her a flirt. But Kate was no flirt. He would prevent the encounter, if he had to stand between the combatants.

But he was wasting time. He must go, at once. The mention of Contarini's name, made Jack certain of the place where they were to meet.

Jack ran back to his chamber, got his hat, and hurried downstairs. The porter, who slept in a little room off the entrance-hall, looked out, as Jack passed.

"You are going out, too, signore?" he asked.

"Yes. How long since Mr. Latimer went?"

"Only a short time," replied the man, supposing, from Jack's words, that the command of secrecy, laid upon him, could not be meant to apply to the gentleman.

"Well, hold your tongue," said Jack, and tossed him a Napoleon. The porter added it to the one he had lately received from Latimer, and retired to his couch again, to rest in peace. He knew, very well, what errand must be taking the two signori abroad at that hour; but it was none of his business.

The dawn was beginning to break, as Jack hurried along the street leading to the Porta Romana, about a mile beyond which, stood the Contarini villa. He passed a stable, where he was in the habit of hiring horses. The door stood ajar; one of the men was there, busy with a sick horse. Jack got him to saddle a fleet, little beast, he had often ridden; and away he dashed, down the stony street.

It was growing broad daylight, when he arrived at the villa grounds. Jack dismounted, and tied his horse to a post. The gates were locked. But he remembered, that, further on, there was an angle in the wall, which one could scale by means of some jutting stones. Contarini had once shown it to him, when relating the means by which he used to get in and out, at night, in his boyish days.

Over the high wall went Jack, his gymnastic training rendering the feat easy enough. Once landed on the smooth turf, below, he raced up the principal avenue, and came out by the house. This was shut up, at this season of the year. He passed it, and hurried on, towards a wood, at some distance. Beyond this was a cleared space. As Jack neared it, he heard a voice call, "Three!" Then came the clash of swords, and on he bounded; reached the edge of the wood; and saw Latimer and Luigi just beginning their combat.

"Stop!" he shouted. "If either of you are going to fight, it must be with me."

As he spoke, he got close to them. The two seconds hurried up. Jack pushed them away.

"Latimer! Luigi!" he cried, absolutely forcing himself in between them.

Both turned, their uplifted weapons suspended in their hands. Jack's foot slipped; he stumbled forward; struck heavily against the point of Latimer's sword; reeled; and fell backwards upon the ground.

There was an instant of horrified silence; then a simultaneous groan broke from the bystanders. The surgeon knelt by the prostrate man, unbuttoning his waistcoat, tearing open his shirt, and exposing a wound in the left breast, from which the blood flowed in a quick, irregular stream.

"My God! he is dead!" exclaimed Contarini.

The words roused Latimer, from his stupor of agony. He snatched up his sword. But Luigi caught his arm, just in time. Otherwise, in his despair, he might have killed himself.

"He's not dead," cried the surgeon. "Give me that case of instruments, Contarini—quick!"

When the blood was staunched, they carried Jack into the house; then came the most painful task of all—his sister must be sent for.

There are no words to describe the torture,

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which Latimer lived through, during the next thirty-six hours of suspense. He believed, afterward, that his reason would never have returned, except for Luigi's care.

The young Italian's remorse equalled his own. Luigi had seen Katharine Dolmar; had taken the blame upon himself; his own suffering seemed nothing, in comparison to Latimer's, since an awful chance had made him the actual medium of Jack's misfortune.

It was Luigi, who, at the expiration of those dreadful hours, brought Latimer the tidings that Jack had wakened out of the delirium, which had followed the early hours of stupor. His first intelligible words, had been to ask for his friend.

Luigi had to say farewell, also. He had just been ordered to join his regiment, without an instant's delay. The duel was supposed to be a profound secret; but all Siena knew of it, though the general belief was that it had taken place between the two foreigners. The stern, little, old marchesa knew the truth, however, and Luigi's recall was her doing. She attended to that matter, even before going out to the villa, to share Katharine Dolmar's watch.

Latimer obeyed the summons, at once. He had only one hope, that he might not have to meet Katharine. He was shown up to the wounded man's room. As he entered, Jack's white face turned slowly, on the pillow; the honest, blue eyes looked out at him, with affectionate tenderness; one weakened hand stretched itself forward, in welcome.

"Jack, oh, my God, Jack!" moaned Latimer, falling on his knees, by the bedside, while the tears, that were an honor to his manhood, burst forth, and choked his utterance.

The curtains stirred, unnoticed by him, and Katharine Dolmar crept, noiselessly, out of the room.

"Come, come, old man, cheer up!" Jack said, in his kindest tones. "The doctor says, I shall be all right, in a fortnight. You've got to nurse me, you know. I recollect, what a famous hand you are at it, and I give you fair warning, I don't mean to have anybody else."

So, Latimer took his place by the bed, and scarcely left it, during the next ten days. Katharine Dolmar shared his watch, a great deal of the time; but he never once saw her alone; never had even an opportunity to know if she had forgiven him, or ever might.

The day, at last, came, when Jack could be dressed, and sit up for a little, and gladden them all, by his gay spirits; which, by the way, somewhat horrified the aunt, who was of a severe turn of mind. She had arrived, soon after Jack's accident; but the share Latimer had borne therein, was carefully concealed from her.

"Anybody would think, you were the fellow just out of bed," exclaimed Jack, looking at his friend; and it was true; Latimer was pale and thin, as if from a long illness. "Now, tell Kate she may come in," said Jack, when he was comfortably established in his easy-chair.

Latimer opened the door; saw her walking up and down the corridor; and gave her brother's message to her. As the pair entered, Jack called:

"Come here, you two!" They approached, and stood, one on either side of his chair; both very pale; both with downcast eyes.

"Kate, give me your hand," continued Jack; and, as she obeyed, he added, "give me yours, Latimer."

When he had both, in his broad palms, he joined them, and said, with a laugh which poorly hid a sob: "I've a natural right to dispose of you, as my sister; and I've bought the right to do what I please with you, Ernest; so I give you to each other. Now go away, and talk it out."

So they were married, early in the autumn; and Jack and the widow were married, soon after. Luigi has not yet taken pretty Nina to wife, but he will, before long; and will be happy enough, after all.

## "WE PARTED."

BY MARY TURNER BEHN.

We parted with a cold good-bye,
  I saw him pass into the street;
Long years had fled since we had met,
  And ne'er again might we two meet.

The past came o'er me, like a dream
  Of music, breathing soft and low;
We thought we could not live apart—
  But that was in the long ago.

In mock'ry sad, we often smile,
  And do our duty 'mid the throng;
While few can know the hearts that ache,
  Amid the merry jest and song.

The autumn days drag, one by one,
  The forest leaves grow brown and sere;
And life goes slowly, sadly on—
  From month to month, from year to year.

Soon winter comes, with icy chains,
  But hope can bring no change to me;
In solitude my heart remains,
  Away, my love, away from thee.

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# THE CRIMSON PHIAL.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

ARE you fond of living in boarding houses, reader? Of dwelling in a single room, where your possessions, few though they may be, are piled one on the top of each other? Of eating food dressed to please the palates of these people, and where every dish on the table has the same flavor, as if cooked in the same pan, and seasoned with the same spoon? Of having your most private affairs made the theme of discussion, by tattling old maids and scandal-loving matrons? I, for one, am not fond of all this. Nor was it until I went to Paris that I made acquaintance with the ways and affairs of boarding houses.

The house I went to had been recommended to me by some kind friends in America. It was kept by no less a personage than a real live baroness—the Baroness Blinski. How this titled lady had sunk, from the heights of the aristocracy, to the humble position of the keeper of a boarding house, was never exactly understood. But her house was beautifully situated, in one of the best quarters of Paris. The furniture made up in gilding and clocks for what it lacked in comfort and carpets. The profusion of plate on the table, and the loftiness of the epergnes, were held to atone for the scantiness of the food; and then it was something to live beneath the roof of a baroness; and it looked well in the American papers, when it was stated that "Mrs. Snobbs and her daughters were staying, in Paris, at the Baroness Blinski's."

The guests, or rather boarders, comprised the usual English captain, with a red nose, and his stout wife, in bright purple silk, with emerald-green trimmings; the American girl, who had come abroad to study music, with a view to devoting herself to the opera, accompanied by the usual mamma, with an immense degree of faith in the prima donna of the future aforesaid. There was also the usual brace of old maids, with a taste for church-going and a passion for scandal. There was the young clergyman in weak health, and with an inclination to be highly scandalized at everything and everybody in Paris. And, among the varied throng, were the two sets of people wherewith my story chiefly concerns itself.

First, there were Mrs. Farquhar and her daughter, Florence, from San Francisco. Mrs. Farquhar was a widow, of about sixty years of age, and the fair Florence was her only child—a blooming girl of nearly twenty-one, the latest born and sole survivor (as her mother told me, with tears in her eyes, one day) of a numerous family. Such a pretty old lady, as was Mrs. Farquhar, it has seldom been my lot to encounter. Small and daintily made, with delicate features, that kept a faint, soft coloring like a winter-rose, exquisite little hands and feet, and clear, blue eyes, that wore a piteous expression, as though the traces of past tears still lingered in their depths—all went to make up a very winning picture. And with all her prettiness, she never dressed youthfully, or behaved youthfully, or made a fool of herself in any way. Indeed, as regards her dress, her simple, yet coquettish little cap, under which the silvery curls of her hair showed to such advantage, her rich black dresses, and the vaporous folds of tulle that swathed her throat and hid all lines and traces of old age in that tell-tale portion of the feminine frame, were all points that went to make up the charm of the picture.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Farquhar was as weak, where her daughter was concerned, as she was charming to look upon, and sensible as regarded her dress and manners. She permitted herself to be bullied and driven about, by that imperious young person, after a truly lamentable fashion. Florence Farquhar was, indeed, an exaggerated specimen of a certain type of the American girl. She had been a beauty and a belle, ever since she had outgrown dolls and sugar-plums. Her father had died before she was twelve years old, and both parents had idolized her, bestowing on her all the love that they had given to the dead brothers and sisters that had passed away before she was born.

The little beauty, sparkling, graceful, and fascinating, had seen the dignity of prospective heirship added to her other charms, in her childhood; for, as her father had died without a will, two-thirds of his large estate would pass into her hands, on the day she would be twenty-one. No wonder that she became spoiled and imperious. And Mrs. Farquhar was the last person on earth to correct, or repress, such qualities in her offspring. She used to look meekly and helplessly at her daughter, whenever that headstrong damsel insisted on executing some peculiarly preposterous freak; and a faint "Flossy, now,



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really you should not do that," was the most vehement opposition that she ever ventured upon making. Fortunately, Flossy was not a positively bad sort of a girl, at all; only a spoilt and wayward young creature, with a far more favorable opinion of her own sense and discernment, than these qualities deserved. And how pretty she was, the minx! I actually used to catch myself staring at her, in a surreptitious manner, and delighting my eyes with the fresh, healthy bloom of her complexion; the golden silkiness of the little rings of hair, that clustered over her forehead; the dainty saucinesss of her cocked-up nose, and laughing, violet eyes; and the delicate proportions of her graceful figure, set off, as were these last, by Worth's latest compositions, in the way of walking and of morning dresses. She was getting up an outfit for Saratoga, and a winter, afterwards, in Washington; and, as each new dress came home, she would give it "a wear, to get it through the Custom House," as she used to observe; but, also, I think, privately, to dazzle her fellow-boarders, with a sight of her magnificence. Such shimmering gauzes, and shining satins, such delicately-tinted brocades and costly laces, such bewildering hues of blue, and pink, and cream, and mauve, had never before been seen, in the stuffy drawing-rooms of Madame La Baronne's establishment. And it was impossible not to admire the pretty creature, in the fresh bloom of her youthful beauty, and, equally impossible, not to pardon her petty foibles and vanities.

The Farquhars sat just opposite me, at the dinner-table, and farther up, at the right hand of the baroness herself in fact, was stationed a group that had attracted my attention, from the very first moment I had entered the house—a French family, consisting of the father, mother, and one son, the latter a young man, of about twenty-five years of age. Their name was Belval. The father was a small, spare, old man, who talked but little, and spent his time in perusing the "*Pays*," and the "*Gaulois*," and the "*Petit Caporal*," and the "*Mot d' Ordre*," and other Bonapartist sheets, (for he was a frantic Imperialist,) beside the parlor fire. He appeared to be devoid of the usual tastes of elderly Frenchmen, for clubs and *cafés*, and never seemed to care to leave the house. In the evening, when, according to the pernicious custom, common at many French boarding houses, the gaming-tables were produced, he would wake up to something like animation, and would play as long as he could find an adversary; his withered cheek flushing, and his thin fingers trembling on the cards, as he gambled for the interesting sum of ten cents. The son was fine-looking, tall and fair, but with premature lines about his eyes, and a lack of freshness and vigor in his aspect, which told of dissipation, and its effects. Yet, he was well-bred and agreeable; could sing small ballads, in a weak, but well-trained baritone; could dance fairly well, and was never averse to exercising his talents, for the benefit of the company in general, and of Miss Flossy Farquhar in particular. Madame Belval was, however, the most interesting personage of the trio. Tall and spare, with aquiline features, a sallow skin, and white hair, folded plainly under a cap of severest aspect, she looked the great lady, to the very life, though her dress was always of the plainest, being usually of some black, woolen stuff, and of the simplest possible fashion. There was something in the steely gleam of her cold, gray eyes, and in the set lines of her thin lips, that was eloquent of pride, and of a habit of command. Her hands, too, long, thin, and white, with slender, tapering fingers, told of good blood, and high breeding. These thin, bloodless-looking hands, in singular contradistinction to the studied severity of the rest of Madame Belval's attire, were always ablaze with gems, great, glittering diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, that looked, to say the least, extremely out of place, when contrasted with the lady's stuff gown, and net cap. M. Belval, also, occasionally sported a rather remarkable scarf-pin. It was an engraved opal, showing a head of Diana, cut in high-relief. The workmanship was admirable; but the stone, itself, was peculiarly dull and colorless, lacking all the gleaming fires and play of rainbow-tints, that form the true beauty of the opal. I have cause to remember this pin, by a little incident that took place one evening. The conversation, having turned upon gems, apropos of some ornaments, which Miss Farquhar had ordered at Tiffany's, someone remarked on the fine workmanship of M. Belval's pin, and asked to look at it. It passed from hand to hand, everybody admiring and examining it, till it came into my possession. As I gave it back to its owner, I remarked, jestingly, "Your opal lacks lustre, M. Belval; someone must have tried to poison you, one day, and, so according to the legend of the gem, put out its central fires."

The effect produced by my careless words was really alarming. The old man turned as pale as death, and snatched the opal from my hand, glaring at me in speechless fury as he did so. Then, seeing by the looks of consternation on the features of the bystanders, that he was betraying a very uncalled-for and strange degree of emotion, he tried to laugh, failed utterly in the attempt, and abruptly quitted the room. I began to believe that M. Belval was insane on

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the subject of trinkets, and that his insanity was shared by his wife; for this incident respecting the scarf-pin recalled to my mind a similar betrayal of irritation on the part of Mme. Belval, when an old French gentleman, of antiquarian tastes, had requested permission to inspect an old-fashioned locket which she had habitually worn suspended to her watch-chain, and which was set with a large, shallow emerald, on which was engraved a coat-of-arms. She had refused to let him touch it, with every symptom of indignation and excitement, and had instantly left the room. Nor was she ever again seen to wear the locket.

However, the Belvals, and their trinkets, and their peculiarities, interested me very little, and I doubt if I should ever have given them a second thought, had it not been for the series of incidents that I am now about to relate.

M. Leon Belval, the son of this singular pair, was, as I have said before, a handsome, but dissipated-looking, young fellow, with a well-trained voice and very charming manners. As he was the only young gentleman in the house, it was by no means strange that Flossy Farquhar, who was a born flirt, every inch of her, should encourage his attentions; should sing with him, waltz with him, try to teach him the Boston of evenings, and suffer him to escort her, under her mother's chaperonage, to the theatre and the opera. Beyond such comparatively mild proceedings, she did not go; for Miss Farquhar was too well-bred to be fast; and, moreover, she had lived abroad quite long enough to know that a French adorer is not to be flirted with as openly and freely as is possible with an American one. So I must confess that I was somewhat amazed when, one day, Mrs. Farquhar came into my room, in a state of pitiable agitation, and, amid a whirlwind of tears and sobs, announced to me the fact of her daughter's positive engagement to young Belval.

"You know, my dear Miss Anson, that I have always been *so* opposed to Flossy's marrying a foreigner. Somehow or other, such matches seldom turn out well. There was the Countess de Chelles—everybody said she was poisoned by her husband; and then there was Maude Clevison, who married the Vicomte de Villaret, and had to leave him before two years were out; and Miss Jameson, who ran off with the Count de Rosier, and he left her in about a year."

I tried to soothe the old lady, and to persuade her that her French son-in-law might turn out to be a model husband, in all respects; but she shook her head, and was in no wise convinced by my arguments.

"My dear Miss Anson, if he only really cared for Flossy herself, I should not so much mind. But all he is after is her fortune, and you know she comes of age in about three months, and will then enter into the uncontrolled possession of her property. I hear he has been to the American Legation, and to the American Consulate, to try to find out something definite about Mr. Farquhar's estate, and the extent of it, and the terms of the will, and so on. He got no satisfaction at either place—that I know—but he has learned all that he wanted to learn, through another channel, undoubtedly; and then, besides, who *are* these Belvals? They claim to be great aristocracy, and Leon is always talking to Flossy about a dormant title, and all sorts of nonsense of that kind; but I am sure there is some mystery about them. Mr. Belval always bristles up and turns savage, if you make any allusions to the past, and Madame pinches her lips, and sits up stiffly, and talks about the misfortunes of the nobility, but never a word can one get of real satisfaction out of one of them."

"But, if young Leon Belval, himself, is—"

"But he is not. He is a dissipated scamp, a gambler and a roué, and heaven knows what else beside. But what am I to do, Miss Anson? I have talked to Flossy till I am tired, and it is all of no use!"

Of course, it was of no use. Miss Farquhar never would take her mother's advice, on even so trivial a matter as a dress, or a trinket; so it was hardly likely that she would listen to her when her imagination, if not her heart, had been taken captive by the handsome person, polished manners, and showy accomplishments of her Parisian swain. I felt a veritable degree of pity for the old lady, as she sat before me, her hands trembling, her face drawn and ghastly, and all the faint, delicate pink faded from her poor old cheeks. She looked at least ten years older than when I had met her at breakfast, a few hours before, serene and smiling, in Worth's latest achievement in the way of a morning dress. I would have done anything in the world to help her—yet what could I do? One might as well talk to the wind, as reason with Florence Farquhar, when she had once gotten an idea into her head, or set her mind on carrying a project into execution.

"Help me—do help me, Miss Anson. I know there is something wrong about these people, and if I could only find out what it was, I might be able to persuade Flossy to break off her engagement."

I suggested the detective police; but Mrs. Farquhar was quite horrified at the idea of an appeal

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to any such tremendous institution. Then, suddenly, a thought struck me. When I first came to Paris, in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent, I had brought a letter of introduction to the chief of all the American correspondents in Paris, Mr. John Williamson, of the New York Daily "Thunderbolt." Mr. Williamson had resided in Paris for over thirty years. He knew everybody, and everything that was worth knowing, in the literary, artistic, or political life of the great capital. His long experience of Parisian life, joined to a keen and cultivated intellect, and a judgment of singular clearness and straightforwardness, made of him a most valuable recorder of the ways and doings of the Parisian celebrities. Unsociable and hermit-like, to a fault, he yet possessed the kindest of hearts, and the most unselfish of dispositions. I had been told that his friendship would be invaluable to me, and so it had proved. So long as I needed aid and counsel in my chosen path, he was at hand to give them to me; making suggestions, pointing out sources of information, and affording me much precious assistance, at the very moment that I needed it most. Then, when I was once fully launched on my literary career, he vanished into his seclusion, and I saw him no more, unless, perhaps, I encountered the kindly brown eyes, and slouch hat, and grizzled beard, of my good old friend, in the throng at the opening of the Salon, or amid the book-fanciers at an auction sale of a library, at the Salle Sylvestre. But I remembered, that on the solitary occasion that I had contrived to coax him into coming to dine with me, at the Baroness Blinski's, he had looked long and earnestly at the Belval family, and had finally asked their names.

"Belval—the—yes—Belval—very good. I thought that I recognized the lady's face," he remarked, abstractedly. And then the conversation changed, and we mentioned them no more. But poor Mrs. Farquhar's distressful dilemma aroused in my mind a remembrance of the rather peculiar way in which he had reiterated the name of Belval, as though it were a novelty to him, as attached to the persons in question. So, catching at a feeble hope, I resolved to go in search of Mr. Williamson, and find out if he knew anything respecting these mysterious personages, that might prove a cause for the rupture of the engagement. I imparted my project to Mrs. Farquhar, who consented at once to my taking Mr. Williamson into our confidence, and, indeed, was anxious to hurry me off at once on my errand. Poor old lady! She brightened, visibly, when I held out to her this weak little straw of possible succor. She was literally afraid of Leon Belval, and of his imperious mamma, who ignored her completely, while caressing and cajoling Florence to her heart's content.

It was not till some days later, however, that I found time and opportunity to seek out Mr. Williamson, in his distant abode in the artists' quarter of Paris. Now, were this a letter or a sketch, instead of a story, I might fill some pages with a description of his suite of apartments, the ante-room and drawing-room of which were crowded with curiosities, knicknacks, books, prints, drawings, old MSS., etc., etc., till the tables and chairs had a hard fight of it to get room enough to stand in. Amid all these treasures, and enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke, dense as a London fog in November, sat my old friend, writing away, in vigorous absorption, while mountains of newspapers arose on either side of him. He greeted me with his usual kindly cordiality, displaced a big gray cat from the only chair in the room, beside that in which he sat himself, that was not encumbered with books, or porcelain, or prints, to give me a seat; lit a fresh cigar, and, pushing away his writing, leaned back and prepared to listen to what I had to say. I stated my case as briefly as possible, laying particular stress on the anguish of Mrs. Farquhar, and the general conviction of Leon Belval's bad character, which was prevalent in the minds of all who knew him. He hearkened in silence, asking only one or two necessary questions in the progress of my narrative. When I had brought it to a conclusion, he sat for a few moments in silence, plucking, meditatively, at his beard, and puffing huge volumes of smoke from his rapidly diminishing cigar.

"And so you want my aid, to break off the engagement?"

"Indeed, Mr. Williamson, if you can show the poor mother how to do so, it will be an act of Christian charity."

He rose, went to an old-fashioned secretary, in antique, Dutch marquetry-work, that stood at one side of the room, and commenced a search, amid the contents of its multifarious drawers. Presently, he came back, with a small object in his hand, which he laid before me. It was a flat, oval scent-bottle, in ruby-glass, of rather a large size, such a one, in fact, as was generally used to contain smelling-salts, before the invention of double-enders, and of gold and silver chatelains, with their appendage of tiny flasks. It had a showy, gilt top, and a shield of opaque, white glass on one side, on which was engraved the letter B. It was a commonplace trifle enough; such toys as that, are sold by the thousands, in the streets and shops of Paris, at the holiday season.



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"There is your talisman," he said. "With that, you will have no difficulty in getting rid of Leon Belval."

"Mr. Williamson, what *do* you mean?"

"Just what I say. Show this scent-bottle to M. and Mme. Belval, in private, and say to them, simply, 'This engagement must be broken, or I shall tell everything,' and I will pledge my word for the success of your conjuration."

"Tell everything? But what have I to tell? I know nothing."

"That you shall learn, hereafter. For the present, you have only to follow my directions, and await their result."

"And if I fail?"

"That, I think, is impossible. In that case, let me know, and I will then tell you what else to do. But say nothing on the subject to anyone—not even to Mrs. Farquhar."

Considerably mystified, and yet hopeful, I returned home, with the talismanic phial in my pocket; and being anxious to test its powers at once, I wrote a brief note to Mme. Belval, requesting a private interview with her husband and herself, that very evening. Mrs. Farquhar was nervously anxious to learn the success or failure of my mission, but I put her off with kind words and vague promises. Florence met me with an air of gay defiance, and showed off her diamond engagement-ring, and talked about her "dear Leon," and her wedding, and her trousseau, in a style that was meant to be aggravating, and which was simply amusing. I received a formal billet from Mme. Belval, assenting to my request for an interview, just before going down to dinner; and, I must confess, that I had become so nervous and anxious, over the mystery of the whole business, that I could scarcely swallow a morsel. And when I entered the somewhat restricted apartment, that served the Belvals, at once for a bedroom and sitting-room, (the bed and washing apparatus being placed in an alcove, that, by day, was shut off by curtains,) my heart was palpitating as anxiously as though I, and not they, were to be the subject of the experiment.

The old lady received me with aristocratic courtesy; also, with the hauteur natural towards one who was known to sympathize with Mrs. Farquhar, in her opposition to her daughter's engagement. Mr. Belval bowed stiffly to me, over the top of the newspaper that he was reading, and continued its perusal. And I, after a moment's hesitation, plunged boldly into the midst of things, and after stating Mrs. Farquhar's objections to the marriage, I ended by requesting, in her name, that M. and Mme. Belval would use their influence with their son, to bring about, at least, a delay in the solemnization of the wedding. As I expected, my request was met by a curt refusal, coupled with a civilly contemptuous intimation that I was meddling with what was none of my business. I saw that the moment had come to hazard my final stroke. I rose to my feet, and holding up the ruby scent-bottle before the astonished pair, I said, slowly and impressively, "If your son does not instantly release Miss Farquhar from her engagement, *I shall tell all.*"

If the tawdry, Parisian toy had been a rattlesnake, it could not have produced a more instantaneous, or powerful effect. M. Belval started to his feet, and the newspaper fell from his shaking hands. Mme. Belval turned white as a sheet, and her lips quivered, visibly, as she said, in a voice that she endeavored to render firm:

"I do not understand you."

"You *do* understand me, well, and I shall do as I say. This marriage must be broken off, at once, or I shall *tell all.*" Mme. Belval sank back in her chair, and covered her eyes with her hands. The old man plucked her by the sleeve, in an ecstasy of terror.

"Virginie—you hear her—it *must* be done." He turned his white, haggard face towards me. "I promise you—I pledge myself—only go away, and say no more, for Heaven's sake."

Mme. Belval rose to her feet, and pushed him impatiently aside. "What matters it, if you do tell all?" she said, with something of her usual haughty stiffness. "The last verdict exonerated us; we have nothing to fear from the law. Do your worst, Mlle. Anson; we defy you!"

"No—no!" cried the old man, wringing his withered hands. "What is the use in telling the story anew? It would put a stop to the match, at any rate. Virginie—Virginie—you are mad! Listen to *me*, Mlle. Anson—not to *her*. She is crazed with pride and obstinacy. We will go away. Leon shall never speak to Mlle. Florence again. Shall it not be so, Virginie? Answer!"

She put him aside, with a gesture of disdain. "If you will have it so—yes; but I should not have yielded so tamely. It shall be as you say, Mlle. Anson. I promise you that the engagement shall be broken off at once. Now, I think I may request you to be so kind as to leave us."

I withdrew, feeling more mystified and bewildered than ever. As I passed through the corridor, some one touched me, hesitatingly, on the arm. I turned, and saw M. Belval at my side.

"We are going—all shall be done as you desired," he whispered; "but do not forget one thing—if the affair ever comes up again, remember to say that it was she who was sus-

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pected—not I. I was merely the tool—the instrument—you understand. Hush—not a word of this, unless the matter does get talked about again. Remember your promise." Here, a footstep on the stairs seemed to terrify him, and he hastened away.

Next morning, the Baroness Blinski and her boarders awoke to a surprise. The Belvals were gone, bag and baggage, having forfeited a week's board, as their rooms were taken by the month, and were paid for in advance. Neither did Miss Farquhar make her appearance till dinner time, when she came down with red eyes, and a generally discomposed demeanor. It leaked out gradually, as such matters always will, especially in boarding houses, that her betrothed had left behind him a very polite and plausible letter, putting a decisive end to the engagement, on the ground of incompatibility of nationality, and of religion. And a week later, Mrs. Farquhar sailed, with her daughter, for America, having had quite enough of possible foreign alliances. Her gratitude to me was unbounded, for my timely aid. But Florence, on the contrary, was very indignant at me for what she was pleased to term my uncalled-for interference, and she refused to speak to me up to the moment of her departure. Yet I do not think that she was quite broken-hearted over the loss of her French adorer; for, some six months ago, I read, in the "Home Journal," an account of the marriage of "Miss Florence Farquhar, only child of the late James Farquhar, Esq., of San Francisco, to Mr. Douglas VanVleyden, of New York," with a long description of the bridegroom's pedigree, the charms of the bride, and the splendors of the trousseau, and the wedding-presents.

And now for the solution of the riddle. One bright afternoon, in the following May, as I was walking slowly through the crowded rooms of the Palais de l'Industrie, the annual art-exhibition of the Salon having opened some days before, I came, suddenly, upon John Williamson, looking meditatively at one of the latest extravagances of the Impressionist school. I pounced upon him immediately, and passing my arm through his, I informed him, in peremptory tones, that he was my prisoner; not to be released, till he had paid his ransom, in the shape of a full explanation of the mystery connected with the crimson phial.

"So my talisman proved efficacious?" he asked, looking down at me, with his usual vague and kindly smile.

"It acted like a charm. But come, you *must* tell me its story, and at once. For you never pay visits, and it is not probable that I shall be able soon to capture you again. Resign yourself to your fate, therefore, and come and be executed with a good grace."

So we sought out a cool nook, amid the plants and statues of the sculpture department, and there, in that comparative solitude and quiet, I learned the history of the crimson phial.

"Did you ever hear," he began, "of the great Beauchastel murder case? No? Well, it made noise enough, at the time, in France, though, possibly, not enough to attract notice across the Atlantic. The Beauchastels were a good, old family, of the neighborhood of Toulouse, where they possessed something of an estate—an old chateau, with a park and a few farms as dependencies—quite a fortune, in fact, for an old family of the present day. The Count de Beauchastel, who owned the estate some twenty-five years ago, was a heavy, loutish man, and it was reported in the neighborhood, that he was half-witted. He was, certainly, of weak intellect; though I believe that his mental infirmity went no farther than to make him what the Scotch term 'wanting.' He lived in the old chateau, with a younger brother, Raoul de Beauchastel, who had married a very strong-minded and intelligent young lady, Mlle. Virginie de Villehamel, and who, unlike his elder, was much given to chemistry, and other scientific pursuits, while the count spent his days in hunting or fishing, and his evenings in dozing beside the great fire in the drawing-room. Well, one day—it was just before Christmas, in 1856—the count suddenly announced to his brother and sister-in-law, that he was going to get married. This news, as may be imagined, came upon Raoul and his wife like a thunder-clap. They had learned to look upon the Beauchastel estate as their future inheritance, and that of their infant son, and to see it thus on the point of being perilled, was hardly to be endured. Moreover, the count had selected for his bride, a person by no means acceptable to the aristocratic ideas of his relatives. She was a handsome peasant-girl, who occasionally came to the chateau, to assist in the housework; she had attracted the count's attention, and, being as cunning as he was weak, she had easily induced him to promise her marriage. The scenes that ensued between the brothers, were anything but edifying. They quarrelled often and violently, but the count remained firm to his purpose, and the wedding-day was fixed. One night, however, about a fortnight before the date of the intended marriage, the count retired to bed, as well as usual. Towards morning, the whole household was aroused by shrieks of agony, proceeding from his room. On hastening thither, the servants found him writhing in spasms of pain. A doctor

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was sent for in all haste, by M. Raoul; but, before he arrived, the Count de Beauchastel had breathed his last, crying, 'I die poisoned—the red phial—the red phial!'

"Suspicion, of course, fell upon the brother and heir of the deceased, and he, with his wife, was taken into custody. The laboratory, where the accused had always pursued his chemical researches, was examined; but a careful hand had swept away every sign of all recent experiments, and retorts, crucibles, and vessels, were all clean, and put away without a vestige or trace of use about them. A post-mortem examination of the count's body, revealed symptoms suspiciously like those present in cases of poisoning; but, if such had been the cause of his death, a vegetable poison must have been employed, and one, too, unknown to science, as the most delicate tests failed to reveal its presence. Nor was the red phial, so vehemently apostrophized by the dying man, anywhere to be found. Finally, among the possessions of Madame de Beauchastel, was found a scent-bottle, of ruby-colored, Bohemian glass, containing a few drops of a viscous, whitish fluid, which proved to be a vegetable poison, whose nature and ingredients baffled all research.

"On the evidence of the last words of the deceased, and of the poison contained in the crimson phial, Monsieur and Madame de Beauchastel were arrested, tried, and convicted of murder in the first degree. But they appealed to a higher court, and their appeal was allowed. The second trial, without any fresh evidence or due reason, reversed the decision of the first. It was whispered that Imperial influence had been exercised to bring about the new verdict. It was not considered politic, to suffer so tremendous a scandal to take place, as the public execution of two members of a noble family would create; nor yet, for the Emperor to be supposed to sanction crime, by the open pardon of the culprits. So a middle course was adopted; Count Raoul de Beauchastel and his wife were acquitted, and received, it was understood, a quiet intimation from the authorities, that their absence from France would be timely and well-considered. So they disappeared into some foreign land, taking with them their only son, then a mere child.

"I was present at the second trial," remarked Mr. Williamson, in conclusion, "and the striking countenance of Madame de Beauchastel made an impression on me that the lapse of years was powerless to efface. I recognized her, the moment that I saw her sitting at Madame Blinski's dinner-table, despite the change in her hair, from jet-black to white. As to the ruby scent-bottle, of which you made so good a use, it was given to me as a souvenir of the trial, by the lawyer for the defence, the celebrated Jean Lamorel, who chanced, at that time, to be one of my most intimate friends."

"But why did you not tell me the whole story, and let me impart it to Mrs. and Miss Farquhar, instead of compelling me to go to work in so mysterious a manner?"

"For two reasons. In the first place, Miss Farquhar would probably have treated the whole story as a calumny, have gone off to England, and married her lover at once. Secondly, I did not wish to create any fresh scandal or commotion, about the heads of the two old people. The excitement created by the 'Beauchastel poisoning-case,' as it was called, was such, that the mere whisper of the name would have been sufficient to arouse the memories, and reawaken the bitterness of well-nigh a quarter of a century ago. And I knew that the count and countess realized this fact, and would not be willing to have their true names and history revealed, but would prefer to beat a retreat, even at the cost of sacrificing all hope of a rich marriage for their son."

"One word more—you heard all the evidence, and all the particulars of the trial. What is your opinion respecting the accused—were they innocent or guilty?"

"Guilty—undoubtedly guilty—and the one conclusive witness against them, was the CRIMSON PHIAL."

# THE MOUNTAINS.

BY CLARENCE H. URNER.

THE far-off mountains rise against the sky,
As if to form a rim of darker blue
For Heaven's inverted bowl, whose melting hue
Drips down, to tinge that rim with deeper dye.
Now, as I near the summit, lifted high,
Its wonted softness melts away from view;
Dim fancies, which before its bidding grew
To be live feelings, now like shadows fly;
Crowned with a diadem of crags and rocks,
In lofty grandeur rears the mountain's crest,
That loves to grapple with the tempest's might,
And proudly braves the lightning's rudest shocks
On which the human eye can scarcely rest;
Unless the fancy seeks a loftier height.

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# GRAY AND SCARLET.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

It was a whim of hers.

Gray and scarlet.

For three or four months, now, I expected to see nothing else.

Once, it had been pure white: "white samite, mystic, wonderful;" once, it had been black and gold; again, it had been blue.

Each time, I used to think she could look so lovely in nothing else—until she wore the next color that struck her fancy.

I noticed that she generally came out in something new, about the time that all the women in her set had adopted the colors that suited her so marvellously, and made her look so odd and picturesque.

I used to laugh in my sleeve, sometimes, to see a dainty blonde wear amber and jet, and look suddenly old and dowdy; or a hideous dowager blossom out in pale violet, and seem like a dilapidated old crocus, that had forgotten spring until the autumn had come, and then, surprisedly, made its appearance.

As for Vivia, she looked lovely in everything. There was not a shade, or tint, or color, but that, when she put it on, seemed as if it had been manufactured for her particular edification.

She came into the room now, in soft, clinging, shimmering, gray silk, with knots of scarlet shining vividly and mysteriously, here and there.

The pale, statuesque face, looked a trifle colder and more indifferent than usual; the great, black eyes, drooped languidly; the ripe, red mouth, was a little scornful.

She sat down in a low chair, before the grate, and stared into the fire with those black, bewildering eyes of hers.

"Joan, I am going home, to-morrow," she said, suddenly.

"Going home!" I echoed, dropping my book, startled.

"Yes; I am tired of it all. So silly, so frivolous, so monotonous! Day after day, the same old wearisome story—the same ancient, worn-out emotions, dressed up in the most modern style, which only serves to make them the more pitiable! The same false smiles and shallow lies that anyone could fathom—the burlesque of all that is good, and true, and beautiful! I hate it!"

I looked at her. It was no new thing for her to make such remarks—at least, for the last year. Before that, she had been bright, and sparkling, and winsome—the merriest, sweetest girl I had ever seen; but she had returned from abroad this way—cold, and indifferent, and bitter. What had worked the change?

But, however she might be, it made no difference to the world. It went mad about her; and the more scornful she was, the madder it became.

"If I were not rich, how long would it love me?" she said, contemptuously.

"You forget, dear, you would still have your beauty," I made reply.

"Beauty!" she exclaimed; and then her face grew so stern and white, I actually dared not say another word.

I wondered and conjectured in vain. She never spoke of her three years abroad—at least of anyone she had ever met there. She was hardly a girl to be confidential; and, although I was her "nearest and dearest," I knew scarcely more of her heart than the veriest stranger.

Once, indeed, in looking over some of my music, I had seen her stop suddenly, as if an unseen hand had stayed her, and she had stood a moment, looking down blankly at a sheet, and then abruptly had gone from the room. I went, wonderingly, to the music-stand, but all I saw was a German song, with the refrain:

"Tender and true!
Tender and true!"

—pretty, and sweet, and sad, mayhap; but, still, only a song.

And then I wondered more than ever.

Of late, I noticed, she had been more than usually capricious and restless, constantly changing from one thing to another, as if goaded on by memories that had awakened to torture her. She had been petulant, and tyrannical, and rebellious, until, I think, anyone else than I would have grown angry.

But she never railed against me; it was the world in the abstract.

I tried to think how long this mood had been upon her; and then, all at once, I remembered it had begun the very day she first donned the gray and scarlet livery.

I made up my mind, then and there, that I would ask her to take off the ominous garb, and substitute green, or orange, or pink; anything to exorcise the evil spirit.



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But she broke out, again: "It has become unendurable, Joan. Not you, dear; don't look solemn. You are the only person in the world I can live with longer than a week, if that is any comfort to you. But there is no use denying it; I am miserable and unhappy, and I suppose I always will be. I deserve it all. I brought it upon myself. I don't complain. Only, I must have something new."

A brilliant dash of color had crept into each cheek, and her hands were twisted nervously together.

"Vivia, dear," I said, thinking it best not to respond to her dawning confidence, "I cannot let you go until after the party. I really cannot, however much you may desire it. Your dress is ordered, the guests are invited, and the whole affair would be an utter failure, without you. You would not break my heart by making my party a hollow mockery?"

"Would it grieve you very much to have me go, Joan?" looking at me, wistfully.

"It really would, Vivia," I replied, solemnly.

"Then I will stay," she said, meekly.

At my smile, she arose and came over to my chair, and, although never demonstrative, she leaned down now, and kissed me. Then she knelt on the cushion at my feet, and, leaning across my knee, she looked at me with such strange, sad eyes.

"Dear Joan, let me tell you—" she began. But, before she could utter another word, the doors swung open, and Parker's sonorous tones announced: "Mrs. Leighton and Miss Pauline Leighton," and before the sound of his voice had died away, Vivia had slipped silently from the room.

The next afternoon, I was reading, listlessly, in the great room, that was part drawing-room and part boudoir, and where we always assembled, in our informal moods, and we were an informal house. Vivia had gone to drive with Mrs. Lanrence, and, although I found "Italian Journeys" very fascinating, Vivia's troubles held me more fascinated still.

What? Why? When? I revolved, endlessly, in my mind. What should change her so? Why had her happiness eluded her, and slipped by? When had it come to her? When had it left her embittered?

I was so absorbed in my reverie, that I did not perceive I was not alone, until two merry, dark eyes glanced over the back of my chair, two hands held my own captive, and a gay voice exclaimed, laughing:

"Dreaming, as usual, aunt Joan! Will you never overcome this pernicious habit?"

"Percy, you bad boy, when did you return?" I said, rising, my book falling unheeded to the floor; for this Percy Thorn, my husband's nephew, was a great favorite of mine.

"I came back last night, and, aunt, here is my particular friend, Norman Thorson, of whom I have written you so much."

His companion had stood back in the shadow, and I had not perceived him until that moment—this tall, fair, handsome man, who looked like a Viking.

"A friend of Percy's is always welcome, but, more particularly, this particular friend," I said, with a smile. And, as the stranger bowed over my outstretched hand, and the purple-dark eyes met mine for a moment, I thought: "here is one of the kings of the earth, who must only wish, to have."

As the thought flashed through me, my eyes fell, mechanically, on the firm, white hand that held my own; and I noticed a peculiar ring on it—an odd, antique jewel, that was an opalescent gray, with a vivid streak of scarlet through it; and I wondered what it was, as one does wonder of such things, hardly conscious that it has a place in the mind; for I had never seen anything like it before, though my husband had quite a large collection of curious rings. Perhaps, Egyptian, I thought. Halbert said his store of Egyptian relics was very scant, as yet. And then I forgot all about it.

Percy began to talk, in his eager, boyish way, about the changes that had taken place, in his absence; how glad he was to return; and, yet, how he hated to give up the old Bohemian life, that had such "infinite variety."

"Norman had actually almost accepted a chair in that musty German University, when I pounced upon him, and coaxed him to come home with me."

"How very dreadful!" I said, smiling across at the grave, silent man, who yet seemed to hold this careless, rattling boy, in a tender esteem.

I looked at him again, noting the calm, white brow; the grave, perfect lips; the deep, masterful eyes; and wondered at the power that made itself speak through his very silence. But there was a shadow in the eyes; a sadness in the smile; a touch of pathos, every now and then, in the voice, that aroused all the sympathy and curiosity in my nature; and some women, you know, are capable of a good deal of both.

I heard Vivia pass through the hall, just then, but I knew she would be down as soon as she had changed her carriage-dress, and went on with my conjectures.

This man had a story. What was it? Was it

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a love story? *Could* any woman be wild enough to reject such a love as that soul could lavish?

Then he spoke.

"Mrs. Caruthers, are all the Americans so warm and cordial as this boy? He takes my Northern heart by storm. He carries me whither he will. He bends me, and sways me, and makes me his slave."

Percy's face lit up, brilliantly.

"Norman, dear old man," he said, "it is I who am the slave—a miserable, abject slave; and you ride over my prostrate body. A proud, triumphant slave, who kisses the foot upon his neck. Aunt Joan, I have resigned myself to eternal celibacy, since I cannot marry this solemn professor."

We were laughing at his earnestness, when the door swung open, and Vivia crossed the threshold. Some soft, gauzy, gray fabric, floating about her like a cloud; a cluster of carnations, red and fragrant, at her throat and in her dark hair. Out of the cloud-like drapery, her pale face and great, shadowy eyes, shone like a star. The soft, scarlet lips, were smiling, as she drifted toward me. She had never been more beautiful.

"Vivia, this is Percy Thorn, my graceless nephew. Miss Vergne, Professor Thorson."

She had given Percy one of her swift, sweet smiles; but, when I spoke his friend's name, her face slowly froze. She half started, and turned such a white face to him, that I was frightened, and all the smiling grace and tender womanliness went from her bearing. She bowed to him, frigidly, and turned away.

"Vivia! Vivia!" he said, in a low voice, that made me thrill, his eyes filled with passion.

"You forget yourself," she said, icily; and he sank back in his chair, his face growing white and worn, his eyes stormy with pain. But Vivia was chatting to Percy, lightly and gaily—only with that strange look in her eyes that I could not understand.

"You must stay to dinner," I said, by-and-by; "you and your friend. Halbert is going out of town, to-morrow, for a week, and would be disappointed if he did not see you."

I rang for lights now, and, by this time, Vivia was at the piano, playing all sorts of fantastic things, at Percy's suggestion. Then I heard them singing an Italian duet together; a Swiss chanson followed; then some snatches of English opera; and, as her sweet, clear voice floated down the room, I saw the shadow deepen in Norman Thorson's eyes.

A moment after, she arose, and Percy called out: "Norman, come and sing that little song you sung that night we were lost in the Alps."

The professor glanced at me. "Are we not taking possession of your house in a most unwarrantable manner, madame?" he asked.

"Not in the least," I said. "Pray, sing."

"As you will," he said, gravely; and went over to the piano. I had never heard a finer voice; and then the song attracted me, a plaintive, German ballad of love and loss, that was infinitely sweet and sad.

Where had I heard it? Ah, yes! I remembered now; it was the same bit of music that had aroused Vivia's emotion, a while ago.

The sorrowful refrain,

"Tender and true,
Tender and true,"

floated, forebodingly, on the air. I glanced at Vivia—could it be? Her proud eyes were filled with tears, and the red, imperious lips were trembling. I was filled with wonder. In some way, these two people's lives had run together, discordantly, and unless some special providence interfered, were likely to run that way to the end of the chapter.

As he finished the song, aand rose, I glanced at Vivia again; her face was calm and impassive.

Norman Thorson glanced at her, too.

"Do you remember?" he whispered, in German.

She glanced at him, half scornfully. "I remember nothing," she said, slowly and distinctly.

I could not bear to look at him. Surely, Vivia was mad, to throw aside this man's love; for love her passionately, he did, I was positive. And love like his, is not vouchsafed to a woman, more than once or twice in a lifetime.

Halbert came in directly, and dinner was announced soon after. I often think of that dinner now. I had never heard so brilliant a conversationalist, as this Viking of the North. His cool, polished wit, was like a sabre; his dazzling cynicisms would have blinded me; but that, behind it all, I recognized the wide-souled, generous man.

Vivia aroused herself, and talked as, in her indolence, she seldom allowed herself. She was tender and caustic, in a breath, bitter and sweet together, and witching and radiant, as only girls like her know how to be.

It comes back to me, like a dream, often. Their brilliant conversation; those two at dagger's-points; Halbert's quiet monologues; Percy's racy talk; my own platitudes: with the gleam and glitter of silver and crystal, and the rich glow of the flowers. But most of all, I see the proud beauty of the girl, and the eyes that were so often on her face, eager, pleading; and the black orbs that met the blue, with "level fronting eyelids," brilliant and freezing.

And when Norman and Percy said good-night,

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Percy had a vivid carnation in his keeping, and Norman only a faint bow to remember.

The days went on. I did not see Norman Thorson again. Vivia was more restless, but as reticent as ever. She had not referred to him, in any way, except on that night, when, as we stood alone, she tore the scarlet flowers from her hair and throat, and put her foot on them.

"To think he should have found me wearing those colors!" she said, bitterly.

Yet she continued to wear the colors, nevertheless: the gray and scarlet.

"It was a trivial fancy of mine, a girl's whim," she said, one day, as she stood before a mirror, adjusting her dainty hat, "this wearing one color, or combination of colors, for a certain length of time. But it saved me lots of trouble; all I had to do was to send a note, and my reception, or carriage, or walking dress was put together, without any study or exertion on my part. Of course, it is silly and trifling—but women are always unreasoning and frivolous."

Yet, she was not all that. She had studied deeper than most women, and was an admirable scholar, and even well up in the classics. She was generous, and warm-hearted, and winsome; often and often, her monthly income clothed and fed, and made happy, some poor family, and it was no uncommon thing for a party, or a conversazione, to be put aside, that she might sit up with some sick child, or helpless, old woman.

She was a gracious, warm-hearted girl, but she had freaks and whims, that I used to think might vanish beneath the sweet, strong magic of a great love. And she was capable of a great love—my Vivia.

The night of the party came, at last, much to my relief; for I had an idea that it would be fraught with events; and the last few days had worn on me, as well as on Vivia. She had actually grown thin and pale, and was feverishly brilliant and sad, by turns.

At nine o'clock, my deft Fanchon put the last touches to my toilette; and I went down, feeling, peacefully, that black satin and point were just the things for a plain woman like myself; opals, and diamonds, and tea-roses, are happy aids to a woman, on her middle-aged road to content.

The rooms were banked with flowers; fountains plashed, and music floated from unseen musicians; and, as I looked around, with the complacency of a hostess who feels that there is nothing left to be done, Vivia swept toward me.

A creature born of perfume, and light, and color! Her dress was a marvel of Parisian art, and combined her colors, in a way that Percy would have styled "delicious."

Pearly velvet, like a silver cloud; rare laces sweeping around her elegant form; a diamond star in her cloudy hair, another at her throat; and, in the delicate, pearl-kidded hand, clusters of vivid scarlet blossoms, and a knot of them pinned on one shoulder. She was perfectly coloress; but her lips were red and sweet, and her eyes brilliant. She was absolutely faultless.

"Joan," she said, "I am awfully nervous, to-night; I shall see ghosts—I know I shall."

"Indeed, you will not," I returned. "I shall give orders to Parker, to admit no supernatural guests, without cards of admission. You silly girl, you have been too dissipated these last weeks, and this is the reaction." I saw her shiver, and a bright flame crept into her cheeks. "Come with me, *ma chere*, and rest a little," I said, drawing her into my own little, rose-and-gold boudoir, that opened off the library, and into the conservatory. The lights were turned low, in the rose-tinted globes, and a tiny, perfumed fountain plashed faintly, in its lily-bordered basin.

"Sit here, dear, until the guests arrive. Let us pray they will be an hour yet," I said.

I insisted upon her lying down, among the cushions of a divan, and softly smoothed the tired brow, until the poor child actually fell asleep.

How lovely she was! The color had faded from her face again; and the long, dusky lashes lay against the velvet cheek. The lips were red, and peaceful as a child's, and she slumbered, with all the soft abandon of a child, worn out with play, at day's close.

A movement of the velvet hangings attracted me, and I looked up, to encounter Norman Thorson's eyes. I put my finger on my lips, and he smiled, faintly, taking one step forward to look at the lovely picture. Some magnetic influence disturbed her, and he stepped back into the conservatory.

"Dear Vivia," I whispered, "wake up; I hear the carriages, and you have slept more than half-an-hour."

She arose directly. "I wish it was to-morrow morning," she said, wearily.

But she had never been more brilliant than on that night. Society went madder than ever over her. She was a flame that they could not touch; a snow-blossom, that froze them; a mist, that faded before their eyes. She was everything—beautiful, dazzling, and unattainable.

I did not see Norman Thorson again, until supper time. He apologized, in his graceful way, for being found in the "forbidden rooms of a sleeping beauty's palace."

"Percy insisted upon my coming with him," he said, "at that hour, as he had some treasures

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in his rooms he wished to exhibit to me; and he will have no more time, as I go home, to-morrow." And, not pausing at my gesture of surprise, he continued, hurriedly: "Percy said he knew I should find you in the conservatory, and I mistook the door. Is Miss Vergne ill?"

"Only tired with a winter of gaiety," I replied; "and grown restless and sad, as girls will, who have moods. I remember Vivia when she had no moods but one of serene sweetness."

"Ah, yes! Was she not wonderful, then?" he said, eagerly.

Did *he* hold the keys of her change?

"What changed her?" I asked, carelessly, playing with my fan, and looking at it as interestedly as if I had never seen it before. "Do you know, Herr Professor?"

"Ah, no! Madame; she changed in an hour. I would give ten years of my life to know why."

With what passion he spoke! And yet his voice was calm and low.

The soft rustle of a woman's dress, near me, made me lift my eyes.

"Joan, dear," said Vivia, coming up, "I have promised Colonel Robinson that you will show him your century-plant," and she led me away, with the faintest inclination of her head to Norman Thorson.

The young people were all dancing in the hall, or flirting in dim corners. The old people were in the card-rooms; and the library and conservatory were quite deserted.

"Colonel Robinson said he would wait in the library, but he is not here. Oh, Joan, come to the fountain; I am so tired."

She sank down on a chair—her face was quite ghastly.

I sat a moment, watching her. These last weeks, there were violet shadows under her eyes, and the little hand she dabbled so restlessly in the fountain was quite transparent.

"Professor Thorson is going home to-morrow, Vivia," I said, as carelessly as I could; "did you know?"

How is one ever to learn how a girl will act? Without a word, or look, she dropped forward among the lilies, one hand trailing heavily in the water. I lifted her up, without a word, and dashed the cool water in her face. In a moment she looked up, with haggard, lovely eyes; but she did not speak.

"Vivia," I said, "I insist upon your unraveling this mystery. I shall not wait another moment I have been patient long enough!"

She let her head fall on my shoulder, wearily. "You have been a loyal friend, dear; I will tell you. I met Norman Thorson in Europe. I need not dwell on the story of our acquaintance; but, after a few months, we were betrothed. That night—how can I ever forget it? We were at Paris, our whole party, and we had lingered till sunset, in the parlor that was sacred to us two; and, some way, all the rest had strayed away; some to their rooms, and some to the balconies; and we were alone." She paused a moment. "He asked me to be his wife, and I said 'yes'—I loved him so dearly," with a faint sigh. The color was creeping back into her cheeks, quivering, flaming. Because she spoke so simply, I I knew how deeply she felt, my poor Vivia.

"I went away, at last, to my room. I was so happy, I could not go down to them all. I could only sit perfectly still, and think of the great happiness that had come to me. Norman said he would be in the parlor at ten—all the rest would be at the opera then; so I went down. Joan, do you know how you can remember every little thing, at a time like that? I had on a gray dress, with a bunch of cardinal flowers, that Norman had gathered for me in the afternoon, in my belt. I went downstairs, and along the great, dim hall, to the little parlor, and opened the door noiselessly. Norman Thorson was there, with the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. A woman with violet eyes, and golden hair. A woman dressed in deep mourning. His arms were about her, and his face was uplifted to hers."

She stopped, with such a look of utter misery in her dear face, that I was inexpressibly touched and shocked.

"Don't say another word, dear; I was cruel to ask you," I said.

But she smiled, faintly.

"I am glad to tell you, Joan; I saw Norman Thorson kiss her once, twice, on her beautiful lips. I heard him say: 'My Liebling, I thought I should never see you again. And you have suffered so, little Gretchen; and I was not there to comfort you.' And she answered: 'What could I do, but fly to you? Your love is all I have to comfort me! And she put her fair arms up about his throat, and then I crept out of the room, stunned and wretched; and the next day, before dawn, uncle and I were miles away.

"I folded up Norman Thorson's ring—a strange, antique ring, that would delight Halbert's heart, Joan, and gave it in charge of a servant, for him. That is all. I thought I would forget, after a little; but it was stronger than my strength. How dare he come here?" with sudden passion. "Why does he leave his Hilda, to trouble us?"

"Hilda!" I exclaimed, with a start of blank astonishment and understanding. "Why, Vivia,

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it must have been Norman Thorson's sister. Did you not know her name was Hilda?"

She stood up, blindly, and put out her hands; but, before I could speak again, there was a rustle near us, and Percy and Professor Thorson came toward us, with an exquisitely beautiful woman. A tall, graceful woman, dressed in white, from head to foot, with diamonds glittering in the shimmer of white satin and frosty lace; with smiling, violet eyes, and wonderful golden hair.

I went forward, saying, "My dear baroness, I am so charmed to welcome you."

This was Percy's secret, and mine—his love for the young, widowed sister of his dearest friend; her recent, unexpected arrival in the city; and our acquaintance, of which Vivia had known nothing.

Before I could present Vivia to her, Norman Thorson drew her gently to where Vivia stood, with the dusk-tremulous color in her cheeks, and the eager passion and storm in her eyes.

"Miss Vivia, will you not welcome my sister to your sunshiny land?"

She put one hand out, uncertainly; all her bright color fading, and again fell forward, fainting, this time, entirely away—my strong, self-sustained Vivia!

Professor Thorson caught her, however, giving me a look of passionate pleading.

"She has not been well for days," I said, turning to the sister, who stood, pale and frightened; and Percy, who looked stupid, as men always do, in such cases.

"Take the baroness into the music-room, Percy, and we will follow you as soon as Vivia recovers. This is nothing at all; she will be better in a moment," I said.

"Is it not very strange?" I heard the beautiful widow ask of Percy, as they went away. "It almost seemed as if she saw a ghost, she looked so white and horrified. Do I look like a ghost, Percy? The head of Medusa, perhaps?" with a little ripple of mirth, and an upward glance into the adoring eyes bent on her.

We chafed the inert little hands, and fanned the fair face. Professor Thorson's face was even whiter than the one that lay against his shoulder, perfect in its death-like pallor, with the long, dark lashes, and the sad, sweet mouth.

"My love," I heard him whisper, under his breath, once; and then she opened her eyes.

"Norman!" she said, faintly; and he bent his proud head, and kissed the sweet lips that were perfectly passive now.

And I thought, at this, that I had better go to the music-room.

At the very beginning of the season, there was a brilliant double wedding. My Vivia and Professor Thorson; Percy Thorn and Hilda, Baroness Von Brandenburg.

Two things I have noticed, with quiet amusement: Hilda and Vivia are the dearest of friends; and Vivia wears a quaint old ring—a mysterious, gray opal, with sparks of fire in it. It was the one I noticed on Norman Thorson's hand.

And the last time I saw Vivia, she wore a black satin walking-suit, with a sun-flower in her belt.

"I am so glad gray and scarlet are not fashionable now," she said. "It brings back all the old-time, when I saw Norman kiss his own sister, who had just come from the death-bed of the baron. What foolish, unreasoning things, girls are, Joan!"

And, looking at the happy face, that is more beautiful than ever, I say:

"They are, indeed, my Vivia; and their stories do not always have such pleasant endings as yours."

# THE CHAIN IN HEAVEN.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

We, who miss with untold sorrow,
  Faces we shall see no more,
Till we find that blissful morrow,
  Dawning on the "other shore."
Let an eye of faith be given,
  Stilling grief with patient sway,
There's a "chain of love" in Heaven,
  That can never know decay.

There no broken household treasures,
  There no saddened funeral train;
No lost melody, whose measures
  We shall never hear again.

There we'll see no vacant places,
  Lately filled by those we love;
There we'll have no missing faces,
  When we join the chain above.

There we'll meet those gone before us,
  Crossed to Jordan's farther side,
Who are waiting, watching for us,
  O'er the dark and gloomy tide.
Oh! the rapture of that meeting,
  Saints alone in heaven can tell;
And those loving words of greeting,
  Thrill us now with "all is well."

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# WHERE KATE'S DRESS CAME FROM.

BY EDITH WAGNER.

She came into the room, with both hands filled with beautiful flowers, trophies of her walk over the fields. They were not rare exotics, yet she loved them, "for they were truly children of nature," she would say. She crossed the room, and having placed them in a pretty vase on the mantelpiece, looked at them, with an air of satisfaction. Then she turned, and glanced around, saying, with a sigh, "There can be nothing prettier than this room, any way."

"Why that any way, dear?" said a pleasant-spoken old lady, from her seat near the window.

"Oh, are you there, grandma?" cried the girl. "Why, I did not see you! Aren't my flowers just lovely?"

"They are, dear. But you did not answer me. What makes my birdie sad, this morning?"

Kate sighed again. She was a delicate girl, of about seventeen, rather small in stature, but with sparkling, dark eyes, and a wealth of beautiful, red-brown hair, which she said was given to her, to reconcile her to her insignificant size. Her lovely disposition, however, was her chief charm, and endeared her to all; as for the grandmother, the dear old lady thought her perfection.

Kate's answer came, at last. "I hardly know, grandma, dear," she said, "what is the matter with me. But I suppose everyone feels a little blue, at times. Things do not go to suit me, this morning. The truth is, I am tired out, trying to make both ends meet."

As she spoke, she tossed her bonnet, which she had been twirling by the strings, for some time, into a convenient chair; threw herself down at her grandmother's feet, and laid her head on that lap, which had pillowed it so often, in its infancy.

"But, my dear child," said the old lady, stroking the girl's hair, "tell me the particular trouble."

"Well, grandma," answered Kate, at last, "do you think it a sin, to crave a thing you know you can't get?"

"I hardly know how to answer that," replied the other. "What is it you want, so very much? Though I know, before you answer me, that you will never want anything, that it will not be right for you to have."

"I hope not, I'm sure," said Kate, earnestly, and the pretty head was now raised. "I know it would not hurt me to have this thing," and she glanced down at her really shabby frock. "It's a new dress, grandma, a real nice dress; for you know, the annual ball of our 'Social Club' comes off next week; I want to go so much, and positively, I have nothing decent to wear. Papa would give me a dress, willingly, if he could. But what's the use to ask him, when I know it takes every cent he can get, to pay off those old debts. Sometimes, when I think of those halcyon days, when mamma could go down town, and buy anything her fancy prompted, with the order 'Send the bill to my husband,' I think I have been only dreaming: it seems so far back in the past. Oh! that cruel railroad, that failed. It has stranded many a life-boat."

"All things happen for the best, my dear," said grandma, mildly. "God reigns and rules, and orders our lives aright. If your papa had never had any reverses; had never lost his beautiful city home; you would never have enjoyed the delights of a country life, which I know you love; and we, on our part, would never have known how much gold we possessed, in our bonny Kate, who has borne adversity so bravely." And grandma caressed her, tenderly. "I thought it must be a dress you wanted, dear," she added. "It is perfectly natural, for you to want to make a good appearance. Besides, a pretty dress is half the battle. Now," with a smile, "I'm going to be your godmother; you shall be 'Cinderella' for once. I'll furnish you with a robe, that will surpass any at the ball. Come with me, to my room. We'll see there what can be done. I'll supply the material, if we can only manage to get it made."

"Oh! as for that," was the animated answer, "only give me something to work with, and I can take dear old 'Peterson' as a guide, and make a costume a princess might wear. The magazine patterns are always the very latest styles."

They were soon in grandma's chamber, where the old lady took from a bureau-drawer, a lovely, silver-gray silk, a relic of better days.

"There, how will that do?" she said; and she spread its voluminous folds over her lap.

The sea of soft, glimmering silk, appeared indescribably beautiful, in Kate's eyes. "Oh! grandma, is it mine?" she cried. "But no, no, you have kept it so long, I will not take it." And she burst into tears.



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"Tut! tut! child," said grandma, "yes, you will. What does an old woman, like me, want with such a dress? Come, dry your eyes, and I will help you rip it up. See, here are seven straight widths, beside those great, wide sleeves. How will that lace, there, do to trim it with?"

"Oh! oh!" screamed Kate, with delight, "that will trim it bee-yu-ti-fully, you dearest, best of grandmammas."

"Well, then, let us go to work," cried grandma. "Who knows but 'Prince Charming' may happen along, that night, and that this very dress will be the means of first attracting him to you?"

Grandma made the remark at random, but Kate blushed, vividly; for, if report could be believed, there was a "Prince Charming" really coming to the ball. This Kate had heard, though grandma had not, for the news had only come out, the night before. Poor Kate felt—and who shall blame her?—that she could never, never, go to the ball, and meet this hero, in one of her old, shabby dresses. The "Prince Charming" was no less than young Harold Thorncroft, the owner of the splendid mansion on the hill, above their own humble, little farm, and possessor of miles and miles of arable land all around; the very richest proprietor in all the country-side. He had been left an orphan, when quite young, and the property had been accumulating, till he was now, it was said, "three or four times," a millionaire. It had been many years, however, since he had been here; for he had been first at school, then at college, and afterwards, travelling in Europe. No wonder, therefore, that the whole neigborhood was talking of his return, and of the fact that he was to make his first public appearance at the "Social Ball."

In three days, with the help of "Peterson," the dress was completed; and, when the eventful evening came, it would have been hard to find a prettier picture, than Kate presented, when she ran downstairs, for grandma and her parents to see her. The softly-tinted silk, with the rare, old lace filling in the square neck, and falling from the dainty elbow-sleeves, with bows of bright ribbon, formed a costume, not only rare, but vastly becoming; indeed, it was the admiration of all who saw it, at the ball. It even caused Miss Tattle to exclaim, maliciously, "that, for the life of her, she couldn't see how those Germaines could dress that girl so; her father must have broke with a full pocket."

"Germaine, did you say?" asked a gentleman, who overheard her, none less than "Prince Charming," himself. "Is it possible that pretty girl is a granddaughter of old Colonel Germaine? The Germaines used to lead society, in the city, when I was a child; I have often heard my mother talk of them. The very same, you say? I was about to ask somebody to introduce me to that little beauty; and now, I am more anxious than ever. What a high-bred face she has. She looks as if she had walked out of a picture. Her dress is absolutely bewitching."

Why should we lengthen out our story? What grandma had said in jest, came to pass in real earnest. "Prince Charming" fell in love with our "Cinderella," before he finished dancing the first dance with her, and before many months came around, Kate was his petted bride, and mistress of that fine, old, almost palatial mansion, "Thorncroft Hall."

"Oh, darling," said grandma, as she kissed Kate, the first time they met, after the happy pair had returned from their wedding-trip, "I always knew you deserved to be happy, for no one was so good: and," holding her at arm's length, and surveying her critically, "few are as beautiful. I don't wonder Harold fell in love with you."

"But, grandma, dear," whispered Kate, with an arch smile. "It wasn't beauty alone; it was your gray silk; and the pattern we got from 'Peterson.' You know you said that a pretty dress is half the battle."

## HARBINGERS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Swaying around, and down, and up,
And under the leaves a-dancing,
Shines out the yellow buttercup,
Like gold in the sun a-glancing.

The dandelion, too, is out,
Dotting the fields all over;
And here and there, and roundabout,
Nestles the tri-leafed clover.

And overhead, the apple-trees
Are nodding their blossoms fair;
Pale, and pink, and red, in the breeze
They flaunt the colors they wear.

The bird is calling to her mate,
While building her little nest;
He sings his song with a musical prate,
A gay heart under his vest.

O little brown bird, do you not fear
To be late, if you sit and sing?
Look at the signs, the summer is near,
We are bidding adieu to the spring.

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# THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 147.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

During the illness of Mrs. Hastings, and the events that followed it, aunt Hannah Smith had, by degrees, changed her residence; and, while her room in the wing of the shoemaker's house still retained some lumbering articles of usefulness, made her home almost entirely in the minister's house, where her quiet devotion to his welfare, and gentle affection for Lucy, greatly softened the desolation that death had left around them. When Lord Oram received the hurt which made her presence necessary at the Wheeler mansion, the loss of her gentle ways and calm cheerfulness was severely felt by the two mourners; and her visits, when she could steal an hour from the sick chamber, were always welcome, alike to father and child. But, somehow, the even tranquility that made her presence so desirable in a house of mourning, had given way to a certain restlessness, which no one had ever seen in her before. Some anxiety, deeper than that which comes from the care of a recovering patient, seemed to have settled upon her.

The minister was not so much occupied with his own grief, that he failed to observe this, in his old friend; for such, the woman really was. The better education, and a wider knowledge of the world, than was general to the women of his society, had always made her more companionable, in that household, than any of the more prosperous members of his congregation.

Lucy, too, felt the loss of this faithful friend, just at this time, with great force; for, added to the deep heart-mourning, which followed a bereavement that seemed to sweep every bright thing from her path, this fair girl was beset with troubles so strange, so perplexing to her inexperience, that her young heart ached for the sympathy of some friend, who might explain to her the perpetual unrest that filled her days with disquietude, and her nights with strange dreams.

Why had Dr. Gould so resolutely abandoned the house? Was it only in sickness, that he cared to visit her father, or regard her as an object of interest? Why was it that he drove by the house, looking straight before him, without once checking his horse or turning a glance that way, though he must have known that she was sitting by the window? Formerly, when the snow was deep, and that road took him out of the way, he was always driving back and forth, stopping for a minute's chat with her father, or, at the worst, throwing a random kiss from his hand, as he hurried past.

But now, he never came that way, or paused for a glance, if he did; though Wheeler's Hollow was always considered loveliest spot for twenty miles around, in the spring time.

In a little while, the lilac bushes would be all in bloom; the grapevine on the porch would be covered with pinkish, purple buds, and filling the whole house with fragrance; and all along under the windows, snow-drops and crocuses would be springing up, just as they had last year, when he had asked for the first one that made its appearance, and carried it away in his bosom.

Would he ever care for those blossoms again? Yesterday, she had found a snow-drop, peeping up through a tuft of long, slender shoots, in a little hollow, made by the dropping leaves; and the tiny bud that lay down there, like a pearl, had brought tears to her eyes.

Why?

The girl asked this question of herself, and strove to think that it was because of a remembrance that her mother had loved the little blossom, better than anything; but then, knowing in her heart that this was not all, she shook her head, in sad self-reproach, and dared not question her soul further. During these early spring days, the girl would bring her work to the window, and look out upon the road, wistfully, now and then. If she heard the sound of hoofs or wheels, the blood would come softly into her face, and a glow of expectation dawned in her eyes, only to die out slowly, as a team came in sight, or a strange buggy swept by.

Lucy was very much alone, in these days; for the minister got invitations to preach at different places on that circuit, now and then, to which the regular traveling preacher was obliged to leave off days, to be filled somehow.

Thus it happened that Lucy Hastings was some-



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times left alone, while aunt Hannah was at the old mansion, and had plenty of time for such thoughts as I have described; strange, restless thoughts, that, as yet, she did not fully comprehend.

But one day there came a slow click at the gate, as if a latch were cautiously raised, and then directly after, a footstep.

Lucy's heart gave a fluttering leap; she looked up, and saw Count Var coming toward the front-door. How handsome the man was—with what graceful ease he came up the walk.

Lucy held her breath; for a sort of weird fascination surrounded this man, which held her in thrall. As birds flutter nearer and nearer to a serpent, of which they are in deadly fear, she arose, and let the man in, pale, but half smiling.

The man looked earnestly in her face, and a slow, sweet smile stole over his own.

"I felt that you were alone," he said, reaching forth his hand, in which hers dropped, unresisting, though he could feel it quiver, like a bird longing to escape, "and thought—am I to blame for it?—that you might be expecting me."

"Expecting you?" said the girl, with a vague, puzzled look. "No, I was thinking, wishing—but not expecting you, Count Var—how could I?"

"How could you help it—more than I could help coming? Such impulses are only made irresistible, by perfect sympathy."

The man bent his splendid eyes on her, as he spoke; eyes full of passionate light, such as startled, while it bewildered the girl. Yet, it was only for a moment; one glance upward, and her eyes fell; her cheek burned; and, with a quick instinct of self-protection, she drew her hand from his clasp.

"I thought—I thought it might have been my father," she said, looking around, as if hesitating to invite him in.

"But you are not sorry," he said, with caressing gentleness; and, drawing her hand back into his clasp, he led her to the room she had just left.

Now, there was nothing to startle the girl in, this. She scarcely felt more isolated in that house, than she might have been if standing with this man, out of doors, in the broad light of day.

In that neighborhood, there was so little to fear, that all thought of self-protection, either of person or property, seemed superfluous. There probably was not, in all Wheeler's Hollow, an outer door locked, or a window barred, night or day, from one year's end to another. Indeed, among the neighbors, bells had not yet been introduced into Wheeler's Hollow, and knockers were considered as ornaments to the best front-door, which strangers only were expected to use. The men and women of that little community, let themselves into their friends' houses, by a simple lift of the latch, sometimes preceded by a light tap of the hand against the door; but that was considered as rather too ceremonious, for good neighborship.

There was no reason, in Lucy's mind, why she should hesitate to receive the man alone, in her father's house; but his presence disturbed her. There was a sort of fascination in it, which both charmed and repulsed her.

"Will you be sorry?" he said, with an intonation of sadness in his voice—"will you be sorry, if I tell you that this is a farewell?"

"That is always a sad word," answered the girl, with more tranquility than her visitor looked for.

"And we may never meet again," he continued, with a faint accent of reproach in his voice. "The weeks that we have spent here, have been so pleasant, notwithstanding my friend's misfortune, that I, at least, shall leave the place with regret; more than you will, perhaps, understand."

Lucy did not know how to answer. She felt that his eyes were upon her, and that they expressed a meaning stronger than his words.

"You will not say, that I shall be missed or regretted?"

"We have so few friends, whom my father can converse with, as he does with you. When you go away, it will be a great loss to him."

"But nothing to you?"

"The loss of a single pleasure to him, is always a pain to me," answered the girl, lifting her eyes, suddenly, and Var saw that they were beaming with affection.

Perhaps, of all persons, the man who is most ready to break all laws of social affection, holds their honest expression, in a woman, at its greatest value. This is an homage which vice is often forced to pay to virtue. This man's taste was perfect as his selfishness.

"How much would I give, that anyone could think of me, with such holy love," he said, half under his breath. "I had almost forgotten, that anything so near to heaven could exist."

Lucy lifted her eyes to his face, with a look of gentle compassion.

"You have no father or mother, then. Ah, that is a misfortune."

"I think, there is hardly anyone on earth, that thoroughly loves me."

Var spoke with absolute sadness, that touched Lucy to the heart. She reached out her hand, and laid it softly on his, as a child thus, unconsciously, expresses sympathy.

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For his life, the man could not have grasped that hand; its touch, so natural and unconscious, thrilled him with a pure, sweet emotion, that swept back to his own innocent childhood.

"There was a time," he said, "when a creature like you, even, might have—"

He paused, abruptly. A sharp pang of memory cut his speech short. He drew his hand from her touch, sighing, heavily. All the fire and ardor, that had kindled his face, at first, had died out. He arose, and walked up and down the room, shaking off emotions so long buried in his nature, that they disturbed him like ghosts. At last, impatient of the good that still lingered about him, he came back to the window, and leaned over Lucy's chair. The old, passionate craving, that had sent him to the house, grew strong upon him once more.

"Tell me," he said, bending his head down, till his lips almost touched her hair, "have you ever loved anyone, deeply, as you love the good father, yet with a wilder, warmer, more restless feeling? Tell me this."

Lucy did not answer. The question brought a sense of affright with it. Var saw her head droop, and that her cheeks were scarlet. His eyes kindled, his face drooped lower, and his lips touched her hair. The girl was unconscious of this; for her heart was in a tumult of mingled distress and indignation. What right had he to question her so? Had he suspected—had he thought—"

Meantime, Var was feasting his eyes upon her blushes. His vanity was supreme, and the interpretation it gave, was all that he had come to seek. The girl loved him; there could be no mistake in those lashes drooping on the scarlet cheeks, the soft quiver of distress that shook her hands, as she lifted them to her face.

"Ah, you will not tell me. I can guess, that your father is not the only happy man on earth. There, now, child, look up. I had no right to abash you so."

Again, he stooped so low, that his cheek lay, with a scarcely perceptible caress, on her head. She thought, that his hand had touched her hair, as her father had done many a time, when he parted with her for the night; but it troubled her, that any other person should offer such caresses. The hands dropped from her face, and lifting her head, with a dash of impatience, she saw, through the window, Doctor Gould, with his hand on the gate-latch, looking toward her.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Count Var saw the intruder, also, and stood aside, when Lucy sprang to her feet, with a little cry of surprise, and hurried to open the door. When Gould saw her standing on the threshold, he opened the gate, and came slowly up the path, very pale, and looking stern as granite; a severe contrast to the young creature, who waited for him, in a confusion of anxiety and delight, her eyes shining, her cheeks aglow, yet with an abashed look of the countenance, as if she did not quite know how to receive him.

"Oh, doctor," she said, half-timidly, reaching forth her hand. "We thought you were never coming again; father has missed you so."

"Your father is very kind; but I trust he has not suffered from my absence. Is he in?"

Lucy's countenance fell. She felt a little choking of the throat, and put up her hands.

"No, he is not at home, just now."

"Ah!"

With this significant, almost bitter exclamation, Gould was about to retreat from the door-step; but there was a look of appeal in the girl's eyes, that changed the impulse; especially, as Var came from the family-room, just then, with his hat in his hand, as if about to take leave.

"You will wait," said Lucy, reassured by this sign of departure, and speaking in a low tone to Gould. "It is so long since we have seen you."

"Yes, I will wait."

Gould passed Var, with a stiff bow of recognition, as he passed into the entry, which the count returned, carelessly, and went out, with a smile on his lips.

"I have disturbed you," said the doctor, following the man with his angry eyes.

"No, no," answered Lucy, breathlessly.

"And driven your visitor away."

"No; father was not at home, so it made no difference."

"He must like your father very much."

"Oh, yes. Who could help it?"

"And comes often."

"Yes—that is, pretty often. He has seen so much, and knows everything. Father likes to talk with him. It is like traveling over strange countries, he says, and reading books that will always be beyond his reach."

"And, of course, these things have their charm for you?"

"Yes, their talk leads my thoughts away from home, which is very lonesome now."

"And this is all?"

"What else should there be? Sometimes, I think it a little unfortunate, that my father reads so much, and knows more than our neighbors; it makes him crave the society of people who like study as he does."

"Like this foreign count, for instance."

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"Yes; for he is wonderfully pleasant, and tells us a thousand things, that we can never know, except from hearsay; but that will be over now, for he is going away."

"Going away. Oh, yes, I should think it about time. Oram has been well enough to travel, these three weeks; but there seems to be no haste anywhere. So they are really going?"

"Count Var told me so."

"And I broke in upon your last interview. No wonder it was a tender one."

"A tender one? Oh, doctor, what do you mean?"

"I simply allude to the picture that I saw through the window, where you and this foreigner were charmingly grouped together, as lovers might have been."

"As lovers? Doctor Gould, this is cruel!"

The girl was in earnest, now. Her eyes flashed; her pretty mouth took a proud curve. She seemed to grow taller, in her swift resentment.

Gould smiled, bitterly.

"Is the truth cruel? A man must believe his own eyesight."

"His own eyesight? Well, sir, what did you see?"

"This: A girl, who has seemed to me pure as the first breath of spring, and bright as its flowers; kept so far out of the world, that she scarcely seemed a part of it; but lived in her own home, loving everything in it, and taking back such love as few young creatures ever get. Held in reverence, and hedged in with affection, because of the goodness of her father, she seemed content with those who had watched her grow up from childhood, willing to stay among them, always, as her parents had done—a—but this is absurd. I should have known that this state of things could not last. You ask what I have seen, Lucy Hastings. Well, I will tell you: a girl, that three months ago, I would have sworn, was above all the common influences of female vanity, turning from her old friends, and giving herself up to the flattery, and, it may be, deeper influences, of a man who comes to her from another world; one, of a class, that no honest, American woman would receive, without full assurance of his worth. That man and that girl, I saw, only half-an-hour ago, grouped behind an uncurtained window, quite alone, and supposing themselves entirely unobserved. Her face was flushed, as if with some unusual excitement, which even two uplifted hands could not conceal. She was evidently trembling, from head to foot. He was bending over her, so closely that his face touched her hair, on which he was raining kisses."

Lucy threw up her hand, as if to dash aside the picture Gould was so vividly drawing. Her breath came rapidly; her eyes flashed.

"No, no—a thousand times no! He never did that—never—never! Do you think I should not have known? It was the touch of his hand on my head; my father has done the same thing, a thousand times, and it did not seem strange."

"Then, why were you blushing, even to the very hands, that trembled, while they locked in your face? Why did this man smile down upon all this agitation, so triumphantly?"

"I do not know. How can I tell? He had no right to be glad—no right in the world, to question me till the blood came into my face, as you say it did. He hurt me; he made me very angry with his questions. Such things may be done by girls, in that other world you talk of; but I do not see how ladies can bear it. I could not; and that was all you saw, Doctor Gould, and all there was to see, I—I—"

Here, Lucy broke down, utterly; dropped into a chair, and burst into a passionate fit of crying.

I am afraid Doctor Gould did not behave much better than his handsome predecessor had done; but a repentant look came into his face; he knelt down by her side, and got up again, quite ashamed of himself; bent over her, and ruffled her bright hair, with some awkward attempts to pat her on the head. Lucy's sobs came quicker and faster, after these attempts. When he laid his hand upon her shoulder, all the slender neck turned crimson, and she shook him off, angrily. He was tormenting her worse than the count had done, and a thousand times more awkwardly, having the feelings of a culprit.

"What questions did this man dare to ask?" he said, "and why did they distress you?"

"I think some men dare to ask anything," was the impatient reply.

"But I am not one of them; only a neighbor and friend, who would not pain you for the world."

The girl lifted her head, and glanced at him, through her tears.

"If you will not tell me what Count Var was saying, when he bent over you so familiarly, you will not hesitate to let your father know," said Gould.

"My father!" cried the girl, with a startled look. "No, no, why should I tell anyone? It was nothing. He only wanted to know—"

"Well?"

"Only this: He wanted to know if I had ever loved anyone better than my own father; differently, he said, but better."

"And you answered him?" questioned Gould, in a low, hesitating voice.

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"Answered him? No. How could I?"

Here, a flood of hot crimson swept the girl's face, and she half rose from her chair, as if prompted to escape from the strange look, with which Gould regarded her.

"You could not answer? The count was, doubtless, satisfied with that. He went out smiling."

"Did he? I could not tell. You were at the gate, and I forgot all about him."

"You forgot all about him?"

There was a sudden inflection of joy, in the young man's voice; a lighting up of the whole countenance, that sent a timid smile through Lucy's tears.

"It was *so* long since you had been here," she said.

"And you missed me?"

"How could I help it? You had been so good to us, and my poor mother thought so much of you."

"Lucy!"

"Did you speak, Doctor Gould?"

"When Var took that—that—unwarrantable liberty, why could you not answer him?"

"Because—because he had no right, and—and—I had nothing to say."

"Neither have I a right; but tell me, child, will it make you very angry, if I ask the same question?"

"You, you?"

"It is rash, almost dishonorable, to say this; but I love you dearly; so dearly, that the thought of seeing you approached by another, is more than I can endure. Tell me, girl, tell me!"

He took her hands in his; he bent down, and searched her face, with impatient fondness. She could not lift her eyes to his, but he felt her hands tremble, and raised them to his lips.

"You do love me. It was this sweet secret, that you would not tell to that stranger. How dare he ask it? You have been loving me, all the time, as I have loved you?"

"Yes."

This was all Lucy said; but a world of joy sparkled through the tears, that had ceased to fall, but still trembled in her eyes.

Gould sank upon one knee; not that he meant to play the hero, but because that position brought his face on a level with hers, and he longed to read all the sweet lovelight revealed there.

"You will wait for me? I have got to work hard, and earn a right to you. I never meant to say all this, till I could ask you, then and there, to be my wife; but this strange man has taught me how great my loss would be, if another should win you."



The girl laughed, lightly, as a bird sings.

"Win me? I do not believe Count Var ever thought of it. A pretty countess I should make. Don't you think so?"

Gould set his teeth together. He had never dreamed that this handsome stranger had, for a moment, thought of sharing his title with this fair girl. British, even Continental noblemen, do not, as a general thing, come to this country, in order to barter their titles for penniless beauty. But he would not, for the world, have explained all this to the object of his love; and the joy of the moment was far too vivid, for more than a momentary thought on the unpleasant subject, though it had been enough to make him spring to his feet, on the first presentation.

"You shall be no one's countess—but my own sweet wife, one of these days," he said, bending over the chair Lucy occupied, much as Var had done; and, like him, was tempted to touch her hair with his lips.

Lucy threw her head back, with a little, reproving laugh; for, there was no mistaking the touch of those lips, for a good-night blessing. She blushed rosily when the distinction was thus forced upon her, and would have withdrawn to the window; but he followed her there; and, for an hour, those two young people wandered into the spring-time of Love's Paradise; talking its language, as birds sing, with a sweet, beautiful meaning, which they alone can understand. This love-language, like the bird-songs, gives forth only vague sounds to the common ear; but it is the very melody of souls, sweet and eloquent, according to the depth of feeling which language tries to express, but never can. Therefore, let no one criticise the talk of lovers, and call it trivial, till some new force of words is found, into which feelings can be coined perfectly.

Well, these two stood together, by the window, through which that dying mother had looked, when it rattled in the wind, and snow was drifted against it, and saw only a gorgeous sunset, flooding the distant woods; trees budding into leaf; a faint glow of opening blossoms in the hedgerows; and, in a pebbly gutter, worn by the dropping eaves, what seemed a handful of living gold.

This was only a tuft of crocuses, that seemed to have blossomed all at once; but, Lucy remembered how wistfully she had watched the buds that morning, and wondered if the man by her side would ever care to gather them again.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Count Var was well pleased with his visit to Wheeler's Hollow, and sauntered back to the old

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mansion, leisurely, like a man absolutely content with the state of his affairs. Now and then, he would stop by the wayside, and examine the turf, as if anxious to prolong a stroll that was full of delight to him, by a search for wild flowers, that had not, as yet, made an appearance in the young grass. Sometimes, he would diverge into the edge of the woods, and, seating himself on some fallen log, softly beat the great, velvet cushions of moss, that carpeted the rocks all around him, with the point of his slender cane.

All this time, the man was thinking over the interview with Lucy, that, to his satisfied vanity, seemed like one of his many triumphs among women.

"I came near making a mistake," he thought, smiling down upon the moss he was beating with such gentle touches. "For one instant, the charm of her sweet innocence made me forget myself, and I almost startled her. Upon my soul, it is well worth coming across the ocean, to find anything in womankind so exquisitely pure. I had almost forgotten the charm a genuine blush possesses. How beautiful she was—how sweetly confiding. The rude grasp that I made at her secret, was like pulling up a flower by the roots. I absolutely shrank away from myself, when she took fright and trembled so. It is well I stopped there, for the girl is timid as she is beautiful, and must not be alarmed. Her best, kindest, and most sympathizing friend. That is my role, very carefully acted, till my antique sweetheart carries out the romance of adopting her, in place of the daughter who has captured Oram. I must see to it that my adored does not change her mind, a thing she is unpleasantly apt to do, with everyone but myself. Here, she is resolute and generous enough, ready to pour out her wealth at my feet, and kneel for me to take her with it—as if she were not old enough to see what a farce it is. Such devotion; the exquisite trust; the whole thing makes me loathe her, and almost myself. It would be unendurable, if one were forbidden to look forward for some compensation. If I could only fancy myself in love, now, as Oram does; poor fellow, poor fellow!"

Just then, a pair of early robins came fluttering to the tree overhead, and filled its branches with bursts of love-music, so joyous and sweet that the evil drift of the man's thoughts went with it, and a genuine smile arose to his lips.

"Yes, she loves me, the innocent creature, as the birds love; and I am almost a boy again, when I think of it. Strange, strange, that this demure, little witch should have found the power to move me so. Why will it be, that feeling and interest never go together? Why was not this fair girl the woman I was in search of. I would have given up all the old life, willingly, for her?"

"All the old life."

Count Var did not reflect on the impossibility that lay in his words. It is the curse of evil, that no man ever yet had the power to obliterate one act from the past, or say what control it will have in the future. Each act, according to its kind, must live with us forever, either as a sweet or bitter remembrance; even if it has no deeper influence on human destiny than that. The past alone holds the inevitable.

"Yet," this man said to himself, "with this fair girl, in all her pure loveliness, with the wealth in my reach, if she were endowed like the other, I could once again take my place in the world, and—and—"

Here, Var broke off, with an impassioned dash of his cane upon the moss, tearing it up from the rock which it cushioned, in emerald fragments.

"Why could not this one have had the money?" he said, aloud, "it would have been Paradise for me; but fate has always been cross-grained, when I needed her help most."

As he passed into the street again, Var met the minister, mounted on a neighbor's horse, with a valise, of rusty leather, strapped to the back of his saddle. It was Monday; he had been preaching fifteen miles away, and, not being strong, rode wearily; but drew the old horse up, a moment, and greeted Var with a kindly smile.

"I have just been at your house," said the count, lifting his hat, as if the poor minister, mounted there, had been a king. "It has been a pleasant walk; but I was much disappointed at not finding you at home; all the more, because we are about to leave the neighborhood."

"Ah, I am sorry for that," said the minister, with genuine regret. We shall miss you down yonder."

"I should be glad to think so, Mr. Hastings; for my visits there are among the most pleasant memories I shall carry away with me."

"But we shall feel your going most," said the minister, with a sigh. "It is not often, that men of your class settle down with us, even for a week; and when they do come, it seems hard to give them up. We shall miss you—oh, yes, we are sure to feel the loss. My Lucy, most of all; for while we talked, she loved to listen. Perhaps, you observed that."

A faint flush rose to Var's face. Somewhere, in the man's nature, there was a conscience, after all. He shrank from speaking about Lucy, to her father, and simply bowed his head.

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"If this is your last visit, perhaps you will not mind, if I get off and walk on a piece. The poor horse, here, will be glad to get rid of my weight; he is nearly tired out."

Var waited, while the good man came down from his saddle, though he would rather have passed on. Hastings slipped the bridle over his arm, and walked on, by the side of his friend, leading the horse, that stumbled heavily after them.

"As you are going away, and it isn't likely that we may ever see each other again, I should like to say a few words about my daughter, and, if you would not think me intrusive, perhaps, about yourself."

"Your daughter? Myself? Of course, of course."

It was not often that Var faltered; but the words of this trusting man took him by surprise.

"Lucy, you see, is a singular girl, in some respects, so unlike the people about here, that she really has no companion, now that God has taken her mother. She has been taught many things, that our neighbors never think of, and would not understand. Indeed, I think they might blame the care I have taken of her education. Do not smile, when I speak in this way, of the little knowledge it has been in my power to give her; but, in a lifetime of study, one learns something, even without great teachers, and such things as a maiden should know of books and ideas, I have taught Lucy. Have I been unwise in this? You are learned, and have seen the world, of which we have only read; tell me, have I been doing my girl an injury, when I taught her to think above her class? Her mother was of a higher order, perhaps you know, and, it is possible, she had a little pride in it."

"She might justly be proud of a child like your daughter," said Var, restraining his speech to this commonplace praise. "I have never met a more lovely—I should say, more worthy—young person; but it is easy to see that her position in this place must be one of utter loneliness."

"Still," said the minister, with touching humility, "I have done my best to get well of that sickness, and brighten up her home. Old Hannah will come to live with us. She is not an ignorant woman, by any means, and the kindest creature that ever lived; but I can see that my girl droops. You would not know her to be the same bright, cheerful, young thing that she was before her mother died. Tell me, before you leave us, what can I do? How can I bring a little happiness back to my child? I have taken counsel of the members—even of the presiding elder—but they advise patience and constant prayer. Those things she has had from the cradle up. The mother's life was one prayer for her happiness; and, though far less worthy, I bear her to the throne of grace morning and evening, asking only a little more sunshine in her face; a little more youth, only; only that my child may be herself again."

The minister's voice was inexpressibly mournful; his eyes heavy with appealing sadness. Var did not lift his eyes from the earth. His heart beat heavily, but the cool intellect controlled it. He was not a man to yield to a touching look or a broken voice. On the contrary, he reasoned with himself, coolly, while the good man at his side was struggling with emotion.

"Counsel me," repeated the minister. "You have had wide experience; should be able to discover the needs of a human heart, and read, in the character of my girl, that which will make her happier."

"But, the advice you ask, may imply sacrifices," said Var.

"I have so little to sacrifice, am myself so lonely and helpless, that it seems as if I had nothing to offer," answered the minister, hopelessly. "My own, poor life, is about all that can be called my own, and that belongs to God. If it were His will to take it, in order that her happiness could be secured thereby, surely that should be given up."

"But, that would rather complete her misery," said Var, smitten with a feeling of compassion, that made him hesitate to speak out.

"True—true; but, beyond that, what is left?"

"The young lady, herself," replied Var, in a low voice.

"My child!"

These words came out with a cry of pain, that made even that cold-blooded adviser start and look up.

The minister's face was white as marble; the features seemed to grow smaller and lock themselves; in the depths of his eyes lay the gloom of sudden pain.

"She is, here, surrounded with friends, yet, quite alone, as you have said. The good people, who have been kept somewhat aloof by the refinement of her mother, may be kind, but they have no more sympathy with her gentler nature than absolute strangers. She has the command of few books, and those few come under the supervision of persons who look upon all reading that they cannot understand as a sin, to be condemned. In her little world, she has only—only—"

"Only a weary, broken-down father, who

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chills her youth by the gloom of his presence. A father who would think death a blessing, if that could make her happy!"

"If your daughter could leave this place, for which her education and natural ability has unfitted her—if she could be thrown into society, cultured, like herself, the bloom of life would return to her. Let her go out from this intellectual desert, and merge in the world, for which all the enterprise and romance of her nature pines, in unconscious bondage, and one of the finest characters I have ever seen will develop itself. This needs resolution, and, what I see now, must prove a painful sacrifice."

The minister did not speak, but stood in the middle of the highway, directly in front of his horse, that stopped, patiently, glad of so much rest. One piteous look of reproach he cast on the man who thus quietly advised him to give up everything left to him in life; then he moved slowly on.

"Remember, I do not urge this course," said Var, following him. "You asked my opinion; that is all."

"Yes, I asked it, and am thankful; forgive me. But, I am not quite myself. Farewell, Count Var. I do not feel quite strong enough to walk much farther."

The minister held out one hand, as he spoke. Var took it in his. The icy touch chilled him a little.

"Do not let my advice distress you so. It is but that of one person, and wiser men may think differently," he said.

There was no answer. Mr. Hastings laid both hands on the saddle, and, after falling back once or twice, lifted himself into it. Then the old horse went on, bearing a weary, weary load of sorrow down to the old brown house.

Var watched the unhappy man, till a turn of the road bore him out of sight. Then he moved away, muttering to himself.

"The poor old fellow takes my advice sadly to heart. What cunning spirit tempted him to ask it, I wonder? Well, let the prompting be good or evil, no one can say that every word I uttered was not that which the most disinterested man on earth would conscientiously have given. Even his own presiding elder could find no fault with it. Is it my fault, if honest advice works according to my wishes? It will lift that fair creature out of all her vulgar surroundings—remove her from the influence of this young doctor, who is madly in love with her, or I mistake the symptoms—and will place her under a roof of which I shall be master. Upon my word, this is like having ripe fruit drop into one's mouth. I have not even found it necessary to shake the tree."

## CHAPTER XXX.

Very different from these thoughts were the feelings that Mr. Hastings experienced, on his way home. Ever since the death of his wife, the dread of a separation from his child had haunted him. In the very depths of his grief, Mrs. Farnsworth had spoken of this, as the course her munificence might take. Keener anguish had dulled the effect then; but, more than once, that lady had alluded to the arrangement as quite settled, and a matter of course, when the poor man was too weak for protest, or explanation.

Since the donation party, Mrs. Farnsworth had been too pleasantly occupied with her own affairs for much thought of anything else, and seemed to have dropped all interest in the girl; but now, the advice which Count Var had given, with such apparent good faith, fell upon the poor father with double force, and a struggle commenced, that made the heart in his bosom faint with apprehension. Lucy would not leave him of her own will; he knew that well enough; but, his love for her was so deep and tender, that it might call upon him to urge a course that must lead to a separation. If her happiness depended on it—if her mother had so arranged the girl's future, on her death-bed, his duty was that of self-abnegation, notwithstanding the dreary loneliness of life, which would be to him after that.

So, with a heavy heart, that seemed as if it would ache forever, the minister rode up to his house, let himself down from the saddle, and stood awhile, leaning on the gate, dreading to see his daughter's face; for, he remembered, with a pang, how sad it had been when he went away.

All at once, the door was flung open, and Lucy stood on the threshold, radiant as the spring; veiled her eyes from the sunshine, a moment, to make sure that it was, indeed, himself; she came down the door-yard path, with both hands held out.

"Oh, you have come, at last, father. What a beautiful day it is, and you have had such a fine, long ride. Of course, the old horse has given you plenty of time to see everything, as you came along. Are the trees all in bud, out yonder? It seems to me as if they had all burst into leaf, since morning. It was cloudy, then, and I was afraid you would have to ride home in the rain; but the clearing off was worth it all."

Lucy said all this, rapidly, as happy girls will heap up words, when their hearts are full; and when she came to the gate, instead of opening it,

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she lifted herself up, and kissed her father over the pickets, exclaiming:

"Oh, father, it is so pleasant to have you home, again. Come in; come in. Tea is all ready!"

The troubled face of the minister lighted up, at the first sound of that welcoming voice. All his weariness was forgotten; he allowed the girl to lead him through the gate, and cling to his arm, all the way up to the open door.

"Did you give them a splendid sermon? But, of course, you did. And were the brethren glad to see you? Just as if it were possible they shouldn't be. The sisters, too, they always take good care of you—but come in, now, and tell me if any of them ever set out a nicer tea than this. Let me dust your clothes a little, then come in."

Lucy did not dream of the load her sweet cheerfulness lifted from the weary father's heart. Never since the mother left them, had he seen the lovely face of her child so full of sunshine, so exquisitely happy. He was a grave man, naturally; but when she came close to him, wielding the little brush-broom, he took her smiling face between his hands, and kissed her on the forehead.

"God bless thee! Oh, my child," he said, in a spirit of tender devotion, which gave a scriptural solemnity to his words. "This is, indeed, a happy welcome home."

"But you looked so tired, at first, father."

"Yes, I had been thinking, on the way—"

"And are hungry—so am I—so am I—come, now, or everything will be getting cold."

The two went into the house together, and sat down by the little, round table, drawn close to the window, where they could see all the tender green things, coming up in the yard, and the elm branches, heavy with buds, swaying to and fro, in the soft wind.

"There, now," said Lucy, breaking a short-cake, warm from the hearth, placing a golden fragment, triumphantly, on her father's plate. "Aunt Hannah taught me how to make it, and she thinks that I shall become a first-rate housekeeper, by-and-bye."

The minister did not touch his portion of the short-cake; but sat looking at the girl, with pathetic earnestness.

"Would you be content with that?" he questioned; so anxiously, that Lucy became serious, at once.

"Content? Why not? If a woman cannot find happiness at home, where else is she to look for it?"

"Ah, indeed!"

The minister gave a deep sigh, which was one of infinite relief.

"I have often heard my mother say, that the greatest happiness of her life, was in making a comfortable home for her family," continued Lucy.

A great wave of troubled tenderness came over the minister's face, as his daughter said this. His eyelids drooped downward, that she might not see that tears were gathering under them.

"Your mother had no world beyond her home. No ambition disturbed her love for it," he said, in a soft, broken voice. Such women do exist—sometimes, under many trials."

"What are trials," questioned Lucy, with all the faith of newborn love, "that fail to strike us through someone that we love?"

"Loneliness, to some women; want of intellectual opportunities, baffled desires," said the minister, thinking to search his daughter's heart, and learn if her late depression had sprung from any of these things.

"But—but, of course, I cannot know much about it. Still, I have often heard *her* say, that great love, in a woman, has but one ambition, that of making its object happy."

The minister arose from his chair, inspired with courage, to search for the worst.

"Would that be enough for you, my child?" he questioned, laying his hand on her head.

"It was enough for her, father."

"But, your mother had many trials, that I, perhaps, might have spared her."

"But, you gave her the greatest blessing of all; that of complete love.'

"And you would be content, so?"

"Yes, father."

"What—with the old father, always?"

The girl faltered; a flood of crimson swept her face; but she answered, after a moment, with prompt decision.

"Yes, father; you and I have no need of separation. We will always live together."

Lucy was about to say more, for her heart was full; but the minister, who had been in no position to see her confusion, turned, quietly, and went out of the room.

Directly, when Lucy began to wonder why he had left the table so abruptly, and opened an inner room-door, in search of him, it was closed again, with reverent stillness; for the minister was on his knees, both hands shrouded his face, and she knew, by the motion of his shoulders, that a passion of tears was shaking him—grateful tears, it seemed to her; for, with them, came low murmurs of thanksgiving, as if some great trouble had been swept from his life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1. No. 2.

No. 1—Is the latest novelty for a short costume. The material is bunting, nun's veiling, or bordered satine. Our model is of bordered material, but a border of plaid or striped goods, is easily put upon any plain material. The skirt is trimmed with four kilt-plaited flounces, quarter of a yard



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deep, put on to overlap each other. The bodice is gathered in front, and has a deep-plaited basque into the waist, finished by a belt of the stripe. In front, the bodice opens slightly at

No. 3.

the throat, and has a gathered collar, and small revers of the striped material. The cuffs correspond. The back is gathered, and forms a Princess tunic, arranged in large pouffs. Eighteen yards of single-width bordered goods, or nine yards of double-fold material, with six yards of stripe or plaid for bordering. The bordered goods makes the least expensive dress, and, at the same time, requires less labor in the making.

No. 2—Is a walking costume, of olive-green camel's-hair. Any dark color, seal-brown, navy-blue, or dark-plum, would be equally effective, made after this model. The skirt has a deep-kilted flounce, reaching above the knee. The tunic is a simple, round overskirt, looped high at the sides, and cut in a deep vandyke in front, the half-point at the sides. Six rows of narrow, black, hercules braid, ornaments the tunic. Our illustration shows how the braid is arranged on the points in front. The fullness at the back is

No. 4.

disposed of in irregular loopings. The jacket is a long coat, buttoned closely from the throat, the entire length. The only trimming is the braid, put on in passementerie design, on each side.

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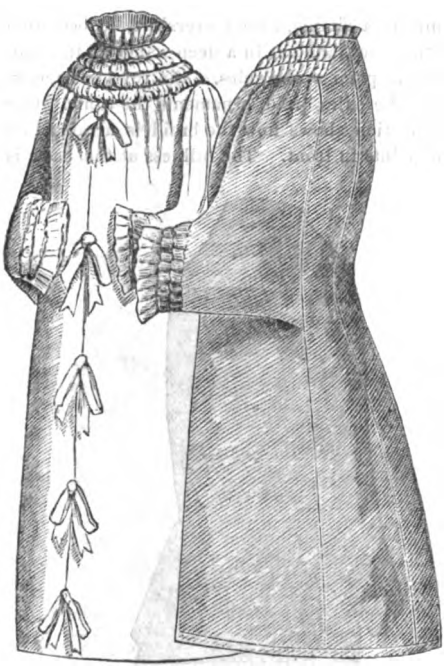
Rows of braid form the cuffs, and ornament the collar. Nine yards of double-width goods, and two and a-half dozen yards of braid, one and a-half dozen buttons, will be required for this costume.

No. 3—Is only suitable for a street costume. It is made of light ladies'-cloth. It also has a



No. 5.

kilted skirt, the kilting reaching above the knee, where it is joined to the upper part of the skirt. Some have the kilting put on a foundation; but, in a cloth dress, it makes it rather heavy for comfort. The polonaise is cut in the Princess shape, simply corded or stitched on the edge. On the left side, near the front, it is looped with a large cord and tassels. The same ornaments the opposite side, only it is placed farther back. Very little fullness in the back of the polonaise. The cape, with capuchin hood, is adjustable, and worn at pleasure. It ties in front, with cord and tassel. A plaiting, placed under the cut-out points of the sleeve proper, forms the cuffs. Nine yards of cloth will be required. Of light ladies'-cloth, this costume is most useful for all seasons. For traveling, mountain, and seaside wear, it is almost indispensable.

No. 4—Is a mourning costume, of black cashmere, or Henrietta-cloth. Exactly in front, on the skirt, the deep flounce is laid in a treble box-plait, the plaits lying flat, like the back, which is seen in the engraving. The sides are plain. The front drapery is arranged in deep folds, turning upwards, placed across the skirt, scarf-fashion. The back is in large pouffs. The long jacket is tight-fitting, the back four hollow plaits. The edge of jacket, and edge of over-drapery, is finished with a piping of crape or corded silk. Turn-over collar; cuffs and pockets to correspond. A plain, round waist is made with this costume, to be worn in the house, and, under the jacket, for the street. Ten to twelve yards of cashmere, and one yard of wide crape, or one and a-half of silk, for trimming, will be required.

No. 5—Is the front and side view of a Mother Hubbard breakfast sacque. It is made of soft cashmere; any pretty color. The back is half-fitting, and the front is gathered at the throat; and, also, the sleeves, as seen in illustration. Loops, of narrow, satin ribbon, are the only trimming required. Some of these Mother Hubbard sacques and wrappers, are gathered both back and front. This, though, is the latest model.

No. 6.

No. 6—Is an out-door costume, for a girl of four years. The material is dark-blue cloth, flannel, or cashmere. The blouse-frock fastens at the side, with pearl buttons, and terminates with a box-plaiting, which forms the skirt. The belt should be of leather, and of the natural

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No. 7.

leather color. The cape is of the same material as the costume, simply stitched upon the edge,

No. 8.

and tied with a bow of ribbon, same color as the belt. Buttons to match. This model is also suitable for white piqué.

No. 7—Is an ulsterette, for a girl of six to ten years, made of gray or brown mixed cloth. It is

No. 9.

double-breasted, and has adjustable cape and hood. The hood is lined with satin to correspond, or cardinal red. Heavy cord and tassels confine the ulster at the waist. The cord is doubled, and

No. 10.

passed under loops, at the waist, to keep it in place.

No. 8—Is a stylish overcoat, for a boy of six years. It is of gray tweed, double-breasted, and with triple collars, all bound with braid. Cuffs,

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pocket-flaps, and edge of overcoat, also bound with braid. Large bone or wood buttons.

No. 9—Is a girl's paletot, of water-proof tweed. The frock should be of the same material. The garment is double-breasted, and fastens with horn buttons. The collar may be of plush or velvet, according to the material used.

No. 10—Is a new pinafore, for a girl of two to four years. It may be made of gray linen, or white nainsook. The bodice is cut square, and trimmed down the front with buttons, and narrow bands of dotted blue percale stitched on. A broad band of the same is arranged around the waist, and tied at the back. Narrow frill of lace, or a Hamburg edge, finishes the pinafore at the neck and armholes.

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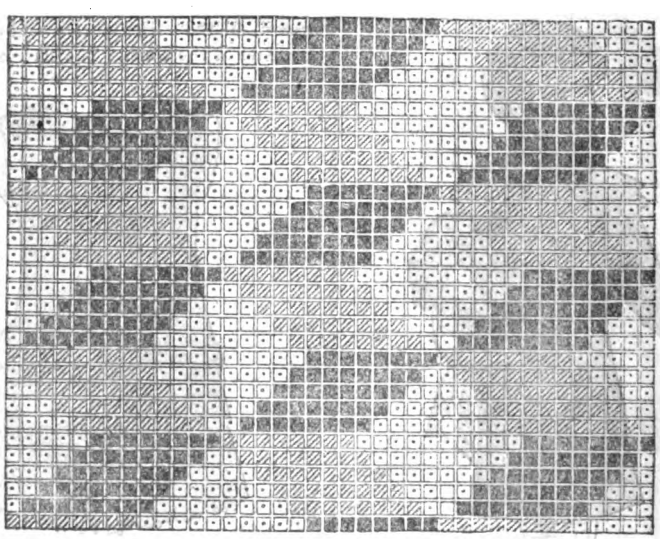
# TUNBRIDGE DESIGN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This can be worked in beads and wool, on canvas, for a cushion; or will form a pretty tidy for a chair-back, if netted in square netting. If worked in beads, on canvas, the whitest part of the design should be in chalk beads, and the next shade in crystal beads, and the dark sides in gray wool or silk. If netted, the lightest side in thick darning, the next shade in "linen-stitch," that is, darning with two or four threads in each square, then crossing them, in the same manner. The darkest side left undarned. This design can be used for a variety of purposes.

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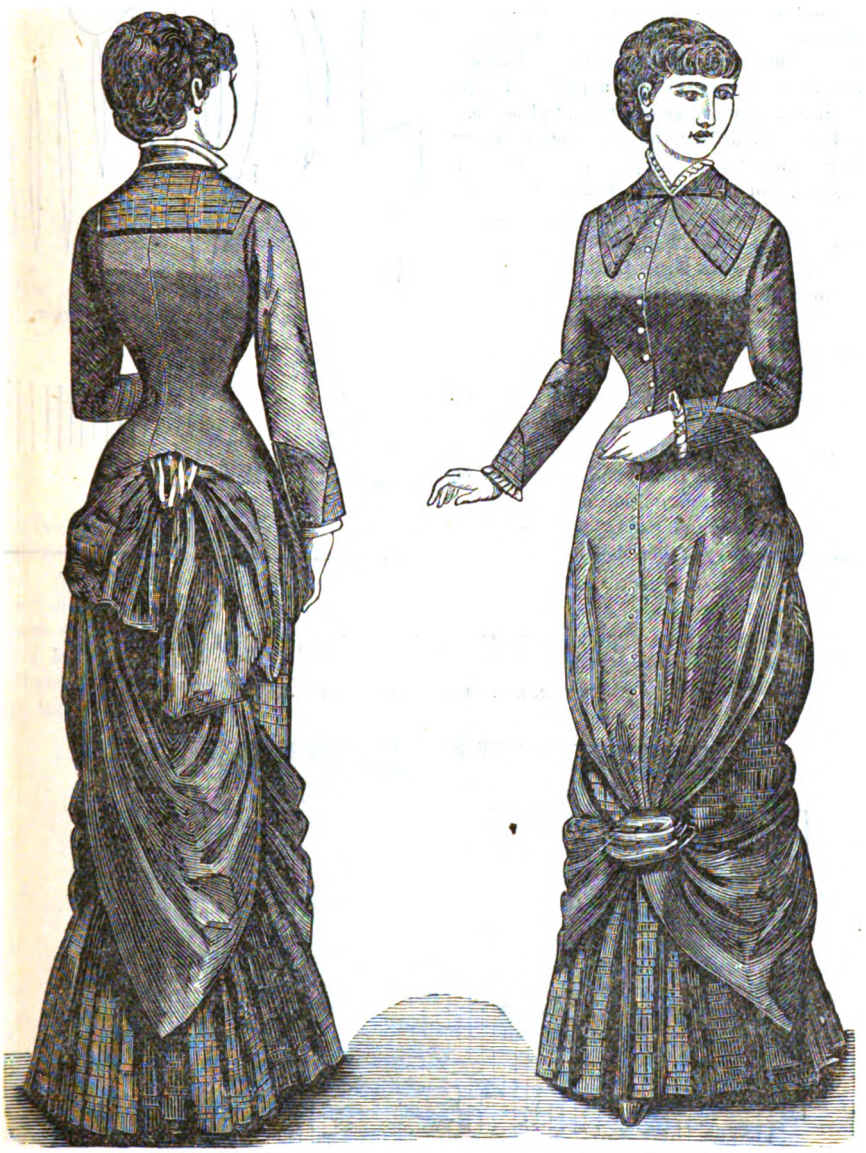
# POLONAISE PATTERN: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here an illustration, showing the back and front of a polonaise, the newest one out, and a very stylish and beautiful affair indeed. Folded in with the number, we give a SUPPLEMENT,



containing the various pieces, full size, of which this polonaise is made. As the great length of some of the parts compels us to turn them over at one end, and as, in addition to this, the number of the pieces somewhat crowds the SUPPLEMENT, we give, on the next page, diminutive patterns of four of the pieces, to help understand it.

The pattern, on the SUPPLEMENT, consists of



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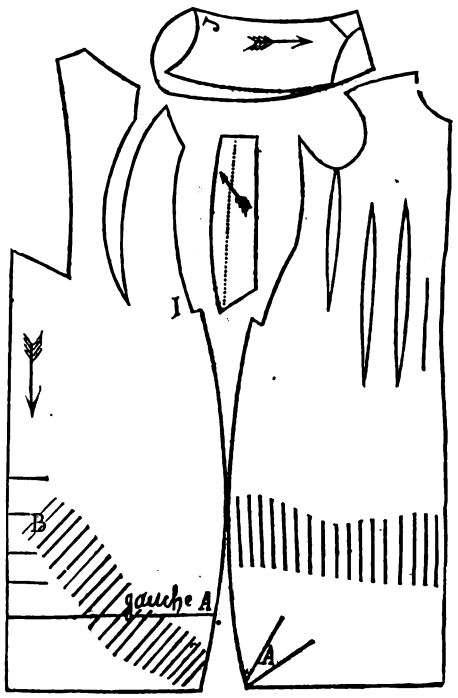
five pieces. No. I. Half of Front. Here notice that the darts are marked for the bust, and one under the arm. No. II. Half of Back and Side-Back combined. Observe, that both back and front, the patterns turn over at the dotted line, giving the length of the skirt of the polonaise. No. III. Is the upper and lower parts of the Sleeve. No. IV. Half of the small turn-over Collar. No. V. Half of the Cuff.

A deep sailor collar, as seen in the engraving above, is sometimes worn with this polonaise; but it is not necessary to give a pattern for it: the collar can be worn, or omitted, at pleasure.

The letters show how the pieces are to be put together. The front of the polonaise is left open at the sides, and is crossed below the knee with a knot of surah silk. It is buttoned from the neck to the knot of silk, with small buttons. The back seam is sewed as far as the notch below the waist; then the left side of the skirt is taken up, and arranged in the large loop at the back, while the right side is plaited, and looped to fall in a point, as seen in the illustration.

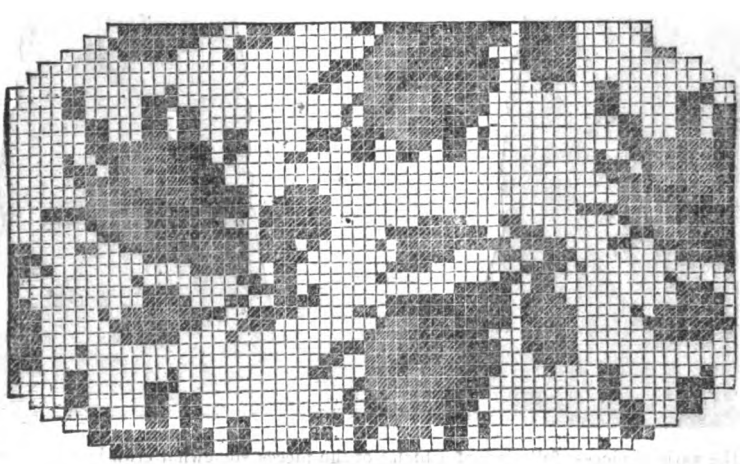
Our model is made of porcelain-blue cashmere, over a plaid surah silk skirt, of mixed colors. The skirt has a kilt-plaited flounce, extending above the knee. The collar, cuffs, and knot on the front of the skirt, are all of the plaid silk.

We give the back and front view, in order to show how the drapery of the polonaise is arranged, a very important consideration. We predict that this will be the most popular costume this fall.




## CROSS-STITCH DESIGN FOR ROSEBUDS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This rosebud design is suitable for working on Java canvas, in silk or wool. The dark shade is done in green, the lighter one in red or pink. Good for a baby's carriage-blanket; or it would make a lovely tidy, or a border for a scarf, table-cover, toilet mats, etc.

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## TRIMMING FOR SKIRT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This is for trimming a silk or cashmere skirt, four rows of gathering on the under side, forming pouffs, with the lower edge left for the ruffle, at the bottom of the skirt.

## BORDER FOR CURTAINS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a new and particularly chaste design for a border for a curtain. The foundation of this border may be either cloth, satin, or plush. The design is formed with applications of cretonne, of satin-stitch embroidery and braid. The cretonne appliqués represent rosebuds and pansies, with their leaves and buds, and their edges worked over with silks to match. The branches, stems, and veinings may be painted. The soutache or braid should be of the same color; but a darker shade, than the groundwork. There are, it will be seen, two ovals, each of a different pattern; these are to be repeated, however, indefinitely. The braiding pattern between the ovals is also, of course, to be repeated.

## NAME FOR MARKING.

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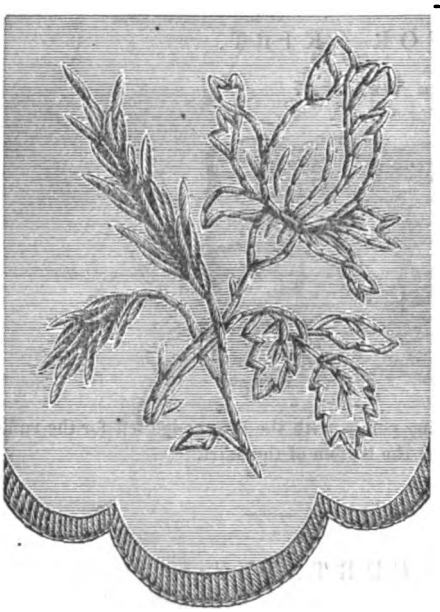
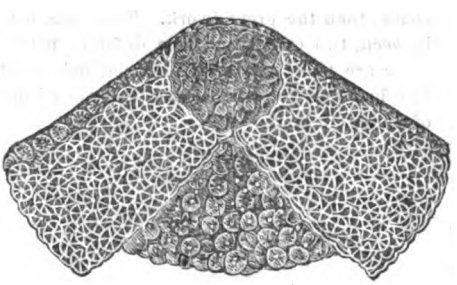
# DESIGN IN OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.

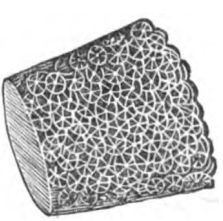
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

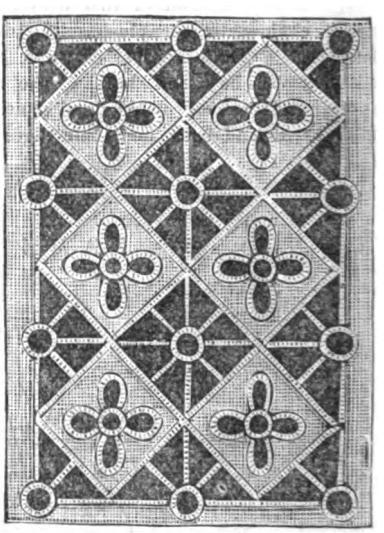


This design is useful for embroidering flounces for skirts, ends of cravats, edges of muslin fichus, etc. It is all done in outline-stitch, and the edge buttonholed. For a baby's blanket or skirt, work in silk. For a little blanket, it might be done in crewels; pink for the rosebud, green for the leaves, and the wheat ears in pale straw-color.

# COLLAR AND CUFF, IN ENGLISH EMBROIDERY







This design will be useful for a variety of purposes, as well as the collar and cuffs. Pongee and linen dresses, for children and ladies, are now embroidered in this style of work. The squares are all done in buttonhole-stitch, then every other one cut out; and on the black squares, the design is filled in with lace work, and on the solid squares, the eyelets are cut out, and worked in over-stitch. The work should be done over oil-cloth, or paper, to keep it perfectly even.



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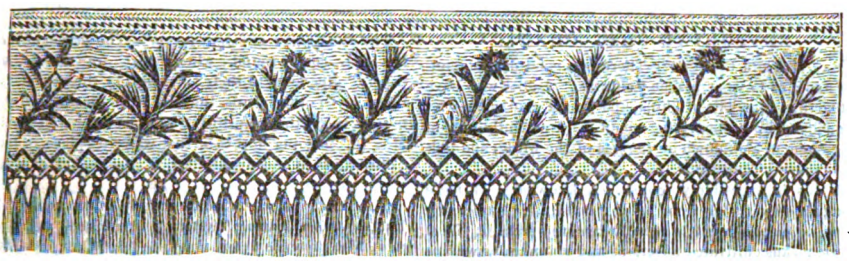
## EMBROIDERY FOR SOFA OR GARDEN-SEAT.

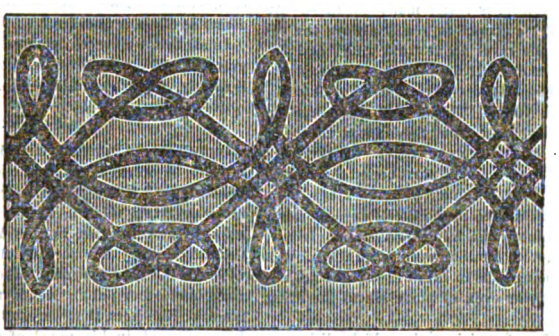
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design of cornflowers and wheat ears looks well worked on crash, or mummy-cloth, of a yellowish or drab tint. The flowers are worked in crewels, their natural colors. Make the fringe by ravelling out the cloth, and tying it as seen.

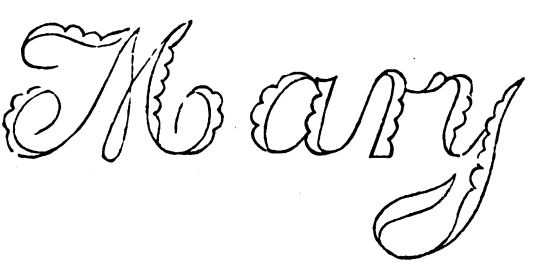
## DESIGN FOR BRAIDING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a simple pattern for braiding in silk, cotton, or worsted braid, for children's dresses, blouse, etc. In fact it may be used for almost any purpose that taste may suggest.

## NAME FOR MARKING.



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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHAT IS TRUE CULTURE?—There is a good deal of nonsense afloat as to what is true "culture." Ladies who have got together a few bits of china, and young gentlemen who have picked up a smattering about art, frequently put on airs, assume to look down on the rest of the world, and talk very big about "culture."

All this is excessively foolish. A knowledge of mere bric-a-brac is very far from being "culture." Proficiency in one accomplishment is equally removed from it. Real culture, means cultivated affections and manners, as well as intellectual or artistic acquirements. A man may be as learned as Dr. Samuel Johnson, yet be, as he was, a boor in deportment. A woman may have spent a fortune in old china, yet possess neither grace, nor amiability, nor goodness of heart. All the Worth dresses in the world, all the upholstery that Cottier can furnish, all the pictures and bric-a-brac that Avery can sell you, will not give you real "culture," unless you have, not only taste, but reading; and not only reading, but knowledge; and not only knowledge, but courteous manners; and, behind the manners, a kindly heart. Any "culture," short of this, is a sham.

True "culture," therefore, is really many-sidedness. At present, what is called "culture," is nearly always the reverse. One set of people raves about "old blue" and Japanese porcelain. Another is all for mediæval embroidery. A third glories in Chippendale chairs, and what it calls, rather vaguely, "Queen Anne." They are all narrow: none have true culture. Now, apart from the limited nature of this "culture," we see other things to regret. Thirty years ago, ladies, who aspired to refinement, surrounded themselves with books. They did not become "blue stockings," but they were thoroughly cultivated in the literary sense, and in that direction were absolutely charming. Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, and Tennyson, were familiar words with them. Was that not better than being able to talk only of Delft, Chelsea, Lowestoft, Dresden, or even of porcelain of the Ming dynasty?

A fine taste is as often found in rude, selfish, dishonorable, and immoral persons, as in any others. Some of the very worst men, indeed, that we have ever known, were men who pretended, in this way, to "culture." But genuine "culture," as we have shown, is a very different affair. It means cultivation, not only on the æsthetic side, but on the moral; not only socially, but intellectually. It means cultivation of the manners, of the affections, of knowledge, of literature, and of morals, as well as of the taste.

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OUR "YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL" PICTURES.—For one dollar we will send, post-paid, to any address, a copy of each of these first-class historical pictures, viz.: "Gran'father Tells of Yorktown," and "The Surrender of Cornwallis." Or, we will send either for fifty cents. Every family ought to have one, if not both, of these patriotic engravings. No sitting-room is complete without them.

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SINGLE NUMBERS of this magazine will be mailed to any address, postage free, on the receipt of twenty cents. We make this announcement, in consequence of the many complaints we receive, saying that back numbers, and sometimes even current ones, cannot be had of the local agents. The fact is, the demand is greater than the local supply.

THE VULGARITY OF "JENKINISM."—The season of the year has now come round, when what are called "society papers," give loose to their vulgarity, in the way of "Jenkinism." In other words, they are filled, day after day, with notices that "the beautiful Miss C.," or the "accomplished Miss D.," is going to this, or that watering-place, or that the "distinguished and wealthy Mr. E." has just given a dinner-party, etc., etc., etc.

The time was when ladies shrank from such publicity. But now, as a leading Western journal says, every young miss, who pretends to *ton*, must see herself in print, at least once a week. "The worst of it is," says the journal, "*all these notices are sent by the young ladies themselves.* Now, what is the meaning of this hankering after publicity, so apparent in our American girls? Have they no modesty? Do they not know that, save on very rare occasions, publicity compromises a young girl's character? Do they not know that young men whose friendship is worth prizing are repelled from associating with a young lady whose name is in every one's mouth? Girls fond of publicity make very bad wives. They love display, and that passion following them into wedlock, makes them dress up for other people's gratification, without regard to the feelings of their husbands or the demands of their families."

In all this, we heartily concur. The whole practice is disgraceful. There is not a word to be said in its defense. It is utterly vulgar and unlady-like.

---

OUR COLORED PATTERN, for this number, is a design for a tidy, to be worked on Java canvas. The subject, "Lady Washington," is one particularly appropriate, at this time; for everything, relating to the "Father of His Country," acquires new interest, in this Yorktown Centennial year. Ordinary history has hardly done justice to Washington's wife. It has been too much taken up with battles, negotiations, and other public events, to the neglect of silent influences, like hers, that were, all the time, quietly at work. D'Israeli said, in his novel of "Endymion," that women were one of the most potent influences in history. Now, Lady Washington was of pronounced character, without being at all unfeminine; and, during the War of Independence, she shared not only her husband's privations, but his anxieties, also. Afterwards, when Washington was President, she set an example, which, socially, was of the greatest value. Her cotemporaries wisely judged that she deserved some special honor for all this; and, hence, called her Lady Washington, while refusing any title but that of plain Mrs. to others; nor has any President's wife since been dignified by the title of Lady. The American people owe a lasting debt of gratitude to Martha Washington.

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OUR STEEL ENGRAVING, this month, "Blind Milton Dictating Paradise Lost to His Daughters," is after a world-famous picture, by the great Hungarian artist, Muncaksy. The original is now in the Lennox Library, in the city of New York, having been presented to that institution by R. Lennok Kennedy, Esq., well known as one of the most cultivated, as well as munificent, patrons of art and letters, that we have ever had in America. An illustrated article, on Milton and his poetry, which we give, will, we think, be read with interest, in connection with this engraving.



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A NEW VOLUME began, with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe, especially to those who do not want back numbers from January. But back numbers can be supplied, if wished. *It is never too late to get up clubs.* Clubs may begin with either the January, or July number; but all the members of a club must begin with the same number. Always say when your club is to begin. Send for a specimen, and get up a club. Our clubs, and the premiums, remember, are as follows:

Two copies for one year for $3.50, or three copies for $4.50, with *either our large steel engraving*, "Gran'father Tells of Yorktown," for a premium, or our elegant, gilt, quarto, illustrated ALBUM.

Four copies for one year for $6.50, or six copies for $9.00, or ten copies for $14.00, *with an extra copy of the magazine for one year, as a premium.*

Five copies for one year for $8.00, or seven copies for $10.50, or twelve copies for $17.00, with *both an extra copy for premium, and either the steel-engraving, or* ALBUM. For larger clubs, still greater inducements.

Our terms are so low, our premiums so valuable, that *no other magazine can compete with them.*

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PIANO-MATS, QUILTS, ETC., ETC.—Many very pretty affairs can be made, with but little trouble, and small expense, by ladies, at leisure hours. Mats, to go underneath pianos, are among them. These can be made of a strip of coarse sacking, bound with red cloth, and a strip of the same down the centre, worked with all colors of worsteds. The design may be roughly sketched out, in the middle of the cloth; but the leaves and tendrils of it can be stretched beyond it, over the sacking. The cloth binding should be ornamented with worsteds also. These mats measure about twelve inches in width, and forty-eight in length; but vary, according to the size of the piano. For school-rooms, they are very nice, and are very quickly and easily made. Colored drugget, worked with a large sunflower, lily, or iris design, is also much used. Pretty bedroom quilts and antimacassars may be made of alternate strips of flowered chintz, and coarse furniture lace, both of which wash perfectly. The lace and chintz strips should be the same width. We have seen window-blinds made in the same way, lined with pink or blue, according to the furniture of the room; also, some composed of squares of lace, and the Japanese picture squares, which have lately been so fashionable for antimacassars. These blinds were intended for a staircase-window, to be hung right across.

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VERY MANY ARTICLES are declined, for this magazine, not because they are unworthy, but because we have, already, more than we can publish. We make this statement, in order that persons, who favor us with manuscripts, yet never hear from them, may know that it is not for want of merit, but want of room, that their stories are consigned to the waste-basket. And this reminds us, to repeat again, what we have so often said, that contributors must keep copies of their articles, as we do not undertake to return them.

---

IT IS NOT TOO EARLY to begin to canvass, among friends and neighbors, for a club, or clubs, for "Peterson," for 1882. If one magazine is taken in a family, "Peterson" should be that one; if more than one is taken, "Peterson" should be the first; for no other contains so much, and of so high a tone, for so little money. It is, emphatically, the magazine for the million.

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"NOT EXCELLED IN THE WORLD."—The Darlington (S. C.) Southerner says of this magazine: "It cannot be excelled on this continent. Indeed, we doubt if it can be excelled in the world." It adds: "Peterson's is, unquestionably, the most attractive of all the ladies' magazines."

"AT THE HEAD OF ITS CLASS."—The Union county (Ohio) Journal says of this magazine: "It most certainly stands at the head of its class. To our lady friends, we would say, that if they wish a magazine of *real* merit, they must send for Peterson's."

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Emperor. A Romance. By George Ebers. From the German. By Clara Bell. 2 vols., 12mo. New York: W. S. Gottsberger.*—The historical novel is not as popular, we are told, as it was, though it would rather puzzle a man of sense to tell why. Certainly, a knowledge of historical events, even if acquired by means of a romance, is not to be despised; and there is no way of giving the real spirit of an age, of making other times alive again, so vivid as by a story. After all that has been said, by the Dryasdust School, the historical romances of Sir Walter Scott have done more to awaken an interest in the past, than a dozen Freemans, or even Froudes. There is such a thing as sacrificing the spirit to the letter, and this, we are sorry to say, is just what the ordinary annalist does. These reflections are suggested by the work before us, which is a romance of the second century, and in which we have a graphic picture of society and life, under the dominion of the great emperors, when imperial Rome was at the height of her power. Hundreds will read a story like this, who would not read Mommsen, Gibbon, or Merivale. We commend the romance, not only for its merits as a tale, but for the very singular accuracy of its historical descriptions.

*The Exiles. By Victor Tissot and Constant Amero. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a story of a Siberian exile, written with unusual power, and particularly interesting at this time, when Russia occupies so much attention. The tale is so realistic, that it has been called, and not inaptly, the Russian "Robinson Crusoe." It is not, however, a narrative of mere adventure, for a very charming love-story runs through it. Nor is it, though full of action, a mere sensational story. In every respect, indeed, it is one of the best novels of the year. The authors are two well known Parisian writers, working in combination, as is now becoming so common.

*Kate Comerford; or, Sketches of Garrison Life. By Teresa A. Thornet. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A very spirited book; rather a collection of sketches, however, than a "regulation" novel. But, on that very account, perhaps, it is fresher and more readable. We are first taken to the Rio Grande, and there given a glimpse of martial life in tents; while all through there is more or less of a love-story; enough, at least, to flavor the dish. The writer is, evidently, a woman of wide and thoroughly balanced culture, as well as one familiar with garrison life, in all its phases, in America, at least.

*Sabine's Falsehood. By Madame la Princesse O. Contacuzine-Altieri. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—It would be sufficient to say, of this new novel, that it first appeared in the pages of the *Revue des deux Mondes.* We may add that "Sabine's Falsehood" is a love-story, and that the point of the tale turns on a sister's noble self-sacrifice. There are, so to speak, two heroines: Sabine, the type of the perfect woman, and Flora, one of the most bewitching creatures ever delineated in fiction. Of course, also, there are two heroes. The book is a capital one for summer reading.

*An Ocean Free Lance. By W. Clark Russell. 1 vol., 4to. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A cheap edition of one of the best sea-stories ever written. Indeed, in reading the novels of this author, "A Sailor's Sweetheart," "The Wreck Of The Grosvenor," etc., etc., we recall the days of "Tom Cringle's Log." It is a pity, however, that the book is not reprinted in a better and more lasting style.



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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

What The Press Says.—There is no magazine published, which, of its kind, is so universally praised, by the newspapers, as this one. Hundreds of complimentary notices are now before us. The Danville (Ill.) Commercial says: "the engravings and fashion-plates far excel those of others; while every page sparkles with the choicest reading matter." Says the Moorestown (Tenn.) Gazette: "everybody ought to subscribe for it." Says the Rockland (Ill.) Union: "the steel engraving is worth ten times the number." Says the Randolph (Mass.) Register: "Peterson improves every year: the fashion-plates and patterns cannot be beaten." The Sellville (Ark.) Watchman says: "the most brilliant writers contribute to its columns." Says the Frankford (Pa.) Gazette: "it is indispensable." The Prescott (Ark.) Gazette says: "it is the ladies' favorite." We have not room, however, for one in a hundred of these notices.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate, for Dyspepsia, Mental Exhaustion, etc. I have used Horsford's Acid Phosphate, in a number of cases, in which it is recommended, with good effect. J. I. Rooker, M. D. Noblesville, Ind.

Pearl's White Glycerine penetrates the skin, and removes all faults of the complexion. Try Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

Advertisements inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years, a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium anywhere in the United States.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IX.—Chestnut Tree—Couch-Grass—Colt's-Foot.

1. Chestnut Tree.—*Castanea*, a name of a city of Thessaly, famed for its chestnuts. The chestnut is embraced in the order Cupuliferæ, (*cup-bearing*,) Mastworts, among which we find the Quercus, or Oaks; Fagus, Beech; Corylus, Filbert or Hazelnut, etc. It is needless to describe the tree botanically. It is introduced, mainly, to show its relationship to other genera or families, and to mention one or two diseases, in which it has been found very useful; and, as it is entirely harmless, mothers can administer it with freedom, to any similar cases coming within their domestic circles. Simple, or uncomplicated asthma, has been promptly cured or relieved by an infusion of chestnut-tree leaves, taken freely. So, also, several cases of "kidney disease," with tendency to dropsy, have found entire relief, from this simple agent. The leaves should be gathered in midsummer, and dried in the usual manner.

Couch-Grass.—*Triticum repens*, also called *Dog-grass*, *Quickens*, *Quick-grass*, etc. A perennial plant, too common in many gardens, pastures, and cultivated grounds; of the same order and tribe as wheat, (triticum vulgare). This plant, sometimes bluish-glaucous, possesses a root, thick as a straw, jointed, white, creeping, and very tenacious of life; *culms*, about two feet high, smooth; *leaves*, from four to twelve inches long; *spike*, three to five inches in length; *spikelets*, five to seven-flowered. The infusion, or decoction of the root, is agreeable, sweetish, slightly aperient, and nutritive. It is used largely in the hospitals in Paris; but in this country, we use it and esteem it highly, in irritable bladder, and is very safe for mothers to use, as a domestic remedy, in urinary troubles, and is as reliable, perhaps, as any one remedy of its class. It may be taken as above advised, as freely as one desires.

Colt's-Foot.—*Tussilago Farfara*. *Der. Tussis*, a cough. Order, compositæ. Heads, radiate, many flowered—flowers of the ray, pistillate, those of the disk, staminate. Leaves, radical, large, cordate, angular, bright-green on upper surface, white and downy beneath. These do not appear, till after the flowers are in bloom, which show themselves in March or April, on scapes about five inches high, with its single head of yellow flowers. Found upon banks of streams, in the Middle States.

This plant must not be confounded with the colt's-foot of Darlington—the *Asarum Canadense*, or wild ginger. As he does not mention the Tussilago in his Botany, we must believe that the genuine colt's-foot has not been found in Chester county.

When the writer entered the profession, over a third of a century ago, and engaged in practice in the country, he frequently heard of colt's-foot, through old nurses and mothers, who esteemed it highly, in colds, coughs, and pulmonary affections.

The roots and leaves are somewhat demulcent, and may possess, to that extent, properties similar to elm and flaxseed; but it is very questionable, if equal to the latter, in the above complaints. It should ever be borne in mind, that many minor affections naturally run a short course, and terminate in health, or pass away, and whatever agent or medicine, that was used during the malady, gets the credit of remediable powers, when, frequently, it has no curative value whatever. Thus, many simple remedies, herbs and plants, have been introduced, and foisted upon the credulity of the public, that possess no intrinsic power for good.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, Marblehead, Mass. All communications are to be headed: "For Peterson's." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

### No. 121.—Diagonal.

*Across.*—1. An ancient king. 2. Part of a boat. 3. Species. 4. To drive back. 5. A ware-room.

*Diagonally*, (from right to left).—1. A letter. 2. A nickname. 3. A fragment. 4. On. 5. Ate. 6. A pipe. 7. To drink. 8. A preposition. 9. A letter.

*New Orleans, La.* Desmoro.

### No. 122.—Numerical Enigma.

The whole of 7 letters is a wall at the edge of a quay.
The 1, 2, 3 is a small species of fish.
The 2, 3, 4 is a Southern constellation.
The 3, 4, 5 is to seize and hurry off.
The 4, 5, 6 is a quadrumanous mammal.
The 5, 6, 7 is a lamb brought up by hand.

*Dunkirk, N. Y.* My Dot.

*Answers Next Month.*

### Answers to Puzzles in the August Number.

No. 118.

J A R
A L E
C A N
A T E
M E W
A R E
R E D

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No. 119.

Fly. (F L Y.)

No. 120.

1. Cant; canter.
2. Colt; colter.
3. Show; shower.
4. Count; counter.

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

TOILET.

*To Remove Tea Stains.*—Mix thoroughly soft soap and salt—say a tablespoonful of salt, to a teacupful of soap; rub on the spots, and spread the cloth on the grass, where the sun will shine on it. Let it lie two or three days, then wash. If the stains are not all out, they will appear in the second washing. If the spots be wetted occasionally, while lying on the grass, it will hasten the bleaching.

*To Remove Stains From Silks.*—Stains produced by vinegar, lemon-juice, or other sharp corrosives, may often be removed from silks, by mixing a little pearlash with soap-lather, and passing the silk through them. Spirits of hartshorn will, also, often restore the color.

*To Make the Complexion White and Soft.*—Use tepid water, containing a little powdered borax, for bathing the face and hands, every morning and evening.

*Cold Starch.*—A splendid thing to give gloss, and prevent the iron from sticking. Make a suds of white Castile soap, and add to your raw starch.

MEATS.

*To Boil a Ham.*—Take a ham, weighing about eight or ten pounds, soak it from twelve to twenty-four hours, in cold water, then cover it with boiling water; add one pint of vinegar, two or three bay-leaves, a little bunch of thyme and parsley—the dried and sifted will do, or even the seeds of parsley may be used, if the fresh cannot be procured. Boil very slowly two hours and a-half; take it out, skin it, remove all the fat except a layer about half-an-inch thick; cut off, with a sharp knife, all the black-looking outside; put the ham into your dripping-pan, fat side uppermost; grate bread-crust over it, and sprinkle a teaspoonful of powdered sugar over it; put it in the oven for half-an-hour, until it is a beautiful brown. Eat cold. Cut the nicest portion in slices; the ragged and little odds and ends can be chopped fine, and used for sandwiches; or by adding three eggs to one pint of the chopped ham, and frying brown, you have a delicious omelette for breakfast or lunch. The bone should be put into the soup-kettle. The fat should be clarified and strained, for frying potatoes.

*To Prepare Hung Beef.*—This is preserved by salting and drying, either with or without smoke. Hang up the beef three or four days, till it becomes tender, but take care it does not begin to spoil; then salt it in the usual way, either by dry-salting or by brine, with bay-salt, brown sugar, saltpetre, and a little pepper and allspice; afterwards, roll it tight in a cloth, and hang it up in a warm, but not a hot, place, for a fortnight or more, till it is sufficiently hard. If required to have a little of the smoky flavor, it may be hung for some time in a chimney-corner, or smoked in any other way; it will keep a long time.

*Irish Stew.*—Take any thin pieces of mutton that have been cut off the loin or breast, and cut them into pieces four inches square. Put them in a stewpan, and cover them with boiling water. Add two dozen whole onions, pepper and salt, put on the cover closely, and draw it to the side of the fire, and let it boil slowly for one hour. Add a little boiling water to it. Wash and pare two dozen of potatoes, put them in the stewpan amongst the mutton, and let them boil till quite soft. Stir the potatoes with the mutton, till it becomes smooth, and then dish it hot.

DESSERTS.

*Canary Pudding.*—Ingredients: The weight of three eggs in sugar and butter, the weight of two eggs in flour, the rind of a small lemon, three eggs. Mode of preparation: Melt the butter to a liquid state, but do not allow it to oil, stir to this the sugar and finely-minced lemon-peel; then very gradually dredge in the flour, stirring the mixture well all the time; then add the eggs, well beaten; mix well, until all the ingredients are thoroughly blended; put into a well-buttered basin or mould; boil for two hours, and serve with wine sauce.

*Lemon Pudding, Baked.*—Stir, over a slow fire, until they boil, four and a-half ounces of butter, with seven ounces of pounded sugar; then pour them into a dish, and let them remain until cold, or nearly so. Mix, very smoothly, a large dessertspoonful of flour with six eggs, that have been whisked and strained. Add these gradually to the sugar and butter, with the grated rinds and the juice of two moderate-sized lemons. Put a lining of puff-paste to the pudding, and bake it for an hour, in a gentle oven.

CAKES.

*Breakfast Cake.*—Take two pounds of flour, quarter-pound each of butter, pounded sugar, and currants, a pinch of spice and salt, three or four drops of essence of lemon. Put all into a basin, with three tablespoonfuls of brewer's or patent yeast, previously mixed with a quarter of a pint of warm milk or water. Mix into a light dough, taking care to use the hand as lightly as possible. When this is done, put the dough in a warm place, to prove, for half-an-hour; then mould it into what shape you please—such as small buns, etc.; or, if made the size of a small tea-plate, it may be cut and buttered the same as muffins; or, baked in a mould, it can be served at breakfast or at luncheon. When cold, in all cases it must be put back into a warm place, for ten minutes after being made up or moulded, then baked in a moderate oven. If yeast is not at hand, a tablespoonful of baking-powder, or a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda can be used. These will take much less time than yeast, as they must be mixed, and the cake put to bake at once; they will also make the cakes more crisp than yeast.

*Bavarian Rusks.*—Four ounces of butter, four eggs, two ounces of sugar, one spoonful of good brewer's yeast, or two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and two pounds of flour. If yeast is used, it must be mixed with the sugar, and a little warm milk poured into the centre of the flour, in a deep pudding-basin, and left to rise for about an hour, when the sponge is sufficiently light. Mix with it and the rest of the flour the remaining milk, the eggs, and a little salt, beating the whole well with a wooden spoon; then put into a buttered tin, set it to rise for another hour, then bake in a moderate oven, and when cold, cut the cake into thin slices, and dry them in a quick oven, having previously thickly sprinkled them with pounded sugar.

## THE BED CHAMBER.

Nothing so marks the distinction, between a woman of refined taste and habits, and one of a coarser fibre and more slovenly nature, as the appearance of their bedrooms. The room of a woman of innate refinement, is pervaded by a subtle charm, due to that vague suggestion of feminine grace and delicacy, which hangs over all the details of her toilette.

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It is quite a mistake, to imagine that this elegance is inseparable from wealth, and that the splendid bedroom accessories of the millionaire, alone, are able to insure it. For instance, a woman of the kind we have in view, would soften the ugliness of her plain, wooden brushes, by the neat cases she would make for them. At night, when she undressed, she would conceal the plainness of her removed garments, by the square of white muslin, edged with lace, she would throw over the chair, on which they lay. The elegance of her combing-jackets and dressing-gowns, would atone for the inexpensiveness of the materials; and the lack of ornaments, on her toilette table, would be remedied by the delightful freshness of the muslin, with which she made up her pincushion.

But though such a woman would resort to all these devices, she might, at first, be hampered by ignorance of ways and means, and so might find no little difficulty, in embodying her ideas, in the exact form she wanted. To render her task easier, we purpose giving a few practical hints, as to the fabrication of all those things, which are included under the title of bedroom refinements. We will begin with the brush-case. This is made out of a piece of mauve satin, or glaze, twenty-one inches long, and twenty-two broad, covered on one side with spotted muslin. This is then doubled in half, and the two sides are stitched up. The case, itself, lying now finished before you, you proceed to trim the uppermost side or cover. A piece of narrow insertion must be placed all round, close to the edge; and on to both sides of the insertion, some narrow, white lace must be sewn. The lace, on the outer side, should project a-quarter of an inch beyond the sides of the case. The two and a-half yards of pale, mauve ribbon, should be made up into six small bows, one of these bows being placed at each corner, and two in the centre. The centre two must be sewn on to the corner of the case, at a distance, respectively, of about three inches from the top and bottom, and the stitches fastening them down, must be taken right through, to the under side of the case. By taking these stitches right through, a couple of divisions are made, into which to slip the brushes. A brush-case of this kind, can, of course, be made up in all colors, to suit carpets and wall-papers.

The toilet-tidy, which generally hangs on the right hand of the dressing-table, should match the brush-case. A piece of very stiff paper, eight inches long, and six and a-half inches wide, should be covered with the mauve glaze, and spotted muslin. Then it should be rolled up into an ordinary sugar-loaf bag, and made to retain its shape, by a couple or so of stitches. From the conical point at the bottom, two or three short ends of narrow ribbon should hang, while the mouth of the bag, and the projecting point at the top, should be bound round with ribbon, and finished off with a small bow. A second bag, made of note or newspaper, should be placed inside, to receive the hair, and should be renewed every fortnight. The nightgown-case is a very simple affair. Remembering to have it accord with the rest of your toilet appurtenances, you make this also of mauve glaze and muslin. You require a piece of glaze, thirty-two inches long, and eighteen inches wide. When you have covered your glaze with muslin, you turn over a length of twelve inches, and stitch up the sides. You border these with lace and insertion, in the same way as you have trimmed the brush-case; but the projecting flap you cut into a point, and merely bind round with ribbon. The square of muslin, to throw over your clothes at night, is less often seen, than the other things we have been describing. Yet nothing is more desirable, in a bedroom, than this. It consists of three yards of the muslin, of which servants' aprons are made, trimmed round with torchon lace. When you are traveling, it comes in nicely as a wrapper, to put over the tray of your box.

Now we come to combing-jackets. Under this term, people often include, not only the loose garment, which one throws over one's shoulders, while one is doing one's hair; but the warm, becoming jacket, required by an invalid sitting up in bed. It is best to distinguish between the two, and to call the latter a camisole. The combing-jacket should always be of some washing material. A three-quarters-length loose-fitting jacket, with long, open sleeves, is the best kind to have. White muslins and percales in summer, and white flannels and serges in winter, are the most suitable materials; but ordinary prints, if the pattern be pretty, will answer every purpose of home wear. If meant for invalid wear, they should be made as coquettishly as possible—of pale-blue cashmere, with jabots of cream-colored lace falling down the front.

## ART-NEEDLEWORK.

Tracing and Transferring.—A correspondent asks how tracing and transferring patterns is done. We answer that the design may be traced on cartridge or drawing-paper, either by placing it against the glass of a window, with the cartridge above it, and tracing it with a pen or pencil, or else by first tracing it on tissue or tracing-paper, and then transferring it by placing it on the cartridge, with a piece of transfer-paper between the two, and going carefully over the design with an ivory style. The design traced on the cartridge must now be pricked carefully and evenly with a pin or steel point. It is then to be laid on the material and pounced—that is to say, pounce or powder is to be rubbed through the pinholes. When this has been done, the paper is to be removed, and the design will be found to be marked out on the material in little dots. When the halves or four quarters of a design correspond, time may be saved, and greater accuracy obtained, if, instead of drawing each portion of the design, the paper be folded in two or four divisions, and the patterns drawn on the upper side only. The holes can then be pierced through the several divisions at the same time. In this way, a more correct pattern will be produced, than if every part had been pricked and pounced separately. As cartridge-paper is too thick for folding in this manner, folio writing-paper may be used.

Powder-blue, or pulverized pipe-clay, makes a good pounce. For a dark outline, the pipe-clay should be mixed with finely-powdered charcoal. Some persons rub in the powder with a stiff, hard brush, with all the bristles of equal length; but a better tool, for this purpose, is made of list rolled up very tightly. Care should be taken to place the design on the material, in the exact place it is to occupy; it should be fixed in its place with weights, and the rubbing should be so managed, that neither the paper nor the material shall be disturbed; otherwise, the dotted impression will be blurred and indistinct.

When the pricked outline has been removed, the design must be gone over with paint. Use cobalt, if the pouncing has been done with blue; and Chinese white, if with pipe-clay; or sepia, if with gray. Indian ink makes a good outline on white linen, and may be used with a pen. For painting the outline, a short, stiff, red sable is the best kind of brush. Go over the outline with few and free touches; do not be always lifting the brush, but make bold and sweeping strokes, or the outline will be stiff and feeble, and your embroidery, consequently, an inferior performance.

## FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Visiting-Dress of Deep Heliotrope-Colored Silk. The left side of the dress is made of three deep plaited flounces; over these, on the right side, falls three shawl-like pieces, which are trimmed with fringe, and long loops of ribbon, and confined to the skirt at the back with a wide bow

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and ends, made of the silk. The bodice is long and tight-fitting, with collar and trimming of the silk, extending from the collar to form a point at the waist in front. Black chip bonnet, trimmed with a yellow bird, and black ribbon edged with yellow.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY-GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The front is laid in large, scant, upright folds, and the back very simply draped; around the bottom is a knife-plaited ruffle, headed by a bias band of brocaded silk, the ground of which matches the skirt in color. Embroidery could be substituted for the brocade, if desired. Gray cloth jacket, with large, pointed pocket-flaps, and pointed capuchin hood, lined with poppy-colored satin. Gray hat, with brown feathers.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BROWN SATIN DE LYONS. The front is trimmed with many narrow ruffles, put on in groups of three, separated by bands of gay plaid satin; the back is draped, and there are revers down the sides of the plaid satin. The deep basque is cut square at the throat, and is trimmed with the satin, which also forms a vest.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLACK SURAH SILK. Trimmed with alternate plaitings of the silk and black lace; the bodice is long, and ends in a tunic of the black surah, which comes to the top knife-plaiting; the front of the bodice has several rows of gauging. Black net bonnet, trimmed with white lace, which is partially concealed by falling jet. Fawn-colored kid gloves.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED PONGEE. The skirt has three deep-plaited ruffles in front, the lower one of which only extends around the back; on each ruffle is a band of brown silk; the tunic reaches to the top ruffle, and is draped in puffs at the back; the basque-waist is trimmed with folds of the pongee, laid on shawl-wise, and fastens on the left side, with brown ribbon-bows; brown belt, and plaited ruffles at the hand. Brown straw bonnet, edged with white lace, trimmed with brown silk, and a wreath of small, red poppies.

FIGS. VI. AND VII.—FRONT AND BACK OF VISITING-DRESS OF DARK-BLUE SILK, STRIPED WITH OLD-GOLD. At the bottom is a very narrow knife-plaiting of the silk, headed by a row of white Breton lace; above this is a deep puffing of the silk, sewn at top and bottom, and gathered; the tunic is draped high at the left side. Pointed bodice, with revers, and a full gathered piece in front; at the back, the bodice is coat-shaped, and terminates in two square tails; the tunic is puffed at the back. Half-long sleeves.

FIGS. VIII. AND IX.—BACK AND FRONT OF A STRIPED WOOLEN WALKING-DRESS. The skirt is kilted to the knee; the tunic is draped high at the back, and falls in pointed ends on the plaited skirt; in front, the tunic falls in a point on the right side, being bordered with a plain band on the left side. The casaquin bodice, with long basque, has a large bow at the back, and in front is double-breasted, and has rounded torques.

FIG. X.—BONNET OF WHITE STRAW, faced with brown velvet, trimmed with brown silk, and a gold-colored poppy.

FIG. XI.—PLAID LACE SLEEVE. A double row of jet trims the hand, and at the middle of the arm.

FIG. XII.—FICHU OF PLAID SILK, trimmed with white lace.

FIG. XIV.—THE CASAQUIN BODICE. Can be made either of striped or plain satin, and is an extremely useful article of dress, as it can be worn with any old skirt, especially with a black one. It is also handsome, made of a brocade. The basque, and also the neck, are trimmed with jet lace and Spanish lace, and the three-quarter-long sleeves also terminate with lace; large bow and ends below the waist at the back.

FIG. XV.—BODICE OF BLACK SILK, with an embroidered velvet front.

FIG. XVI.—BLACK STRAW HAT, trimmed with gray gauze and large clusters of cherries.

FIG. XVII.—Front of casaquin. Figure XIV.

FIG. XVIII.—SQUARE COLLARETTE. The square foundation of pale silk or satin, is finished off with a small collar, border and jabot of cream-colored lace. A rose with leaves nestles among the flutings of the jabot.

FIG. XIX.—DOLMAN VISITE, made of a striped Indian shawl. The border and pointed collar are of brown velvet or plush.

FIG. XX.—MOURNING COSTUME, of Henrietta-cloth. The skirt of the dress has a deep plaited ruffle; the long visite is of Henrietta-cloth, trimmed with a broad band of English crêpe; the visite is dolman shape at the back; and the square yoke, the border of the wide sleeves, are also trimmed with crêpe; the small muff is also covered with crêpe.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It is most difficult to chronicle anything new, while all styles are worn, and anything is fashionable that is becoming. A few decided facts are patent, however, to the most careless observer: Things must match, or, at least, harmonize well. A black dress can be worn with almost any color; yet, even if the bonnet should be black, pink flowers or feathers should not be worn in it, with blue neck-tie or ribbons. A variety of colors must not be worn in the accessories of the toilette. Fan, parasol, handkerchief, stockings, flowers, bonnet, or ribbons, should, in some way, correspond, either entirely, or with sufficient of the predominant color to make a pleasing whole.

WATERED SILKS are again in favor, not however, as constituting the whole dress; but as parts of the dress, or trimming. They are used, sometimes, for skirts, sometimes for bodices and basques, sometimes only for bands and panels. Watered silk makes a very rich trimming, and, though not really prettier than the brocades, will be used as newer.

HABIT-CLOTH, of very bright quality, will be much worn in fall and winter for walking-dresses. These costumes should be made very simply, with only a plain underskirt, (no plaitings, on account of the weight,) a scant-draped overdress, and a long, plain basque, all finished with three or five rows of machine-stitching. Of course, if the weight is not objected to, the plaited bottom of the underskirt is richer. A basque, like that of a riding-habit, is sometimes worn with those cloth costumes, and is very stylish, especially for young, slim persons.

BONNETS are of all sizes, shapes, and styles. The new ones are seen principally at the milliners', as almost all sensible people prefer to re-trim a good straw bonnet, just for the change in the season. Surah silk and satin, are used to form soft crowns, for some of these straw bonnets, and fruits are a good deal employed as trimmings.

MANTLES, VISITES, ETC., are in as great a variety as bonnets; but judging from the early importations, wraps of the dolman shape, as well as full cloaks, with many gaugings, Mother Hubbard sleeves, etc., will be popular.

CASHMERES AND CAMEL'S-HAIR GOODS are in great favor, especially for walking-dresses, and they come in all the new colors.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Paris is full of Americans, on their way home, after a summer abroad, and as every lady will carry back a trunk or two of new dresses, Worth and all the others are as busy as possible. Indeed, if I were to undertake to describe the new things, I should require almost a volume. Just now,

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I think the sudden revival of Pekin silks, in silk and satin stripes, is the most noticeable innovation. They are shown in either solid colors, or in contrasting ones, and the stripes are wider than they used to be heretofore, being inch-wide, and not very narrow, as was the case when they were worn before. They are made up in combination with plain satin, or surah, or brocade, or the dress is entirely composed of the striped silk, which, in the latter case, must be in solid colors. The favorite combinations are dark-red silk stripes, with pale-blue satin ones, dark-blue with pale-yellow, and violet with pale-lilac. In this last combination, I have seen a very pretty dress, which has just been made up for a young American lady. It is composed of a short, perfectly plain skirt, finished with two narrow plaited ruffles. This skirt is entirely composed of the Pekin. With it is worn a corsage and scarf drapery, in violet surah, the latter concealing the juncture of the corsage with the skirt, and having two long, wide ends, which are tied behind, falling over the skirt nearly to the narrow flounce around the hem.

Stamped velvet is being much used for dinner-dresses for the autumnal season, in combination with satin, and also with black lace, which latter elegant trimming is once more largely in vogue. A very beautiful dress, which has been prepared for transmission to Washington, has a corsage and train of black stamped velvet, with a skirt-front of white satin, crossed with draperies of black lace, embroidered with jet, which draperies are put on transversely, and cover the whole skirt-front. Another more gorgeous one, which is to go to New York, has the train and corsage in white stamped velvet, the train being lined with pale-pink satin. The underskirt is in white satin, the front being elaborately embroidered with pearls.

Steel embroideries are in vogue now for almost everything. The last style is for stockings, in black silk, to be embroidered with steel beads up the instep. Black satin slippers, embroidered with steel, are worn with these stockings, which are very expensive, costing as much as twelve or fifteen dollars a pair on this side of the Atlantic. Gloves, worked with steel, are also occasionally seen, but are not worn by the genuinely fashionable set. Black lace mittens, worked with jet beads, or with steel beads, are brought to us from London, where they are in great favor, and the fashion is really a pretty and a picturesque one, when these mittens are worn with dresses to match. From London, also, come the charming and quaint dresses for children, the Mother Hubbard caps and Kate Greenaway gowns, that make little girls of from two years old to eight, look as though they had walked out of some old illustrated picture-book. One of the English fashions, that has crossed the Channel, is hardly to be commended. It is that of arraying little girls in dresses that barely come below their knees, and, in some instances, just reach them, the expanse of leg below being clothed in black stockings, no matter what the color of the dress may be. The Princess of Wales is both practically and theoretically opposed to this fashion, arraying her own young daughters in dresses that reach their ankles.

I am glad to note that a return to the old, sensible fashions of former days is looming in the near future, particularly in the matter of dresses for young girls. I have seen some charming young American girls arrayed in morning-dresses of satin-finished percale, or sateen, the corsages simply buttoned up the back, and made with a round waist, finished with a belt and buckle, and also made with perfectly plain skirts, the fullness being thrown into the gathers at the back. In the adoption of these severe toilettes, the young innovators are largely seconded by no less an authority than Worth, who is striving hard to introduce the old, plain style of dress for young ladies. He has, in fact, just finished an evening-dress in this style, in pin-striped white Pekin. The skirt is short and full, only the two side-breadths being gored, and the back-breadths being left uncut. The waist is cut low on the shoulders, and is trimmed with bias draperies of the silk. These draperies cross in front, their ends being concealed under a wide belt, composed of narrow bias satin folds. A wide sash of broad, white, satin ribbon, looped behind, falls in two long ends over the skirt, which is finished around the hem with five bias folds of the Pekin silk, held down by a single row of stitching through the centre. This dress was thoroughly in the style of the Restoration.

Cloth dresses will be much in vogue for fall and winter wear. They are very simply made, as suits the character of the material, being composed of a basque corsage, a draped tunic overskirt, finished with three rows of stitching above the hem, and a plaited underskirt. With these suits come short, close-fitting paletots, to be worn in cold weather. Another style has a plain underskirt of velvet or of velveteen, over which is worn a long close-fitting coat, closed with frogs in passementerie up the front. This last style is very pretty, with the skirt in black or dark green velvet, and the coat in doe-colored cloth, or with the skirt in dark-brown satin, and the coat in pale-brown cloth.

The new colors are the Hermosa, a beautiful tint, something between old-gold yellow and pale-brown, being very soft and delicate; also the willow-leaf green, which is a light-yellowish shade of olive; and the Zamora, which is a dark-red, with metallic reflections, not unlike the Pompeian or terra-cotta red, but warmer in tone.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S OVERCOAT OF LIGHT CLOTH. The coat is double-breasted, confined at the waist with a belt, and has two capes, with a small collar. Large bone buttons are used. Trousers of the same cloth as the coat.

FIGS. II. AND III.—BACK AND FRONT OF A GIRL'S ULSTER. The back is cut to fit the figure to the waist, when the cloth is laid to form plaits, which give fullness to the skirt. Large bone buttons trim the coat. The front is double-breasted, and the single, round cape (which can be added at pleasure) is fastened together with a fancy chain ornament. The cape has a rolling collar, and does not meet at the top.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S SEAL-SKIN CAP, trimmed with a brown cord and tassel.


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OCTOBER—VOL. LXXX.

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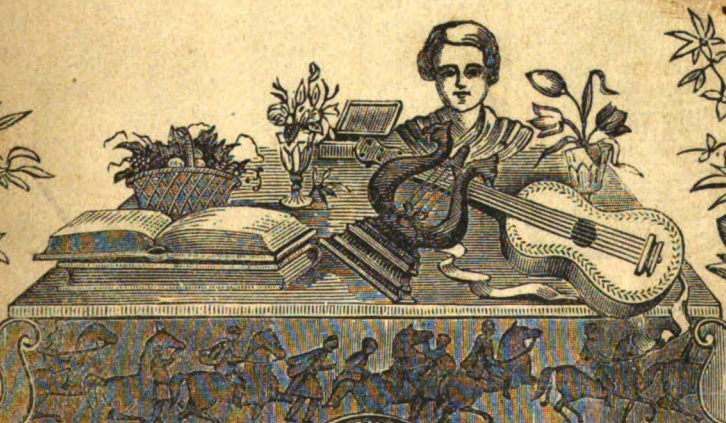

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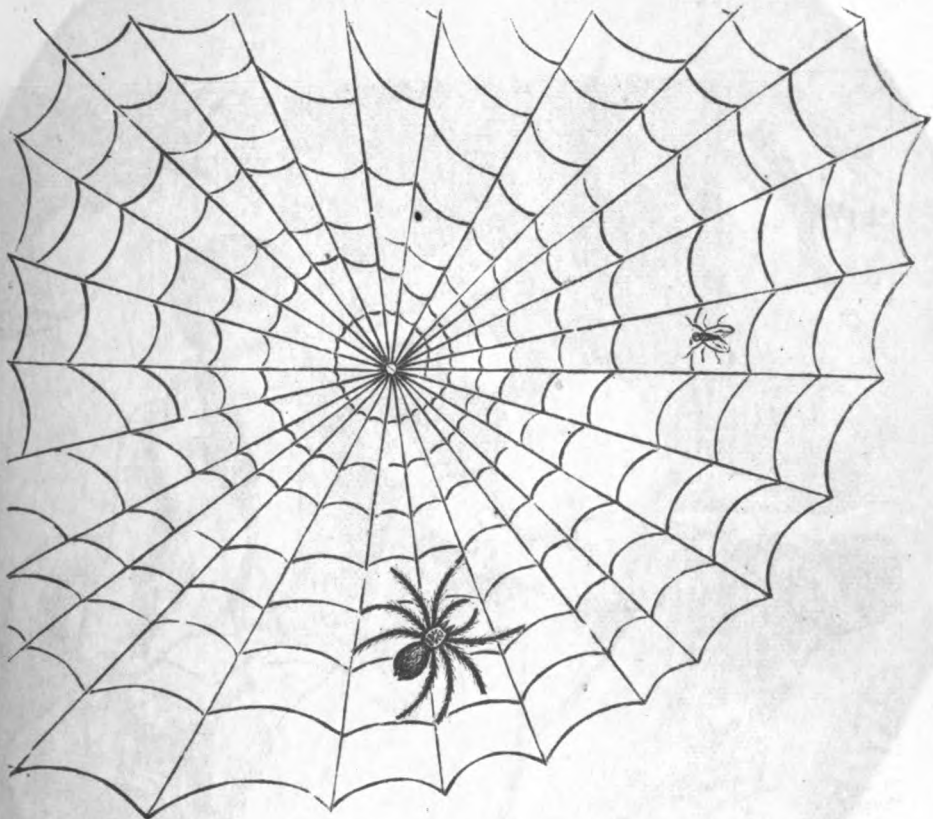

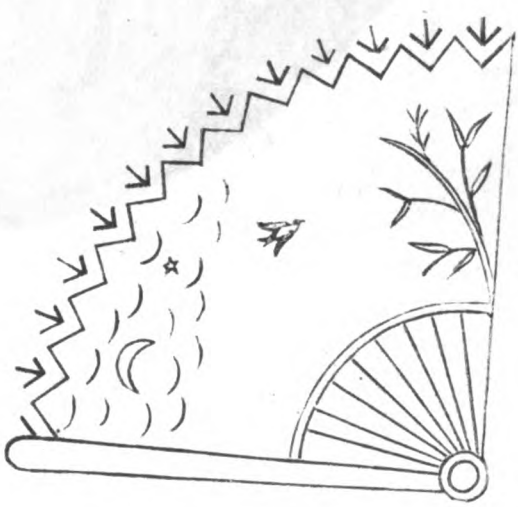

SPIDER'S WEB. FAN DESIGN.

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THE RUSTIC SEAT. [*See the Novelet, "The News From Yorktown."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

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WALKING DRESS. NEW STYLE CLOAK.

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NEW STYLES FOR HOUSE DRESSES.

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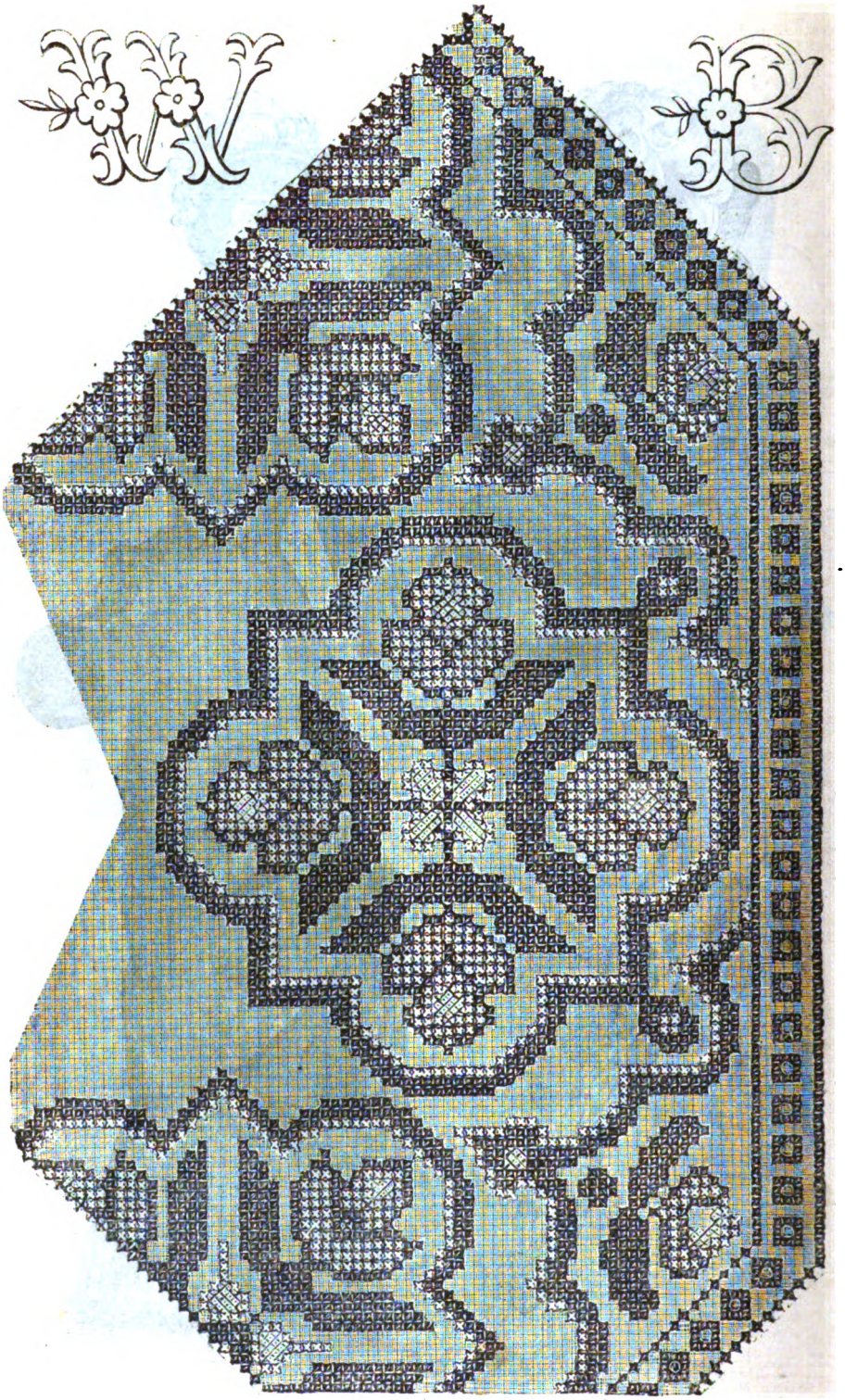

DETAIL OF TABLE-COVER. INITIALS.

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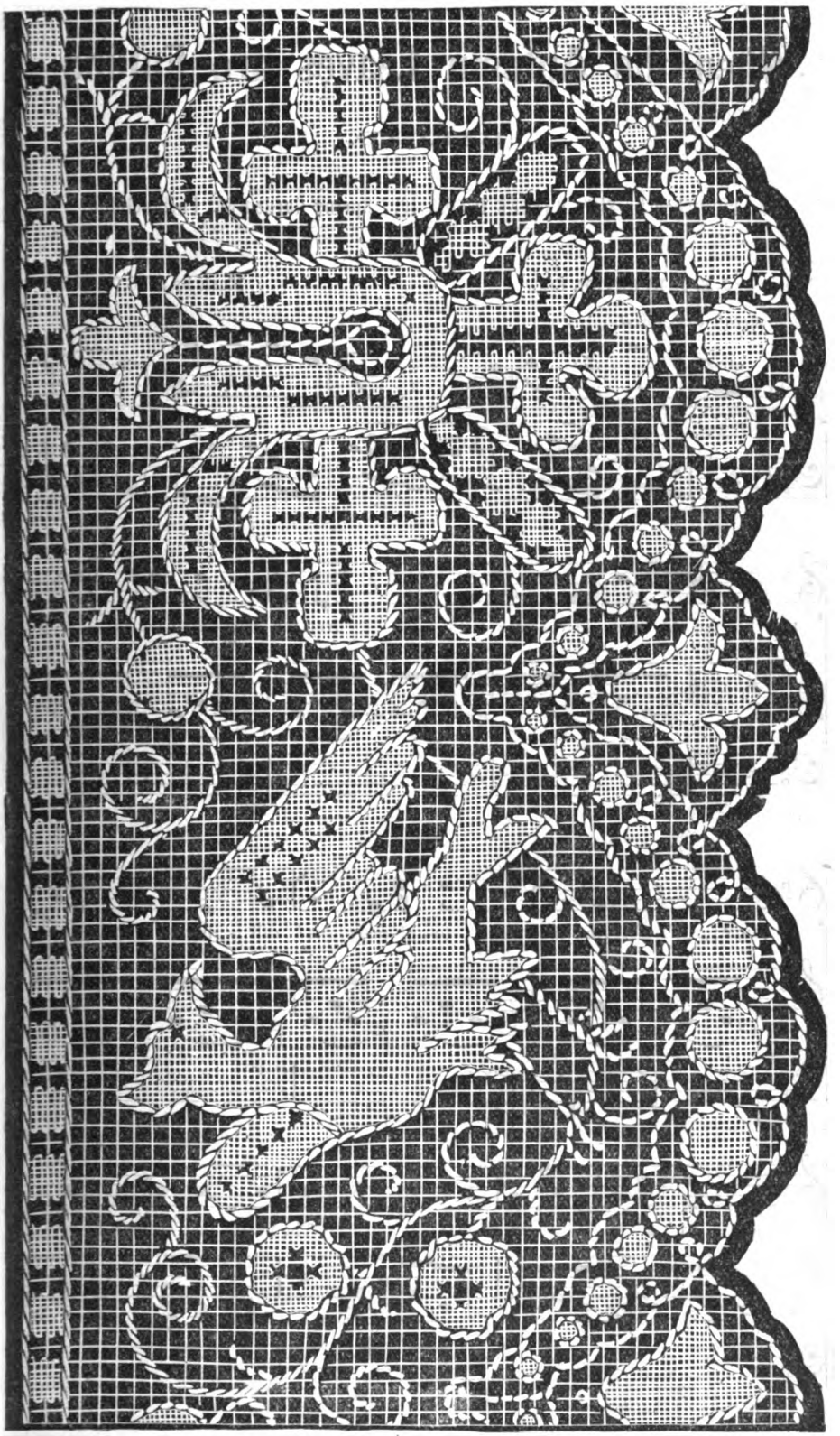

DARNED NET IN IMITATION OF CLUNY LACE.

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# When the Autumn Leaves are Falling.

## BALLAD.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Words by J. E. CARPENTER, Esq. Music by J. W. CHERRY.

*Moderate con espress.*

*mf Dolce.*

*Espress.*

1. When the Au - tumn leaves are fall - ing, And the flow - ers have lost..... their

*p*

prime; And the bird to his mate is call - ing, To

soar to a bright - er clime: The heart that is bow'd by

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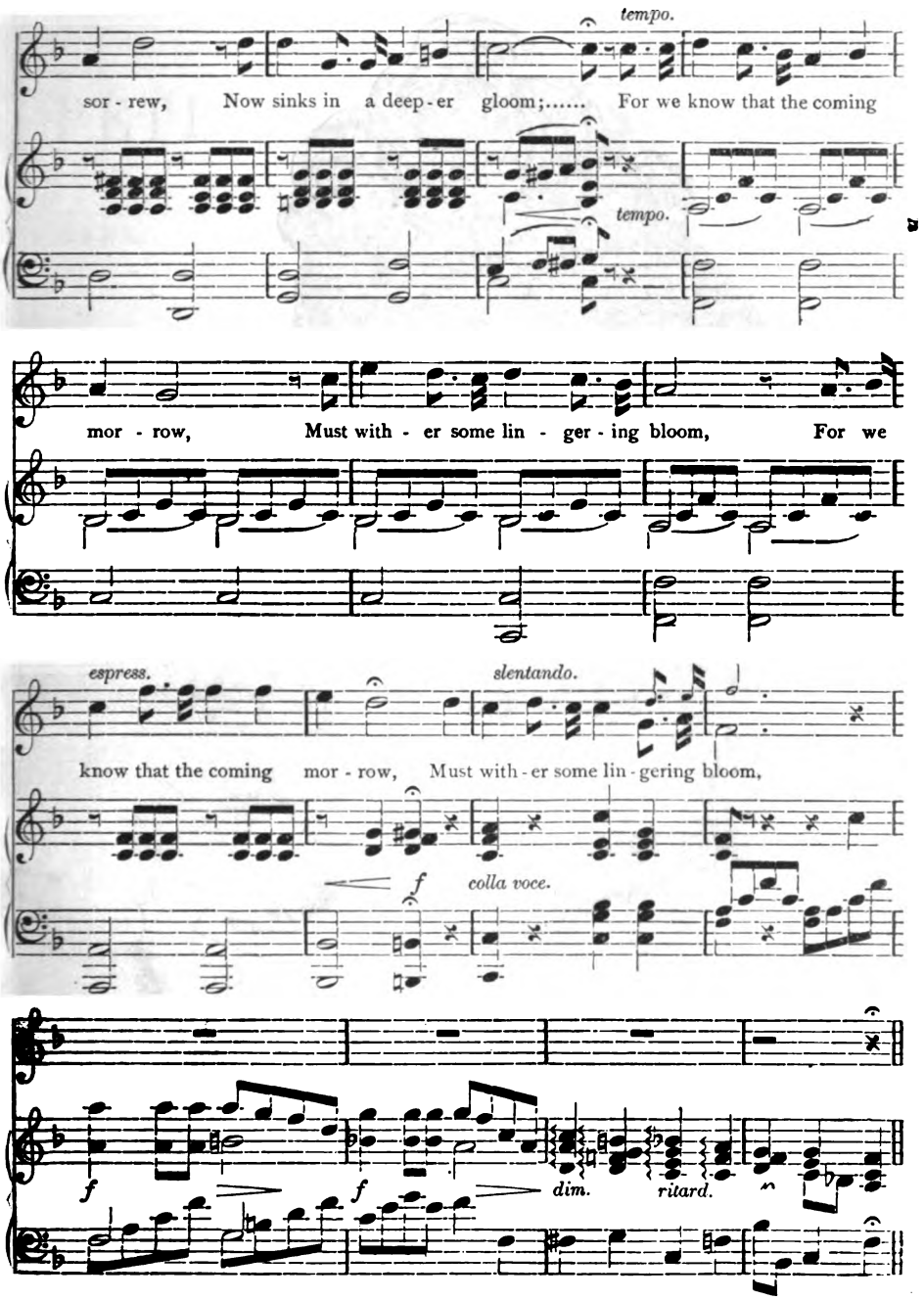


2. When the shadows of evening lengthen,
   And we muse o'er each present grief;
The hopes that we strive to strengthen,
   We feel, like our joys, are brief:
And the leaves as they fall around us,
   Remind us how short our span;
That the flowers which the Springtime found us,
   But fade like the hopes of man,

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NEW STYLE AUTUMN HAT.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1881. No. 4.

## NATURAL ANTIPATHIES.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

MY aunt, Mrs. Rufus Chalmondeley, looked up, with an air of great importance, as I came in late to luncheon, for I had been detained by a tardy music pupil in the village.

"You have not heard the news, I suppose, Doris?" she said.

Her tone, full of her usual arrogant patronage, chafed me. She was only my aunt by marriage.

"No," I answered, with more than my usual coldness and indifference.

"My cousin," she continued, fluttering her fan in an ostentatious manner, "my cousin, Sir Ethelbert Athol, from England, you know, will arrive on Thursday, by the Batavia, and is coming to spend six weeks with us."

"Ah!" I said; but that was all. For I had heard of Sir Ethelbert, all my life, till I was sick of his very name. My aunt and cousins, indeed, were never tired of talking of this English relation. Now, I was too good an American to worship rank, merely for its own sake. "A man's a man for a' that," was my motto; and, if I must confess the truth, I was rather prejudiced against this Ethelbert. One or two others of my aunt's English connexions had visited us, and I was indignant at their patronizing airs.

"If this baronet is not more entertaining than they," I thought, "I want none of him."

My aunt was quite aware of my feelings, and it was one reason why she was not fond of me. She could not forgive what she called my plebeian independence of spirit. Besides, her judgment told her that it was to the interests of her three daughters, neither of them pretty—daughters by her first husband, and not, therefore, related to me at all—to keep me where odious comparisons could not be instituted in my favor.

"I hope you will not mind it, Doris," she observed, casually, "but I have had your things



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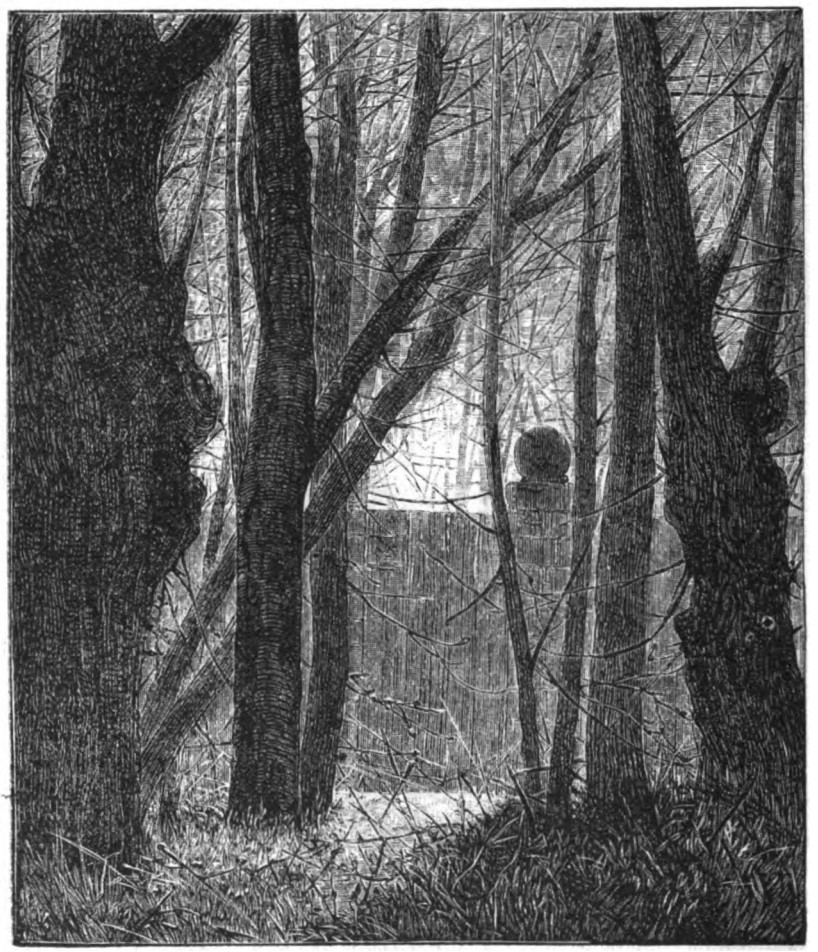
removed to an attic room. I intend that Sir Ethelbert shall occupy the girls' room, and that they shall use yours for the time being."

I ventured no remonstrance, though the idea of a six weeks' occupancy of an attic chamber, small, low-ceilinged, and exposed to the scorching rays of a midsummer sun, was far from agreeable. I laid the blame, however, on Sir Ethelbert, and disliked him from that moment, even more than before. My American blood cried out against the weak worship of titles, that I saw in my simpering cousins and frivolous aunt.



I was enraged to find the house in a perfect uproar over the advent of the baronet; but I resolved to avoid him as much as possible. This resolve was greatly strengthened by a remark which I overheard my aunt make to her daughters, "that she hoped Doris would not obtrude herself upon Sir Ethelbert, for she feared her plebeian manners would be very offensive to him." So I determined to devote more time than usual to my pupils in the village, and to spend my leisure as much as possible away from the house and grounds.

When Thursday arrived, therefore, and I had been informed, for the fifteenth time, that Sir Ethelbert Athol was expected that day, I rolled up a shawl, took some fancy-work, a book, and a light lunch, and stole out at a side-gate of the grounds, at the end of an old, deserted avenue, that being the nearest outlet that led to my favorite retreat, where I always went when I gave myself a holiday, and the weather would permit.

This was a clump of rocks, high up in the hills, more than a mile distant, commanding an extended view acaoss the fair, broad valley, in which was my uncle's estate. The place had always had a strange charm for me. I would sit there, for hours, looking down over the expanse of river, field, and wood below, and watching the shadows chase each other across the landscape. I sat there long that day, my chin in my hand, lost in reverie. When I had finished my lunch, I went down to a little, sparkling stream, at the foot of the knoll, attracted by the lulling sound of the water. A slight bridge spanned it; and as I stood there, in meditation, I leaned too

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heavily on the frail railing, which, suddenly, gave way beneath me, and precipitated me into the water. I was more frightened, at first, than hurt, for the distance I fell was not great; but my sudden plunge was the signal for the mud and sediment to bestir itself freely. My feet became imbedded in the soft ooze at the bottom, and the more I struggled, the deeper down I went. I strove to extricate myself by clutching at the shrubs, that grew on the bank above me; but none of them were strong enough to support my weight, and I began, at last, to be alarmed.

"Help! help!" I shouted.

But not a sound came back, in response; not even an echo.

"Help!" I cried, again, louder; but all in vain.

"Help!" My voice, now, had grown husky, with the sobs of mortification and despair that rose, persistently, in my throat.

"Help!" I wailed, at last, dissolved in tears, and terrified at the thought of remaining there all day, perhaps.

But, finally, fortune favored me. All at once, I heard hurried footsteps, and soon a gentleman, in a rough tweed suit, made his appearance, very much out of breath. He had heard my call at a distance, and had run rapidly to my assistance.

"Gracious heavens!" he exclaimed, excitedly, "what's the matter?"

Then, struck by the ludicrous figure I cut, stuck there fast in the mud, my face drenched with tears, and my hair all tumbled, he burst out laughing.

"Oh, how can you laugh?" I cried, indignantly, red with mortification. "Why don't you help me? Don't you see I can't stir?"

Still, he laughed, though he cautiously descended the bank, and made overtures to assist me. Angry tears coursed down my cheeks. How I should have liked to have refused his offered hand! But it was quite impossible. I was obliged to accept it, and to wait humbly until he could manage to pull me out of the mud, which was an operation made none the easier by his being convulsed with ill-suppressed merriment. At length, I reached a place of safety; but, in what a predicament!

My flaming cheeks and tearful eyes, however, sobered my rescuer. He no longer laughed, but sought to mitigate my forlorn condition.

"I beg your pardon," he said, contritely. "It was rude of me to laugh; but you have no idea how droll you looked. I am so sorry, believe me! Allow me to help you. Don't you think you had better walk alongside the stream, to where the water is clear? You can sit down on the bank, then, and wash off some of the mud."

"Yes, I suppose so," I said, weakly, feeling so utterly disgraced, in his eyes, that I made no effort to recover my lost dignity.

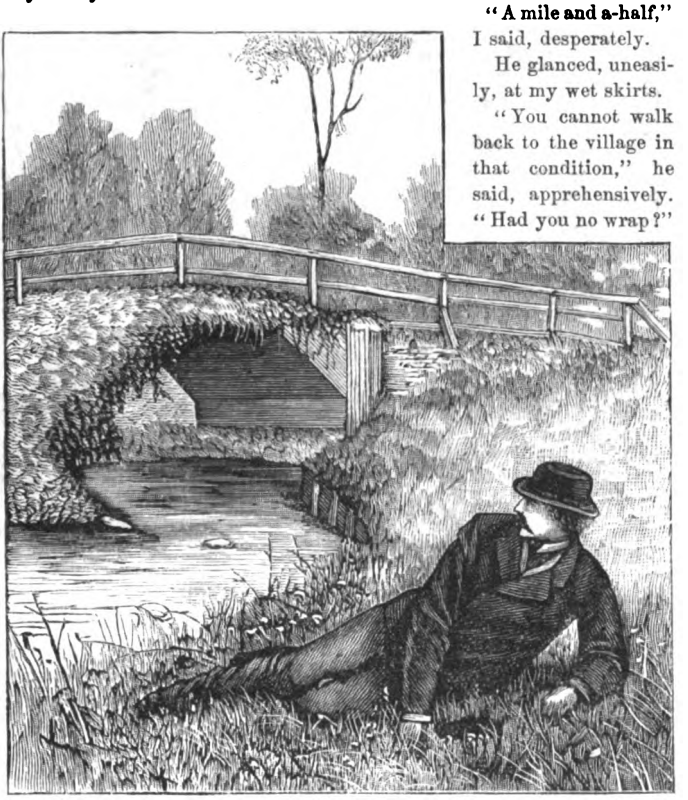
He directed my movements, and I was forced to undergo the mortification of washing off my boots, and the ends of my bedraggled skirts, in his presence. He did not laugh again. He seemed to appreciate my embarrassment, and strove, in every way, to make light of the situation. Still, I could not forgive him that first hilarious outburst. I was in an agony of shame.

"How far is it," he asked, directly, "to the nearest house?"

"A mile and a-half," I said, desperately.

He glanced, uneasily, at my wet skirts.

"You cannot walk back to the village in that condition," he said, apprehensively. "Had you no wrap?"



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"Yes," I answered, "I had a shawl. It is over there, on the bridge."

He started off after it, and came back in a few minutes, with it over his arms, bringing, at the same time, my other belongings. As he crossed the field, I saw him covertly open my book, and my face flushed, if possible, to a more brilliant crimson, for I knew that he had seen my name. How I raged in secret! He had me at a complete disadvantage.

"Wrap this about you," he said, proffering me the shawl. "But we must dry you, still more. I will go and hunt up something to make a fire with. I think you had better take off your

shoes and stockings. If you don't, I fear you'll take cold."

His manner had, suddenly, grown more courteous than ever. I instinctively obeyed him. While he gathered up dry twigs, I removed my shoes and stockings, curling my bare feet up under me, and enveloping myself in my shawl.

In spite of the warm weather, I felt chilly and uncomfortable; and the fire, which was ready in a few minutes, was, therefore, very grateful.

He sat down beside me. His evident intention to stay, alarmed me.

"I am very much obliged to you, for your timely assistance," I said, awkwardly. "You are very kind—but, I wish you would go away."

A smile flitted over his handsome face. For

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I observed, for the first time, that he was handsome, very handsome, indeed.

He answered, with quiet assurance:

"But I have no idea of going. I intend to see you safely out of this Slough of Despond. I suspect you of a suicidal intention."

"You have no reason to," I answered. "It was all an accident, I assure you—an odious accident."

He made some pleasant rejoinder. He was very much at his ease, which I was not; and his perfect equanimity, somehow, incensed me.

When I finally declared my intention of going, he even had the assurance to accompany me.

It was a long walk, for I chose a circuitous way, so as to meet no one; and I was forced to admit that he was far from a dull companion.

He left me, at last, at the side-gate, at the end of the old, disused avenue.

"So this is your home," he said, "and here, I suppose, I must bid you good-day."

"Yes," I answered, almost curtly, "good-bye," emphasizing this formula of permanent dismissal; for I devoutly hoped I should never see him again. Yet, I thought, had I met him under other circumstances, how much I could have liked his frank, unconventional manners, his brilliant wit, and his handsome face; and I wondered who he might be.

I had barely time to dress for dinner. I had stolen into the house secretly, and my aunt, as yet, knew nothing of my escapade. I expected to have another ordeal that day, however; for I was to be presented to the baronet. It was with a feeling of relief, therefore, that I heard the announcement of Sir Ethelbert's indisposition.

"He has had a terrible headache, all day," my worthy aunt said, sympathetically; and my cousins chorused, "Poor fellow!"

He did not appear at dinner, nor at breakfast, the following morning. His message to my aunt had been, that he felt too much prostrated to make his appearance; and, feeling wickedly jubilant over the fact, I took myself off to the village, and thence to the scene of my exploits of the foregoing day. I had lost one of my aunt's silver spoons out of my lunch basket, and returned to search for it. My surprise was intense, to discover, just beyond where he had pulled me out of the stream, a figure stretched at full length on the grass, in which I recognized my *preux chevalier* of the day before. I would have retreated, but he had already seen me; and he sprang up, and hurried to meet me.

"Ah, how do you do?" he cried. "You have sustained no ill effects from—from your accident, I hope."

"No," I said, somewhat shortly, feeling as guilty as though I had come to a rendezvous. "I lost a silver spoon here, yesterday, and I am on my way to search for it. I probably lost it on the rocks, up yonder."

"I think I have found it," he said. "Be seated, will you not? The walk is a long one; you must be tired."

His voice was singularly seductive. I was free from the embarrassment of bedraggled clothing; and, I suppose, I felt some desire to show him that, on *ordinary* occasions, I could command considerable dignity. At any rate, I sat down, and entered into a rambling conversation.

"It is an awfully hot day," he said, in a languid tone. "Don't you think so, Miss Foster?"

I looked at him, with cool deliberation. He colored, and gave a little awkward laugh, at being discovered in possession of my name.

"Yes; it is a warm day, Mr.—" I replied, waiting to be prompted.

He fumbled in one of his pockets, and brought out a card, which he handed to me. I gasped at the sight of the name. It was *Sir Ethelbert Athol!*

"I—I thought you were—sick in your room," I stammered. "My aunt said—"

"Your aunt!" he cried. "Eh? Oh, Lord! Do you mean Mrs. Chalmondeley? She can't be your aunt, Miss Foster?"

"The same, sir," I replied, with chilling reserve.

"Then, I've put my foot in it. Why, the deuce—"

Then, stopping short, he said, humbly:

"I say, Miss Foster, you are not inordinately fond of your cousins, are you?"

"I hope I fulfil all my obligations," I observed, stiffly.

"Yes—oh, yes!" he assented, uneasily. "Of course. But, you don't seem like a person who would have many tastes in common with them."

He looked up into my face, half beseechingly. The remembrance of my cousins' finicky ways provoked me to smile.

"Well, I haven't," I said, frankly.

His face brightened.

"You won't tell on a fellow, then, will you?" he asked, supplicatingly. "They made such a confounded fuss over me—it was a mean thing to do, I know—that I palmed off sick; and yesterday, when the family were at luncheon, I stole out of the house, and, fortunately, strayed in this direction. I repeated the operation this morning. The butler is in the secret. I paid him to keep quiet. There is something funny about the idea of Mrs. Chalmondeley's tender regret and sympathy, at the sight of the untouched tray, which James is, at this moment, about bringing



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out of my room, with an unfavorable report of my condition."

He burst into a hearty laugh, which rang out, so freely and merrily, that it touched my kindred mirth, and I laughed with him.

"I do not wish to be misunderstood," I said, with suddenly-affected solemnity. "I heartily disapprove of your conduct, Sir Ethelbert."

"It *is* dreadful, isn't it?"

"It is shocking," I said, with much emphasis.

"I know it," he assented, with mock contrition. "But you will not expose me?"

"Not if you promise to do better."

"I will do my best," he said. "But, tell me! You are not Mrs. Chalmondeley's own niece?"

"I am Mr. Chalmondeley's sister's child."

"Ah! that explains. But, I thought—I was induced to believe—I had an idea—"

"Go on, Sir Ethelbert," I said, with perfect composure.

"Some one told me you were horribly strong-minded," he blurted out.

"And plebeian, I suppose?" I inquired, coolly.

He colored, and looked down, in an embarrassed way.

"Yes," he said, hesitatingly, "if you won't feel offended—"

"Not at all," I said, promptly.

"Your aunt led me to believe you were very homely. What object could she have had, do you think?"

It was my turn to blush, but I covered my embarrassment, with a laugh at his naïveté. My conscience upbraided me for disparaging my aunt; but I could not help enjoying the thought of what her discomfiture would have been, had she known that I was sitting, out under the trees, with her distinguished nephew.

He was frank, almost boyish, in his manner.

"I am glad that accident happened to you, yesterday," he said, at length. "Had it not occurred, I might never have known how unfounded my antipathy for you was."

"You had an antipathy, then?" I inquired.

"A most absurd one. I thought all manner of ill things of you."

"Then we are quits," I exclaimed. "I had a somewhat similar opinion of you."

"How delightful!" he cried. "I feel better. We have both been agreeably disappointed."

Then, urged on by the thought of my aunt's chagrin—I will confess it—I embarked on a deliberate flirtation with this young baronet, whom I had determined to hate most relentlessly.

At the house, of course, this clandestine affair was a secret. I met Sir Ethelbert Athol formally, at dinner, the next day. The pleasure of the family at his recovery, and his dignified acknowledgments, were almost too much for my gravity. I was obliged to maintain a cold reserve, however, and go through the farce of making the baronet's acquaintance.

But, even under the depressing influence of my aunt's disapproval, we became great friends. Sir Ethelbert seemed to grasp the situation. Without being discourteous to my aunt, or her daughters, he contrived to spend the greater portion of his time with me. Once, only, did he come near betraying himself. My youngest cousin, one evening, after dinner, was singing—and singing so falsely—yet, with so many airs and affectations, that I could endure it no longer; but rose, and walked to the other end of the room, little thinking that Sir Ethelbert would follow me. He did, however, and with such *empressement*, that I saw the elder of my cousins, who was lounging on an ottoman, look after us, surprised.

But the reader guesses the rest. Very soon, the "natural antipathies" of Sir Ethelbert and myself were dissipated, and the result of our guest's six weeks' stay, was very different from what my aunt had hoped it would be. My wedding cards will be out in a week. My aunt professes to be delighted, but I know she will never forgive me.

## OF YOU.

BY STELLA BREWER.

I saw a rose-bud blushing through
Its covering of dew;
And, as I gazed, it seemed to speak,
In gentle tones, of you.

I saw a star: a soft, bright star,
The clouds come peeping through;
And strange, its language was the same:
It seemed to speak of you.

I saw a bird: a beauteous bird,
With plumage of bright hue;
And, as his brilliant song trilled forth,
He seemed to sing of you.

My rose, my star, my beauteous bird,
Your language was all true;
You echoed what was in my heart—
Its lovely thoughts *of you*.

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# THE NEWS FROM YORKTOWN.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 194.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE news from Yorktown had a political significance, also. The assault and capture of the batteries meant the end of the war, and the end of the war meant the recognition of American Independence.

La Fayette, and our hero, had known each other, in Paris; had met again in Rhode Island; and now found themselves, comrades in arms, on the banks of the York. They were nearly of the same age, and quite an intimacy sprang up between them. At La Fayette's request, Aylesbury was transferred to his command; and in the companionship of the marquis, and other French nobles, he now spent most of his time.

"Ah! *mon ami*," said La Fayette, in his broken English, one evening, "if we can but beat Monsieur Cornwallis, we shall do a great thing for freedom. When I see how the people are ground down, in Europe, I thank God that America was discovered."

"If we capture Cornwallis," replied Aylesbury, "as I believe we shall, it will be a new departure in human history. Heretofore, governments have existed, in the interest of kings and princes only; the people have been regarded as of no account; the many have been plundered to enrich the few. But, in the discovery, settlement, and development of these colonies," his eyes kindling, as he warmed with his theme, "it is, I think, impossible, not to recognize the hand of Providence. Here, far away from the despotisms of Europe—which would, in self-defence, have stamped out our free institutions, long ago, if they had been growing up at their sides—we have been enabled to strike our roots deep, and to grow experienced in self-government; and now, if we can only succeed in establishing our independence, and can maintain a republic intact, we shall give an impetus to true freedom, that will influence the world for centuries to come, if not forever."

His hearers listened, enthusiastically. They were, be it remembered, descendants, almost to a man, of that Frankish tribe, which had overrun Northern Gaul, in the first centuries of Christianity. They had, ever since, maintained their blood, more or less, unmixed. They were still Franks, rather than Frenchmen, a class set apart; conquerors, even, after hundreds of years. If they were luxurious, they were not effeminate. They were the most intelligent of all European nobles. They were, too, more or less, affected by the philosophy of the day. They had talked of political equality, in the *salons* of Paris, and of the rights of man; and were, in theory, at least, the friends of liberty and regeneration. They, more than any others that have ever lived, were ready to die for an idea. As they applauded, they nodded to each other, approvingly.

"The Old World," continued Aylesbury, "is wearing out. There are cycles in nations, as well as in dynasties. Europe, after nearly two thousand years, has nearly finished another term of civilization. Its most polished peoples are now where those of the Roman Empire were, as it verged to its decline. They have the same despotic systems of government; the same extremes of wealth and poverty; the same vast financial burdens, involving exhausting taxation; and the same delusive prosperity. My friends," he exclaimed, "we stand on the crust of a volcano, that, at any moment, may crumble in."

"I fear it is too true," said more than one.

"But here, in this New World, we begin where you leave off," continued the ardent young patriot. "To light us on our way, we have all the experience of the past two thousand years. Let us but conquer here, and we conquer for all time! The surrender of Cornwallis will be, not merely the capture of so many Englishmen: it will be the final extinction, on this continent, of that falsest of doctrines, the divine right of kings. It will be more: it will be the establishment of the true doctrine, that governments exist for the many, not for the few. And from here, will go forth the new political gospel, to all the world, 'By the people, and for the people.' That will be the motto of the future, messieurs."

"You make me regret, *mon frère*," said La Fayette, embracing our hero, "that I was not born an American. Ah! these forests, this free life, this equality between man and man, how it puts to shame our worn-out civilization, our rigid caste, our horrible extremes of wealth and poverty. I sometimes think a deluge is at hand. Can things continue as they are? Were throne, and nobility, and all, to go down in one grand crash,



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I should not be surprised. Yes! gentlemen, we may have yet to liquidate," he said, a prophetic gleam shining in his eyes, "we may yet have to liquidate, in fire and blood, the debt that has been running up against us for centuries. Heaven help us, in that hour of our need!" And more than one hearer, as, years after, he went to the guillotine, remembered these remarkable prophetic words.

A solemn hush fell upon the little group. Even the gayest and most volatile, even Lauzan, who was one of the company, felt an awe indescribable. After a pause, the marquis resumed:

"But now to business. We broke ground, to-day, as you know, against the enemy. We are but six hundred yards distant. By daybreak, the trenches will be sufficiently advanced to cover our men. After that, our progress will be steady. Within four days, if I do not err, we shall have enough batteries and redoubts erected to silence the British fire. This is the sixth of the month. October you call it," looking, questioningly, at Aylesbury. "By the eleventh, we shall be able to open the second parallel, within three hundred yards of the foe. Ah! it is then," rubbing his hands, "we shall have them. I did observe, indeed, to-day, when I made a reconnoissance, that the British had two leetle redoubts, that did seem to flank our new trenches; and if so, they will open other embrasures, and keep up a fire incessant on us; but, in that case, *peuf!* we shall make one grand assault; we shall carry them at point of bayonet; you, Baron de Viomenel, shall lead ze French, and I shall lead ze Americans, and my friend here, Aylesbury, shall go with me, and we shall carry the entrenchments; and, *Mon Dieu!*" turning again to the baron, "we shall see which shall get in first, you or I."

La Fayette, perhaps, did not speak without authority. The siege went on, precisely as he had predicted. The enemy enlarged their redoubts, and opened a fire on the trenches, that threatened to stop all further advance. In consequence, Washington determined to assault these positions. The marquis, no doubt, had been informed of this contingency, in advance; for, when Aylesbury returned to his tent, on the afternoon of the fourteenth, he found an order to be ready to lead a forlorn hope, against the enemy's entrenchments, that evening.

## CHAPTER XII.

He found, also, another missive, the letter of apology from Grace's father, and the invitations, contained in it, to come to Agincourt House.

As we have seen, he wrote a reply, promising to come on the morrow. "I cannot tell them why it is impossible to start to-day," he said. "But I will provide for the contingency of my falling in this assault, by addressing a letter to Grace herself, to be delivered in case of my death. God bless her! She has been true to me, I believe, through all. I can see, from her father's epistle, that she was always averse to a marriage with her cousin; it is between the lines, though he does not say so, in so many words; alas! what she must have suffered. And how unjust I have been to her. But, heaven helping me, she shall never suffer again, for anything, in this life."

We will not invade the sanctity of that letter. It told her, through all, he had still loved. It described his despair, when he heard that she was to be married to her cousin. "I sought forgetfulness, nay, even death," he wrote, "over and over again, in battle, but to no avail; and oh! how thankful I am, now, that I failed; God was wiser, and kinder, than I knew." Then he went on to tell of the projected assault. "This is the true reason," he said, "why I do not start at once. If I survive, this letter will not be sent; but, if I fall, my friend, the Vicomte Pierrefonds, has promised to take it to you, at once, in order that you may understand why I fail to come. I have also made him promise to deliver to you my favorite charger, Hector. For my sake, if ever you cared for me, even a little, take him in and give him a home. He will be alone in his old age, except for you. Ah! if this had only happened earlier, or if duty did not intervene now. But I know, that, if you ever thought of me at all, you will think still better of me, for not being recreant, even under this temptation. If I die for my country, give me a tear; that is all I ask."

Eight o'clock at night had arrived, and rockets shooting and hissing into the sky, announced that the hour for the assault had come. The two parties, detailed for this deadly struggle, were stimulated by a national emulation: the Americans to win glory, the French to retain their traditional renown. In appearance, the troops were quite dissimilar; for the worn and weather-stained uniforms of the Continentals, were in sad contrast with the splendid costumes of these picked French contingents. Yet, in the sun-browned faces of the one, was a resolution, and in their eyes a fire, which prophesied deeds not less brilliant than those for which the famous Auvergne regiment, that formed part of the other column, had been celebrated for generations.

Washington, himself, was so excited, that he rode close up to the works, that were to be assaulted; so close, indeed, that his attendant generals remonstrated. But he quietly disre-

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garded their expostulations, and dismounting, remained standing, watching the struggle, until it was over. The Americans were the first in. At the signal for the assault, they rushed forward, and without waiting for pioneers to demolish the abattis, tore it down themselves, with true backwoods impetuosity, and then dashed at the earthworks. Colonel Hamilton, who led the storming-party, was the first to mount the parapet. Our hero was close on Hamilton's heels. A score of others pressed behind. The fire, which met them, was terrible, and was the more fatal, because at such close quarters. Without returning a shot, but with wild hurrahs and leveled bayonets, the Continentals poured in; the batteries were swept; the red-cross flag of England was hauled down; and, in its place, the stars and stripes shot up, into the chill October air, and unfolded to the breeze of night.

The French, meantime, with that rigid notion of military science, which characterized their army at that period, had paused, while their pioneers went forward, to clear away the abattis. To have done otherwise, indeed, would have shocked the Baron de Viomenel; for it would have been against all the traditions of the "grand army." The British had expected the Americans to do the same, and had been, to a certain extent, surprised, and taken at a disadvantage, when it was not done. But they took their revenge now. A tremendous fire decimated the ranks of the French. But the brave veterans stood motionless as statues, waiting till the abattis should be torn down; losing, then, and in the rush that followed, over one-third of their number. La Fayette, who had already carried his redoubt, had sent an aid to Baron de Viomenel, to announce the fact; and the aid came up, at this instant, galloping through the twilight, across the terrible line of fire. The baron, cool as if in a Paris *salon*, said, when the message was delivered, "Tell the marquis, we are not yet in, but shall be, in five minutes." Almost at the same moment, the last axe crashed into the abattis, and the way was open. "*Allons, mon enfants!*" cried the baron, "Forward!" And the white-coated grenadiers, at the words, dashed on.

The fight, after this, was as short as it was sharp. The first to mount the breach, fell, shot through both legs; but he was followed by others; and though the foremost of these, also, were wounded, a score, a hundred, pressed after. The defenders went down, in this wild rush, like wheat before a whirlwind. As in the other battery, so in this: not a shot was fired, on the part of the assailants. It is not often, that the cold steel alone does the work; but it did it here, and old soldiers, who had shared in that fight, boasted of it to their dying day. The baron was as good as his word. Within five minutes after he had received the message of La Fayette, the British flag came down, and the allies were in possession of both the batteries.

Washington had remained, after refusing to leave his post, silently watching, now La Fayette, and now Baron de Viomenel, until La Fayette's success; when, still silent, he turned his attention, exclusively, to the other assault. Not till the French were also in, did he break the silence. Then he drew a long breath, and said, simply, "It was done, and well done," and turning to his servant, added, "William, my horse," and so mounted, and rode off, accompanied by his staff. Not even that terrible struggle, not even the certain victory, which its success forecasted, could move that calm and majestic soul, to any outward display of emotion.

The capture of the batteries decided the fate of Cornwallis. The British earl, aware that his position was now untenable, made an abortive attempt to escape across the York river, in the night; but finding himself thwarted, was forced to capitulate, two days later. Few ever knew how galling this was to his proud spirit. He endeavored, at first, to surrender to the French alone. But this, of course, could not be allowed. When the day actually came, in which he and his officers were to deliver up their arms, however, he deputed Major O'Hara to take his place, under the plea of illness, and so escaped the personal mortification of the surrender.

The significance of the victory, was understood in England, as quickly as in America. When the news reached London, and was carried to Lord North, the prime-minister, he threw up his hands, staggered back, and cried, "My God, it is all over." The intelligence reached Philadelphia, where the Continental Congress was then sitting, at the dead of night; but the watchmen were told of it, and as they went their rounds, they cried the hour, "two o'clock," and then added, exultingly, "and Cornwallis is taken." The people, roused from their beds, crowded the streets, congratulating each other; bonfires were kindled, the bells rung in triumph, and the excitement kept up till daybreak.

Meantime, on the night of the assault, La Fayette's aid had just returned, with the message of the Baron de Viomenel, when an officer, who had been sent to inquire into the casualties, approached, and made the salute.

"I am glad to say, we have suffered but little," he said, "but one gallant fellow has fallen, Captain Aylesbury."

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"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the marquis, "not Aylesbury—not my friend? *Pauvre enfant!* Oh!" clasping his hands, "this takes away all the triumph of the day."

It was, alas! too true. They found our hero, lying, shot through the body, at the foot of the rampart, inside.

"Dead!" the surgeon said, as he stooped over the fallen officer. "No one ever knew a man to survive, who had a gunshot wound like that. You see he doesn't breathe."

A rude litter was improvised, and the insensible form borne back from the field. Aylesbury's own body-servant met it on the way, for ill news travels fast, and he had already heard of the tragedy. He would have flung himself on the bier, if he had not been forcibly held back. But when Aylesbury was laid on a bed, and half-an-hour had passed, suddenly he opened his eyes, after breathing a deep sigh; and now the poor African servant could no longer be restrained.

"Bress de Lord!" he said, falling on his knees, "bress de Lord, Mars' Philip, you'se not gwine to die You won't die—you shan't die—ole Cato hisself, will die for you fust."

"Well, I hope I won't die, either, Cato," said his master, smiling faintly. "I've too much to live for, just now I suppose—I'm—wounded—"

But here, exhausted even by this slight effort, he fainted away, and lost consciousness again.

An hour after, when the ball had been extracted, and the wound dressed, and the patient had sunk into sleep, the surgeon, who was a different one from the first, older and more experienced, came forth from the tent, and said to Cato, whom he found lying across the entrance:

"By-the-bye, where's the Vicomte de Pierrefonds? You ought to know, you old rascal He told me, an hour ago, when your master was first brought in, that he might as well start, at once, for Agincourt House; for he had a solemn charge to deliver there, and wished to be the first with the sad news, as he thought he could break it better than any other. He oughtn't to have gone, until he was certain. Why didn't you stop him? I wonder if you're good for anything, except to blubber and make a fuss. There—stop! I don't think, after all, your master will die."

## CHAPTER XIII.

Nor did Aylesbury die. Towards morning, he awoke from a refreshing sleep, in such a sound state of health, that even the opinionated surgeon, who had first examined him, admitted he would recover. A messenger was, in consequence, despatched immediately to Agincourt House, who reached there, only a few minutes behind the Viscomte; so that, when Grace opened her eyes, after her fainting spell, it was to hear the welcome news that her lover was out of danger.

The good Viscomte could never forgive himself for his mistake. He had reached the vicinity of Agincourt House, late in the night, and had put up, with his orderly, at a small, one-story, wayside inn, until morning. He had tried to arrange his arrival, at the Hall itself, so that he should anticipate any other, and yet not intrude at an hour earlier than the habits of well-bred people would justify. In his laudable effort to fulfil his sad duty promptly, and yet with due propriety, he had, as we have seen, signally failed, though it was really from no fault of his own

Grace found it easy to forgive him, however, now "Say no more, my dear Vicomte," were her words. "You have proved yourself the best of friends We were only—a little—frightened"

"Ah! it is ze fright I shall never forgive myself for," he replied, with much gesticulating of hands and shrugging of the shoulders, addressing Mr. Agincourt, Mrs Agincourt, and Grace, in turn. "I did try to do it all for ze best I did even make my man stop, at ze end of ze avenue, and give to me, myself, ze bridle of ze *cheval*, war-horse you call him, so zat no common soldier should deliver him to you. But ze fates were not in favor. It is my luck. I always have ze bad luck. I did want to be detailed for ze assault, yesterday; but it was not my luck; I had to stay and look on, poor devil zat I am."

Even though, as yet, hardly recovered, from her great shock, Grace could not help smiling at the voluble, but evidently good-hearted Vicomte.

"Mamma," she said, as soon as she could speak to her mother, alone, "let us go to Yorktown, and nurse Captain Aylesbury. I am sure you and I can do it better than the rough camp attendants. Do, mamma, dear."

Her appealing eyes, her clasped hands, her agitated tones, spoke even more eloquently than her words. Her mother was on the point of yielding, and starting for the camp, when such favorable reports arrived, however, that she proposed, instead, to have the patient conveyed to the Hall. "He can be brought up, on the river, to our own landing, and carried up, from there," she said, "almost without any fatigue whatever; and we can do for him here, much better than there, your father shall go to Yorktown, at once, and arrange it"

So, a little before high noon, Grace's father set forth, with Doctor Granes in company, and several servants, all on horseback. "I must go, if for no other purpose," said the doctor, with

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sly humor, "at least to guarantee none of us are spies." They reached the camp before nightfall. Two days subsequently, they returned, with Aylesbury, the surgeons having, by that time, decided that the wounded man could make the voyage without risk.

Attended by her mother, who was the most skilful of nurses, with Grace for her assistant, our hero recovered rapidly. The old family doctor took no particular credit to himself, however, but whispered to Grace, one day, "My dear, there are medicines, not in our pharmacopœia, that work wonders; and I have a suspicion that one of this kind has been found efficacious here. Eh?—what do you think?" And Grace's only answer was a blush.

What happy days those were! A tender, stolen look; a single word, sometimes, but full of feeling; a lingering of the hands for a moment, when they touched accidentally. These were little things, but they made the pulses of the lovers beat, and transfigured common life into Paradise itself. And later, when Aylesbury recovered sufficiently to walk out, and the winter days were mild enough to permit it, what delicious hours were spent under the old trees, or in the bosky woods near at hand. A favorite resort of the lovers was a rustic seat, and here, Aylesbury would read aloud, while Grace sewed quietly; or, after the book or chapter was exhausted, they would fall into such converse as only the young and happy know.

We will not intrude further on these *tête-a-têtes*, however. There are some things too sacred for words. Among these are the questions and confessions of just such a pair of lovers; their mutual acknowledgments of when they first began to think of each other, how they hoped, and how they feared. We will lift the curtain, for one glimpse only, before we go on. "Ah!" whispered Grace, in answer to a question, one day, looking up shyly from her sewing, "I think I loved you from the first." "And I," he replied, as he let his arm slide from the back of the rustic seat, till it encircled her waist, and so drew her to him, "I don't think—I know—that I loved you from the moment we met. Shall I ever forget it?"

Spring had set in before Aylesbury was able to resume the saddle. Meantime, he had been brevetted a colonel, "for gallant conduct at Yorktown," but as the war was virtually over, and active service out of the question, he sent in his resignation, and soon after began to prepare his ancestral mansion for the reception of his bride. For it had been determined, after much solicitation on his part, and a little natural maidenly hesitation on Grace's, that the marriage should take place in the spring.

During the time that the army remained in that vicinity, the French officers were frequent visitors at Agincourt House. But though they went, at first, to cheer up their old comrade, they would have come there often, for a different purpose, if they had not seen that the case was hopeless. "I do think," said one of them, the highest in rank of all, a descendant of the famous Montmorencies, who were old at the time of the Crusades, "zat ze American young lady is ze divinest in ze world; zey are so virginal, so natural, so—vat you call him?—heavenly; zar complexions are like ze cream and ze strawberry; and zey do walk like young goddesses, like Diana her very self; and of all ze divine creatures, zat I see in America, ze Mees Agincourt is ze most divine; Grace, you call her. Ah, zat is just ze word for her movement, her courtsy, all like ze zephyr zat blow in ze rose-garden, *Mon Dieu!*"

## CHAPTER XIV.

How shall we describe the wedding? Have you ever seen one, in Virginia, even in these degenerate days? Yet a wedding now, there, is to a wedding then, what the moon is to the sun, a star to a constellation. There was, not only a wealth, but a splendor and stateliness, in those old times, which has long since disappeared. A good deal of grandeur, we must confess, went out with hair powder and coaches-and-four. The ceremony was attended by all the mutual relations of both parties; for the end of the war was now sufficiently assured, to allow of a return of social intercourse, even between those of opposite opinions, each side striving to ignore the past, with its recriminations, its animosities, its hatreds. Never, it was said, had there been such a series of festivities, as followed the marriage.

Grace would have avoided them; but the hearty hospitalities of her many cousins, were not to be declined, without offence; and so, after a due interval, the bride and bridegroom started, as was then the custom, on a series of visits to neighboring country-houses. At each one of these, they remained, for from two to five days, while dancing and feasting went on, uninterruptedly; for every house was packed to its utmost capacity with guests, most of them young, and the girls invariably pretty. How the old, wainscotted rooms rang with laughter. How the huge, glass chandeliers rattled, as the gay couples went down racing the Virginia reel. And how, when Grace and her husband led off the minuet, everybody admired and applauded. What feastings, too, followed and preceded all. To this

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day, there are colored cooks, in many a Virginia kitchen, fit to send up dishes to the gods; but at that period, there were even more, and they were, if possible, even greater artists. Ah! those good, old times. Shall we ever see their like again? We know more, we think ourselves better educated, we travel by steam, instead of by coach; but there was a heartiness, a sincerity, a rich enjoyment of life, then, that, alas! we rarely see now. The men and women of that age were nearer to Arcadia. That is the one patent fact, after all.

In going thus, from plantation to plantation, Grace and her husband journeyed in due state. Four full-blooded horses were harnessed to a coach, in which she, and one or more young companions, traveled; while Aylesbury, himself, with other cavaliers, and a troop of servants, attended, on horseback. Sometimes, a river would have to be crossed, in order to reach the hospitable mansion, whose old-fashioned gables were seen peeping above the trees, on the other side, the chimneys already beginning to smoke, with an anticipatory welcome. Here, Aylesbury would dismount, and assist his bride to descend; and it was a sight to witness, to see the dainty way in which she put forth her little foot, to reach the step, the grace with which she extended her hand, and the ravishing smile which she bestowed on her husband. One of the party, meantime, would be ringing the bell, hung on a rude pole, or in the crotch of a tree, to summon the ferry-man across. Or, if this failed, or, if there was no bell, or, if the bell was too cracked to be of service, then the hands would be put to the mouth, and the voice uplifted, in a loud, long hillo, that echoed and re-echoed from river-bank to river-bank. That was a bit of Arcadia, too, was it not?

At last, the round of festivities was over, and bride and bridegroom were allowed to settle down, in peace, at the old Aylesbury mansion. On the first evening that they were alone, the husband, sitting with his wife, on the wide porch, said:

"How glad I am, it is all over. I can, now, have you to myself a little. I am too selfish, I confess, to share you with strangers."

"And I—and I," whispered Grace, creeping closer to his side, and laying her head on his shoulder, and tenderly looking up into his eyes, "am glad, too; so glad, that I cannot find words to express it."

Mr. Agincourt survived to a good, old age; dying, at the beginning of this century. He was the last of his name, however, who lived in America; for his son, having been sent to England, to be educated, fell in love there, married, and decided to remain, permanently, in the old land. This happened, about the time of his father's death; so that there was the less reason for his return to Virginia. He came into possession, soon after, by the decease of a remote relation, of a handsome estate, in the county where the family had first settled, after the Norman Conquest; and there he remained, until his death, which occurred within the memory of men, not yet very old themselves. He lies buried, in a stately, old church, which his ancestors built for some monks, in the thirteenth century, and, though the monks are gone, the benefaction remains.

Many descendants of Grace and her husband still survive. Some bear other names, by this time, than that of Aylesbury: the descendants, of course, of daughters and granddaughters. Several have been officers in the navy; others, officers in the army; several have been governors of Virginia; and others, senators of the United States. But through all, the men have been brave and true, and the women beautiful and womanly.

Grace's second son purchased Agincourt House, after the death of her father, and lived there till his death. He was succeeded by his son, and he again, in turn, by his. The stately mansion still stands, surrounded by its ancestral oaks, and looks as imposing as ever. It is one of the few relics of the past, that remains unaltered: the same to-day, as on that bright October morning, when they brought to it THE NEWS FROM YORKTOWN.

## GOD RULES.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

In joy or grief, in age or youth,
In weakness or in might,
Whate'er we do, hold fast this truth,
God rules, and all is right!

Though fierce the storm, though fast the rain,
Though wild and dark the night,
The blithesome morn will dawn again.
God rules, and all is right!

Oh! weary soul, dismiss your fears;
Put anxious thoughts to flight.
Learn, learn the lesson of the years—
God rules, and all is right!

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# THE GREAT KEAN ESTATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

GODFREY COCHRAN was known among all of his friends as a driving fellow, but with very eccentric notions, some thought. While other young men were crowding into the professions, and into New York, Cochran, who had been admitted to the bar, turned his back on the city, gathered up his little capital, and bought timber-land in Garrett county, Maryland, at a low price.

The club to which he belonged, briefless young attorneys, and doctors who never had a patient, were aghast with amazement. Six months later, they heard that Godfrey was raising sheep, laying out a town, building a mill, and turning over his capital twice.

"Godfrey was a longheaded fellow, and always knew what he was about," they said now.

Meantime, Godfrey found the ridge intolerably lonely, and was very well satisfied to discover that his business called him, twice a week, down into the old town of Cumberland, where, being an intelligent, genial lad, he soon made many friends. For the sake of convenience, he opened an office near the hotel, where he could better transact his sales of lumber and cattle.

One day, as he was tilted back in his chair, after dinner, with his cigar and newspaper, a tap came to the door, and a gentleman entered, smiling. He bowed and smiled, again. He presented his card, and the smile threatened to become perpetual.

"Mr. Isam Kean?" said Godfrey, glancing at the card. "Take a chair, Mr. Kean," he added, gruffly.

The young man was subject to attacks of unreasonable prejudice. He felt one of them, now, against his visitor. Yet, Mr. Kean was, apparently, a most irreproachable citizen; well-bred, low-voiced, simple and sincere in manner; a plump, middle-aged gentleman, with a round, colorless face, extremely light hair and moustache, and large, cattish, pale-gray eyes, which rested upon Godfrey with a confusing, direct stare. Mr. Kean was dressed in a light-yellow linen suit; his neck-tie was white, and so were his hat and gaiters. The whole man had a colorless, undefined appearance, which irritated Godfrey, like an unguessed riddle.

Mr. Kean took a seat, and rested both hands on a little rattan cane, smiling over it, straight into Cochran's face.

"I venture to claim an acquaintance," he said, "because I hope, soon, to claim a relative. You are a Kean, Mr. Cochran, by the mother's side?"

"I believe that was my grandmother's name," said Godfrey, curtly.

"Yes; Isabella Kean, the third daughter of Mordecai Kean. You are one of us, Mr. Cochran—undoubtedly, one of us; though, not in the direct line. Still, your share—"

He paused, his eyes growing rounder and more glary, with concentrated meaning. "You understand?" nodding, mysteriously.

"Indeed," said Godfrey, bluntly, "I have not the slightest idea what you are talking about. As for my ancestors, I know little about them; nor of my relatives, either, for that matter. I've made my own way in the world, so far, and I really don't care to borrow dead men's shoes, or living ones', for the rest of the journey. I don't wish to be offensive to you, Mr. Kean, however."

Mr. Kean's smile grew more bland.

"Offensive to me?" he cried. "Nothing of the kind. The fact is, my dear sir, I called upon business which will alter your opinion of the dead Keans, I fancy. But, we are interrupted," rising hastily. "Here comes Colonel McGender. I will leave these papers for you to look over, and call to-morrow."

He hurried out, as he spoke, leaving Cochran to his new visitor.

"Ah!" said the colonel, as he came in, "Isam has been with you! I came on the same errand. It wasn't known, until last night, that you were one of the heirs."

"Heirs? What on earth are you talking about, McGender?"

"Heirs to the great Kean estate, in England. Property accumulating for eighty-five years. It belongs to the descendants of Hiram and Joshua Kean, who emigrated to this country in 1642. From the evidence presented, last night, there is no doubt but that you are one of them."

"Evidence presented where?"

"At the monthly family meeting. There is quite a colony of Keans, in the suburbs of the town, and they have been pushing their claim for years. Isam is their agent."

"Oh! Isam is the agent? And I am an heir? Now, do you know, I'm glad of it, for both of us?



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Every man I know, except myself, has a claim to some gigantic estate, and they seem to derive enormous satisfaction from it. So do the agents."

"Well, laugh, if you choose," said the colonel, evidently nettled. "Talk to Isam; or read the statement carefully—you have it in your hand—and you'll see what there is in it."

"Are you an heir, McGender?"

"My wife is."

Godfrey ceased laughing.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" he said.

"Ah! I thought you were too shrewd a fellow not to be interested. The fact is, we need practical business men to push the matter. The Keans here are, most of them, old farmers, or women, enthusiastic enough, and willing to contribute in money, but utterly ignorant of business. Isam dislikes to have the whole responsibility thrown on his shoulders."

"Oh, no doubt! How long has he carried it?"

"I think it was about sixteen years ago, that the first action was taken. He has been over to England three times, and traveled over the Continent, collecting testimony."

"A good deal of money has been required?" said Cochran, gravely.

"Of course. And still more is needed, now. A suit in Chancery is impending, you know. But, I must deliver my message."

He paused a moment, and then went on.

"The oldest branch of the family is represented," he said, leaning forward, "by a young girl, living here—Mona Kean. She is the only descendant of Hiram. Her mother, a widow, and a Kean by birth, as well as marriage, has been the most active member of the family in pushing the matter. She has so given up her life to it, that we have come to regard her as the head of the clan. She desired me to bring you to call upon her, this afternoon."

Godfrey rose with alacrity. For six months he had spoken to no woman but his laundress. Mona Kean? A lady, young, pretty, no doubt. The heir to a magnificent castle in Spain!

"Mona? An odd, attractive name. It ought to belong to a stately, dark-eyed princess," he thought, as they walked together, out to the suburb of the town.

"Mrs. Mordecai Kean lives there," said the colonel, after twenty minutes' walk, pointing to an imposing mansion of old brick, which stood on a hill; green lawns, dotted with stately forest trees, sloping from it on every side.

"Just the enchanted grange in which a dark-eyed Mona should live," thought Godfrey; but he said, aloud, as they passed through the great gate: "These Keans are wealthy already, eh?"

The colonel did not answer, except by an embarrassed cough. He led Cochran directly through the hall, into a long, high drawing-room, in the centre of which hung a great, dusty, glass chandelier, on which the rays of the setting sun fell, with a dismal lustre. The floor was covered with a Turkey carpet, worn to rags. Around the edges of the carpet, were ranged upright, hair-cloth sofas. On the walls, hung wretchedly-painted portraits of ladies, with high-puffed hair and leg-of-mutton sleeved gowns, or of truculent officers, their hands upon their swords. Godfrey repressed a smile, and followed the colonel, who solemnly led the way to the end of the apartment, where a very little lady sat, stiffly erect, awaiting them.

"Mrs. Kean, this is Mr. Cochran, whose claims were discussed, last night," he said.

Her stateliness invested her as a garment; but, inside of that, she was a most insignificant, and frightfully lean, little woman. She bowed.

"You are one of the collateral heirs, Mr. Cochran, I understand," she said, with judicial slowness, deliberating upon each word. "Your portion, however, will be large, when compared with ordinary fortunes in America. A sufficient inducement, certainly, for you to join in the united effort, now making by your family."

"I never heard of this wonderful property, before," said Godfrey, his downright bass tones contrasting strongly with her official pipings. "How much does the whole thing amount to? The sum total, now?"

"Six millions pounds sterling," said Mrs. Kean, with frigid dignity. "About thirty millions of dollars. There are estates, castles, manor-houses, embraced in the claim; and also, I believe, a title in abeyance."

Godfrey looked at the old lady, with curiosity; but said nothing.

"My daughter is the direct heir of the elder branch," she continued. "The landed estates and manor-houses, I am assured by Mr. Isam Kean, will be hers. Whether the title can be revived, in the female line, remains yet to be seen."

"May I be presented to Miss Kean?" asked Godfrey, after a momentary pause.

Mrs. Kean hesitated; then she looked in the direction of the rear drawing-room.

"Mona!" she said, without raising her voice; and a young girl came through the open door.

The heir of thirty millions was dressed in a much turned and worn black-stuff dress, which had been her mother's; her shoes were patched. Her pale, sweet face turned to the new comer, with an anxious, terrified scrutiny, as if to know what new disaster had come with him.

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"You will bring the papers, Mona," her mother said, after presenting her. "I will, myself, go over the heads of the case, with our cousin."

The girl brought in a japanned box, and disappeared. For an hour and a-half, Godfrey listened, deferentially, while the case was laid before him; then took his leave, with every outward show of respect.

"You think better of the matter than you did, when you came, eh, Cochran?" said the colonel, when they were outside.

"I think it more of a humbug than I did at first," said Godfrey. "But those women—why, McGender, they are almost in rags; they have not had enough to eat! I see it in their faces."

The colonel was awkwardly silent.

"I did not think it was so bad as that," he said, at last. "Still, I can't blame the old lady for risking all she has on such a stake. Mona will be one of the greatest heiresses in England. I'm afraid I must leave you. I have an appointment down the road."

"I hope he has the decency to be ashamed he's such an idiot," thought Cochran, shrugging his shoulders, and looking after the colonel.

He took a direct path through the trees, passing near to the kitchen garden. As he came up to the hedge, he heard a faint call, and turning, saw Mona Kean, who had been gathering tomatoes on the other side.

"Did you wish to see me, Miss Kean?" he said, blushing violently.

"Oh, very much!" She did not blush at all, but grew paler, and came up, her hands clasped nervously together.

There was something in her face and gesture which reminded him of one in desperate peril.

"What is the matter? What can I do for you?" he asked, going straight to the point, as usual.

"I've been waiting here for you. They say you are one of the heirs, Mr. Cochran. A cousin of mine?"

"So they have told me," smiling.

But she did not see him smile. She went on, breathlessly, looking straight before her.

"You have a great deal of capital," she said, "they said so, last night. They want you to help the cause. Isam can go no farther, without money."

"Oh, I understand Isam and his wants pretty thoroughly," he answered, scanning her with sudden suspicion. "You wish to add your arguments to his?"

"I?" looking at him, with a sort of terror. "No, no! I came here to beg of you to refuse to help him. If you do, perhaps the cause will sometime, come to an end."

"You did not wish me to lose my money?" asked Godfrey, gently, taking a step nearer to her.

"I did not think of your money, at all, Mr. Cochran. Or of you. Pardon me. I don't wish to be rude. But—"

She stopped, abruptly; her lip trembled, and the tears rushed to her eyes. She turned away.

Godfrey jumped over the hedge.

"Miss Kean!" he cried, impetuously. "You are miserable about something, and you thought I could help you. Tell me, frankly, all about it. You are only a child, and I am a middle-aged man;"—the villain was just twenty-five—"and besides, we are cousins, you know."

She stopped, looking at him attentively.

Cochran had a sensible, attractive face. It satisfied the little girl, apparently; for she smiled, faintly, and held out her hand.

"Let me advise you," he urged, eagerly.

"What can you do? Even if you refuse to join them, the cause will go on—until long after I am dead, at least."

"Matters are not so hopeless as that, I fancy," said Godfrey, smiling. "Remember uncle Toby's fly; the world is big enough for Isam's cause, and for you."

"Is it?" With the same inexplicable terror in her face. It was the more pitiful, as she was so young, and had, naturally, a happy, even fun-loving, expression. "Mr. Cochran, I was a baby, three years old, when that man came to my mother, with his story. My father was dead. He left this house, and a fortune, for us, in bank stock, and farms. It is all gone—every dollar—to the cause—the cause! Except the house. My mother will not leave that, because the heiress of the great Kean estate must not be discovered to the world, when the day of success comes, as a pauper. It is mortgaged to its full value. In the meantime—"

Godfrey glanced at the miserable clothes, and hunger-bitten face.

"There, there!" he said, soothingly. "Say no more. I understand the whole story. But why have you not appealed to your friends? Surely, any practical man could have induced your mother to hear reason."

"I have no friends. You forget that I am the head of the family," smiling, miserably. "I have never been allowed to make friends. I was taught at home, lest I should form acquaintances who would disgrace me, after I took my real place in the world. I actually knew nobody but the Keans; and the Keans believe in the cause."

Godfrey nodded, looking at her, thoughtfully. He understood, now, her unconventional frank-

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ness. This was a real study in human nature: this child, reared as a pauper, with daily expectation of a princely heritage. He was of a philosophic turn, and thought he would examine the effect, circumstances, so unusual, had upon her character. Besides, was there ever a cheek of so delicate a rose? Or eyes so clearly blue? He always liked blue eyes.

They had walked towards the house: he stopped at the gate.

"I promised your mother to come, to-morrow. I shall see you then," he said.

"I hope so," smiling, brightly.

"One question. To whom is this property mortgaged?"

"To Mr. Isam Kean. He raised money on it, when the case went into Chancery. Oh! I could work very well," she said, irrelevantly. "I could support mother, comfortably. I am sure of that. But she will not allow it."

"No, you are the head of the family, poor child," said Godfrey, laughing, and waving his cap to her; and, for some reason, the laugh, and bit of nonsense, comforted her for days, as nothing else had done.

Two months later, Colonel McGender met Cochran, as the latter was coming down from the Kean place.

"You are regular, in your consultations with the widow and Isam," he said, satirically. "You do not think the cause such a humbug, as you did at first, apparently? I hear you are very much interested in it."

"I am interested in it; and in the family," said Godfrey, gravely, but curtly; and turning, in a marked manner, away. He went into his office, shut and locked the door, and sat down, gloomily, by the fire.

Two months ago, he had fancied himself a shrewd, longheaded fellow; he was not so sure of it now. He loved Mona Kean, with all the strength of a masculine, direct nature. Yet the girl was entangled in a labyrinth of difficulty; and what had he done to rescue her? Worse than nothing. He had not been able to prove that Isam was a villain, obtaining money on false pretences; he had not even been able to convince a single member of the Kean family, that the man was mistaken in his hopes and plans. "The fellow," he groaned, "has not spent half a lifetime, in weaving his web, for me to tear it to pieces in a day." Mona's mother regarded Godfrey with suspicion, because he offered only advice, and not money; and Mona, herself, gentle, patient, pliable, was a weak tool, for her mother and Isam to handle.

"If she loved me, and was like any other girl," said the young man, hotly, pacing up and down his bare, little office, "she would put herself into *my* hands."

The two months of their acquaintance, seemed an eternity. The girl ought to be ready to forswear mother—life itself—for him, he thought, by this time. But Mona was not like other girls. She had been brought up in an unnatural, morbid solitude, with her mother; and this intangible, great idea, which, like a ravenous Moloch, had devoured every childish and womanly feeling or hope. She thought of her friendship, as she called it, with Godfrey, with a trembling delight and terror; but she never would take courage from it to act. She had, too, that obstinate quality, peculiar to most amiable people, of clinging to their own opinions, with, or without, reason. She daily baffled Godfrey, with this habit.

"I will not have you accuse Isam," she had said, that morning. "He may be mistaken in his expectations; but he is a dupe, with the rest of the Keans; not a swindler. What could be his object?"

"Why, he has made a comfortable living, from your mother's credulity, alone."

"That might be true of the past; but it cannot be true, now. We are paupers. We have nothing but this house, and the vegetables we raise on the ground: he could turn us out, any day. Why does he not do it? He is our friend. He believes in the cause. He believes me to be the heiress. If he does not, what purpose has he in keeping up his league with mother?"

"I don't know," said Godfrey, moodily. "But I'll make it the work of my life to find out. I have suspected, at times, Mona, that he wished, by some means, to force you to marry him."

Mona laughed.

"Nonsense!" she said. "Isam has a wife, already. She is in an insane asylum. But she is a live woman, and his wife."

"So much the better. Then, I must look elsewhere for his motive."

The young man was suspicious and gloomy. His business called him to the mountains, and he would probably not be able to return for a month. "I do not feel satisfied to leave you," he had said, again and again, to Mona. "I have a strange presentiment of evil."

She laughed, merrily. She had grown strangely light-hearted, of late. "What possible danger can befall me?" she said. "The cause works slowly. I have been in its clutches for fifteen years, and I still live."

"Such life as it is." He looked into the little face that had grown so dear to him; at the worn,

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stooped figure. If he could gather her into his arms, and teach her what life was—a life, royal and beautiful with his love!

Cochran packed his valise, and started, that day, for the mountains. Mr. Isam Kean, from an upper window of the hotel, watched him go aboard the train. When it had disappeared, with a shriek and roar, that pale and flaccid gentleman put on his white Pongee cap, took up his rattan cane, and set off for the Kean mansion, smiling softly to himself, as he walked.

Mrs. Kean had been confined to the house for several weeks. Her ailment was a cold, a weakness; a mere nothing, the indomitable little woman said. She found herself unable to walk, however, for a few days, and grew thinner, if that were possible. Mr. Isam Kean seated himself, gently, beside her, and felt her pulse.

"Have you drunk the wine I sent up, cousin Arabella?" he said, gently.

"Yes, Isam; regularly. I'll do anything to get well. I cannot leave my little girl, until she has her rights."

"What," he exclaimed, "nervous! Arabella, I have regarded you as a Spartan woman, and now you are conquered by a slight catarrh, a mere megrim."

Mrs. Kean drew herself into a sitting posture. "I will take a glass of wine now, Isam," she said, holding out a trembling hand. "I'm not a weak woman, and you know it. But I've waited so long, and now, when victory is so near—in a year, you say?"

"In less than a year," pouring out the wine.

"Oh! To see my child hold her state, going from castle to castle; her tenantry crowding about her; welcomed by the noblest in the land to her own place! She tires of her poverty. She cannot live on an idea, as I have done, for years—years! Sometimes I think I shall not live to see it. But the money will be paid, promptly, if I die? The insurance companies will not delay? Because, if it were a critical time, and they delayed a month, Isam, all might be lost."

"They will not delay. But we shall never draw that money. You are a hale, robust woman, Arabella. I simply insured your life, as a precaution, in the extreme and unlikely event of your death. I have guarded against every contingency," with a sigh.

"You have been faithful, Isam," pressing his hand; "but what is your object in taking out a policy on Mona's life? What will be the use of money, if she dies?"

An amused glitter flashed into the pale eyes; but vanished, instantly. "You misunderstand," he replied. "This is to insure an annuity to Mona. In case—an almost impossible case—that the decision of our claim is deferred for years, this will provide funds for its prosecution."

"Oh! I do not understand business, as you know, Isam," sinking back, wearily. "I have instructed Mona that the medical examiners will call upon her, to-morrow."

"And she was willing?"

"Quite willing."

"I thought that fellow, Cochran, might interfere."

"No. He is a Kean, Isam. A gentleman—slow of belief as to his own rights. But you judge him harshly."

Isam did not answer.

"Who pays the premiums on these policies?"

"Oh," he answered, affecting carelessness, "I'll attend to that. A mere bagatelle."

"You are always kind, Isam. You shall be repaid, a thousand times, when we come to our own again," smiling, faintly. "You must go, now. I am strangely weak and drowsy."

Godfrey Cochran received two letters from Mona, while in the mountains. The first was filled with praises of her cousin's kindness. He sent them wine, meat, fruit, delicacies of every kind, on the pretence of ministering to her mother, who grew weaker, each day. Cochran replied briefly. He was not at all pleased with her enthusiasm, and did not echo it; advised her to consult a physician, as to her mother's ailments; and ended the letter with the fond, feather-light fancies, which were so weighty to them both. The second letter was handed to him by the village postmaster, with one from McGender. Cochran put the delicate little note aside, until he should be alone, and read the colonel's. It was but a scratch.

"Mrs. Kean is sinking fast, Cochran," it said, "and if, as I suspect, you have a special interest in that quarter, I advise you to come down. The same symptoms are slowly being developed in Mona, though in a less degree. The physicians suspect local malaria—swamps, etc."

He tore open Mona's letter. It was merely an incoherent, pitiful little cry. Her mother was better, to-day. She was sure she was better. She talked of dying. The doctor warned her to be prepared for the worst. But she could not die! God would not deal so cruelly. "Whom have I, but her?" the girl wrote, "and I have never had her all to myself. The cause always has come between us. Even now, she thinks of it, night and day. She would push me on to my rights, even over her grave. She told me, just now, that Isam had insured her life, a year ago, to secure money to go on with the claim, in case she died."

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Cochran gave a hoarse exclamation, and thrust the letter into his pocket.

A train was just leaving the station. In five minutes, he was on his way to Cumberland.

The Kean house, that evening, was full of the family. They were a clannish people, and although they had held themselves aloof from cousin Arabella, during her life, finding her pride intolerable, they were now ready to forgive the dying, little woman, who had fought so desperately and so long, in vain. Mona, tearless and quiet, held her mother in her arms. Isam, a shade more coloress than usual, busied himself in the room, to the tearful admiration of all the women.

"What a nurse he is!" said Colonel McGender, to his wife. "No woman's touch could be more tender."

Isam poured out a glass of wine, and carried it, on tiptoe, to Mona.

"Drink it, my child," he whispered. "For her sake. You must keep up your strength."

Mona did not seem to hear him. He held it to her lips, when a firm hand seized it. It was Cochran's.

He carried it quickly to the door, and gave it to the physician.

"There is the proof!" he said. The young man's voice was quiet, but he shook with excitement. He had brought two physicians with him, from the town. They talked apart to the old doctor, who had charge of the case, in anxious, indignant tones. A vague alarm spread amongst the bystanders.

Isam glanced rapidly about the room. His round, babyish face grew more and more pallid, as if the small portion of human blood, in his body, had deserted it wholly. His eyes shone, with a vindictive glimmer, on Cochran. Then he stealthily stepped nearer to the open door.

"It is a most scandalous and absurd charge," muttered the old doctor, to his colleagues, in the next room.

"Possibly," said the other. "But I will transmit the wine to a chemist, for analysis."

"By what right do you interfere, Mr. Cochran?" asked the old physician. "Miss Kean hinted no suspicions of her cousin."

"By the right of a man who loves her," said the young fellow. "God helping me, she shall not be murdered." His voice almost failed him, so terrible was his agitation.

"What, in heaven's name, is the matter?" said the colonel, coming up.

Godfrey caught his hand. "McGender, do you and your wife take charge of those two women. Do not let a morsel of food cross their mouths, which does not come through your hands."

But his precautions were useless. Isam Kean had disappeared, and never was seen in Cumberland again. Mrs. Kean, with a different dict and nurse, revived, and lingered for a few months; long enough to see her daughter Cochran's wife.

"You will push her claim, Godfrey?" were her last words.

"I will take care of all her rights," he said, solemnly.

The result of the analysis of the wine was whispered, among all of the Kean clan; but, for the sake of the family, however, the story was smothered and forgotten.

They are happy, though poor, this great Kean clan. The Kean estate, to which they are heirs, serves them instead of land rentals, or bank stock. It is an invisible wealth, which never falls in value.

Godfrey and Mona are the only members of the family, who hold no share in it. Their riches consist only in health, good humor, plenty of children, hard work, and happiness.

# ANGELA.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Last night, I saw Angela—Beppo's bride.
She veiled her eyes, and looked at me askance.
Her mien was haughty; and distrust, and pride,
Were mingled in her glance.

I strove to win one friendly look or word—
In vain. To me, she was both deaf and blind.
Yet, I was told she spoke of me—and heard
Her speech was scarcely kind.

Ungrateful world! those whom we most befriend,
With curses often pay the debt they owe.
And those whom we give blessings, in the end,
Give back to us a blow.

One time, I gave a beggar, in the street,
The scarf I wore—to keep her from the cold.
Next time we chanced, by accident, to meet,
She was insulting—bold.

I gave Angela Beppo. He was mine,
To keep forever, or to send away.
If I had willed it, she would sit and pine,
In loneliness, to-day.

All her great joy, all her supreme delight,
I gave to her, most willingly—to find:
I seem a hateful object in her sight.
Why is she so unkind?

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# THAT OBSTINATE FAMILY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

BRANDT GRESHAM had just returned from Europe, where he had spent the three years since graduating at Yale. He was, now, at his father's country-seat, a couple of miles distant from one of those pretty, little towns, which the traveler passes, on his way from New York to Boston, and which it is not necessary, for the purposes of our story, to locate more definitely.

He had gone out, the day after his arrival, for a walk, and was strolling in the direction of the town, along the banks of a little river, when he came to a handsome stone bridge. He was just about to cross it, when he saw, before him, a young lady, evidently frightened by a great dog, which had been sunning himself on the parapet, and had now jumped down, and, with an angry growl, was barring her progress. The young lady had paused, for a moment, not exactly afraid, but in order to think what was best to do; for, if she retreated, she knew the brute would pursue her, and, if she advanced, he might prove dangerous. Brandt speedily ended the enjoyment the creature evidently felt, in alarming his victim; for, rushing up, he dealt the beast a blow over the head, with a stout walking-stick, which sent him sprawling. He followed the attack up, by a chastisement so severe, that the animal speedily ran off, his exultant barks changed to direful howls.

Then, Brandt turned towards the young lady, and saw—oh, the prettiest, sweetest face, that had ever met his gaze, even in this favored land of America, where all the women are so beautiful. For a moment, he quite forgot his good manners, and stood, staring with all his eyes. The young girl recovered more quickly, from her fright, than he did from his admiring wonder. She raised herself from the parapet, against which she had retreated, and said, somewhat breathlessly:

"Thank you, very much. I really was a little frightened."

Brandt recollected himself; lifted his hat; and answered, with the frank, pleasant smile, which few people could ever resist.

"At all events, we have routed the enemy—he runs as if he never meant to stop."

The young lady looked, in the direction to which he pointed, and saw the dog dashing across the fields, at a tremendous rate, leaping the fences like a deer, and still howling as he fled.

"Yes. I don't think he will attack anybody, on the bridge, a second time," she said, turning back to Brandt, with an answering smile. "I am so much obliged."

She bowed, as if about to move on. But he ventured to say, delaying her:

"Had you not better wait a little? You look rather pale, still."

She was trembling a good deal, and accepted his advice. She leaned against the parapet again, for a few instants, while Brandt kept his stand near, and ventured a few remarks, to which she answered, courteously. He would willingly have prolonged the conversation; but the girl soon got her color and strength back, and thanking him once more, turned in the direction of the town.

"That brute has spoiled your walk: you were going the other way," cried Brandt, who was, by no means, timid; and though fluttered by the stranger's loveliness, was quite ready to follow up the advantage he had gained.

"Oh, no," she replied. "I only meant to come as far as the middle of the bridge. Good-morning."

"If you are in the least afraid, pray let me accompany you to the village," pleaded Brandt.

"You are very kind; but it is only a few steps: there is no danger of my enemy coming back," she said; and bestowing another grateful smile upon him, she bowed, and walked away.

Brandt had to let her go; there was no help for it; he could not even have the satisfaction of following, to see where she went, because that would be rude. However, he consoled himself by thinking that he was certain to meet her again; she might easily be a member of some family, with whom he was acquainted.

The next day was Sunday; and Brandt drove to town, to church, with his mother; and there, met with his reward. Gazing about, in a pause in the service, while the clergyman had disappeared to change his surplice, Brandt saw, in a distant pew, the young lady whom he had encountered the previous afternoon. She looked even prettier than then. By her side sat a grim, Sphinx-like female, of "uncertain age," whose face seemed not unfamiliar.

Brandt handed his mother her handkerchief, which she had just dropped, and took the opportunity to whisper:



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"Who is that young lady, in the pew over there, with that stony-looking old maid?"

"Oh, hush, dear!" whispered his mother.

"But who is it?"

"Alice James, I suppose," replied his mother, and shook her head at him; and then turned away, as a reproof; but, immediately after, she stole her hand along the cushion, and patted his, softly, afraid that her reprimand might have been too severe.

Brandt said no more, till he and his mother were in the carriage, driving homewards. Then he asked:

"Alice James, did you say? Why, she must be a relation of ours!"

"Oh, I suppose so—your father's second cousin. Miss Judith is her aunt," replied his mother.

"And that was Miss Judith, in the pew with her? Does she live with her aunt?"

"I believe so—has for four or five years. Oh, don't talk about them—it makes me nervous to hear Miss Judith mentioned," shivered Mrs. Gresham. "I declare, sometimes I almost hate coming back here in the summer. The sight of her always makes your father fiercer than ever against her."

"Poor little mother," said Brandt, soothingly, and then dropped the subject; for he remembered all about Miss Judith now; and he knew how timid his mother was, and in what awe she stood of his father.

It was quite an old story. Miss Judith and Mr. Gresham had been cousins, and had played together, as children, in the old mansion, where the Greshams now lived. They had been so very intimate, as they grew up, that many thought it would end in a wedding; and when Peter Gresham married the rich, but characterless Mary Bond, not a few said that it nearly broke his cousin's heart. Certain it is, the intimacy ceased, from that day. Not many years after, what had become the coldest and most distant acquaintance, turned into bitter enmity. A mutual relation, old aunt Sophia Torbeck, died, leaving behind her an immense fortune, and an unsatisfactory will, about the meaning of which Miss Judith and Peter Gresham went to law, each claiming to be the heir. The two had been quarreling over this testament, when Brandt first went to college; they were quarreling over it, when he sailed to Europe; and they were quarreling over it still. Not a day passed, that his father, now grown old and gouty, did not anathematize Miss Judith. No wonder, therefore, that poor, weak Mrs. Gresham trembled, even to hear her name.

But Brandt, though he said no more, could not get the image of his cousin, as he was glad to call her, to himself, out of his mind. He took to strolling, daily, by the little river, in hopes of meeting her again. Nor was it long before he was rewarded. Two days after, just as he had crossed the stone bridge, he saw her approaching. She did not, at first, observe him. She seemed lost, in fact, in a reverie. Her beautiful eyes had a wistful, yearning look, and the lovely mouth a certain sadness, which did not belong to her age. Brandt's heart went out to her in pity. "Poor thing," he said to himself, "I have no doubt she has a dreadful time of it, with that old harridan, whose temper, everybody says, is absolutely fiendish."

He raised his hat, with a cheerful "good-morning," as she approached.

She started, and appeared, for a moment, as if she were about to turn back, without even acknowledging the salutation. But he said, quickly:

"Miss James, I am your cousin, Brandt Gresham. Won't you speak to me?"

"Oh, you know, then!" she exclaimed, a smile stealing across the half alarmed expression in her face; and, as she spoke, she glanced nervously over her shoulder, as if afraid someone might be watching.

"Yes, we are cousins," continued Brandt, eagerly. "I was so pleased, when I found it out, yesterday! I have very few relatives, and cousin is such a pleasant relationship. I hope you mean to be good-natured, and say you are not sorry to have found a new one."

"Oh, I must not—I dare not!" exclaimed the girl. "Please don't think me ungrateful—after your kindness the other day—and all! But my aunt would never forgive me; you know she and your father are—are not on good terms."

"That is a very mild way of putting it," returned Brandt, laughing outright. "They hate each other awfully, and have been fighting, for years, over that stupid old aunt Sophia's stupider will. But I have nothing to do with that, and why should you?"

"Oh, yes, I know; but it is different," stammered Alice.

"Don't you think it shocking for relatives to quarrel?" demanded Brandt, checking his laughter.

"Indeed I do," returned Alice.

"Then you can't consider it right, that you and I should have any part in their enmities," added Brandt.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, earnestly. "But aunt—"

"What has she got to do with it?" interrupted

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the impetuous Brandt. "She has never forbidden you to speak to me, has she?"

"Oh, no; I don't suppose she ever dreamed I would get the chance."

"Then, you see, you don't disobey her in doing so," cried Brandt, taking a Jesuitical view of the matter, which would have convinced Miss Judith, had she heard him, that he was fulfilling a prediction, which she had often made, that he would grow up an utterly abandoned character.

Alice shook her head, so decidedly, that Brandt feared she was about to express a doubt of the honesty of his proposition. So he hastened to ask:

"Has she spoken of me?"

"She did yesterday. She saw you in church," Alice replied, rather hesitatingly.

"I know what she said," cried Brandt, laughing again. "'There's that scapegrace, Peter Gresham's son, come back; he will go to ruin in this world, and destruction in the next!'" He divined the words so perfectly, that Alice laughed, in spite of herself.

"My aunt is very, very firm," she said, after a moment.

"She is as obstinate as a mule; all these Greshams are!" cried Brandt.

"Do you share the family failing?" asked Alice, mischievously.

"No. I inherit my little mother's sweetness of disposition," he answered, gaily. "I am as yielding as possible."

"She has such a sweet, nice face," cried Alice. "I always like to look at her—I am sure she is very good."

"The dearest little woman in the world," said Brandt. "I wish you knew her." And then he added to himself, "I wish she was more firm; she might help me, in that case."

"Ah," sighed Alice, "there's no chance of my ever knowing her."

"Not—not at present—perhaps!" Brandt stammered. "But you see her health is not good—that makes her more timid—and she never dares go against my father."

"And I must not go against my aunt," returned Alice. "I live with her—she takes care of me, Mr. Gresham—"

"Oh, please don't call me by that name, else I shall think you want to claim a share in the family quarrels and hates," he interrupted.

"Indeed, no! But—"

"Then call me cousin, or Brandt! You know it isn't reasonable, for relations to be stiff and formal, cousin Alice."

"Well, then, cousin Brandt!" she said, with a smile, and another lovely blush. But her face quickly grew grave again. "What I wanted to say, was, you must really leave me," she said. "It isn't right for me to go contrary to aunt Judith's wishes, while I live under her roof. You can understand what I mean—oh, I can't explain—if my aunt saw you, with me, she would be very angry."

With this, she bowed to him, and resolutely turned away. He gazed after her, with a sigh; but he was of a hopeful nature; and he said to himself, "I won't give it up yet; she must, she shall come round." So, the next day, and the next, and the next, for nearly a week, he haunted that, and every other road, in the vicinity of the town, trusting to meet her again. But Alice, fearing this, kept within door. She was trying to be loyal to her aunt; but it was her aunt, herself, who prevented it.

"Alice James," she said, one day, "why don't you take your walks? You haven't been out for four whole days."

"I—I don't care to walk; at least, this morning, aunt," replied Alice.

"Of course you don't, just because the doctor said you must! I suppose you want to try and fall ill from sheer idleness, and make people pity you. Have the goodness to go out, at once."

"But, aunt—"

"I must request you not to argue. When I was a child of your age, I should never have dreamed of venturing to dispute my elders. The doctor said you were to walk daily, and walk you must. Not but what you are strong enough, already; but since I've had to pay him for his advice, take it you shall," replied Miss Judith.

So Brandt, who had chosen a road, on quite the other side of the town from the bridge, saw Alice, to his great delight, approaching. She had selected that very road, to avoid him. But he was too shrewd for her: he had suspected she would do it. He came up, briskly.

She tried, at first, to be stately; but that seemed ungrateful, she thought, and so thawed; and, before long, she forgot, for the time, that to talk with him was a tacit deception towards her aunt.

Before they separated, Alice felt as if he were not only a cousin, but an old friend. He had told her a great deal about himself, by way of inviting her confidence; and though she spoke gently and respectfully of their relative, her disclosures showed Brandt, what a colorless, dismal life she had led, during the four years, in which Miss Judith's gloomy dwelling had been her home.

Her widowed mother had died suddenly, when Alice was fifteen, and Miss Judith had



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become her guardian. She seemed to think herself under great obligations to her aunt; and, without meaning to do so, betrayed the fact, that it had been impressed upon her, that she was little more than an object of charity. But Brandt knew that her little income of three hundred dollars must serve to pay, at least, half the expenses of Miss Judith's narrow establishment, and the completion of the girl's education had not cost a penny; for the old rector, lately dead, had taken her for his pupil, out of pure affection, and admiration of her talents.

Miss Judith had few acqualntances, and seldom paid, or received visits; so that Alice scarcely knew anybody in the town. During the past winter, she had been seriously ill, and was not very strong yet. This spring, the doctor had declared that she must take daily exercise. Before that, she had seldom got out, except for a little stroll about the square, in her aunt's companionship; but since long walks had been ordered, she had, at least, had freedom and repose from Miss Judith's society, now and then.

Yet, it was plain, that Alice had not submitted to this dreary existence, from any lack of spirit or energy. At first, she had been so crushed by the loss of her mother, that, in her loneliness and desolation, she had clung to even Miss Judith; and, later, submission had appeared a duty. Now, there was a still stronger reason added. Miss Judith, who had always appeared made of iron, had lately begun to fail in health, and was a martyr to rheumatic attacks. Indeed, Alice's own illness had been brought on by incessant watching, day and night, for a whole fortnight, and by performing duties which overtaxed her strength. So, when Miss Judith needed care, it would be a positive sin, Alice felt, for her to carry out the resolution she had, at one time, cherished, of trying to obtain a situation as governess, in some family or school.

Brandt wondered, that all hopefulness and gayety had not been utterly withered, under the wearing restraints of such an existence; and he admired her courage, her patience, her cheerfulness, as a new revelation in the way of womanhood.

They parted, without any marked resistance, on Brandt's part, to Alice's verdict, that, though they were cousins, and she should be glad to regard him as a friend, any freedom of intercourse between them was impossible. Master Brandt, very wisely, impatient as he was, allowed three days to pass, before he again put himself in Alice's way; and the days had seemed so doubly dreary to Alice, after that brief glimpse of sunshine, that she could remember nothing about her resolves, in the pleasure of seeing him again.

They met several times; and, at last, feeling that he could better combat her scruples on paper, Brandt put into her hand a long and remarkably well-written epistle; and the effect was, that Alice decided, that, in regard to continuing her cousin's acquaintance, she had a right to follow her own wishes.

For more than six weeks, the young people managed to see each other, very often; and to do it without meeting any person, who betrayed them to the heads of either of their respected households.

But bad news came to them, suddenly. One day, just as Brandt was preparing to leave the house, his father, who had been, for a week, a prisoner, owing to a severe attack of gout, sent for his son, into the library, where he reclined, swathed up like an Egyptian mummy. Old Peter had, that morning, received news of some important business in New York, which required immediate attention; Brandt must go in his place, and there might be involved a voyage to England, and an absence of several months. No time could be lost; it was necessary Brandt should start that evening. A couple of days would decide whether the sea voyage was necessary; but as matters now looked, it seemed unavoidable.

Of course, hesitation was out of the question. As soon as she heard the news, Mrs. Gresham indulged in a nervous attack, which roused old Peter's anger; and it was some time, before Brandt could escape.

He hurried away to the riverside, where he found Alice. The evil tidings had to be quickly told; but, with a woman's intuition, she had seen that he was in trouble, the instant she looked in his face.

"Oh, what has happened?" she exclaimed. "Is your father worse?"

"No, no," he replied. "It's not that. Alice, I've got to go away—to start to-night. I shall, probably, be obliged to sail for England, on Saturday. If I do, I shall be gone nearly a year."

She sat down, white and trembling.

"It is so sudden," she said, piteously. "I don't dare to think how I shall miss you. But that is very selfish of me—I oughtn't to remember my little disappointments. What a grief it must be to you, to leave your mother so soon."

"Oh, I dare say, she will follow me," said Brandt. "Alice, Alice, don't you see what it is that troubles me? It breaks my heart, to think of quitting you—it drives me half mad."

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The pain in his face, the passionate love, which showed in the earnest eyes fixed upon her, brought a sudden revelation to Alice. Girl-like, she had drifted on, during these sunny weeks, without allowing any clear perception of what this change in her life really meant; but now she read his secret and her own.

"I—I am so sorry," she faltered, turning away her hand.

"Can't you say anything more than that?" he cried. "I love you, Alice—surely you must know it. I have kept silence. I wanted to give you time; but you must answer me now. You must feel that you have had my whole heart, since the first moment we met."

She looked up at him, through a sudden mist of tears; her color came and went; but she said, steadily:

"No—I didn't think—I—"

"But you believe it now?" he exclaimed. "And you love me, Alice—own that you do—you love me."

He knelt beside her, as she sat; put his arm about her; and drew her towards him. For an instant, she remained passive in his embrace, while he uttered a thousand wild protestations, and begged her to speak. Then she pushed him gently back, and answered:

"I mustn't say it, Brandt—I mustn't say it."

"Alice!"

"Wait. Don't be angry," she pleaded. "Think of my aunt. Think of your father. What would they say?"

"Time enough to think of them, after," he exclaimed. "The question is between you and me, Alice. You do love me—you do—you cannot deny it."

She rose, and regarded him, steadily, wiping away her tears.

"I shan't deny it," she answered; "but I did not know it, until now."

"My darling, my life!" he cried, trying to take her in his arms again. But she retreated.

"Listen—you *must* listen," she said.

"If you are going to talk about our relations and their quarrels, I won't hear a word," replied Brandt. "You have owned that you love me. You can't take it back now. Let the rest go. There is no time to settle anything—I must catch the train. I shall come back, I hope, before I sail. If I don't, Alice, I can be as sure of you as I am of myself—you will be true to our love."

"Yes, I shall be true," she said. "I could not help it, if I would. But it will only bring us trouble."

"I know what you mean. You are thinking my father will refuse his consent. Then you must marry me without it."

"That I can never do," she answered.

"Alice James!" called a voice, at this instant; a voice which sounded stern enough, to have been that of Rhademanthus, calling some unhappy and unpardonable criminal up to judgment. "Alice James!"

They turned, and saw Miss Judith, standing at a little distance, shaking from head to foot, in cold, white wrath. She had not been down to the river, for at least a year; and really, except that fate must have decided that the time had come for her to endure this blow, than which none more severe had struck her in years, it would be impossible to account for the impulse, which had led her steps thither to-day.

When Brandt perceived her, he drew closer to Alice; passed his arm about her waist; and said, with calm dignity:

"You have come, just in time, Miss Judith. We have found out, Alice and I, that we love each other."

Miss Judith got her strength back enough to step forward; she tried to pull her niece towards her; but Brandt put his disengaged hand between them.

"You abominable pair!" she said, in a slow, choked voice. "Come here, this instant, Alice! Who is this man?"

"I fancy you know your own relative," said Brandt, before Alice could speak.

"Oh, it is Peter Gresham's scapegrace," exclaimed Miss Judith, eyeing him from head to foot, with angry scorn.

"The same, at your service," replied Brandt.

"You—you—" Miss Judith checked herself, in time. Furious as she was, she preserved sufficient gleams of sanity, to be a little startled by the epithet, which she found on her lips. She turned to her niece, and said, in a tone which she tried hard to render calm, "Alice James, either send that young man away, or you and I part forever. I say nothing, now, as to your disgraceful conduct. I cannot stoop to characterize his villany, by the only words that would express it. I only command you to bid him go, and to promise me, now and here, that you will never speak to him again."

"I have no need to make you promises," said Alice. "Brandt knows—"

"That you will, one day, be his wife," interrupted the young man.

"No, Brandt, no—that is impossible," cried Alice. "Don't make it any harder than you can help. Aunt Judith, perhaps I have been wrong, not to tell you, that I knew my cousin—"

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"Do you really think so?" broke in Miss Judith, with prodigious scorn.

"She was right, not to tell you," added Brandt. "I should think your conduct and language, now, must convince her of that."

"I believe," said Miss Judith, "that there is law in the land. I may be mistaken, after what I have seen to-day with these eyes; I will pretend to be certain of nothing; but I believe we are still a law-abiding people. If Peter Gresham's son wants to use actionable words, he can."

"Hush, Brandt; don't irritate her," Alice said, as her cousin was about to speak. "Aunt Judith, don't say any more."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Miss Judith, as much astonished, as she could have been, if the traditional worm had turned upon her.

Brandt felt that Alice was the wiser of the two. He turned his back on Miss Judith. "Alice, darling—good-bye. You have promised, remember," he said, "you will be true."

"In every way, Brandt—to you and to myself," she answered.

"You will see me again, before I sail," he said. "Perhaps, after all, I may not go to England."

"It will be better for you not to come back, at present, Brandt," she replied.

"Good heavens, Alice! How can you speak like that—"

"Sir," broke in Miss Judith, "if you were not a lunatic, as well as a reprobate, you wouldn't stop her, when she speaks a word of sense."

"You can't make me believe you don't care, Alice," he went on, regardless of the spinster's interruption.

"Should I be likely to try?" she asked, with a heavenly smile.

"Oh, you creature!" gasped Miss Judith.

"Alice! Alice!" he exclaimed; and caught her in his arms, and held her close to his heart; while Miss Judith positively foamed at the mouth.

She felt that she had not been equal to the occasion. Neither Miriam, nor Deborah, would have behaved like this! She tried to speak, to denunciate, anathematize; no maledictions would utter themselves; she heard herself gasp out:

"I'll tell your father, sir!"

Then she fairly covered her face with her hands, conscious that this lame and impotent conclusion was a crowning blow. She was roused by hearing Alice say:

"Are you ready to go home, aunt Judith?"

She looked up; Brandt had disappeared.

"Has he gone?" she gasped. "Now, then—"

"Now, aunt Judith, we will go to the house," Alice interrupted. "I can bear nothing more, to-day. You must leave me alone, else we will agree to accept the threat you uttered, and part forever."

The girl walked away in silence. Miss Judith stood staring after her; astonishment absolutely mastering her wrath. During four years, Alice had been the most submissive of creatures; and, to watch her in this new development of character, made the spinster feel as if the object of her tyranny had suddenly disappeared, and left in her stead a woman, whom no vituperation could touch, no menaces disarm.

In spite of all her despotism, if ever Miss Judith had loved anybody, since the days when she and Peter Gresham were young, and she had loved him, and been jilted by him, that person was Alice James. The possibility of her going away; of having, also, to relinquish the use of her income, filled Miss Judith with dismay.

"That—that cub," she groaned, fairly shaking her clenched hand in the direction which Brandt had taken. "I'll be even with him, and I'll punish old Peter—Peter shall hear the truth."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TO ONE WHO IS ABSENT.

BY EMILY SANBORN.

Thou art away. The moonbeams bright are gleaming,
Softly, on many a gladsome scene, to-night.
Borne on the breeze, I hear the merry chiming
Of music's voices, blending in delight.

Thou art away. I hear kind voices near me
Speaking in words of love, and kindly tone;
Unheeded, on my ears they fall, and sadly
I turn from them, and feel I am alone.

Yet not alone. In spirit I am with thee;
In deep and silent thought oft we have met;
And, in my dreams, thy form is ever near me,
And my heart whispers thine: can'st thou forget?

And I can hear thine own dear voice replying,
Borne on the wings of love through ether blue;
And o'er my heart its deep, rich music stealing—
For well I know, that thou art ever true.

Come back, oh! come; kind hearts for thee are waiting.
Come back to loved ones here, and "home, sweet home."
Come from the sunny land, where now thou'rt roaming,
Our hearts all cry to thee: come back—oh, come!

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# THE BATH OF FIRE.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

To hear the people of Chicago, Milwaukee, and Detroit talk, on that fatal morning, when Reuben March & Son, the great mill-owners, capitalists, and speculators, failed, one would think there had never been such a catastrophe.

The failure happened on the fifteenth of April, and a good many people, at first, made very witty remarks, about the Ides of March having fallen a month too late, that year; but, after Reuben March was found dead in his bedroom, with a pistol-ball through his poor, broken heart, nobody laughed any more. Nay! everybody sympathized, some with tears in their eyes, when they had seen the son's white, stern face, and met the gleam of his desperate eye.

"What will Edith do about her engagement?" society asked. For Edith Musgrove was a somewhat spoiled darling. Her widowed mother, as all the world knew, had strained every nerve, and begged and borrowed of all her friends, to keep up her social position, and dress and accoutre her beautiful daughter. Nor had her scheming been without result. For had not Edith triumphantly come forth from her winter's campaign, leading captive the only son and heir of Reuben March, the richest man of the West? More than this, everybody knew that Tom Hanaford, the millionaire merchant, was ready, at any moment, to lay said million at Edith's pretty feet; but, Tom was short, and stout, and rosy, and ill-bred; and Edith had never given him, or his possessions, a second thought; being really quite in love with Misael, who was a tall, straight, handsome fellow, with frank, hazel eyes, and a merry smile, albeit the mouth and jaw were capable of other than smiling expressions, as was well proven, now when his troubles had come upon him.

It was a few days after the failure, when Misael, who had hitherto been really too desperately driven to have a moment to himself, threw everything aside, and betook himself, in the dusk, to Mrs. Musgrove's modest little house; dear, in spite of its modesty, from its fashionable locality.

Edith came down, at once, to meet him. But there was a flutter, a furtiveness of aspect, a nameless something in her demeanor, that made poor Misael catch his breath, for a moment, and hold back from offering the accustomed caress. At last, he said, "Edith, have I lost you, with all the rest?"

She answered nervously.

"Why, Misael! Sit down," she said. "Put down your hat. Don't look so dreadfully. Didn't you get my note?"

"Yes. Mere kindly words of sympathy, such as any courteous friend might write. No promise, no assurance of faith. I had never dreamed of doubting you, until I read that."

"Doubting me? You couldn't doubt my great sympathy, Misael; and—and—"

"That will do, Edith. Your voice, your eye, tell me that your heart has failed. I gave myself to you, body and soul, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer. Nothing, that could have befallen you, would have made me go back from that vow. You know best whether your constancy is like that. But, at any rate, it is only by your own words, that the bond can be broken. Are you going to say them?"

Edith was twisting a bracelet around her wrist, and examining it, in her embarrassment, as if she had never seen it before. But Misael obstinately waited for her to speak. At last, she looked up, met those steadfast eyes, looked down again, turned white as ashes, even to her lips, and faltered out,

"You are very unkind, Misael."

"I don't mean to be, dear," he replied, kindly. "But I am very much in earnest. In the last week, all the youth has gone out of me. Everything is different."

"What are you going to do—for a living?" stammered Edith, finally.

"Robertson, who has the large distillery on Grand street, has engaged me, as manager. I have a salary of fifteen hundred a year—"

"Oh, Misael! And you have spent fifteen thousand, or more, all your life!"

"Yes, dear! But I am young, and strong. I have hope, too; I shall succeed in the end. But the question is, could you be satisfied, as the wife of a clerk, who had only fifteen hundred a year?"

"We spend more than that, ourselves; and we are so poor—so horridly poor; and in debt everywhere; and mamma so worn out with worry—"

Edith moaned, rather than said, this. She glanced contemptuously round the threadbare, yet pretentious room, as she spoke.



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"We would take her home, and make her old age comfortable and peaceful," began Misael, softly.

But Edith interrupted him, with a bitter, little laugh.

"On fifteen hundred a year! It would divide rather scrimpily, among three; and mamma is the last person in the world, to be made happy in poverty."

"She has probably advised you to throw me over, and smile upon Mr. Hanaford," exclaimed Misael, a sudden light breaking upon him. "I met the fellow, to-day, and noticed how he sneaked out of my way."

A painful blush burned all over Edith's face. But an angry light, also, leaped to her eyes. She said, stiffly:

"You needn't call it sneaking, Misael. You must expect a good many people to avoid you, now."

"That is enough, Miss Musgrove," cried Misael. "Poverty is a crime, I see—at least, in the estimation of Mr. Hanaford, and," the words were spoken bitterly, and with emphasis, "his friends—"

"Yes! it is quite enough, Mr. March," exclaimed a new voice, as Edith's mother, who had been listening behind the folding doors, swept into the room. "It is very nice to threaten two women, and talk big about an absent man, but I can't have you doing it here any longer. My daughter, (Edith, if you cannot control yourself," for Edith had burst into tears, "you had better leave the room,) my daughter feels that under the peculiar circumstances, in which you now stand, it is for neither her advantage, or yours, to continue an engagement contracted—"

"While I was rich and prosperous," broke in Misael. "I understand all you would say, Mrs. Musgrove. But I will accept no dismissal, except from my promised wife. Edith, do you agree with your mother? Is it your wish to break your engagement?"

His voice was stern, his attitude commanding. But the poor girl made no reply. She only sobbed the more.

"Speak, Edith, love, and assure Mr. March," said Mrs. Musgrove, "that what your mother has said, is neither a fabrication, nor a mistake. Tell him your own decision, and let him see that you speak your own mind."

"Yes, speak your own mind, and God's truth," added Misael, as the shrewish voice ceased.

Thus adjured, Edith, at last, lifted her woful, tear-wet face, from her hands, and faltered out:

"Yes, Misael, it is better that we part. Mamma is right. I am so sorry to lose you. But I never could be a poor man's wife."

A stern voice interrupted her.

"Give me that ring off your finger."

Edith, too frightened for reply, drew off the magnificent solitaire, which she had worn with such pride, and handed it to Misael.

The latter made two strides to the window, threw it open, and tossed the glittering bauble into the crowded street. A drayman, trudging beside his horses, saw the act, and ran to pick up the ring, turning, as he did so, an inquiring look at the window. With a nod and gesture of assent, March drew down the sash, and turned again to Edith.

"Will you send me my letters, and the chain that was my mother's? Send them, to-day," he said. "The other gifts, you are quite welcome to keep; or sell, if you like," he added, scornfully. "The proceeds will, perhaps, help out your trousseau."

Then he was gone; and Mrs. Musgrove, white with rage, ran to see if she could distinguish the man, who had picked up the diamond; but he had turned the corner; and she never found him. It is good to know that he was an honest fellow, and the money, about a-fourth of its value, which he received for his diamond, bought him a little home of his own.

"Well! We are rid of that brute, at least," exclaimed the irate mother, finally. "And now, my dear, you will be very cordial, mind, to Mr. Hanaford."

"I—I don't know," sobbed Edith. "We have been cruel, and—and—I like Misael—ever so much the best."

Mrs. Musgrove rose to the occasion.

"Don't be a fool," she snapped. "Which do you like best: horse-cars, or an elegant barouche, with two men on the box? And which do you like best: cheap alpaca, or Lyons velvet? Sham jewelry, or real diamonds? Pray, tell me, love."

Edith, if not convinced, was silenced; and tried to stifle the ache at her heart. She made an effort to smile, and be cordial, as her mother bade her, when the prosperous merchant called, that evening, with a big bouquet, and an underbred smirk.

Misael, meanwhile, went away raging, half desperate; almost cursing fate. His better nature conquered, at last. He threw himself into his work, with an intensity of purpose, an energy of action, that carried all before it; and at once delighted, and terrified, plodding John Robertson, the new owner of the mills, and one of the heaviest creditors of the late firm of March & Son.

It was just about a year from the great failure, and nearly as long from the rupture of Misael's

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engagement, and Miss Musgrove's acceptance of Mr. Thomas Hanaford's five thousand dollar solitaire diamond ring; it was, in fact, in the beginning of April, that Rawlins, the old foreman, who had begun life under Reuben March, while Misael was in petticoats, and had hoped to finish his days under the new-old dynasty, accosted his young master, as he passed through the still-room of the great distillery, in the last of the afternoon.

"There's something wrong, sir," he said, "with this still. You'll see the runs are not above half what they should be, and a heavy charge of grain in, and splendid fires."

"I see," replied Misael, after a few moments' observation of the scanty stream of liquor, that flowed from the worm. "There's a stoppage somewhere, or, perhaps, that peg inside has got loose again."

"We'd best knock off work, to-morrow, then, and look into the thing, hadn't we?"

"Knock off work? Lose a day? What's the use of that?" demanded March, sharply. "Let down that fire now, and draw the charge from both chambers. Everything will be cooled off by morning, and I will be here at six o'clock, to look into it, myself."

"But, Mr. March, sir, I don't think it would be safe for you, or any man, to go into that there still, twelve hours from it being all alive so. The foul air, and the fumes of the liquor, would take his breath, long before he'd get at his work—"

"There's no work to do, if what I think is the case. It's only that peg, in the lower pipe, dropped out," interrupted March, impatiently. "It won't take two minutes, to do the whole thing; and nobody's life will be risked but mine, and that's—"

He stopped short, it not being his style to make confidences, or to bemoan his hard lot. Rawlins, scratching his head, without removing his Glengarry cap, replied, "Well, sir—I don't know—I suppose a quick, strong man, with his wits all about him—if he held his breath—"

"Yes, it's safe enough," broke in Misael, impatiently. "At any rate, I shall do it. You just see to the fire, and the charge. Get them out, as quick as you can, and leave everything open to cool. Be here in the morning, yourself, at six o'clock; and I will be along, by the time you're ready for work."

"All right, sir," replied Rawlins, wisely abandoning the argument, and subsiding into simple obedience.

That evening, Misael happened, in returning from a walk, to pass Mrs. Musgrove's house. The window was a little open, and he heard Edith singing a plaintive, little, German song, of which he had once been very fond. He stopped a moment, in the darkness, and listened. When the song was ended, a coarse voice cried:

"Why, anybody would think, you hadn't a friend in the world, Miss Edith, to hear such a mournful ditty. Give us something more lively, can't you?"

"Idiot!" muttered Misael, dragging his hat over his brows, and striding away. "He can't be content, until he has dragged her down, quite to his own level. Well—better so, better so!"

Then, instead of returning home, as he had intended, he struck off into the country, and walked as if on a wager, through mile after mile. Finally, partly through fatigue, and partly because the gentle country sounds had tamed the fever of his blood, he went home, and slept a few hours of heavy sleep, before the toil of another day began.

At six o'clock, the next morning, master and man stood together, before the black and silent still, with its gloomy litter of extinct coals and ashes, not yet removed, and the reeking fumes of crude alcohol breathing from its every crevice, like the horrible atmosphere surrounding a drunkard.

"Where's the Davy lamp?" asked Misael, throwing aside his coat, and standing, a model of athletic and supple manhood, in his dark flannel shirt and trousers, with a leathern belt buckled around his waist.

"Why, Mr. Misael, don't you remember? You flung it into the fire, one day, when it wouldn't light for you? You said it was no good. There ain't another to be had, short of Broad street; and not this hour in the morning, even there. You'll have to give it up, now, sir, spite of fate."

Perhaps the old man's tone of triumph annoyed his master's irritable nerves. Perhaps it was only the reckless and impetuous temper possessing him in these days. But without replying, save in a black and bitter word, crushed between his teeth, Misael snatched a candle from the shelf, where it was set, and lighting it, sprang up the steps, leading to the second story of the still-room, where was the entrance to the upper division of the chamber, which contained the charge, or grain, from which, by the use of steam and pressure, the poison is extracted, which, after various other processes, goes forth to the world as whiskey.

A round aperture, perhaps eighteen inches in diameter, called a manhole, gives admittance, in

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cases like this, from the second story of the still-room, to the upper chamber of the still; and a short ladder, pulled in after him by the inspector, gives him the means of descending to the lower compartment. In this lower division, lies the principal danger; for the foul air, strongly impregnated with the fumes of alcohol, naturally, is denser here than above; and the manhole admits a certain amount of pure air above, which does not penetrate below. But, also, it was in this lower chamber that the mischief lay, as Misael suspected; and yet hither he was bound to penetrate.

Rawlins, standing, for a moment, aghast, recovered his breath and tongue in the next; and following, up the stairs, as fast as his stiff, old legs would carry him, almost screamed out:

"Master! For God's sake, stop! Don't think, for a minute, of carrying a candle into that hell of a place. It'll explode, before you're fairly inside! Stop, stop, for God's sake!"

"Nonsense, man, there's no danger," replied Misael, laughing, grimly; for he was not insensible of the poor fellow's homely devotion. "See! I'll test it, to satisfy you." And lighting a bit of paper, he tossed it through the manhole.

Both men craned their necks forward, and saw the cheerful, yellow blaze suddenly turn to a ghastly blue, and then expire, as the wisp went floating downward, into the dense blackness of the pit.

"You see it don't explode," said Misael, throwing one leg over the edge of the manhole. "Here, hold on to the candle, till I'm in; and pass me the end of the ladder."

"It burned queer, though," persisted Rawlins, mechanically doing as he was bid.

"You'll see queerer things than that, if you don't look sharp, and give me that ladder," replied Misael, so impatiently, that Rawlins made no further audible comment; but passed in the ladder, and gave the candle into the hand of his young master.

The latter, after a moment of hesitation, set the candle upon a projecting beam, just below the manhole, where its light would penetrate feebly indeed; but, as he thought, sufficiently, to the pit below. Then, putting his head out of the hole, Misael took a long inspiration of fresh air; or, what passes for such, in a distillery; nodded goodhumoredly to Rawlins; dragged his woolen cap firmly over his brows; and rapidly descended the ladder, his mind bent upon accomplishing his task, and returning to upper air, before the vitality of that long breath should be exhausted.

Instinct, rather than sight, led him straight to the spot at which he aimed. Here, he found the loosened peg, lying beside the hole it should have stopped, which confirmed his suspicion, that this was the seat of all the trouble. Two quick movements sufficed to insert the peg in its place, and drive it well home, which he did by means of a little hammer he had brought in his pocket. Then, not sorry, in spite of his bravado, to have finished his undertaking, he was turning toward the ladder, when his eyes were almost blinded by a sudden glare overhead. At the same moment, his ears were stunned, by a succession of snapping explosions, as if the air were, all at once, impregnated with innumerable fire-crackers. A quick pang of physical fear, such as may take the bravest man by surprise, for an instant, contracted Misael's heart. For, looking up, he saw the chamber above him filled with a lambent blue flame, and he realized that the gases from the lower crypt, drawn up into the upper one, by the draft through the manhole, had taken fire, from the uncovered candle flame, and would burn until all was exhausted.

But that pang of wild terror was soon over. The real courage of the man asserted itself. The mind, resuming its sway, took a rapid and exhaustive view of the situation.

The manhole, he knew, was the only possible exit from the trap, in which he had placed himself. That manhole was only to be reached through the flames. He could not live, for more than a minute, without breath; to draw in the noxious vapors about him was certain death; there was momentary danger that the gas above would explode, killing him by the shock; if not this, the flames would extend downward, and reach him; or, the woodwork would ignite, and burn him, like a rat in a hole.

Death was certain, if he stood still. There was one bare chance of escape, however, if he acted at once. If he must die, it was better to die struggling, than cowering. Perhaps, it took him fifteen seconds to think this all out. It was not more, certainly. Then, with a sudden rush, and a cry, "God have mercy on me," he seized the sides of the ladder, and ran up it, never shrinking as the deadly flames licked his face. He felt his beard ignite, and burn crisp, close to the skin. But, not daring to open his eyes, lest he should lose them, he groped wildly at the top of the ladder, for the manhole. As he grasped it, he felt the skin, on the backs of both hands, split from wrist to knuckles; and he heard, as if through tumultuous waves, the voice of the old man, uttering an inarticulate cry of horror and amazement.

And indeed it was a sight to shake a stronger

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brain than that of Rawlins, to see that ghastly figure emerging from the sea of fire: the eyes closed, the lips drawn away from the clenched teeth, the flames kindling upon hair and flesh. With a blind instinct of doing something to help, the faithful follower rushed forward, and seized Misael's hands, which were clenched upon the edge of the opening. He tried, but at first vainly, to drag his master out; but the crisped and blistered skin slipped from under his grasp. For an instant, it seemed that the pursuing flames, even there, would drag their victim back into their deadly embrace; for, Misael tottered, wavered, staggered backward, and almost fell into the abyss. But, at last, with a desperate effort, and a wild cry of despair, he succeeded in flinging himself violently forward. There, for a moment, he hung, on the edge of the manhole, half in, half out, a limp, lifeless, scorched body. Had he been alone, that would have been the last of him; But he was not alone. As he fell, Rawlins seized him again; and, this time, with more discretion; and, dragging him through the manhole, laid him, a blackened, senseless heap, upon the floor of the chamber, alive indeed, but so scarred, that it seemed doubtful if he had not been saved from a sudden death, to perish in more cruel and lingering torments.

Some early workmen, meanwhile, had fortunately collected in the lower part of the still-house. Hearing the cries of Rawlins for help, they rushed up, at this crisis. The flames, stifled, by closing the manhole, soon expired, and without further damage. A doctor, and a carriage, were summoned in haste. The poor, senseless, unsightly body, an hour before the embodiment of manly grace and beauty, was removed to the comfortless lodgings, for which Misael March had exchanged his luxurious home. Rawlins begged a day's vacation, to recover his shaken nerves, and look after his young master. Then the men went back to their tasks; business hours began; and the world went on the same as ever, just as if a strong, brave, young life had not been brought down to the gates of death.

It was about ten days after this, that Misael March opened his eyes, late in the afternoon of a sweet April day, and looked languidly, but intelligently, about him, while a crowd of ideas, half memories, half fancies, came trooping around his bed, and sat beside his pillow, waiting to be questioned.

He was sick? Yes, evidently; and his hands and wrists were swathed into two great, white parcels, over which he seemed to have no control; and his head was bandaged; and how oddly his face felt. By-and-bye, when he was stronger, he would think about it, more. But not now. Thinking made him dizzy. And the room? It wasn't the lofty, frescoed ceiling, at which his waking eyes had stared, boy and man, for some twenty years. Nor was it the heavy, walnut furniture, to which he had been accustomed, in that stately, old, paternal mansion, he remembered now.

Oh, yes, he lived at Mrs. Simpson's boarding-house. But still, this was not quite his impression of the comfortless cell, where the last sad year had dragged along its *home* hours. Ah, well, he was too tired to think any more of that, or anything. And so the swollen eyelids drooped again, and he slept. Yet he carried into dreamland, the impression of a delicious odor of cologne water, and a cool, soft touch upon his head, whence the hair had been shaved.

When he woke again, it was in the early morning, and the soft, gray light fell gratefully upon his heated eyeballs, and seemed to soothe the weariness of his brain. Lying quite still, he again looked about him, and remembering clearly his late surroundings, perceived that he lay, now, in another and much pleasanter bedroom, with soft, dark curtains at the windows, and many a graceful article, of mingled use and ornament, softening the formal utilitarianism of boarding-house furniture.

"It looks as if a woman, a lady, were about," was the thought drifting through the languid mind.

Suddenly, from a deep chair, at the other side of the bed, a figure rose, and went to open the window, to let in the sweet, morning air.

Standing there, for a moment, with her back toward him, Misael studied this figure, with the same weary, incurious gaze, which he had fixed upon the curtains. But, as he gazed, a memory, rising from the deep springs of life, and quivering with the deadly sorrow, and the living joy, that dwell there, began to whisper in his ear.

That lissom, girlish shape, with its rounded throat and waist, and the graceful fall of the shoulders; that perfectly moulded head, with its little, weary droop, after the night's watching; that wealth of nut-brown hair, coiled heavily and low, at the back; that tiny ear; that line of cheek, just visible beyond. Ah, it could not, could not be; and yet how like; how sweet to fancy it might be her. Unconsciously, the thought took form, and, half aloud, he murmured:

"Edith!"

The figure turned, with a start, and came swiftly toward the bed. Yes! it was Edith. The face was thin and wan; the eyes were

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weary with long watching; a nameless look, born of heroism, had replaced the frivolous girl-smile; but it was Edith, his own Edith.

All the past was forgotten, all the old love came to life again, all the old tenderness was in his voice, as he whispered, vainly stirring his poor, bound hands, to try to touch that head, that was bowed beside him.

"My darling! My own—"

"Thank God, to hear you speak again, and to speak so to me," cried the girl. "Misael, oh, Misael, can you forgive me?"

A look of pain and doubt crossed his face, as he said:

"Darling, I do not remember everything yet; and there are some things, I do not want to remember. There was a cloud between us; do not let us lift it; you are here, you are mine, and I am yours; when I am a little stronger, we will be married. That is all I want to know."

"Oh, Misael, it is enough; and you are so, so good," sobbed Edith. For some happy moments, no more was said. Then he asked, suddenly:

"Dear, are you here, with your mother's consent?"

She fell on her knees beside his chair, and hid her glowing face in her hands, as she murmured:

"No. I have no friend but you, in all the world. When we heard you were dying, I told mamma, and—and—that man, that I should come and nurse you, till you died. They said no, and he said I should choose between him and you. I did choose. I said, that one day, beside your death-bed, was more than all his wealth to me."

"My darling! My true-hearted love!"

"Then mamma said, if I left her house, to come to this, I never should come back. I waited, for a moment, to see if I was strong enough for that test; and I found I was; and I came. Mrs. Simpson was very good to me. She knew we had been engaged; and she likes you ever so much; and she let me stay; and said she would stand by me in everything; and if you had not got well, I would have stayed with her, the little time I should have lived—"

She broke down, here, and hid her face in her hands.

"But now you will stay with me, my own, my darling?" said Misael. "And, this very day, good Dr. Winthrop shall marry us. He will be so glad. Ah, my dearest, that was a happy day for me, when, through that bath of fire, I struggled back to life, and you."

"Oh, Misael, you are so noble, so generous, to forgive me! All my life shall be dedicated to proving my gratitude."

A happy silence fell, and through it, each loving heart saw the fair vision of a future, that should amply atone for all the past; and glad are we to know, that these fair visions were not exaggerated pictures of the reality, which has since come to pass.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY JULIA H. CHADWICK.

Here, in the fields, the daisies white,
And golden cups grow on the banks:
Jack-in-the-pulpit leads the race,
Of thick-set ferny ranks.

Here, while we hear the wood-bird's note,
The robin and the throstle sing,
We take this glory as of course—
Because it is the Spring.

There, in the streets, the stones are hot,
And hot such breeze as sluggish blows—
High at an attic window set,
There blooms a potted rose.

These exiles long for breezes sweet,
For grasses soft, and birds on wing;
But, hid within the rose's leaves,
Lies folded all their Spring.

## THE EVENING HOUR.

BY LOUISA F. STONE.

Oh! sweet to sit and muse—
As day declines o'er dell, and wood, and hill,
While song-birds' swelling throats are hushed and still,
And flowers diffuse
Choice fragrance on the air—
A picture sweet. And God hath made it all:
And now he wills I rest from labor's thrall,
With grateful prayer.

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# THE DOUBLE HOUSE.

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

THE double house was not a double house, in the ordinary sense of the word, for the two divisions had been planned at different times, and built without any regard to harmonious union; consequently, although the older part was low-ceiled, cottage-like, and unpretentious, the newer overtopped it by a story, and assumed corresponding airs of distinction.

The double house stood upon a hillside, in dear old New England, and looked out over the busy town of Fairweather, across a shining perspective of river. It had kept solitary state in its great garden, for years, until Fairweather, suddenly awaking to a sense of neglected possibilities, began to send up stacks of black chimneys, to resound with the noise of the grinding, and to stretch out arms on all sides, like an exaggerated polypus; and new streets even crept across the river, threatening to reach and embrace the double house itself, at no very distant epoch.

It was while Fairweather was in this transition state, between town and city, that Margaret Ralston came to live there, with her mother and little sister, and the three set up their simple household gods, in the cottage part of the double house. The statelier portion had been already occupied, for some time, by a single gentleman, and his servants.

"This place would be just perfection, but for one thing," said Margaret, to her mother.

The two were sitting in a little porch, which overlooked the river and the town, and the summer day was closing. Far off, in a cleft between the hills, the sun had just gone down, leaving the sky and the river golden with lingering reflections; the town, embosomed in trees, looked, at that distance, as if it, too, had abandoned itself to the spirit of repose. Margaret's eyes, lingering over this picture, had been dreamy with calm content; but, on a sudden, a spark kindled in their dark depths. Her glance had fallen, by chance, upon two figures, visible at a little distance—the figures of a man and a dog, sauntering down towards the river. The odor of cigar smoke, too, was in the air. Margaret's brows contracted. Margaret's lips unclosed to utter the words which stand written above. There was a slight dash of asperity in her tone.

"What do you object to, dear: the mills and the smoke?" Mrs. Ralston asked, turning a pair of languid eyelids slightly in her daughter's direction.

"Oh, no, mamma. We can't hear the noise of the mills, and the smoke becomes picturesque, at this distance. I like to see them both; I like to think of work, and the results of work. I have no fault to find with the town—only with the house. I wish somebody else lived in the other half. Don't you see Mr. Elmering, yonder, with that great dog of his following at his heels, like a familiar spirit? I was looking at him."

"Well, you know, Margaret, we couldn't get another place as pretty, and quiet, and homelike, as this is for the same money; and there are drawbacks everywhere."

"True enough, mamma; isn't life, itself, one grand drawback, to lone women like us? But it does seem as if we might have had some more comfortable cross to carry with this house, than Mr. Elmering; for instance, a leaky roof; a knocking and groaning spook; a neighbor, with a propensity to borrow, and never return," said Margaret, making a whimsical little grimace, which turned into a smile.

"I don't see why you dislike the man so much; he has never troubled us."

"He does trouble me, continually. I never see him, that I don't feel painfully aware of having been weighed in the balance, and found wanting; besides, those black looks of his will bring us bad luck yet, I'm certain. There! he is out of sight; I am somebody again."

"I really can't imagine what you mean, Margaret."

Margaret only laughed, and settled herself more comfortably in her chair. She was a bright, dark, energetic-looking girl, whom plenty of people were ready to pronounce beautiful, though the charm of her face lay rather in its mobility, and power of expression, than in any decided grace of coloring, or outline. She interested you, in spite of yourself; you could not help liking to look at, and be near her: where Margaret was, something fresh, and sweet, and genuine, was. She was the greatest possible contrast to her mother: a pale woman, with a tired air, out of whose character fate had, as it were, by dint of much ill-usage, beaten all the starch, and left it a limp thing, to be shaken this way and that, as circumstances pleased. Mar-



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garet had long been the real head of the small household.

The gentleman, strolling down towards the river, had seen, without seeming to see, the two ladies seated in the little porch, and was, at that moment, thinking of them, not very flatteringly.

"Well, well," he said, to himself, "if one woman was enough to destroy the original Paradise, I need not be surprised at the effect upon mine, of a whole family of petticoats. Confound it! why need an affliction have taken precisely *that* shape?"

In justice to him, Mr. Elmering was writing a book, and wanted to be quiet. In a place where nobody knew him, and people were too busy to be curious, he flattered himself that he had attained the perfection of his wishes; prematurely: for the Ralstons came. The elder lady was certainly inoffensive; but the young lady and the little girl! Margaret played and sang, taught her sister music, and compelled Fanny to practice two hours a day, with a relentlessness that seemed to their neighbor simply inhuman. There were also daily lessons in elocution; and the Ralstons had a great many friends in Fairweather, who were always coming to see them, and occasioning so much talk and laughter, and additional music, that the unfortunate man, who was trying to embody his ideas, began to think the ancients had never shown their good taste more plainly, than by consecrating altars to the genius of silence. Mr. Elmering could not very well sue his neighbors, on such grounds, and he did not care to move away; he merely fled from the commodious and sunny front-chamber, to a corner-room, much given to cobwebs and damp, and revealing, through its one window, a perspective of potato-patches and unfinished buildings.

Nor did he incline the more toward the Ralstons, when he heard that Margaret was "the Miss Ralston, so well known for her gift of reading and recitation." He deprecated any kind of career for women, which brought them before a crowd for miscellaneous criticism; and for the women themselves, who coveted such careers, he had small charity. Margaret was probably a disagreeable creature, eaten up with vanity, and love of notoriety; and as he carefully avoided all communication with the Ralston household, he had no opportunity of correcting his ideal portrait, by a comparison with the original.

This unsocial behavior was, certainly, no way to recommend himself to the good graces of a family of ladies. But Margaret had a grievance of her own. Two or three years before, some over-officious friend had called her attention to a magazine article, reflecting severely, not to say savagely, upon some modern theories of womanly independence. It contained a great deal of truth, and a great deal of injustice, and was far too cleverly written to laugh at. The injustice hurt Margaret, more than the truth consoled her. She would have liked to challenge the author's arguments, with some chapters out of her own experience, and out of other lives she knew of. She took pains to ascertain his name; and, presently, in the course of events, she found herself living under the same roof with him.

When it became apparent that Mr. Elmering did not intend to notice his neighbors, Margaret took this loftiness to herself, as a personal slight.

"For we are not living in a hotel, or in a French flat, but here, in this isolated house," thought Margaret, with some bitterness. "He knows I am one of the women he finds fault with, and considers me strong-minded and horrible, I suppose. I should like to ask him, what he would have had me do? I am sure, I never wanted to appear in public; but one can't stand upon ceremony forever, in a world where one is liable to starve to death. I am not sorry he has turned out to be such a disagreeable person; not that his opinion of me would have mattered, in any case. I don't care what it is."

So the partition between the two halves of the double house, though only the thinnest of lath and plaster, might as well have been impenetrable granite, for all the difference it would have made to either of the households it separated. The very servants declined to know each other. Mr. Elmering's Paul and Mary Ann, being on the aristocratic side of the house, looked down with scorn on the modest Kate, in Mrs. Ralston's kitchen; and not to be behindhand with them, Kate lost no opportunity of disparaging these "fine city servants," and of hinting, darkly, that, as likely as not, their master would be found murdered in his bed, some morning. What was worse, nobody expected a change in this condition of things; for where neither party is willing to conciliate, or be conciliated, the way to an amicable understanding is tolerably well blocked. But there is a factor, potent in human affairs, called accident.

Long after Mr. Elmering had disappeared from sight, that evening, Margaret and her mother remained sitting on the porch, talking softly together, or silently watching the light fading out of the sky. A sound of trampling and panting, and a rush of feet on the steps, startled them both; and the great, black head of Mr. Elmering's dog was thrust up between them, almost at Margaret's elbow.

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"That dreadful dog!" cried Mrs. Ralston, deserting her place, with a small shriek of dismay, and darting into the house. Margaret rose, too; but with lips growing white. Her glance had passed over the dog, had seen his master following behind, hatless and coatless, and discerned what burden he carried in his arms. She hurried out to meet him; but she could not speak; she could only look up mutely into his face.

"Don't be frightened; the child is safe," said Mr. Elmering, answering the terror in Margaret's eyes. "She has had a great shock—she is very weak yet; that is all. She should not be allowed to wander out alone, Miss Ralston: the river is too near. I wonder you permit it."

He looked at Margaret, reproachfully. Doubtless, a woman who preferred courting public admiration, to practicing private duty, needed to be sharply admonished, now and then; and if Fanny had been in great danger, it was most probably all Margaret's fault.

"She has been forbidden to go to the river alone. I thought she was upstairs," Margaret said, simply, receiving the dripping child into her own arms. She did not, at the moment, observe that she was being scolded. "Fanny, Fanny, how could you be so naughty? Mamma will be so frightened. Oh, Mr. Elmering, I don't know how to thank you, but I shall never forget—"

Margaret's eyes, uplifted, and shining with tears, made the broken words eloquent.

"My dog deserves the chief credit," said Mr. Elmering. He was touched, in spite of himself. "A plunge into the water hurts nobody, in July. Your little sister will be herself again, in the morning, ready for another adventure, if you don't watch her well."

"I don't think she will disobey me again," said Margaret. "And pray take care of yourself, Mr. Elmering. You are very wet. Come, Fanny. You reckless, little creature, how could you? What if we had lost you, you wicked, unlucky, precious, precious darling?"

And kissing and scolding Fanny, whom her fright had brought to a state of repentance, that reproaches could scarcely heighten, Margaret led her into the house. Mr. Elmering entered his own door. She was a prettier girl than he had thought, that over-independent Miss Ralston; and, with more of the household light, than the stage meteor, in her appearance: he would really like to know something more of her, thought Mr. Elmering, inconsistently enough.

But he was "not at home," when the two ladies, from the other side of the house, called, next day. So Mrs. Ralston sent him a note, rather incoherent, but full of gratitude; and received, later, a polite message, inquiring for Fanny. Mr. Elmering's intrenchments of reserve appeared impregnable. Mrs. Ralston conjectured that he was a hero of the Jarndyce type—too sensitive to bear any allusion to the service he had done them; but, Margaret thought, "He doesn't want to have anything to do with us, and so he keeps out of our way;" and hid her mortification in silence.

Neither of them was right. Mr. Elmering had been feeling tired and depressed for several days; and, on the morning after his adventure in the water, he awoke with a racking headache. After sending away his breakfast untasted, and trying in vain to sit up at his desk, where all the manuscripts looked crazed, he threw himself down on a sofa, and admitted the agreeable conviction that he must be really ill. It was a fine, bright, summer day; but Mr. Elmering felt chilled to the bone. Even the cheerful wood fire, which Paul kindled, at his master's desire, failed to impart its warmth to his shivering frame; and he lay, languidly looking at it, for hours together, too apathetic to change his position. Evening came, and Mr. Elmering was no better.

"I am afraid I must see a doctor," he said, to Paul, later. "I don't know one in Fairweather, but you may bring the nearest; I daresay he'll do."

"And if the doctor should be asking me, sir, what you thought was the matter with you," suggested Paul, the prudent, "should I say a cold, or a fever, now?"

"I don't care; you can say smallpox, if you like," said Mr. Elmering, shutting his eyes, in weary indifference to all things, himself included. "I was in a house, where there was a case of it, not long ago."

Mr. Elmering had no idea that this speech would be taken for anything more than idle words. If he had but seen the horror-stricken countenance, which Paul took out of his room, and into the kitchen!

"What on earth is the matter with you, man? And what are you snatching at your hat like that for? Is the master worse?" inquired Mary Ann.

"Worse? he couldn't be worse. He thinks he's got the smallpox. There's a train leaves for New York, in thirty minutes—I've just time to reach the depot. I didn't engage to be a hospital nurse; not much, I didn't. You'd better get him a doctor," cried Paul, vanishing out of the back door, into the twilight.

"Smallpox! And me a girl, with a complexion to ruin! The heathens there are in this world!"

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shrieked Mary Ann; and, braving danger far enough to run up to her room, and secure her parasol and best bonnet, she also vanished from the house, as her fellow-servant had done.

A little later, Mr. Elmering heard, as in a half-dream, the distant whistle of the locomotive, on its way to New York, quite unconscious that it was bearing away his two faithless domestics behind it. It was only after he had rung his bell, and called their names, many times in vain, that he began to suspect he was deserted, and allowed himself to get angry. Hour after hour passed away, and no one came. Restless, and in pain, dozing at intervals, and awaking himself, with a moan and a start, he got through the long night somehow, and saw the first glimmer of daylight, struggling at his window, with the darkness. He made an effort to descend to the lower rooms, but was forced to turn back, sick and giddy, at the top of the staircase, which had lost its usual solid character, and was reeling and quivering in the tipsiest manner. Mr. Elmering crept back to his sofa, so exhausted with the exertion he had just made, that he knew there was no use in attempting to repeat it. What was going to become of him, he wondered? Was he to be left there alone to die? The sun mounted higher and higher; the day wore on; and the empty rooms about him remained silent as the tomb.

"Have you noticed, Margaret, that there is nobody to be seen about Mr. Elmering's, to-day?" said Mrs. Ralston, to her daughter, that afternoon. "I am really afraid something is wrong."

"What could be wrong, mamma? Mr. Elmering is probably absent. He often is."

"But he leaves his servants, Margaret. Kitty says the kitchen-door stands open; but she has seen nothing of the servants all day. Don't you think we should send somebody in, to find out what the matter is?"

"And perhaps have Mr. Elmering resent our officiousness, as a liberty. I advise you not to meddle, mamma."

Margaret felt, secretly, a little uneasy herself. She remembered Kate's ominous predictions, concerning the "fine city servants," and the horrors of the morning paper returned freshly to her mind. Could she ever forgive herself for remaining coldly inactive, if anything really had happened to Mr. Elmering, and they owing him so great a debt of gratitude? But, though Margaret was not usually wanting in moral courage, she shrank before the image of Mr. Elmering, with sarcastic eyebrows, and half-suppressed smile, receiving the apologetic explanations of a deputation, which had invaded his premises, to ascertain whether he were alive or dead; and regarding the romantic raid, as one of the natural vagaries of a pack of women, imbued with stage tendencies. While she was hesitating, the postman rang the bell, and Fanny came in, a moment afterwards.

"A letter, mamma—only one: for you."

"Read it, will you, Margaret? It's very odd, that my glasses are always out of the way, when I want them. Why, for heaven's sake, child, what is the letter about? What is it?" cried Mrs. Ralston, as Margaret started up, with flashing eyes and heightened color.

"Who ever heard of such baseness? Mamma, the letter is from Mr. Elmering's Paul. He says his master is ill with the smallpox, and that he and Mary Ann have left, and he hopes we will see that Mr. Elmering is provided with a doctor. What dreadful creatures! They left him all alone, and told nobody. Why, he has been alone, ever since last night. I will go over there, this minute, and you must send Kitty for Dr. Allison."

"Margaret! Margaret!" moaned Mrs. Ralston.

"He saved Fanny's life," cried Margaret, and ran out of the room.

Mr. Elmering, ill and faint, and half delirious with thirst, was roused from a vivid fancy of cool water rippling over stones, by the sound of a footstep flying along the corridor outside, and pausing at different doors.

"Thank God, there is somebody, at last," he said, aloud, with a sense of relief, that was almost overpowering, He would have been glad to see even one of his recreant servants; but when his door flew open, it was Margaret Ralston who stood upon the threshold, and whose dark eyes, bright with mingled sympathy and indignation, met his.

"Oh, Mr. Elmering, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed, coming to his side. "We only knew, five minutes ago, of your being ill and alone here. I hope there is some law for punishing those wicked servants of yours. Poor fellow! how you must have suffered."

"Yes—but I think I am better, now," he answered, vaguely, turning away his head, to hide the tears that rushed to his eyes, as Margaret's hand fell, for a moment, soft as a snowflake, on his forehead. That she, of all people, should be the one to answer his longing for the sight of a human face, might have struck both of them, at another time, as a fine bit of retributive justice. But Margaret thought of nothing but making the sick man comfortable, and he submitted, with a sort of wondering gratitude, to let her perform a variety of little offices for him—to bring him

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water, and bathe his head, and arrange the disordered room and the manuscripts. He never remembered, once, that this ministering angel, with the bright, sweet, energetic looks and ways, was the Miss Ralston who gave readings. Indeed, I believe Mr. Elmering fell in love with Margaret, then and there, though he did not find it out immediately.

In due time, the doctor arrived, and pronounced him ill of nothing worse than a severe influenza; and the phantom of smallpox having thus been laid to rest, Mrs. Ralston at once joined her daughter, and there was henceforth no lack of kind services about the invalid. Indeed, as his strength returned, and his nurses slackened in their assiduities, he almost began to regret the days of his illness, when the double house had been virtually a single house. He felt ashamed of his former attitude of stately isolation; nothing, he vowed, should force him to resume it; not even the little airs of cool reserve, which Margaret seemed inclined to cultivate, from the moment her patient was really convalescent. They had discussed many things, by that time, and each had been surprised to find an unexpectedly congenial companion in the other; but not a word had been uttered on the subject of Margaret's profession, or Mr. Elmering's antipathy to women who sought "careers."

But, one morning, Mr. Elmering happened to come into Mrs. Ralston's little parlor, and find Margaret alone.

"I did not see you, yesterday," he said, almost in the tone of a man who has a right to complain of something.

"I was away all day," answered Margaret. "To be frank, Mr. Elmering, I was obliged to see the manager of a lecturing bureau, about my winter's engagements. Business is business, you know."

She looked up at him, a little defiantly, and a little curiously, glad to have broken the ice at last.

"I thought you had given up that sort of thing," was all he said.

"I don't know why I should."

"You like your profession so much?"

"It is not a question of liking, with me, Mr. Elmering; but of bread and butter, and self-respect," said Margaret, looking her proudest. "To be sure, mamma is better off than when I began my readings; but our circumstances are far from justifying me in remaining idle. And one must do what one can do, not always what one would. I know what you think of me, Mr. Elmering; but if you knew in what straits we have been, and what mountains of difficulty my one poor little talent has helped us over, even you would not blame me."

Even you! Mr. Elmering winced.

"You are mistaken, Margaret," he said, slowly. "You *don't* know what I think of you."

"I read your article in the —— Monthly, two years ago."

"Indeed! But, Margaret, that was written before I had met you."

I suppose Margaret was satisfied with Mr. Elmering's opinions, as modified to suit her own case; for, sometime afterwards, she became Mrs. Elmering.

"But, I really and truly suspect," said Margaret, laughing, as she told me this story, not long ago, "that he married me for the sake of restoring one woman, permanently, to the domestic sphere. A man must have faith in a theory, who makes such an immense sacrifice to it, as himself!"

## "AND WEPT NO MORE."

BY MARY C. STANHOPE.

There is a legend old and gray,
  How once a mother mourned her child
Despairing, weeping night and day,
  With passionate lamentings wild.
Till, in a dream, amid her pain,
  She saw, in heav'n up overhead,
The infant Christ. And, lo! a train
  Of white-robed little ones he led.

Beneath the breezy trees they strayed;
  Or, o'er the murm'ring waters bent;
Or, in the daisied meadows played,
  Like children that a-Maying went.
A rush of rapture to her came.
  She cried, "Oh! in that throng so fair,
My babe must be;" and called his name.
  Alas! the lost one was not there.

In anguish mute she turned, when low
  The infant Christ spake in her ear.
"See, far behind, and toiling slow,
  The dear, dear one who should be here.
Beneath a pitcher—weary load!—
  With tears, your own, kept brimming o'er,
Hopeless he struggles on his road—"
  The mother woke, and wept no more.

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# THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 225.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

JUST when the beautiful spring was putting forth her most gracious efforts to brighten up the old Wheeler mansion, it was left to utter loneliness. The antique parlor, with its wainscoted walls, and low ceiling, was closed and darkened. The pictured ancestors looked grimly out from shrouds of tarlatan, into the dull gloom of the entrance, like ghosts chained to the wall. My lady's boudoir, or bower chamber, as she loved to call it, denuded of its lighter bric-a-brac, and embroideries, was only a grim wreck of faded antiques. Nothing seemed alive in the old house, beyond the kitchen wing, where Mrs. Drum held supreme dominion once more. She had commenced a general house-cleaning, even in that department; in order, as she said, to get the idea of "city help" out of her mind.

In this wing of the house, Nathan began, once more, to feel himself at home. Mrs. Farnsworth had scarcely driven from the gate, when he began to take an account of the devastation she had made in the barn-yard and cellar. A few old garrulous turkeys, red crested, and so tough with years, that they had escaped the general doom of their race, were driven ruefully up to the back door—the veterans of a decimated regiment, to whom Mrs. Drum threw a handful of potato scraps, with impatient disdain. A few scattering hens, antique as the furniture inside, foraged about the door, when Nathan called them up, with a rueful chuckle of the voice, and went under review, like army pensioners, after a disastrous campaign.

"Nary a pullet amongst 'em," said the old woman, from her post of observation on the door-step: "old hens that ought to be sot at once, if they mean to 'arn their salt. As for them turkeys, I don't see anything they're good for, but to gobble up meal, and strut about the yard, like them city fellers that we've jest got rid on—thanks be ter goodness! Now, Nat, ef you don't want ter rile me up more'n I can bear, jest you drive them critters away; and ef you can find enough eggs in the barn, set 'em to hatchin'—it's all they'll ever be good for."

With this disdainful opinion, Mrs. Drum backed into the kitchen; shut the door with a bang; and stood face to face with aunt Hannah Smith, who had entered the room, with her hood on, ready to depart from the house.

"Wal, now, what on 'arth has come over you, aunt Hanner?" exclaimed the irate woman, looking almost fiercely at the pale face, and heavy eyes, turned upon her, with a glance of wistful inquiry. "Now, don't tell me that you've been a-taken on, because this 'ere house is cleared of its upper crust once more. It ain't in natur', that you can be sorry, in 'arnest."

"Yes, I am sorry. These changes come hard on me. In these few weeks, I have been so blessed—so happy!"

"Wal, now, aunt Hanner, this does beat all! You happy amongst these stuck-up city folks, and a-cryin' 'cause they're gone away. I wouldn't a believed it of yer."

"But they were very kind to me," said the old woman, with pathetic gentleness.

"Kind? Why, aunt Hanner, I heerd that gal, Octavia, call you a *servent*, more'n half-a-dozen times—a sarvent—and you a natur' born American citezen, died in the wool."

"Oh, that was nothing," replied aunt Hannah, with a tremulous little smile. "Young people, especially handsome young ladies, like her, only use that word in place of help. They don't intend any harm by it."

Mrs. Drum gave her head a toss, that set her cap-borders into wild commotion.

"Don't mean no harm? Wal, aunt Hanner, you du beat all! I'd like to have one of 'em call me a sarvent, jest once, here to my own face. I reckon they wouldn't want ter du it twice, no how."

"I have hardly thought of what anyone might call me. It was so pleasant to know that I was wanted—that they could not get along without me."

"Why, sech people can't get along without any of us. They must eat, and drink, and be waited on, though some of 'em know what it is to work, as well as the rest of us. Now, there's Mrs. Farnsworth, ef she hasn't been used to hard work, some time or other in her life, I'll give up guessin'."



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"No, no!" exclaimed aunt Hannah, lifting up her two hands in sudden protest, "she never did."

A look of keen surprise, on Mrs. Drum's face, checked the first impetuosity of this speech; the little woman's hands fell, and she said, more slowly, "I think I am quite sure that she has never done any real hard work in her life."

"Mebby so; but, when a lady seems ter understand how things are done, and finds fault accordingly, it's a sign that she's been brought up among people that work for a living. I can see inter a millstun, as well as anybody, and that's the diskivery I've made about the madam, as she calls herself. Besides, she's the fust born Wheeler that I ever heerd on, who pretended not to know sich things as every woman ought ter, and was proud of it."

A quick glow came into aunt Hannah's face.

"You should remember that she—Mrs. Farnsworth, I mean—is different from us. She never had the strength that carries us through so much. Indeed, we have no right to talk of her in this way; under her own roof, too."

"The Wheelers, fust and last, haint never been so high up in the world that common folks couldn't say what they had a mind ter about 'em. This is the fust downright highflyer that I ever knew amongst 'em. Sluggardness and airs don't run in the old race, no way you can fix it."

Aunt Hannah turned away, with a troubled look. She was evidently disturbed by the severe comments of Mrs. Drum, but could find no language with which to combat them; so she only said, with great meekness:

"This lady was very kind to me; I think it was a comfort to have me with her."

"You know more about that, than the rest of us, I reckon," was the curt answer, "and about all the other carryings on, since them foreigners came to the house. Now, it's none of my business, and I say nothing; but, did that tall fellow, with the sweet hitch in his voice, ever ask questions of you about the Wheelers?"

"Yes, he has questioned me, once or twice."

"Jest so—clear back to where the fust Wheelers came to this country?"

"Yes, he has asked many questions that I couldn't answer."

"'Specially, about one John Wheeler, a relation of them that lived here: he died somewhere off in York state, I've heerd."

"John Wheeler—I—I do not know," faltered the old woman, with a wild, frightened look. "I—"

"Oh, he was Mrs. Farnsworth's father. That is how she came to be a connection of the family."

"Ah!"

"You see, there was two brothers, who came over at the same time. One settled down here, and took to farming. The other, being the oldest, went into business in New York city, and had a son. Then he had a son; and so on, till the last of 'em died, leaving a darter. That darter is Mrs. Farnsworth, who bought the old place. Of all the family that have been born and buried, there ain't but two women left: Lucy Hastings, whose grandsire used to own this place—and the one who does own it."

"But, she bought it honestly. It is hers. She made no claim of inheritance?" questioned the old woman, eagerly.

"I reckon she bought it, fair and square. No one can say anything agin that. The place had considerably run down, and was in debt; so it was sold for jest enough to clear it off, without leaving a cent for the minister, or his wife."

"But, there was no wrong in it," said aunt Hannah, still greatly disturbed.

"Nobody has said there was, as I know of," answered Mrs. Drum, severely. "It kinder seems to me, aunt Hanner, as if you was gettin' sorter on edge, more'n common."

"No, I only wondered why this strange gentleman, Count Var, should take so much interest in them."

"Aunt Hanner Smith, you're a good, old critter as ever lived; jest as pious and honest as the day is long; but you can't see through a millstun, without some cuter person to help you. That furrener, and the English lord that you nussed, are in collision together. One of 'em wants ter marry Octavia, and carry her off beyond seas, where she'll be a'most as grand as the Queen, and he'll do it, if Mrs. Farnsworth's money holds out according to his wishes; but, fust of all, he wants ter make sure that she's the ginuine sort of a Wheeler, and that her grandsire came in a straight line from John Wheeler, the fust settler, and oldest of the two brothers. Cause, as you see, them English set great store by their old names—"

"I see, I see," murmured aunt Hannah, "but how came you to know of this?"

"Wal, now, when a house is old, and plenty o' cracks in the door, there ain't much a-goin' on, that a smart person can't get hold of, if she tries; and when young folks are in love, they ain't likely ter be careful as people that ain't. Nathan is cute as a fox, and sharp as a razor, and when he's seen something, and I've heerd something more, we git together, promiscus, and sift the truth out on it. Besides this, there's another thing that I can tell you, if you'll promise never to tell."



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Aunt Hannah bent her head, her lips parted, and were very pale; but she did not speak; poor soul, she could not.

"Wal, a nod is as good as a promise," said Mrs. Drum. "There'll be another wedding besides Miss 'Tavia's, in less'n six months, or I'm awfully mistook. No wonder you look 'stonished and sort o' scared, for she's a'most old enough to be his mother."

"No—no," cried aunt Hannah, starting up, and pushing the old gossip off with both hands. "I do not believe it—I will not hear it. The dread was enough—you shall not put it into words."

The poor, old woman was trembling from head to foot. She regarded the woman before her with a wild, haunted look, that startled even her sodden nature into something like sympathy, and she exclaimed:

"Why, now, du tell, what—"

The sentence was left half uttered; for aunt Hannah had opened the door, and was gliding, like a shadow, down the front yard.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

After Mrs. Farnsworth's departure, a sullen spirit of unrest, that had pervaded Wheelersville during her stay there, gradually disappeared. The society, at the red schoolhouse, held meetings there, as usual, and on off Sundays, Mr. Hastings preached there, as usual, receiving the same reward; for he was expected to live sumptuously, a long time, on the mere recollections of that donation party; and the most generous of his parishioners were unequal to a repetition of such munificence, at frequent intervals. But in the beautiful springtime, poverty itself seems endurable. When the lilac bushes threw out their great, purple plumes, in the front door-yard, and cinnamon roses broke into early blossom, around the windows, up to the second story of the old brown house, to which one tall, white lilac climbed, and shook the feathery snow of its flowers against the window of Lucy's chamber, there was little indication of poverty around the minister's dwelling. Indeed, travelers who loved the picturesque, were in the habit of driving slowly by the brown house, because of the quaint picture it made, in that commonplace neighborhood.

Mrs. Hastings had loved flowers, and the walk from the front door of her dwelling, to the gate, was bordered with old-fashioned perennials, and from the time of snowdrops, till chrysanthemums heralded coming winter, with their pungent odors, that door-yard had always been rich in changing colors; some one always predominating as queen of the week. Now, the glow of peonies clustering together like great crimson roses, threw a red glow through the picket fence. Then came the burning gold of marigolds, massed together; stately hollyhocks, raising their kingly plumes above the fence, in all the tints of red, from pale-rose to deep maroon; and of yellow, from creamy-white to the dusk of old gold. Thus, in all the gradations, that made an old-fashioned garden so gorgeously cheerful, the minister's door-yard was a picture in itself; all the more touching, because of the gentle care that he lavished upon it, morning and night, as if the breath of each flower, as it opened, were a subtle thought wafted from her.

Sometimes, the minister would stand, minutes together, with his arms folded on the gate, looking up at the old home, with sad and yearning eyes; for she had left everything eloquent of loving memories for him. The shingled roof, on which tufts of emerald moss lay like velvet; the branches of the great elm drooping over it; even the last year's birds' nests, high up among the young leaves, were dear to him, as the breath he drew; so dear, that all these things became sweet, subtle links, that connected his life with hers, and made their souls one again.

I do not think, that a really good man, who has perfect faith in his God, and regulates his actions by that faith, can ever be entirely miserable. Certainly, minister Hastings had so enlinked his life with sweet memories of his wife, and felt so certain of a future reunion, where the love of the past would become immortal, that he could hardly be looked upon as a broken-hearted man. Gently and quietly, as his strength came back, he had taken up his duties, and woven them in with the subtle memories of his old life so completely, that religion was fast doing for him, what nature works out for a ruin, when she draws it softly back to her bosom, covering its bruised places with moss, and a sweet, wild growth of flowers, converting devastation into beauty.

But of all the associations, that linked this man with his wife, nothing could approach the holy tenderness of love, that her death had given to the daughter. Sometimes, this man, in his extreme conscientiousness, would pray God that this devoted affection for his child, might not be counted to him as a sin; and, at times, a terror would seize upon him, that, in giving so much love to this child, he might not be calling down some judgment on himself, or her; for, even in these days, wise and good men have been wounded with such fears.

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In his secret heart, the minister had dreaded Mrs. Farnsworth, as the Nemesis of this great sin of love; but when she went away, without again suggesting the benevolent scheme, more than once hinted at, a great sense of relief came upon him.

About this time, aunt Hannah took up her abode in the old brown house for good. Her loom, her big wheel, and swifts, were set up in the garret-chamber, where she went on with such work as the neighbors could supply. Then, by such sweet subtility as benevolence loves to use, she fell into the ways of the family, and, without taking authority, did most of the work.

Beyond all this, the minister saw, with thankfulness, that in the springtime, Lucy had cheerfully taken up her life once more. The sweet activity, that had seemed to die out under a heavy weight of sorrow, came back, and she was all day long flitting, like a bird, about the house, or among the flower-beds her mother had loved so well, carrying sunshine and cheerfulness wherever she went.

If Doctor Gould was sometimes seen helping about the flower-beds, or nailing rose-bushes to the wall, no one appeared to give much significance to the fact; for he had always been a welcome visitor at the old place. Perhaps, aunt Hannah might have remarked, that Lucy was particularly anxious about the shortcake, and the arrangement of the table, when he happened to stay to tea; but she forbore even to smile, on such occasions. Still, the dear old soul usually knew, when the young gentleman might be expected, by the flowers that Lucy brought in, or, more likely, by the dainty collar, and knot of white ribbon at the girl's throat.

All the time that Wheelersville was left in this state of tranquility, the lady, who had made such brilliant disturbance there, was filling the fashionable world with fresh sensations. Scarcely had she reached her town-house, when the city journals first hinted, then announced, that other brilliant weddings were arranged for the near future, which would, more completely than ever, unite the *elite* of America, in fashion and intellect, with the best nobility of England, and the still more ancient principality of Italy. A lady, at once brilliant, beautiful, and wealthy, whose fair and most accomplished daughter's engagement to the young Earl of Oram had just been announced, was soon to advance a step higher on the social ladder, which she had already mounted to the topmost round, in this country, and take her place in one of the oldest families of continental Europe. The journals deplored the great loss, which society would be forced to endure, when a lady, as highly endowed as Mrs. Farnsworth, should withdraw from its ranks, and cross the ocean as Countess Var, a title her rare talent could not fail to dignify and embellish; but still congratulated themselves, that the harmonious relations of three great governments would be drawn into closer friendship, by the silken ties with which Hymen was fast uniting our republic, with the proud, old aristocracy of nations, that had, for a time, looked down upon us.

Of course, there were variations in these announcements; for journalists will, sometimes, interpose lines of their own, into the best prepared manuscript; but it was wonderful, how they all agreed, both in the style and biographical facts or fictions of the case, and how thoroughly they were acquainted with each article of the double trousseau, which had been ordered, with lavish disregard of expense, from Paris.

Mrs. Farnsworth and her daughter were very much annoyed, by these liberties of the press, and wondered, greatly, how their most private affairs had become a subject of public comment. Even the splendid dower, which the mother had settled on her daughter, got out, in some inexplicable manner; and it was even known, that Count Var, with the magnificent disdain of American money known to his race, had insisted on this arrangement.

It is not wonderful, that Miss Octavia still held her captive lord in silken thraldom, during these weeks of preparation. Occasionally, a little outburst of temper would break out, in the privacy of her mother's room; but this only refreshed the smiles, with which she greeted her lover directly after, as light storms give brightness to the roses. So, with unusual harmony, mother and daughter glided toward their matrimonial Paradise, on a path of velvet.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Newport was unusually brilliant that season; two noble weddings had been announced to take place there, and a first-class English duke was expected to amuse himself, for a time, at least, in its beautiful locality. Of course, these expectations created no little excitement in the aristocratic society gathered there.

Mrs. Farnsworth opened her great, wooden mansion, which she modestly called a cottage, early in the season. It was a unique building, wonderful in its architecture, in which beams, mocking the antique, roofs burning with colored slate, balconies crowded into every conceivable space, gave it the appearance of a mammoth bird-

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cage, where flamingoes and birds of Paradise might dwell. Directly on her arrival, Mrs. Farnsworth proceeded to give this place a festive appearance, worthy of the great event which had been promised to the fashionable world. She had not been there a week, when new awnings, blazing with crimson fringes, and striped with gold, flashed their rich coloring through the fine old trees grouped on the lawn. A belt of flowering plants, piled four feet high, coiled around the base of the verandah, like a great tangle of oriental scarfs. The balconies and bay-windows were heaped with a splendor of blossoms; and a statue or two, that looked remarkably like marble, from the distance, appeared, for the first time, breaking the velvety slope of the grass.

As you approached this dwelling, the front door was usually open, and you could see down a vista of the broad hall, a picturesque bit of the rocky shore, and bright gleams of the sea beyond it. As a general thing, you might also observe a dainty workstand, of wicker-work, with its basket overflowing with gay silks, and Berlin wools, amid which a roll of exquisite embroidery was thrown, with a needle thrust into some half shaded flower. Sometimes, Miss Octavia might be seen hovering about the low chair, which always had a gay scarf or shawl thrown over the back, as if just occupied; but, somehow, the needle got rusty in the heart of one particular rose-bud, and frequent visitors were led to remark that the embroidery always remained at the same stage of progress. Still, it was a bright object in that part of the verandah; and, when Octavia did happen to sit in the chair, and sort over that gorgeous heap of wools, the effect was highly artistic.

Nothing could have been more harmonious, than the relations of Miss Octavia, and Count Var, at this time. She looked upon him as the agent by which her ambition could be carried out, and might still receive further advancement; for well she knew that no weaker influence could have persuaded the mother to loosen her grasp on the property, during her lifetime, and Var had taken great care to convince her that without this division, her marriage with Lord Oram would have been impossible. It would hardly be fair to say that the young lady looked upon this service, with a great degree of gratitude; for that grand quality of the human mind, is the outgrowth of many noble attributes, of which this girl had no comprehension; and she was far more likely, by criticism of motives, and studied depreciation of the amount of service rendered, to find some excuse for ingratitude, than to crown herself with the rare virtue of generous thankfulness.

Count Var understood all this, perfectly, and received her gushing protestations with a bland appearance of belief. Indeed, sincerity, in this case, would have been absolute reproach, to a better man, to whom this haughty young creature was the purchased tool of his own grasping ambition.

It was not Var's habit to speak out his wishes plainly, and Octavia was adroit in gathering up side speeches, and half uttered insinuations; but, in one thing, which this man had much at heart, she had been unresponsive, and apparently forgetful. They were alone, one day, in a back verandah of the house, looking out upon the sea; and, with his usual quiet self-poise, Var seemed to drift into the subject, as naturally as the soft, gray fog was clouding the water-line of the horizon, while gleams of sunshine turned the waves into a hundred tints of gray, opal, tender green, and almost imperceptible pink.

"How beautiful all this is," he said, seating himself on a step of the verandah, at her feet: "One never tires of these sea pictures. The waters, and the atmosphere of Newport, are full of change and charm."

Octavia put up her hand, thus concealing a faint yawn behind the jeweled fingers.

"Yes," she said, indifferently; "but I confess that I shall not be sorry to change the scene altogether; the continual ebb and flow of tides become monotonous, after a time."

"Still, Harkenhall, one of Oram's finest places, is on the sea."

"But, one will not be limited to ten or fifteen acres of lawn and shrubbery there, with neighbors, perhaps disagreeable ones, so close that you can look into each other's windows. To own the truth, count, I am dying to leave this place, and feel, for once in my life, mistress of my own home. You cannot tell how irksome dependence has been to me, and how cruelly I have been made to feel it."

Var remembered some scenes that he had witnessed, and smiled.

"Perhaps, then, you will appreciate the self-sacrifice that has induced me to gain your freedom, by the loss of my own," he said.

Octavia, with faint sarcasm—conveyed by a curve of the lips, rather than in words—replied, with tantalizing quietness:

"I do not pretend to understand such self-abnegation, unless—"

"Well, pray oblige me, and speak out what is on your mind. You were about to say, 'unless the property, still possessed by your mother, is sufficient object.'"

"But I did not say that, please remember,"

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answered the girl, with a vicious gleam in her eyes.

"No; but it would be a natural conclusion; only the sarcasm, if uttered, would be more than unjust; for no portion of the money your mother has inherited, will ever pass into my possession. That, I had resolved upon, from the first."

Octavia's eyes opened wide. She was really astonished. For one moment, all her studied high-breeding left her, and she broke out, almost rudely:

"Then, why on earth do you think of marrying a woman almost twice your age, and not a particularly agreeable person to live with, as you must have discovered, by this time?"

"She is your mother," was the low and seemingly embarrassed reply.

A flush of warm scarlet came into Octavia's face, and her eyelids drooped slowly under Var's fixed gaze. She did not love this man, or, indeed, any other; but, with women of her class, vanity is a stronger passion than love.

"That is hardly sufficient motive for so great a sacrifice," she said, at last.

"Not when it forms an abiding link between us? When it gives me a right to study your interests, and console myself by witnessing your happiness, with the friend to whom I would yield up, not only the object dearest to me in life, but life itself, if that were necessary to his happiness?"

Octavia moved restlessly in her low chair. A cool, soft wind came up to her, from the water; but it failed to sweep away the hot red in her cheeks. The half uttered homage of this handsome man, was a secret glory to her; and she held it as a triumph over the mother, whom, in her heart of hearts, she had never really loved. It was in her nature to have distrusted the motive that seemed to have been admitted by him, unawares; but vanity is blinder far, than love ever was; and, in her arrogant self-conceit, she believed him.

"I—I only wish it were in my power, to prove how much I appreciate your devotion to—to your friend. It has been heroic, from first to last," she said; "but your own generosity has left me nothing to give. What can I ever do? Perhaps, I might persuade my mother to settle a large provision from her property upon you."

"No—no. Let my devotion be complete; or, if you would like it better, think that a man, whose ancestors have had the blood of kings in their veins, would hardly accept money won by trade."

A faint gleam of malice came into Var's superb eyes, as he said this, which was met by a brighter flash of anger from the lady.

"When the money comes from a Wheeler, who traces back to the Earls of Ainsworth, it might not be considered as unworthy of even your acceptance," she said.

"Perhaps; but it must not be said of any member of my house, that he bartered his title for American money. So, pray forget that the subject has been mentioned."

"But in what other way can I express gratitude, for all that you have done for me?"

"In this: Use such influence with your mother, as will encourage her in still continuing all the good works, for which she has been so famous. I would not, for the world, have the affection, with which she honors me, impede any of her plans of friendship or benevolence—most of all, should I deplore the least neglect of duty to any member of her own family."

"Pray, Count Var, of whom are you thinking? Certainly, you cannot accuse her of neglect to my interests; for those, your influence has already secured, through difficulties and a thousand objections, I have no doubt. Who else has a right to be remembered?"

"When Oram and myself first went down to the place you call Wheelersville, there was a relative in whom she took great interest—the clergyman's daughter."

"Oh, that creature! She did take a caprice of some kind about her; even threatened me with an adoption, when a tormenting fit was on her; but all that wore off."

"Still, it is not quite compatible with your mother's high character, that anyone, of her blood, should be an object of charity among the class of people we saw coming to the relief of this poor clergyman and his child."

"But they are nothing to us."

"Was not the mother of this girl a Wheeler?"

"Yes; but a thousand miles off."

"But madame certainly proclaimed the relationship, and spoke openly of an intention to take the girl under her protection."

"Oh, you don't know my mother; her sentimental fits come and go, like the foam dancing on those waves out yonder."

"But she made this intention known, and the world may think that I have dissuaded her from a noble object."

"The world would hardly expect her to regard any such intention as binding, for an hour."

"But it was a promise."

Octavia gave a scornful little laugh.

"With us, even an insinuation, that holds a promise, involves the honor."

Var spoke with so much dignity, that the laugh died on Octavia's mocking lips. Still, she spoke with some bitterness.

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"Count Var, if you take my mother's broken caprices so much to heart, I fear you will regret all the sacrifices you have made, before the end of the honeymoon; but, if you think this of so much importance, why not speak to her about it? Just now, your influence is unbounded."

"Would not that sound like a reproach for her seeming forgetfulness?"

"Then let her throw this into the oblivion, where so many of her grand projects have gone. Or, if you really do care about it, and dislike appearing in the matter, I will urge the adoption upon her. She really will want someone, more sensitive than a servant, to whet her temper on, when I am beyond her reach."

"What a mercy it will be to you, if we can entice a scapegoat into the house. I never disliked that girl quite enough to put her in the position; but if she consents to become a protegée of madame's, her worst enemy would be appeased."

"Yes, yes; I will urge the matter forward, as you seem to care so much."

"I certainly should not care that a relative of the Countess Var should remain an object of charity, such as we have witnessed; but to speak of this, myself, would be like reminding your mother of a duty," answered the count; "for this reason, I shall not forget your sweet, feminine kindness, in offering to make the suggestion."

"Of course, you may depend on me; but I don't quite understand your great interest in the matter," responded Octavia, with a searching look, that sent a slow gleam of red across Var's forehead.

Then she drew a deep breath, uttered a faint ejaculation, and a smile quivered across her mouth.

Var saw this, and knew that the nature of this girl was so far in harmony with his own, that he was at least partially understood; but he had made her a partisan for more important things than this, and gave himself no concern about the amount of knowledge she had reached; but, a few minutes later, sauntered down the steps of the verandah, and walked leisurely toward the rocky shore.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE woods about Wheelersville, that had been so wild and bleak during the winter, were now in full leaf, and a thousand waves of billowy green swayed and trembled on branches, that had then been jeweled with ice, or laden down with snow.

Broken rocks, hardly visible under those winter drifts, were now carpeted with great fleeces of moss, that spread over the trunks of fallen trees, and down into the hollows, varying from deep green, to the pale, silver-gray, of the buckhorn variety, that cracked under foot, like dead leaves, when you trod on it.

Deeper in the shade, an old oak, hollow at the trunk, and so heavy with foliage, that, if a ray of sunshine reached the earth, it shot downward, like a silver arrow, had been years and years in carpeting its gnarled roots, with the richest and daintiest of this forest growth. Here, a twist in its roots was tufted with an exquisite variety, green as emerald, and soft as velvet, that crept up into the hollow trunk, and lined its decay, as queens hang their lower rooms with tapestry. Beyond this, for yards around, lay beds of delicate fern-moss, where a fresher and more tender growth had cropped up, through the deep green of a last year's growth, variegating it with tints more marvelous than the best oriental artist that ever lived could have copied. With this, the young winter-green sent up its pinkest shoots, and checkerberry vines crept in and out, dropping their red berries, like coral, upon the vivid green of the mosses, and the spotted leaves of adder's-tongue.

Beyond all this, was the soft gloom of pines and hemlocks, through which the sunshine came in gleams and patches, revealing a glow of wild azalias in full bloom, and spice bushes bright with golden blossoms.

Need I say, that Lucy Hastings, who loved these woods, as Eve must have been fond of Paradise, haunted them, at this season of the year? Or, that it happened, frequently, that Doctor Gould strolled that way, after his round of visits had been made? Indeed, he would have been greatly disappointed, if there had been no signs of her white dress fluttering among the gloom of the trees, when he turned his eager steps in that direction.

It is not always customary, in New England villages, for young lovers to make an open declaration of engagements, the moment they are formed; and, with Doctor Gould, an announcement of this kind would have been particularly annoying; for he was new in his practice, and had not yet worked himself into an independent position, much less made it possible to offer the object of his choice a better home than she now had, poor as that was.

Minister Hastings was, by no means, ignorant of the position into which these young persons had drifted. With gentle thankfulness, he had watched the progress of this attachment, without seeming to observe it; for, with men of his class—

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and there exist such, even yet—there is something so sacred in a pure love, that delicacy, in the father, forbids an open recognition of it. Honorable men seldom suspect evil of each other, and between these two persons, widely different in experience as they were, no distrust had ever arisen. There is a finer sympathy in good than in evil, and these two men understood each other, without explanation, just as thoroughly as Count Var and Octavia had dropped into harmony of action; but with this difference: with the two first, there was no distrust—with the others, eternal doubt.

A man of the world might have forbidden Lucy to meet her lover in the old playground of her childhood; but, with the minister, the old oak tree, in the heart of those pine woods, was like the shadow of a temple, and the blue sky as safe as his own moss-covered roof.

Certain it is, Lucy made no concealment of her own most innocent movements. If she did not speak of them much, it was from that delicate reserve, which is the purest and most subtle element of love in a modest woman.

Aunt Hannah had been crowding the open fireplace with white pine branches and young hemlock shoots, one afternoon, when Lucy came into the room, and joined in the pleasant work.

"It wants something more," she said, looking down on the cool, green branches. "The woods are full of wild honeysuckle. I will go and bring some."

The minister looked up from the book he was reading, and a tender smile brightened the usual grave serenity of his face, as the girl tied a white muslin sunbonnet over the bronze gold of her hair, and prepared to go out. He knew where she was going, and who might help her in gathering the armful of wild wood-blossoms, that were to turn that open fireplace into a bower, such as her mother had built, many a time, in the long years of their housekeeping.

"How like her mother she is," he thought, following the girl with a look of touching love, as she went through the gate. "God forgive me, that I should ever have felt his hand heavy upon me, with this child still under my roof, and something of his work to do. Every day, some new happiness seems to dawn upon her. Sometimes, it almost seems as if my lost love had come back to me, in all the bloom of her youth. The vague dreams, that spring out of our grief, become a blessing in the end. If mortals had only the patience to wait God's time, there would be no such thing as desolation. Our child is treading the old, old path, and finds happiness, as I found it with her mother, and again in her.

These thoughts kept possession of the good man, long after his eyes had turned back upon the book again; and when aunt Hannah arose from her knees on the hearth, with a handful of refuse spray in her hand, she caught a glance of his face, and wondered what pleasant book he was reading.

Meantime, Lucy walked toward the woods, with a light tread, and lighter heart. Her pale cheeks were softly winning back their roses, that were visible through the transparent shade of her sunbonnet; and, all unconsciously, smiles came and went across her mouth, softly as the shadows and sunshine played upon her garments.

Once, she paused by the wayside, and stooped to examine the crown of a Scotch thistle, that lighted the footpath with its splendid purple. Then, she started aside, with a foolish little cry of alarm.

It was only a ground bird, startled from its nest, in a tuft of clover, hid in a crack of the fence. Of course, she took up one of the half-fledged young ones, held it in her palm, and touched its wide-open bill to her cheek; but laid it tenderly back into the nest, when a wild cry from the mother reached her.

After that, Lucy looked up and down the road, once or twice, then turned into the woods, and went straight to the old oak, though she knew well enough that wild honeysuckles never grew so deeply in the shade.

He was there, walking about among the trees, and beating the bushes, a little impatiently, with a slender stick that he had broken for himself. Lucy came upon him, softly as white rabbits steal through the undergrowth.

"I started early, and did not think you would get here first," she said, pushing back the bonnet from her flushed face; for there was no occasion for it, in the shade. "Have you been expecting me?"

Gould came forward to meet her, with both hands extended.

"I always expect you," he said, "and would come here a thousand times, rather than miss you once. How lovely you are! This bright, warm day has brought the roses into your face."

"I wonder if I really am lovely, or if it is only you who think so, because of liking me a little?" said Lucy.

"My own sweet girl—how can you ask? Surely, someone must have told you of this rare beauty, long ago."

Gould was holding both her hands, and looked down into her face with such unchecked admiration, that she became embarrassed under it, and wrung herself free from his clasp.

"No, no—Doctor Gould, you are talking non-

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sense, now. Who on earth could ever have said such things to me?"

"Oh, Lord Oram, perhaps."

"But he never did!"

"Or Count Var."

The girl was struck dumb, and the roses he had praised turned to a flood of blushes.

"What else was he saying, that morning, when I saw him through the window?" questioned Gould, in a thoroughly changed voice.

"I do not recollect—I told you, at the time; but it was not then, nor exactly that."

"Still, something so near like it, that the remembrance covers you with blushes," was the bitter rejoinder.

Lucy felt wronged. The crimson left her face, and a flash of honest resentment broke through a rush of tears, that filled the blue eyes she turned upon him. She was but a girl, and could not comprehend that her lover was unjust, because of the jealousy that sprang out of great love.

Those tears, half reproachful, half pleading, brought the young man to his senses, sooner than a thousand reproaches could have done.

"Forgive me, Lucy, though I cannot forgive myself. What! really crying, love? I am very, very sorry."

I do not know exactly how it came about, but, the very next minute, smiles were sparkling through Lucy's tears; her hands were imprisoned once more, and her cheeks were glowing like half open roses, from which some drops of dew had been gathered—truly, a very different color from the angry flush, that had perished under her lover's penitential kisses.

Just as this first lover's quarrel was made up, the sound of wheels, going down the road, surprised them; and, looking through a break in the tree-boughs, they saw a barouche, drawn by a dashing pair of bays, sweeping down toward the Hollow, and in it, a lady, whose face was, for a moment, turned toward them. Her rich carriage-dress was resplendent with tinted beads, wrought in and out of exquisite embroidery, which glittered in the sun, like the jewels of a queen. Long, gold-tinted ostrich plumes fluttered on her dainty bonnet, and an embroidered parasol shed a flower-like bloom upon a faded complexion, as she held it between that and the sun.

"It is Mrs. Farnsworth," said Lucy, under her breath; "and she is going to our house."

"What brings the woman here?" said Gould, anxiously. "Surely, she is not bringing any trouble to your father. Why does her coming frighten you so?"

"I can hardly tell—but she always does frighten me. Besides—besides, there was something that she was always hinting at, as if she had a right to take me away from my home. I think father, too, is afraid of her."

"But, what harm can she do to either of you?"

"Don't ask me—how can I tell? Only, this lady haunts me in my dreams—her very kindness hurts me: and the very sight of her, makes father shrink back into his old trouble. When she drives up to the house, he will tremble, and turn pale: I have seen him so often. I must go, now. He will want me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# GOOD-BY, SWEETHEART!

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

A SUMMER in a lifetime—that was all:
Two hearts bound in a dreamy silken thrall,
A breath of roses, starlight dim and rare,
A girl's white hand, a strand of gilded hair.

A summer filled with perfume, and the song
Of drowsy birds that croon the whole night long;
Dark eyes, red lips, low whispers faint and sweet—
Hush! now the summer lies there at your feet,

Pallid and dead; her heavy golden hair
Droops sodden round her chill limbs, marble-bare;
Her violet eyes are shut forevermore—
Why should she live when Love dies o'er and o'er?

And Love died with her—see him near her bier—
But then a new love comes with every year,
Fairer, more perfect; so you need not weep,
But only I, who watch o'er summer's sleep.

How grand the murmuring sea was on that day—
Now it is but a barren waste of gray;
How blue the sky was, like an azure well—
Now it is but a hollow, brazen bell.

Ah, well! we change so, as the years go by;
Sometimes, a little thing, a smile, a sigh,
Will round our whole life to a different use—
Will chain it faster, or will break it loose.

And you and I have had our little day—
What matters if to one or both 'twas play?
The day was long, and glad, and ripe with mirth—
There are not many days like that on earth.

And you are changed, and I am not the same:
And, as the sweet day lies in purple flame,
We say "good-by," with lingering lips and eyes—
Ah, me! life is so filled with sad good-bys.

The twilight steals along with star and dew—
My Prince, your eyes are dusk with shadows, too:
The day is dead, now—dead! the two must part.
(How dark it grows!) "and so, good-by sweetheart!"

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is an indoor costume, but equally suitable for street. It is a combination of steel-gray cashmere or camel's-hair cloth, and satin of the same shade. The skirt is made of the cashmere, and has a kilted flounce twelve inches deep, terminating with a knife-plaiting of satin, coming from underneath, like a balayeuse. The tunic forms two slashed points in front, ornamented with gaugings and flat bows. The bows are made of satin; they may either match or contrast; but in our model, they are shaded. A band of satin, cut on the bias, edges the tunic.

No. 1.

No. 2.



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The back of the tunic is arranged in irregular pouffs. The waist is a corsage basque, pointed back and front, and sloped up on the hips. The tapered plastroon is of satin, and also gauged;

No. 3.

fine knife-plaitings of the satin form the cuffs; turnover collar, piped with satin, completes this costume. Ten yards of double-width cashmere, and four yards of satin, will be required.

No. 2.—For a walking-costume, made of light cloth; prune-dark green, navy-blue, and coachman's drab, are the most fashionable colors. The skirt is kilted, from a deep yoke at the waist, and the tunic is only a simple drapery, looped at both sides, and ornamented with long loops of velvet, or satin ribbon; there is very little fullness at the back. A close-fitting round waist, with tight sleeves, or a pointed basque, is made to wear in the house, and under the outside jacket for the street. This outside jacket fits perfectly to the figure, buttoning from collar to edge with small buttons. A narrow silk braid is put on, as finish, all round the jacket, collar, cuffs, pockets, and up the front. This costume, in its simple elegance, is very stylish and inexpensive. Ten to twelve yards of cloth will be required.

No. 3—Is another stylish and novel model, for a walking-costume. It is composed of velvet and

No. 4.

cloth, or camel's-hair. The velvet petticoat is seal-brown, and has a deep box-plaited flounce, put on a foundation of brown alpaca or merino.

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The polonaise of coachman's drab, or a lighter shade of brown than the petticoat, has seven rows of narrow Hercules braid put on in rows, around

No. 5.

the edge of the skirt. The fullness of the front is gathered up quite into the back, and the back

No. 6.

breadth is arranged in large pouffs. Two pointed ends finish the back drapery. A large shoulder cape of velvet, with plaited, standing collar, is adjustable, and only worn in the street. Velvet cuffs, and small turnover velvet collar, complete the polonaise. Large, fancy buttons are most fashionable. Five to six yards of velvet, and four yards of cloth will be required. Velveteen may be used for the skirt, in place of velvet, if preferred, either plain or ribbed.

No. 4.—We give, here, something entirely new, and very stylish, for a fall or winter wrap. It is made of fine checked cloth, in mixed colors, or in solid black, or seal-brown basket cloth. The shape is an ulster, with a square, dolman sleeve. The garment is slashed up the back

No. 7.

seam, where it is ornamented by a large bow, formed of two loops and ends. The bow is made of satin de Lyon, doubled, and then tied. A wide plaiting, of the same satin, forms the large collarette, and trims the sleeves. Large buttons, of mottled polished wood, button the garment all the way from throat to edge. It is worn over a satin or velvet skirt, which is only trimmed with a narrow flounce on the edge; otherwise, is perfectly plain.

No. 5.—For a little girl, from four to six years, we have a pretty little manteau, made of pale-blue, pink, gray, or white cashmere. It is gathered quite full on to a yoke, and the edge

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trimmed with Irish or Russian lace. The deep collarette is gauged around the throat, and is made by taking a straight piece of the goods: make four rows of gauging, and the flounce which is left, trim with lace. Two rows of machine-stitching, or narrow braid, forms the heading. The cuffs are also of lace. A wide, plaid surah sash is tied in a large bow, at the back. This is a lovely pattern for a delicate, slight, little girl; but, for a fat, chubby darling, would not be becoming. One and a-half to two yards, of double-width goods, and four yards of lace, will be required.

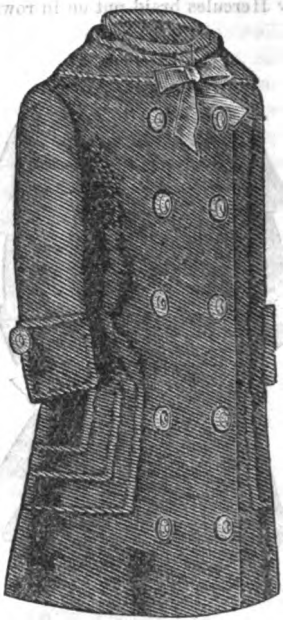
No. 6.—We give the back and front of a simple suit of navy-blue flannel, for a boy of five or six

No. 8.

years. Short knickerbocker pants, and a plaited blouse, with yoke and waistband. Edges stitched by machine, or bound with narrow black worsted braid. Large linen sailor collar is worn with this suit.

No. 7.—For a little boy of four years, we give costume of black, or dark-blue velveteen. There is a complete underdress, with box-plaited skirt; and the paletot is worn over this. The latter is double-breasted, and cut surplice, at the neck. The edge of paletot, and edge of skirt, are trimmed with either plush or fur. Squirrel fur is very handsome, and inexpensive.

No. 8—Is a model for a baby's flannel wrapper. Make of white or pale-blue flannel. The trimming is a gathered ruffle of Hamburg edging, put



No. 9.—A.

on quite full. Gros grain ribbon, to match, ties the garment at the throat, and around the waist.

No. 9.—B.

A most useful article in a baby's wardrobe, to be put on when baby is carried from one room to

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another. Made of plain white flannel, and with little crocheted edge: to be used at night, in cold weather.

No. 9.—For a girl of six years, we give the front and back of an outdoor costume. The loose fronts are double-breasted, and the large square pockets are trimmed with rouleaus of satin. The hood, which is lined with satin, terminates with a satin bow. The skirt, at the back, is kilted, and ornamented with buttons. The material used for this costume, is light cloth and satin, or satin de lyon.

### LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

| | |
|---|---|
| Princess Dress: Plain, | .50 |
| " " with drapery and trimming, | 1.00 |
| Polonaise, | .50 |
| Combination Walking Suits, | 1.00 |
| Trimmed Skirts, | .50 |
| Watteau Wrapper, | .50 |
| Plain or Gored Wrappers, | .35 |
| Basques, | .35 |
| Coats, | .35 |
| " with vests or skirts cut off, | .50 |
| Overskirts, | .35 |
| Talmas and Dolmans, | .35 |
| Waterproofs and Circulars, | .35 |
| Ulsters, | .35 |

### CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dresses: Plain, | .25 | Basques and Coats, | .25 |
| Combination Suits, | .35 | Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts | .35 |
| Skirts and Overskirts, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Polonaise: Plain, | .25 | Waterproofs, Circulars and Ulsters, | .25 |
| " Fancy, | .35 | | |

### BOYS' PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jackets, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Pants, | .20 | Gents' Shirts, | .50 |
| Vests, | .20 | " Wrappers, | .30 |
| Ulsters, | .30 | | |

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia,

## SOFA CUSHION. (BRODERIE PERSE.)

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The groundwork is gray cloth, and the design is cut out of cretonne. Select a pretty design in cretonne: the best for this kind of work is the plain unribbed, or untwilled chintz. The satine cretonnes fray, and the twilled ones are too thick. Cut out the sprays carefully, and very exact; baste them carefully upon the foundation, and work, first, the edges, in buttonhole-stitch, with silks to match each flower and leaf, then vein the leaves, and add a few stitches to deepen the shadows on the petals of the flowers. We have described, before, this kind of work. Our illustration is given to show a graceful arrangement of design for a sofa-cushion. This same design may be carried out in Kensington-stitch embroidery, if preferred—and pretty sprays of cretonne make most capital designs, showing how to shade each flower and leaf.

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# AUTUMN JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an illustration of a new, and very stylish autumn jacket; in fact, the prettiest thing now out. Folded in with the number, we give a SUPPLEMENT, containing diagrams, full size, from which to cut it out.

This jacket can be made in either cloth, velvet, velveteen, or in the same material as the costume. It consists of five pieces:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF BACK.
III.—COLLAR.
IV.—SLEEVE.
V.—POCKET.

The dotted lines, in the front, show where the darts are put. The dotted line, on the pocket, shows where the flap turns over.

Cut away the under half of the sleeve, at the dotted line top, to fit the armhole. The buttons may be either metal, or the same as the jacket. This is a very suitable design for wearing over a panier skirt. We have, frequently, described how to cut dresses from these patterns.



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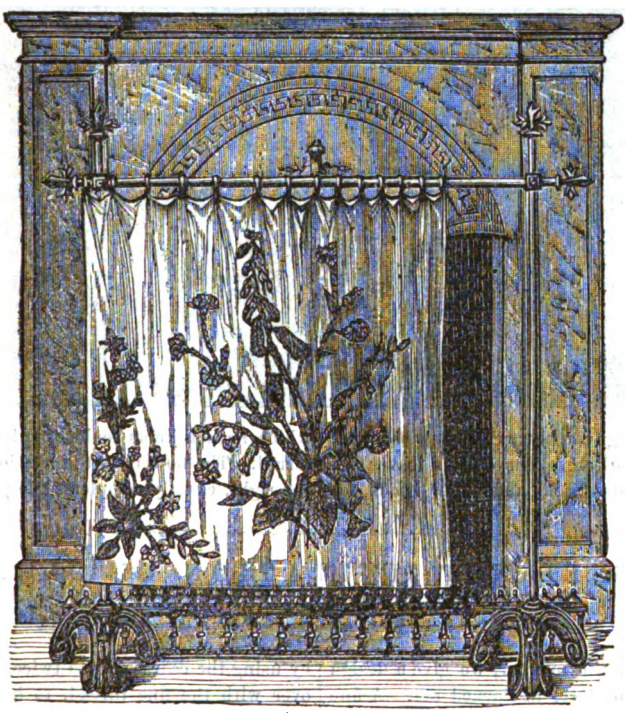
# SCREEN FOR CHIMNEY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The stand for this screen is prettiest made of ebonized wood; but made of any hard wood, with two uprights, and bar across, it will answer the purpose. Of course, the artistic beauty will depend very much upon the design.

The curtain is made of mummy-cloth, or plush, and the design is embroidered in crewels, in Kensington-stitch. After the embroidery is done, line the curtain with some pretty-colored Canton flannel, and attach the brass rings at the top, about two inches apart.

Our model calls for a spray of foxglove, in the centre, and a tiny spray of apple blossoms at the left side; but this is only a suggestion. We have given several pretty designs for Kensington-stitch, which would be suitable for a screen of this kind. Look in your back numbers, for 1881, and 1880, for these designs.

# SCALLOPE AND BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This is a very effective design for a small border, for a baby's sacque, petticoat, a little table-cover, or trimming for a child's dress. Work in flosselle silks, or colored embroidery cottons.

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## BRAIDING FOR DRESSES, MANTLES, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty design can be carried out with either braid, or chain-stitch. The darker leaves are filled in with chain-stitch, and a few beads, for which French knots could be substituted, if preferred. The flower, on the left, joined to that on the right, exactly completes the pattern.

## DARNED NET: IMITATION OF CLUNY.

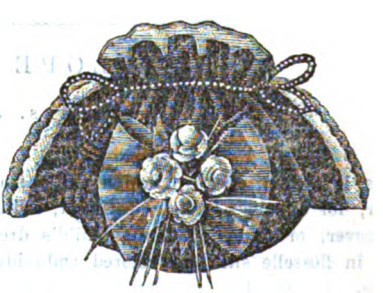
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for imitating Cluny lace, in darned net. A fine and a coarse linen thread will be required for this work. All the close parts of the pattern are darned in with the fine thread, according to the design. After this is done, the edges are finished, by using the coarse thread twice, and working it over with the fine thread, to keep it in place. All the stems, tendrils, and such parts of the design as are indicated by the coarse thread, are done in the same way. This is one of the prettiest, and most effective, patterns, there is.

## MUFF OF VELVET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A half-yard of black or seal-brown velvet, will make this pretty little bag muff. Line with silk, and quilt in a little cotton wadding; then gather the top, as a bag, with an inch and a-half frill. Arrange for drawing-strings. The sides are trimmed with knife-plaited satin ribbon, two inches wide, and, inside of this, white or black lace is plaited, the edge to show. A long bow of satin, with or without the bunch of artificial flowers, ornaments the front. An inside pocket may be arranged, by leaving one side of the lining loose from the outside, and interlining the same.





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# GYPSY TABLE, WITH EMBROIDERED COVER.

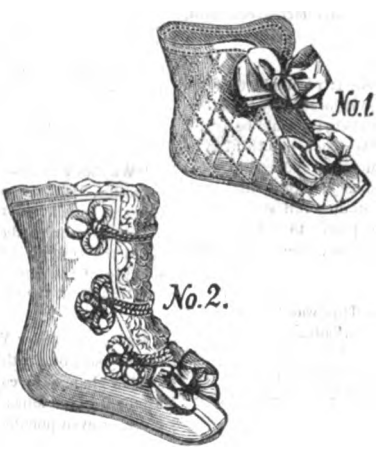
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, an engraving of one of the fashionable Gypsy Tables; with an embroidered cover; and in the front of the number, give a design, full size, for the pattern for the cover. The table has a deal top, and the stand is of walnut, or pine, stained to imitate ebony. Any simple, little stand, with the octagon-shaped top, will be appropriate. The embroidered cover is worked on Java canvas, gray, or écru color, and the cross-stitch pattern, which we give in full size, is done in red and blue working cottons, or crewels, if preferred. An insertion and edge of antique lace finishes the edge, both of which may have the design run with the colored cottons or crewels, to match the top, if desired.

The design, in the front of the number, represents, it will be seen, a little more than one of the eight sides. It is only necessary to reproduce this pattern, therefore, in order to have the whole table-cloth. Our design has a bit cut off at the bottom, made necessary by want of room; but as it is exactly like the top, there will be no difficulty in carrying out the pattern.

# TWO PATTERNS FOR BABIES' SHOES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER




These little shoes, or boots, are made of fleecy-lined piqué. No. 1 is quilted with a thin layer of cotton, between the piqué and the lining. Bind around the edge with white silk braid, and trim with pretty bows of white ribbon. No. 2 is edged with a narrow Hamburg edging, and fastened with cords, over a button, up the front. A tiny bow finishes at the toe.



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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Designs For Fans.—Our colored pattern, this month, is a design for a fan. We give, in addition, as an extra embellishment, a design for another fan, in what is called the spider-web pattern. These designs for fans are not always intended for fans that are to be used in the ordinary way. Just now, it is the fashion to use miniature fans, of the size given in our embellishments, for decoration. They are tacked on the wall, for instance, or used in various other ways.

The design, given in our colored illustration, may be either embroidered, or painted on satin. First cut out the cover, in satin, say Japanese blue, as in the illustration; and either paint, or embroider the design, in silks. Our pattern is done in Kensington-stitch. A greater variety of color may be used, both in the birds and grasses, according to taste. But the several shades of olive, which we give, have a very pretty effect on the light-blue ground. Red may be added for the beaks of the birds. After the embroidery is done, the two sides of the covering should be neatly overseamed on the edge, over a common Japanes fan, for the foundation. A bow of ribbon, or cord and tassel, may be added, as decoration to the handle.

The "Spider Design" is one that is very popular. In our December number for 1880, we gave directions for doing this design; but as many persons have not that number, we repeat the directions here; and we also accompany them with this extra embellishment. Select, first, the silk or satin, and then draw a spider's web, with a spider sufficiently large, as in the illustration, to be placed in one corner, and extend to, or a little over, the middle; the more exactly like a spider's web, the better. Then, with suitable thread, work the web, both the circular lines, and those radiating from the centre. The spider is embroidered in solid silks, but the other threads are only carried over the satin with a necessary stitch here and there. The idea is said to come from Japan. The prettiest backgrounds are white satin, and dark-green satin, with the web worked in gold thread.

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Drink Your Milk Slowly.—There is no doubt that the use of milk, as a beverage, should be favored more than it is. Nothing can be more healthy. But then, it should be drunk slowly, and at intervals, so as to allow each mouthful to be rightly dealt with by the gastric juice, and reduced to curd; for otherwise, it will lie on the stomach, like a lump, half digested. Nor should milk be taken on a full stomach, for there is then insufficient digestive power to dispose of it. Even the best things become injurious, when improperly dealt with, milk among them.

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"Dress Is Half The Battle."—This was the text of a very pretty little story, in our last number. To look her best, is the duty of every woman, and no one can do that who dresses in bad taste. Nor does it cost any more to dress in good taste than in bad. What every lady wants, as a guide in matters of dress, is "Peterson."

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"Ahead Of All Others."—The Rockland (Me.) Courier says that "Peterson is ahead of all others: it is the cheapest and best; every lady ought to be a subscriber." In this verdict, it is sustained by at least five hundred other newspapers, weekly received at this office.

Dyspepsia And Its Cure.—The first signs of dyspepsia, from errors of the table, are those of a heated and partially dry condition of the mucous membrane, that delicate internal skin that lines all the air-passages, and the digestive canal, throughout its whole course. The tongue may be furred in the morning; one feels languid, not well-slept, and lacks appetite; while there may also be heat and dryness of the nasal mucous membrane, and, perhaps, constipation. For such a case, a little judicious starving is best. The stomach needs a rest. Good, pure water, either plain, aërated, or iced, taken little, but often, will save one from the pangs of hunger; or, at all events, from the inconvenience of it. The liver will then have time to get quit of its bile, and both it, and the stomach will be restored to tone. The blood will have time to get clear of its poisonous properties, whether acid or bile, and a newness of life and general freshness will be the happy result. If this is done, in time, chronic dyspepsia may be avoided. As a rule, people eat too much, and take too little exercise; and hence dyspepsia, which, when neglected, becomes chronic. Could the throat only keep, day by day, a list of the various articles of diet and drink which pass it, their quantity, quality, and times of passing, and present it to its owner at the end of the week, people would have no cause to wonder that they sometimes felt somewhat "out of sorts." The wonder really is, not that there is so much dyspepsia, but so little; especially when we reflect how few are the people who take systematic exercise.

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Valance For Mantelpiece.—A very stylish affair, for this purpose, may be made of black satin, or satin sheeting; the latter is best for working on. A design of wheat-ears and shaded cornflowers, with leaves, would look well, the colors matching the furniture and carpet in tone. Gold-colored sheeting, with ivy leaves in various shades of green, with a spray of forget-me-nots, or some other blue flower, intermixed, would be effective. Arrasene embroidery is best on satin sheeting. A piano-front and small chair could be worked with the same design, though it would have to be slightly altered for the latter. Another suggestion is sprays of maidenhair fern, worked in gold-colored filoselle, on black satin, with a twisted ribbon (worked in pale-blue silk) gracefully passing in and out; or sprays of yellow laburnum on black satin, tied with blue ribbon.

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"We Can't Afford It."—Ladies often say, when asked to subscribe, "Oh! we can't afford it." Yet they will spend ten times as much, before the year is out, on useless trifles. Whereas, by subscribing for "Peterson," they will save five times the cost, in patterns for dressmaking alone, to say nothing of the pleasure derived from reading the stories, and looking at the embellishments.

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Be Careful How You Dress your children, at this season of the year; or, for that matter, how you dress yourselves. A sudden change to cold; a chill, rainy day, delaying to kindle fires too long: any of these may bring on sore throat, fever, or even pneumonia.

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Be Early In The Field.—Now is the time to begin making up clubs for 1882. Every year, ladies write to us, "If I had begun earlier, I could have got twice as many subscribers; for all say that 'Peterson' is the cheapest and best." Remember this.



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SPLENDID PREMIUMS FOR 1882. Our new premium engraving, to be sent to persons for getting up clubs, for next year, is entitled, "Hush! Don't Wake Them," and is of the size of 20 inches by 16. The subject was engraved, as an illustration for "Peterson," some years ago, and was so popular, that we have yielded to numerous requests, and re-engraved it, large size, for framing, and now offer it as a premium for 1882.

*In addition* to this beautiful engraving, we will give, for certain clubs, a handsome PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM. We are induced to make this offer, in consequence of the popularity of the Quarto Illustrated Album, which was one of our premiums for this year. The Photograph Album will be even more desirable. It will be sent, *instead of the engraving*, if preferred. But see the second page of cover for fuller information.

For many clubs, as will be seen on the same page, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or Photograph Album: and for some, all three. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great; and probably will never be so great again.

*It is not too early to begin* to get up clubs for 1882. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Every year, we receive letters, saying, "If I had commenced sooner, I could have done much better, for everybody likes Peterson." Specimens are sent gratis, to those wishing to get up clubs, if written for.

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"DON'T BE SCARED."—We give another charming steel engraving, this month, quite different in character from that, last month; but, nevertheless, of almost equal merit, in a different way. For subjects of this kind, the English artist, H. Hardy, is very celebrated. He also painted the picture, from which the engraving in our August number was taken. We have fully kept our word, in giving, this year, engravings of some of the best pictures of the Paris Salon, the Royal Academy, etc., etc. Such names as Muncazky, Zimmer, Amberg, Lebrichen, Saintin, Hans Dahl, Mrs. Anderson, Eddis, and Sant, represent, not only all the best schools, but every nationality almost: French, English, German, Hungarian, and Flemish. We may add, that we have, already, in hand, being engraved, some of the best pictures of the French Salon of this year, of the Royal Academy of London, etc., etc., etc.

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"THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL."—For one dollar, we will send, to any subscriber, or to the friend of any subscriber, *a copy of each* of our "Yorktown" pictures, viz: "The Surrender of Cornwallis," and "Gran'father Tells of Yorktown:" or we will *send either* for fifty cents. Every parlor ought to be adorned with one, if not both, of these beautiful, and patriotic, large-size, steel engravings.

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MALARIA IS JUST NOW the bug-bear of physicians, with whom many old-fashioned diseases, strange to say, take that title. The best way to avoid malaria, in the country, is to keep out of the night air, especially when fogs are rising. In the morning, never go out till you have eaten something. In towns, see that your drainage is safe; and keep your rooms, by day, well aired.

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LITTLE INFIRMITIES OF TEMPER should be borne with, especially in the home circle: but people, guilty of such infirmity, ought not to presume on this. To "bear and forbear" is the wisest of mottoes for the domestic hearth.

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"NEVER SEEN ELSEWHERE."—The Brimfield (Ill.) News says that the steel plate, in our last number, was "one of those charming illustrations never seen elsewhere."

BEWARE OF SWINDLERS.—We repeat the notice, so often given in these pages, that we have no agents for whom we are responsible. Either remit direct to us, or join a club, or subscribe through your local agent. *Trust no strangers.*

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DO NOT CONDEMN too hastily, but wait till you hear both sides. Charity in judging others is wise, as well as kind. Some day you may need forbearance, and protection, yourself, against malicious, or thoughtless, gossip.

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EVERY FAMILY OF REFINEMENT ought to take a magazine. No other magazine, as the newspaper press universally testifies, combines so many merits, at so little cost, as "Peterson."

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Monsieur, Madam And The Baby. By Gustave Droz. Translated From The French By Reavel Savage.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is one of the most successful fictions that Paris has seen for a generation. The book has run through nearly a hundred editions, in the original; and the demand still continues. Nor are we surprised at this. The moral of the work is, that true happiness can only be found in the married relation; but this great truth, instead of being inculcated in a dry, dogmatic manner, is taught in a succession of brilliant chapters, full of humor. The story is in three parts, respectively entitled "The Bachelor," "Housekeeping," and "The Family." The description of the baby, and his pranks, are inimitable: yet the child is so natural, and so lovable, that one quite adores him. The translation preserves, with great fidelity, the raciness of the original.

*Paul Hart. Or, The Love Of His Life. By Uncle Lute.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a story of American life, the scene being laid, for the most part, in the city of New York. The novel is full of exciting incident, without being in the least sensational. The characters act and talk naturally, too, which is a great merit. We cordially commend the tale as one of the best domestic romances that has recently appeared.

*A Gentleman Of Leisure. By Edgar Fawcett.* 1 *vol.*, 24*mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*—A very clever book: principally a satire on the "fashionable" society of New York; but full of other excellent points. It is a novel of the Henry James' school, an essay in the disguise of a story. One cannot help seeing, however, that some of the characters are personal sketches.

*Punctuation, and other Typographical Matters. By Marshall T. Bigelow.* 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A little treatise, intended for printers, authors, teachers and scholars. As it is written by the corrector of the University press at Cambridge, it may be depended on, as an authority, and as such we recommend it.

*Insects. A Manual of Instruction for the Field Naturalist.* 1 *vol.*, 24*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is really a handbook for insect collecting. The beginner in entomology will here find how to catch insects, and how to prepare them for the cabinet: when to hunt for them and where, and other valuable information. The volume is illustrated.

*Lorimer and Wife. By Margaret Lee.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: George W. Harlan.*—The author of this pleasantly written novel is already favorably known for her "Arnold's Choice," "Dr. Wilmer's Love," and other fictions. The story ends happily, as all love-stories should.

*The Skeleton In The House. By Freidrich Spielhagen.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: George W. Harlan.*—This capital story has been very excellently translated, and is published in a neat form, in large, legible type.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

GET UP CLUBS FOR 1882.—It is not too soon to begin to talk to friends and neighbors, about subscribing for "Peterson" for 1882. *In no other manner, can so much, in the way of a magazine, be had, for so little money.* Nor can any periodical of the kind, equally refined and useful, be had at so low a price. In its fashion-plates, its steel engravings, and its stories, it is without a rival. Says the Port Hope (Canada) Weekly News, "For a household periodical, it cannot be equalled." The Bath (Me.) Times says, "The engravings in 'Peterson,' aside from other attractions, are worth the price of the magazine: they are superior in design and execution, to those in any other magazine of the kind." The Sherman (Mich.) Pioneer says, "We often hear ladies talking of the different magazines: they say 'we like 'Peterson' best;' and indeed it is a general favorite." The Paris (Ill.) Gazette says, "The illustrated article, in the September number, on Milton's Life and Poetry, is of a *much higher character* than such articles ordinarily are." "No lady," says the Lebanon (Pa.) News, "should be without 'Peterson.'" Says the Canada News, "When you see a well-dressed lady, be sure she takes 'Peterson.'" "An exceptionally fine magazine," says the Shelbyville (Ill.) Journal. The Frankfort (Pa.) Gazette says, "We have so often spoken of this magazine, as the cheapest and best of the lady's books, that all we can do now, is to reiterate our opinion." "Every lady," says the Norristown (Pa.) Defender, "ought to be a subscriber to this magazine." We have hundreds of similar notices. In art, literature, and fashion, the newspaper press places "Peterson" foremost. *Try it for one year!* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, so that you, and your friends, may judge for yourselves, and not be deceived.

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE makes a delicious drink. Dr. M. H. Henry, the widely known and eminent family physician, of New York, says: "Horsford's Acid Phosphate possesses claims as a beverage beyond anything I know of, in the form of medicine, and in nervous diseases, I know of no preparation to equal it."

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WE CALL ATTENTION to Hon. Daniel F. Beatty's piano and organ advertisement. He is now making extraordinary offers, in anticipation of the holidays. His instruments are all fully warranted, and are sent on test trial. Mr. Beatty earnestly requests intending-purchasers, to visit him at Washington, N. J., and see that the instrument he advertises, is just as represented. Read his advertisement.

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NOTHING can give such entire satisfaction for toilet use, as Pearl's White Glycerine, and Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. X.—CRANBERRY, THE FRUIT. VACCINIUM (the ancient name).

The Cranberry plant is found in the order Ericaceæ—Heathworts—in the same family with the Huckleberry, Blue Dangles, (Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum,) and Blueberry (Gaylussacia). Wood places the Cranberry under *Oxycoccus macrocarpus*, the generic name from the Greek, signifying *acid berry*, the specific name from the Latin, *long-fruited*. The plant possesses these botanical characters: *stem*, slender or filiform, creeping, one to three feet long, sending up short, slender branches; *leaves*, about one-half inch long, obtuse at each end, evergreen, pedicels axillary, elongated, one-flowered; *corolla*, pale-purple; *berries*, (as all know,) globose, red, and purple, when fully ripe, averaging one-half inch in diameter. Grows in wet, swampy meadows or bogs, though cultivated in uplands, and is highly prized for its fine acid fruit. It possesses, also, a high reputation in regular and domestic practice, as a local application, to arrest erysipelatous inflammation. For this purpose, the ripe berries may be thoroughly bruised, or mashed, and applied, or cooked in the ordinary manner, and used. There is a huge mass of medical testimony in favor of them, in erysipelas, and mothers can no doubt apply them, in either form, with perfect safety, and sometimes with success, if a little attention is paid to the stomach and bowels. But it must not be overlooked or forgotten, that this disease partakes, more or less, of a constitutional character; that it is generally, if not always, preceded by derangement of function within the body, as well as impairment of the blood; in other words, it does not arise from *without*, from external or local causes, and therefore local applications alone will seldom or never cure the disease, though they may arrest the inflammation for a time. Muriated tincture of iron, alone, in twenty-drop doses, every three or four hours—or better, with forty drops of sweet spirits of nitre—is, and has been, the great reliable medicine. But this tincture is only applicable in a certain state of the system, manifested by a deep-red, dry tongue. If the tongue presents a heavy, white, curdy aspect, then sulphite of soda is the proper remedy, in twenty-grain doses, every two, three or four hours. In this state, the patient will sink under iron and quinine; but immediately convalesce, under the soda salt. The well-informed physician will not prescribe for a name, or follow one routine plan, in dissimilar conditions of the system. Hence, the popular error often arises, and a certain medicine obtains the credit of curing a certain disease. It may cure Mr. A., as it is adapted to his condition; but fails to cure Mr. B., with like disease, because his system, at the time, wholly differs from Mr. A.'s. Or, a cure may *follow* the use of any medicine, as the same happy result often attend the administration of *bread pills*, or sugar pellets, that have not been medicated. Nature is a great restorer of abnormal conditions, if we give her a little time, and favor her by rational hygienic measures. The successful practice of medicine depends largely upon the application of common sense. It is said, our *common laws* are based upon common sense. There is no truer maxim applied to medicine, or even religion, or theology, in the writer's opinion. Thus we have been deceived or mistaken, in all. What are proved to be facts in science, now, were once disputed, because unknown; and yet they were, nevertheless, *facts*. These remarks apply equally to medicine, philosophy, and religion.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

### No. 123.—PUZZLE BOUQUET.

1. A spice, and a color. 2. A country, and a plant. 3. Sorrow, and always at a wedding. 4. A pipe, and a flower. 5. A nation, and a vine. 6. Aged, young ladies, and a color. 7. A time of day.

*Gloucester, Mass.* MAIL.

### No. 124.—PYRAMID.

*Across.*—1. A letter. 2. A vessel. 3. Orbed. 4. Lovely. 5. Turbulent. 6. Belonging to ivy.

*Centrals.*—A musical composition.

*Left Slant.*—To bespatter.

*Right Slant.*—Force.

*New Lisbon, O.* SAM SLICK.

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No. 125.—Numerical Enigma.

My whole is a proverb.
My 12, 1, 16, 4, 18 is a bird.
My 9, 8, 6, 7, 13 is a cavity.
My 14, 3, 15, 11, 19, 2 are spots.
My 5, 20, 10 is a small horse.
My 21, 17, 22 is before.

*Quarryville, N. Y.* See F. See.

No. 126.—Rhomboid.

*Across.*—1. One of the divisions of the United States. 2. Scents. 3. Debt. 4. Took dinner. 5. Opinion.

*Down.*—1. In Annie. 2. To execute. 3. To join. 4. Cut with a hoe. 5. The skin surrounding a bird's eye. 6. A trigonometrical term. 7. A numeral. 8. A Latin prefix. 9. In Lottie.

*New York, N. Y.* Ann S. Thetics.

No. 127.—Rebus.

T T
S

No. 128.—Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. An abbreviation. 3. Long and heavy hair. 4. Spotted. 5. Certain alkaloids. 6. Relating to the centre of gravity. 7. Bachelors. 8. A king's counsellor. 9. A defier. 10. A girl's nickname. 11. A letter.

*Monson, Me.* Night Hawk.

*Answers Next Month.*

Answers to Puzzles in the September Number.

No. 121.

H E R O D
D A V I T
G E N U S
R E B U T
D E P O T

No. 122.

Parapet.

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS AND FISH.

*To Pot Cold Fish.*—Almost every kind of cold fish may be made available in this way; but those fish which are the firmest and most free from bones, are the best adapted to the purpose. Any parts may be used, that are free from bones, and the pickings about the head and fins of a ling or codfish, the skin and sound chopped up small, all come in most advantageously for this purpose. This mode is as simple and easy, as it is economical and useful. All you have to do, is to pull the solid parts of the fish to pieces, with a fork, and to pick out the other parts, by the same means; mix up the whole in a basin, with a little butter (melted), seasoning with cayenne, common pepper, salt, and a little bruised mace; and, placing the mixture in pots, pour clarified butter over it. A few minutes are often sufficient to complete the whole process, if made from fish that has been either previously stewed or curried. The gravy, that is left, should be mixed up with the fish, which will serve still further to enhance the richness of the flavor. When prepared in this way, with a little parsley strewed over the top, it presents a tempting appearance, either at a breakfast or a supper table, and is also admirably adapted for luncheon or a picnic.

*Gravy Soup.*—Take from four to six pounds shin of beef; cut off one-half pound of lean, and put what is left into a saucepan; add four quarts of cold water, and a large pinch of salt; when boiling, skim it well, and put in two carrots, one turnip, three large onions, five or six cloves, a few peppercorns, and any trimmings of leeks and celery; leave it to boil four or five hours; skim off the fat; strain it through a cloth, into a basin; leave it to cool; cut the lean meat very small; pound it, and work into it two whole eggs, a little salt, and any trimmings of cooked veal or fowl, a few trimmings of uncooked carrot, onion, and celery; pour in the stock; stir it over a quick fire, until it boils; leave it to boil, from ten to fifteen minutes; strain through a napkin into a clean stewpan; let it come to the boil, and serve.

*Oyster Fritters.*—Take a pint and a-half of milk, one and a-quarter pounds of flour, four eggs; the yolks of the eggs must be beaten very thick, to which add the milk, and stir the whole well together. Whisk the whites to a stiff broth, and stir them gradually into the batter. Take a spoonful of the mixture, drop an oyster in it, and fry in hot lard. Let them be a light-brown on both sides. The oysters should not be put in the batter all at once, as that would thin it.

MEATS.

*Steamed Beef.*—For a family of six or seven persons, take four pounds of beef, cross-rib is best; get a piece of suet, the size of your hand, cut in small pieces, and fry out the fat; you must have a large flat-bottomed iron pot; after the suet is brown, take out the scraps, and put in the meat, and two onions cut up; when the meat has become dark-brown on one side, turn it over on the other, and let that get the same; when the onions and meat are thoroughly brown, pour in a pint of boiling water; whenever the meat gets dry, add more water; but it must always be boiling hot; throw in a handful of salt, three bay-leaves, and a half-dozen each of allspice and whole pepper; cover with a close-fitting cover, and let it cook for three hours; when almost done, thin a tablespoonful of flour, with a half-cupful of water; stir this in the gravy, taking care not to have any lumps in it; when you wish to serve it, strain the gravy through a fine sieve; and pour a few spoonfuls over the meat.

*A Good Way to Cook Chickens.*—Take three or four chickens, and, after cleaning and washing them well in cold water, split them down the back, break the breastbone, and unjoint the wings, to make them lie down better; put them in a pan, and sprinkle pepper, salt, and flour over them; put a large lump of fresh butter on each chicken; pour boiling water in the pan, and set in the oven. Let them cook till very tender, and a rich brown color; then take out on a large platter, put on more butter, set in the oven to keep warm; put some sweet cream in the pan; add as much hot water as you think necessary, for the quantity of gravy you desire; the more cream, and the less water, the better the gravy. Thicken with flour; put a pint of the gravy on the chickens. They must be put on the table very hot.

DESSERTS.

*Omelette Souffle.*—Separate the yolks from the whites of six eggs; mix with the yolks, four spoonfuls of powdered sugar, half of a lemon skin, chopped fine (or vanilla); beat up, and make a paste, as for biscuits. Then beat up the whites of the eggs, mix them lightly with the yolks, without breaking the latter too much; butter the bottom of a dish, pour in the omelette, cover it with sugar, and cook in the oven. Seven or eight minutes suffice to cook it. When the omelette rises, and is a fine color, serve it promptly.

*Hunters' Pudding.*—Mix one pound of suet, one pound of

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flour, one pound of currants, and one pound of raisins. Sultanas are the best. Chop them a little, shred the rind of half a lemon, as fine as possible; six black peppers, powdered; four eggs, a little salt, a glass of brandy, and a little milk, to make a nice thickness. Boil in a mould or cloth, for eight hours. It will keep for six months after it is boiled, if hung up in the cloth, and boiled one hour when it is required for use.

*Wrottesley Pudding.*—Two ounces pounded loaf sugar, two ounces fine flour, two ounces butter, melted, two eggs, half-pint new milk; beat the eggs first, then add the butter, sugar, and flour, and last the milk. Bake in rather a quick oven, for half-an-hour; grease the dish well, and stir up the pudding, before putting it in the oven; send to table, as soon as it is baked; do not turn out of dish; grate some loaf sugar over the top.

*Chocolate Blanc-Mange.*—Grate quarter-pound of chocolate, into a quart of milk, add an ounce and a-half of gelatine, and quarter-pound of powdered sugar; mix all in a jug, and stand it in a saucepan of cold water, over a clear fire; stir occasionally, till the water boils, and then stir continuously, while boiling about fifteen minutes. Dip a mould in cold water, pour in the blanc-mange, turn out when set.

*Apple Pudding, Baked.*—Butter a basin well, and line it with a thin suet crust; fill it as closely as possible with apples, cut rather small; add sugar, a little lemon-peel, and a wineglassful of water. Put on the cover. Bake it in a steady oven, for two or three hours. When half done, put a plate under the basin, in case the juice should boil out. Sift sugar over.

*New England Pancakes.*—Mix a pint of milk, five spoonfuls of fine flour, seven yolks and four whites of eggs, and a very little salt; fry them very thin in fresh butter, and between each strew sugar and cinnamon. Send up six or eight at once.

CAKES.

*Almond Sponge Cake.*—Twelve eggs, leaving out the whites of eight, three-quarters of a pound of white pulverized sugar, two ounces of bitter almonds, half-pound of flour, sifted good weight. Blanch and roll like a paste. While rolling almonds, wet them with rose-water. You blanch them by putting them in hot water, which will take the skin off. Break the eggs in a bowl, and then break them up with a beater. Add the sugar, and beat until light and creamy; then beat the almonds in, then add the flour, stir it lightly, bake in a square pan, ice on bottom, and cross with a knife.

*Buns.*—Take one ounce of yeast, and mix with it one pint of warm milk; add sufficient flour and a little salt to make a thick batter; cover up the basin, and leave it to rise in a warm place; when it has risen, take one pound of flour, stir it into the sponge, and knead it well; add three ounces of sifted sugar, some powdered cinnamon, six ounces of fresh butter beaten to a cream, and two fresh eggs, also well beaten. Let it rise again, divide it into buns, sprinkle the top with comfits and sifted sugar, and bake in a tolerably quick oven.

*Tea Cake.*—Two pounds of flour, half-pound of lard, half-pound of sugar, (not too coarse,) one tablespoonful of baking powder, two eggs, a few carraways; rub the lard well into the flour; well beat the eggs; add sufficient warm milk to make the whole into a moderate paste; bake, as soon as made, about half-an-hour: not too hot an oven. To be cut open, and buttered hot.

## HOUSE DECORATION.

PAPER HANGING.—Much gilding on paper is to be avoided, for many reasons. It gives a vulgar appearance, if too lavishly employed; it does not wear well, unless of the best quality, and even that is soon affected by damp air, or by damp walls; it considerably heightens the price of the paper when the metal is good; and, for a room in a small cottage, that is to act as a general sittingroom, it would be decidedly out of place. All papers containing gilding can, therefore, be at once passed over. For the use of those who intend to assist in their own home decorations, we give the following directions for paper hanging. The worker has but few preparations to make before commencing—a deal table placed in the centre of the room, a large pair of scissors for edging the paper, a pail containing the paste, a duster or roller placed ready at hand, and he may at once begin operations. And, first, as to the paste Good flour and boiling water are the only requisites for its manufacture; alum may be added in proportion of two ounces of alum to four pounds of flour; it is not essential to paste making, but Dr. Richardson recommends its use in his articles on "Health At Home." The most important point is to make sure that the water boils thoroughly. Take some flour, and see that it is free from all lumps; now add cold water sufficient to moisten it so that it runs thickly from the spoon. When the water is boiling hard and fast, pour it over the flour, never ceasing to stir until the paste turns; when it loses its white appearance and partially clears, it is proof that sufficient water has been added. The paste is then to be brought to the right consistency, by thinning it with cold water, when it will work easily with the brush. He will now edge the paper, cutting close to the edge of the pattern on one side, on the other leaving about the eighth of an inch beyond, which serves for the underlap. After measuring one length, the paper is laid on the table, the piece unrolled, and the pattern matched for the second length; when a number are thus ready, the first may be pasted. It is brought close to the edge of the table, so that no paste can reach the table itself, or it will soil the next breadth that is placed upon it. When the bottom of the length is pasted, it is folded over, and the top is finished. Commence hanging from the side of a window or door, so that there may be no more joins than are absolutely necessary. Each length, as it is hung, requires to be rolled or smoothed close to the wall with a duster, that no air bubbles may remain. A border of frieze will hide defects, if there should be any, and add greatly to the appearance of the room. Whitewashed, or colored walls, will have to be sized and scraped

## FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS OF DARK-GREEN CAMEL'S HAIR, AND OMBRE PEKIN SILK. The front of the dress is laid in full-draped plaits. The sides are in panels of old-gold, and dark-green shaded Pekin; and the drapery at the back is composed of Pekin and camel's hair, which is draped across the front scarf-wise. The long, close-fitting basque of camel's hair, has a vest and cuffs of the Pekin. The bonnet is trimmed with roses.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK-BLUE CASHMERE. The skirt has one deep-gathered ruffle, with a series of narrow ruffles and puffings above it; the scarf across the front, and simple drapery at the back. Camel's hair cloak, trimmed with fringe and tassels, and lined with red silk; red lined hood, and broad ribbons of red falling beneath the points at the back. Black felt hat, with feathers the color of the dress.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF OLD-GOLD COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR. The skirt has a deep flounce, with plaitings of the camel's hair, alternating with stripes of black plush; the over-skirt is tightly draped in a point in front, below a band of black plush, which is finished with a gimp trimming at the sides. Long, close-fitting basque, with plush cuffs. Bonnet of black plush, trimmed with white and gold lace.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS OF GREEN PEKIN. The bottom

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is trimmed with narrow ruffles of the Pekin, alternating with very narrow ruffles of white silk; the front of the skirt is of white and green Pekin, laid in long narrow plaits, above which is a short apron-front, trimmed with fringe; drapery at the back; long, close-fitting basque, with white silk vest, ornamented with two rows of handsome buttons; cuffs to correspond; large collar, shirred at the neck; white felt bonnet, faced with white silk, and dark-green velvet, and trimmed with dark-green velvet.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SURAH. The under-dress is of gay plaid satin, the blue stripes of which are caught together in shirrs; the front and sides of the under-skirt have a gimp trimming on a panel of black surah; the over-dress is of surah, draped. The pointed bodice is trimmed with a deep netted silk fringe in front, and the same trimming forms a large collar. Under the cuffs are laid bands of the gay plaid satin. Black velvet bonnet, with dark-blue feathers.

FIG. VI.—CLOAK OF BLACK SATIN DE LYONS, trimmed with black lace. The sleeves are put in at the elbow, and are square and gathered. Black satin de Lyons dress, simply looped above a black kilted flounce. Black satin bonnet, trimmed with lace, and the berries of the mountain ash.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS. The deep kilt skirt is of gray camel's hair. The surtout is of gray camel's hair, is double-breasted, and has revers on the skirt, pockets, cuffs, cape, collar, and revers on the breast, of gray, brown and blue brocaded silk. Gray felt bonnet, trimmed with gray and blue shaded feathers.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BROWN CAMEL'S HAIR, AND BROWN PEKIN. The trimming at the bottom is a simple plaited, Pekin ruffle. Above this is a full drapery of the camel's hair; above this again, a skirt of the Pekin, trimmed with fringe. Then another drapery of the camel's hair, also trimmed with fringe. The back is draped. The corsage is pointed back and front, and is of the Pekin, as well as the sleeves. The cape is of the camel's hair, and the collar of the Pekin.

FIG. IX—HOUSE-DRESS OF GRAY SATIN AND DARK-RED SATIN. The round skirt is of the gray satin, and trimmed with a drapery of dark-red satin. The over-dress is of the dark-red satin, and is draped high on the left side with an enamel buckle. The coat bodice is of gray and dark-red brocade, and has basques that are slashed to show plaitings of red satin. The sleeves reach to below the elbow, have red satin cuffs, and are trimmed with white lace.

FIG. X.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, trimmed with old-gold and black brocade. The skirt train is fan shape, and falls perfectly plain, from the waist down. The front is laid in box-plaits, alternating with bands of the old-gold, and black brocade. The casaque is very long, and trimmed with the brocade. The front is laid in plaits, finished with many rows of silk braid, and has a gathered trimming at the top. Bonnet of the old-gold and black brocade, with a jet fringe fitting over the hair in front.

FIG. XI.—BONNET OF BLACK NET, lined with black silk, and embroidered in jet. Small owl's head at the side.

FIG. XII.—SQUARE COLLAR MADE OF LACE, with a pink crêpe lisse tie, also edged with lace.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF ALMOND AND BROWN STRIPED CAMEL'S HAIR.—The botton of the skirt is kilt-plaited. The over-dress is only hemmed, and simply draped. The close-fitting jacket is of almond-colored cloth, made double-breasted, and has a collar, and wide revers faced with silk of the same color.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET OF OLD-GOLD PLUSH, with feathers shaded from a rich brown, to old-gold color.

FIG. XV.—SILK STOCKING embroidered in rose-buds, of the natural color.

FIG. XVI.—HAT OF BLACK BEAVER, turned up in front, and trimmed with a heavy cord, and a tuft of ostrich feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS—It has appeared impossible to introduce new colors, but the old colors come in so many new shades, that it seems as if new ones had actually appeared. Coffee color is the latest novelty in color, and one does not know whether it most nearly approaches old-gold, or brown; perhaps a rich, golden brown would give the best idea of it. But dark-green, blues, olives, reds, seal-browns, as well as grays, fawn and almond colors, make the counters of shops look like gardens. Stripes are very fashionable, of all sizes, though the wide ones are not much used, except as panels on skirts. Satins have taken the place of silks, to a great degree, especially for the house, and in combination with woolen stuff, for the street. Plush, as well as velvet, is also employed as a trimming; or, used in a greater measure, in combination with other materials. Lace is in high favor as a trimming; and so many very beautiful imitation laces now come, that real lace is seldom employed, except for the neck, and the prices are so low, that they come within the reach of most persons. White is much used for evening dresses for persons of all ages; the style of making, and the trimmings, rendering it suitable for old or young. Beads, chenille, and fringe are all employed on the autumn dresses; and so much trimming is sometimes seen, that, the plainer the costume, the more elegant, it is often considered by people of the best taste. Flowers are used in great quantities, and when natural ones can be obtained, so much the better, though these have the disadvantage of soon fading, and looking shabby.

The manner of making dresses is so varied, that we do not attempt to describe them, especially as our colored plates and wood-cuts, give such a great variety.

PANIERS are much in favor, but the scarf drapery still has a strong hold on many. Skirts are certainly growing fuller at the back, though very close-clinging in front. Basques, plaited bodices, plaited waists, gauged fronts, are all equally worn. The polonaise is also still in fashion, as, if well cut, it is always becoming, except to very slender figures.

Instead of frills at the wrists and neck of dresses, they are sometimes finished with a puff of the surah used for trimming. To make this puff fluffy and soft-looking, it is first plaited, then doubled, and the plaiting is pulled out in the middle of the puff. A single wide ruche at the foot, is a favorite trimming for the skirts of simple dresses. This ruche is five or six inches wide, and is laid in treble or quadruple box-plaits, folded very deeply, and each cluster of plaits, placed an inch away from that next it. It is then stitched in the middle, and the edges allowed to fall forward, and almost meet. Many collars, sewn around the neck of dresses, are now wired; this is true of dresses that are high about the throat, as well as of those opening low on the bust. For instance, a high-necked dress of cashmere, trimmed with watered silk, will have a standing collar two and a-half inches high behind, and curved to the front. A wire is placed inside the collar, at its upper edge, and the collar is then rolled over to turn down half its depth in the back. This is a very neat fashion when two materials are used in the collar, such as cashmere on the outside, and watered silk for the lining that is rolled over at the top.

BONNETS are worn either large or small, as the fancy may dictate; but, as a rule, the large bonnet, particularly the "poke" should only be seen on a pretty face.

MANTLES, VISITES, AND CLOAKS are of all styles.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The fall fashions are, at once, pretty, becoming, and sensible, though, of course, one cannot tell what vagaries

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may not seize upon the goddess of La Mode, a little later in the season. But for the present, people are permitted to array themselves pretty much after the style that best pleases them. The revival of Pekin, as I said in my last, is one of the noticeable innovations of the present season. These Pekins are used for the long Louis XV. waists, which are worn with skirts of the same hue as the waist, but of contrasting materials. Thus, the waist of a dress may be of figured or brocaded material, or of Pekin; but it must all be in solid colors, and the corsage and skirt must always match in hue precisely. I have seen a very stylish black costume, made with the waist of Chinese crape, embroidered all over in a fine, close arabesque-pattern, with black silk; while the skirt was of black satin *merveilleux*, with an elaborately-draped, broad scarf-sash at the back. Corsages, worked all over with fine-cut jet beads, and finished with a jet fringe, are very handsome for cashmere costumes. The beads may be put on in a floral, or arabesque-pattern; but they are more stylish, when simply dotted all over the garment. In that case, they must be put on very closely.

One of the most tasteful and simple toilettes of the season, has just been finished, for transmission to the United States. It is in dark-violet surah. The skirt is short, and is covered with three plaited flounces, each of which is finished with a fringing, formed by raveling out the stuff. The corsage is long, and pointed before and behind. It is laced up the front, a slight shirring just below the throat, and just above the waist, partially concealing the lacing, in the narrow perpendicular fold thus formed. The corsage has a plaited flounce of the surah set around the edge, of the same depth as those on the skirt which it meets, thus completing the rows of flounces. The sleeves fit the arm loosely, and are finished at the wrist, with three rows of shirring, from which falls a narrow ruffle of surah. It is impossible to give any idea of the dainty grace, and stylish simplicity, of this dress. It is very pretty, when duplicated in cashmere, with the flounces gathered and edged with embroidered scallops in sewing-silk. I have seen it in marine-blue cashmere, and also in black. In the former instance, the embroidered scallops that edged the flounces were worked in pale-blue silk.

The hats and bonnets, of the present season, are widely varying in style and materials. For undress wear, the long napped felts, in the poke shapes, are a good deal used, while velvet capotes are more in vogue for full dress. Feathers, with the filaments in two colors, either of contrasting tints, or in different shades of the same hue, are used for trimming the larger bonnets. Toques of the beautiful lophophose, golden pheasant, and other birds, are shown; the head of the bird ornaments the front of the hat, while the wings are set flat against the sides. This style is not exactly new, but is so elegant and becoming, that it has acquired a new lease of popularity. Less well-known birds are now used for these hats, such as the smaller sea-gull, the dove, and even a small variety of owl, with chestnut-brown and black-barred plumage. The round head and yellow eyes of this last-named bird, are very effective in the front of the hat, and the whole affair is very becoming to a dark-eyed stylish brunette.

Very few evening-dresses are shown as yet, it being too early in the season, for these dainty frivolities. Some few, for young girl's parties, have been exhibited, in white muslin, embroidered by hand in a delicate running pattern. The front of the short skirt is covered with a full draping, edged with plaited white lace, while the back is set with a series of narrow-plaited ruffles, each edged with white lace. The corsage is the so-called virgin waist, a round waist with slightly-drawn plaits set into a band. The waist belt is of narrow, white, watered ribbon, and the sash is a broad-draped scarf, of white, watered silk.

In the matter of undergarments, a complete revulsion in taste seems to have set in amongst the highest authorities of fashion, against the masses of imitation, Valenciennes—trimmed and be-ribboned articles, that have been so much the rage. It is now considered in bad taste, to heap lace and embroidery on linen and cambric articles. The wealthiest of Parisian brides prefers, to such inappropriate gorgeousness, the finest and most delicate cambric, exquisitely cut and sewed by hand, and ornamented solely with narrow, real Valenciennes lace, placed under a bordering of scalloping. Stockings are worn in narrow pin-stripes, to match the Pekins, that I have before mentioned, or are in solid colors. The stockings worked with beads, that are so popular in London, have never found favor in Paris, and are indeed scratchy and uncomfortable, besides being inappropriate in decoration.

Long cloaks and coats are much worn; but have not entirely dethroned the popular jackets and dolmans, which are still liked for full dress, while their rivals are more in vogue for traveling and promenade wear. Plain cloths are most used for the long cloaks, while mixed goods are shown for the smaller ones.

The favorite combination of color, this autumn, is dark-red and marine-blue. A brilliant gold-color is sparingly used on black dresses, for brunettes.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIGS. I. AND II.—BACK AND FRONT OF A GIRL'S DRESS.—The lower part of the skirt is kilt-plaited, and is of dark-blue cashmere. The upper part of the dress is of dark-blue, green, and white plaid camel's hair, with collar and cuffs of the plain dark-blue. The back of the dress is draped in three pouffs, and has two shawl ends. The front is turned up washerwoman fashion, and is plaited lengthwise down the front.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT OF DARK-GRAY KERSEYMERE.—The trousers are plain, and reach to just below the knee. The long, half tight-fitting coat is fastened across the front by three straps with buttons. A similar staap ornaments the pockets.

FIG. IV.—LARGE LINEN COLLAR, trimmed with insertion and embroidered ruffle.


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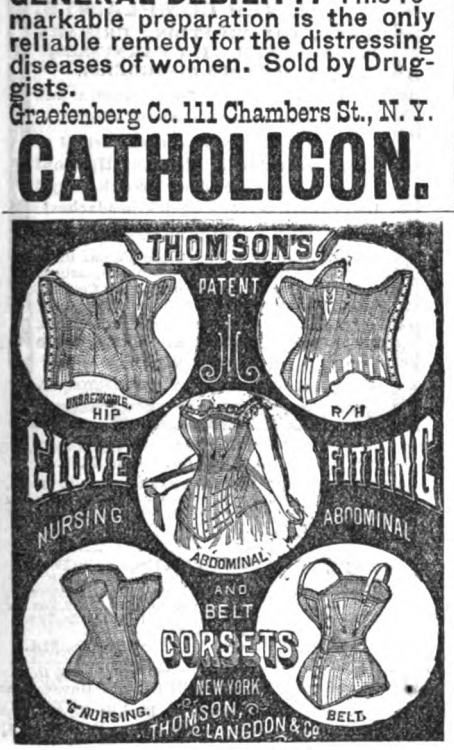


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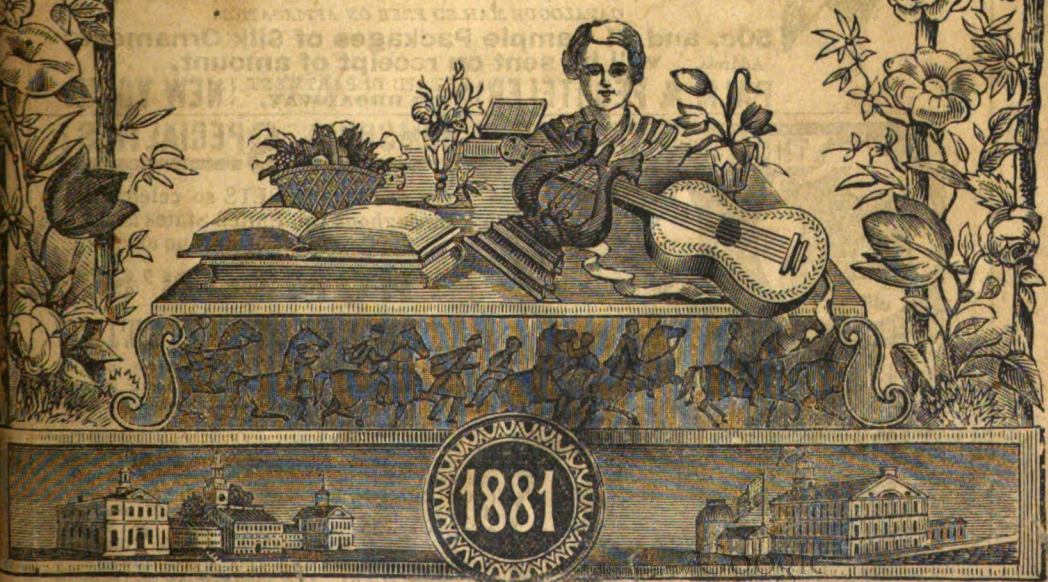


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LACY HALL. [*See the Story, "The Second Fiddle."*]

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RUNNING WILDLY ALONG THE STRAND." [*See the Story, "An Isle of Rest."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER. SCOTCH CAP.

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NEW STYLE DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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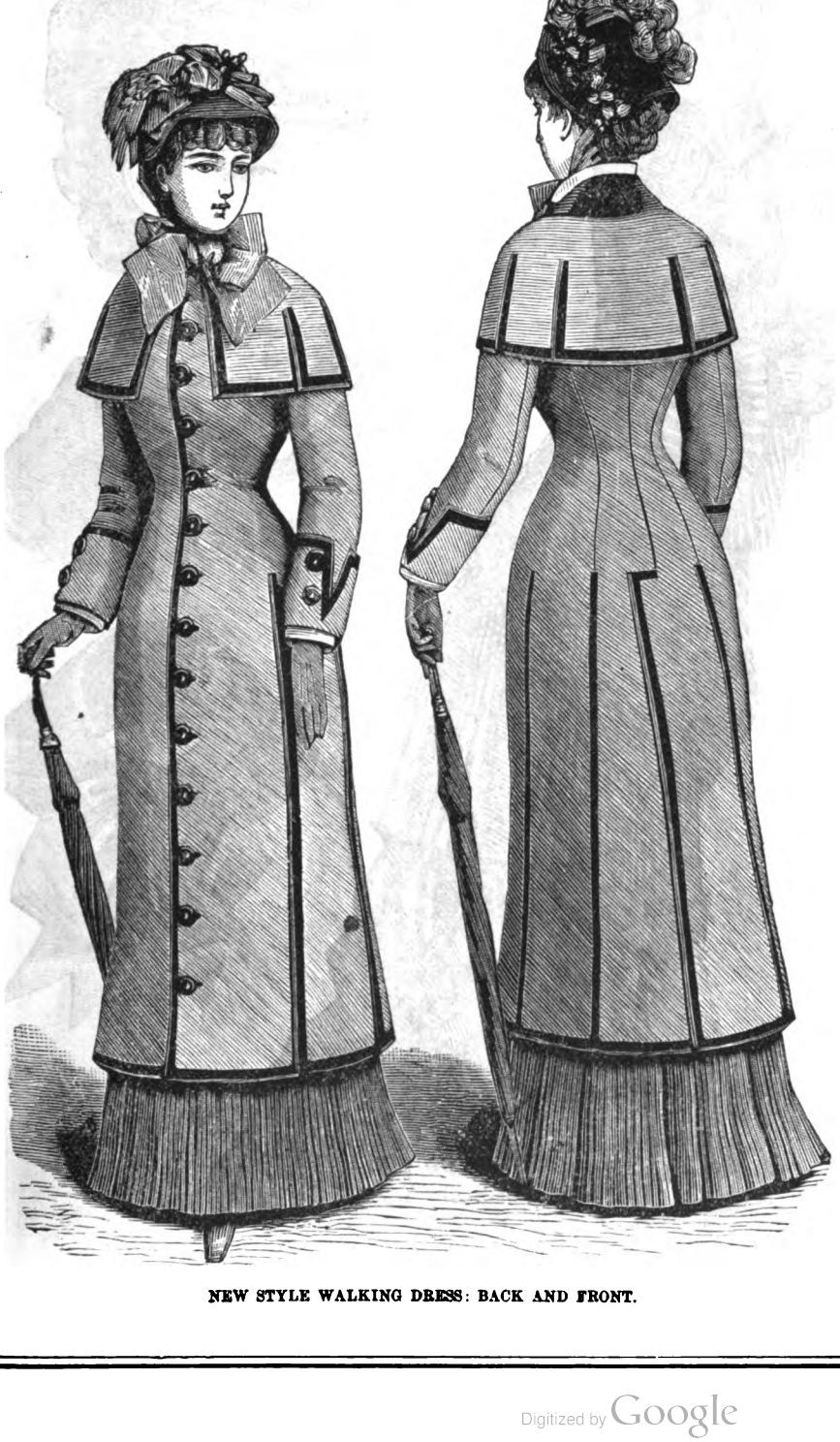

NEW STYLE WALKING DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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NEW STYLE CLOAK. PLUSH TOQUE. COLLAR.

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NEW STYLE HOUSE DRESS. BEAVER BONNET. ASTRACHAN MUFF.

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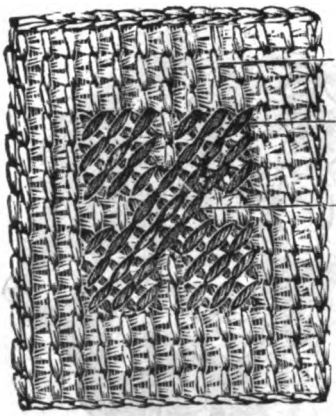


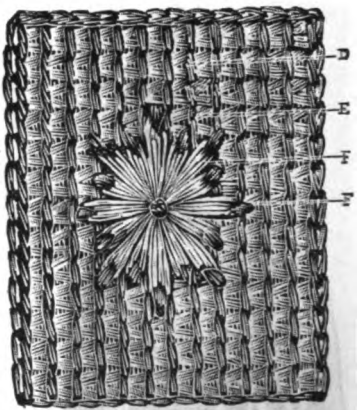


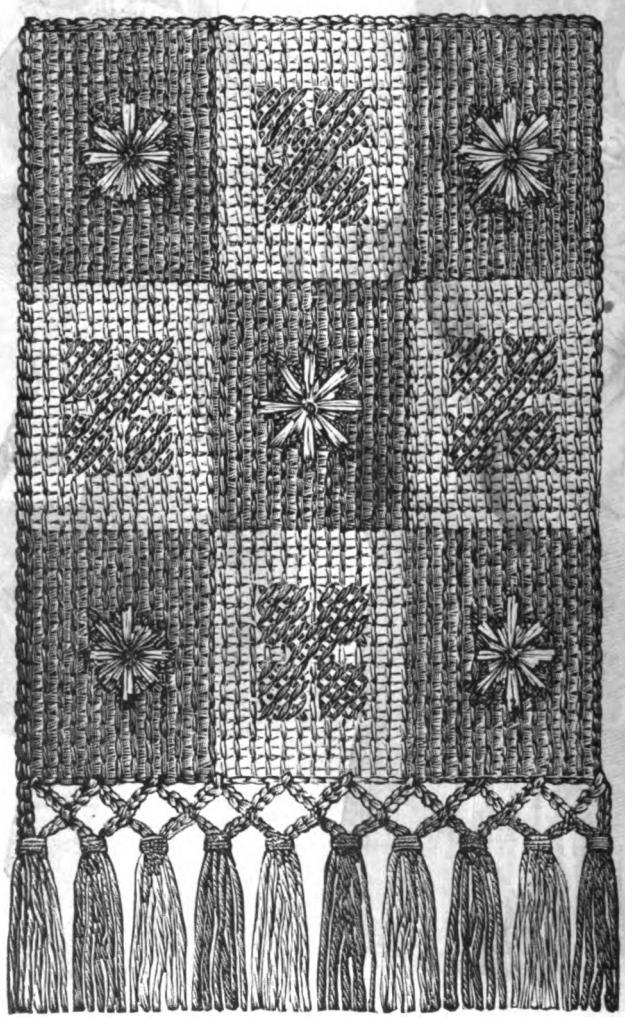

COVERLET, SPREAD, OR AFGHAN: WITH DETAIL.

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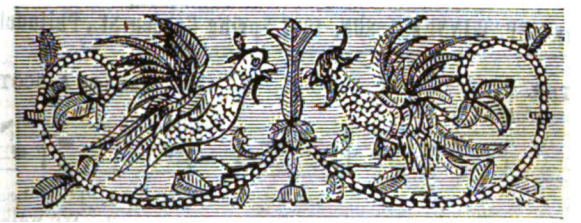

PHOTOGRAPH FRAME IN EMBROIDERY. BORDER IN EMBROIDERY.

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# TWENTY YEARS AGO.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia

Words by G. J. CHESTER. Music by A. SCOTT GATTY.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. Those bonny glades of
2. We walk'd togeth - er

*mf* *p* *mf* *p*

Girvan woods, full twen - ty years a - go, When stars came out to
thou and I, we part - ed, ah! too soon, But e'er we left our

*culmato.*

look at us who wander'd to and fro, There oft we linger'd,
lips had met be - neath the sum - mer moon; Yes, oft I dream of

hand in hand, and what kinds words were said, With ten - der light shed
Gir - van woods, but oft - ten - er of thee, For Gir - van woods are

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*piu. lento.* *a tempo.*

o - ver us through branches o - ver - head. With ten - der light shed
all laid low, But thou still lov - est me. For Gir - van woods are

L. H.

*cres.* *Andante con molto espressivo.*

o - ver us through branches o - ver - head. Ah! oft I dream of
all laid low, but thou still lov - est me. Ah! oft I dream of

*cres.* *colla voce.* *p calmato.*

Gir - van woods, the woods we loved so well,..... And those dear al - leys

*p rall.* *After last verse.*

Where the shade of white boll'd beach trees fell.

*colla voce.* *dim.*

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BONNET FOR VISITING, CONCERT, OR OPERA.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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## A DAY AT CANTERBURY.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

OLD NORMAN STAIRCASE.

HAWTHORNE has remarked that "a Gothic cathedral is surely the most wonderful work which mortal man has yet achieved." Another eminent writer has declared that, "such a building is one of the greatest intellectual achievements of the dark ages." Among English cathedrals, Canterbury stands first. Built at different periods, it exhibits, at their best, every type of Gothic architecture. It is unsurpassed, too, in historical associations. It was at Canterbury that Augustine first preached Christianity to the pagan Saxons; there Dunstan ruled; there Becket was slain; thither the pilgrims of Chaucer thronged. An unbroken succession of archbishops has reigned at Canterbury, since the close of the sixth century. No regal dynasty has ever lasted so long.

We left London, on our first visit to Canterbury, by an early train, so as to have the whole day before us. In a few minutes, the lovely landscapes of Surrey and Kent were opening on either side. Green fields, cozy farm-houses, and quaint hop-gardens swept by us, as in a rapid panorama. Here and there, were stately mansions, in parks, where deer were herding. In little more than an hour, we came in view of the city of Canterbury, rising below us; and in the midst of it, dominating over the whole, like some vast line-of-battle ship, stranded from out the Past, the mighty bulk of the great cathedral.

The centuries rolled back, as we gazed. In our imagination, we beheld Augustine and his monks, as Dean Stanley has described them, when they first saw Canterbury, not, as now, a fair city, but only a rude, wooden-built town, embosomed in rushes. The missionaries had landed near Sandwich, and were following the old Roman road, when, suddenly, in the valley beneath them, the Kentish capital burst upon their view. They stopped, formed themselves into a procession, and lifting up the sacred banner, and the great silver cross they had brought with them, they advanced, chanting. "There were with them," says the writer, "the choristers, whom Augustine had brought from Gregory's school on the Cælian hill, trained in the chants which were called after his name; and they sang one of those litanies, which Gregory had introduced from the plague at Rome: 'We beseech thee, O Lord, in all thy mercy, that thy wrath and thine anger may be removed from this city, and from thy holy house, Alleluia!' And so they came down St. Martin's hill, and entered Canterbury."

The city of Canterbury is not large, having a population of only twenty thousand. But it is interesting, not only on account of the great minster, but also for its many quaint dwellings and antique churches. Narrow and picturesque lanes open on either side from the principal streets. Up one of these lanes, we had our first near glimpse of the cathedral, rising behind a noble gateway of Perpendicular Gothic, built in the fifteenth century. Passing under this gateway, we found ourselves in the close, a spacious area, shut in from the rest of the town. In the centre



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GATEWAY TO THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE.

of this close, rose the minster itself, its long line of roof stretching away in the distance, the great central tower soaring upwards over all, looking, as Erasmus said, when he first beheld it, as if it really "mounted into heaven." It was a sight we shall never forget.

A Gothic cathedral was always built in the form of a Latin cross. The longest, or western, limb, formed the nave; and at the sides of the nave were the aisles: the cross-pieces made the transepts: beyond these, eastward, was the choir, where the priests and choristers chanted the daily service. Still further east of the choir, at the extreme end, was usually a chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, and hence denominated the Lady's Chapel. All cathedrals faced the west, and in the west front were the principal entrances, generally three deeply recessed and elaborately ornamented doorways.

Mediæval cathedrals were built, it must be remembered, not for Protestant worship, but for the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. In Protestant churches, preaching, as a rule, is the chief purpose. Hence, only a simple auditorium is required, and that merely large enough for an ordinary congregation. But in a Gothic cathedral, the daily services were conducted in the choir, while the nave and aisles were rarely used, except for religious processions. Long lines of acolytes, priests, and bishops, in vestments of white, purple, and gold, and bearing banners, crosses, and candles, were seen, on all high festivals, winding in and out, from side aisle to nave, and back again; and the effect must have been very striking, especially in color, the more because of the clouds of incense, which made everything shadowy and vague, and so stimulated the imagination. The impression was doubtless heightened by the chanting, which echoed, and re-echoed, died out, and thundered near, as the procession receded or advanced.

We entered the minster by the south porch, which abuts on Dunstan's Tower, one of the two at the west end. The atmosphere without had been quite sultry; at least for England; but within, it was as cool as a cave. Looking along the vast nave, which stretched for more than two hundred feet before us, with its succession of tall pillars, shooting up on either side, and then

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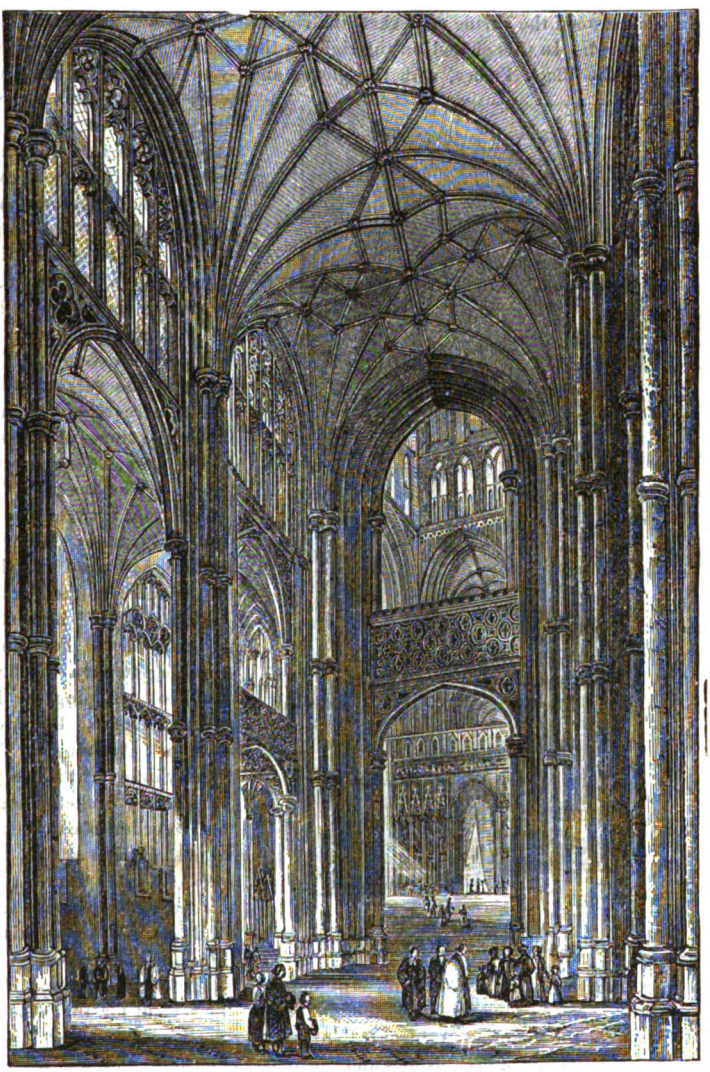
branching overhead, into the ribs and groinings of the ceiling, like interlacing boughs, we realized what every one has been told: that a Gothic cathedral suggests a forest-aisle, carved in stone. Over all this, on that afternoon, over the choir beyond, and over the vague chapels still further in the dim distance, the westering sun shot downwards floods of the most marvelous light: from countless stained-glass windows, in aisle and clerestory, on either side. It was like finding one's self, suddenly, in the heart of some gigantic ruby.

It is said, by tradition, that an ancient British church, built in the Roman times, originally stood where the cathedral now stands. This church still remained, though in a dilapidated condition, when Augustine landed in Kent. The palace of the Saxon king was close to it, and after his conversion, the monarch gave both church and palace to the missionaries. This venerable edifice was enlarged by Augustine and his successors; but was finally almost destroyed by the Danes, when they sacked Canterbury. In the wars of the Conquest, what was left of the Minster suffered still further, so that, when Lafranc, the first Norman prelate, came to the see, he resolved to commence a new cathedral, from the very foundations. Portions of this structure still remain; but most of it has been rebuilt at various times: the choir at the end of the twelfth century, and the nave two hundred years later. The transepts have been altered less than any other parts, and here, and in the two side-towers, much of the original Norman work is left. The choir is a very fine specimen of what is called Early English, as the nave is of what is known as Perpendicular.



NAVE OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

The choir of Canterbury, unlike choirs in other minsters, is elevated above the nave, and you ascend to it by quite a flight of steps. Before going up into it, we turned to the right, however, and went down into the crypt. These crypts are found in all the more ancient cathedrals, and were originally intended to represent the catacombs, in which the early Christian martyrs were buried, at Rome. The short, round columns, and enormous stone arches, of that at Canterbury, upholding, as they do, the stupendous edifice

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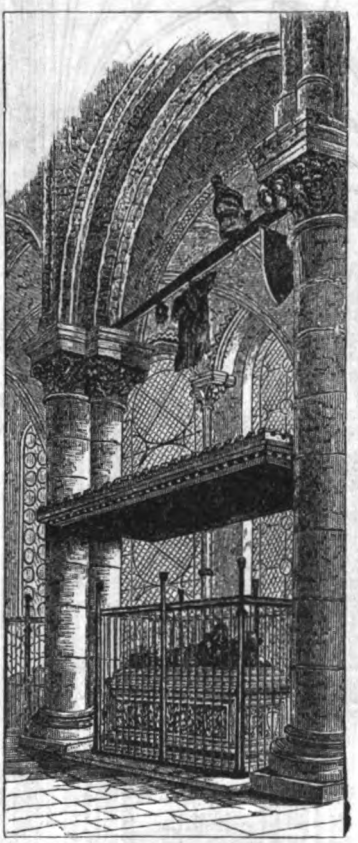
above, have, in their aspect, something almost of the pre-Adamite world.

Returning from the crypt, we ascended into the choir. The view from the top of the steps, looking westward along the nave, is unequaled of its kind. From the choir, we passed on into Trinity Chapel, behind it. The eastern end of this chapel is semicircular, and here, in the axis, once stood the shrine of Becket, the richest in the world. In this chapel, on the right, is the tomb of the Black Prince, with the gloves and



TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

armor, that he wore at Poictiers, still hanging overhead. Nearly opposite, is the tomb of Henry the Fourth, the victor at Agincourt. All round are the monuments of archbishops and cardinals: those of Courtenay, Anselm, and Chatillon among them; and further on, near the end, that of Reginald Pole, the cousin of "Bloody Mary," and the last Roman Catholic archbishop of Canterbury. Every step is full of history.

Standing here, at the extreme eastern end, we looked back. It was five hundred feet, in a straight line, to the western doorway. Never had we seen before, never have we seen since, a sight so impressive. We had come by the choir, and by Trinity Chapel, diverging to the south aisles; and we now returned by the northern. When we had got as far as the western transept, and reached the nave, the verger, who was our guide, suddenly stopped, and said, pointing to a mark in the stone pavement: "Here is where Becket was murdered." A thrill, half of horror, half of awe, ran through us. For, seven hundred years before, the great primate had stood on the very spot, where we now stood, and there had made his last stand against his assassins. Against this very wall, he had leaned. Then, as now, the twilight was coming on, and the same weird, vague shadows haunted the gloom of the great Minster. It is impossible, by mere words, to tell how vivid all this made the scene. One must go to Marathon, or Bannockburn, or Waterloo, to realize fully what a great battle is. It was so here. A ghostly shiver ran through our veins. We were roused, by the voice of the verger, speaking again, as he said: "Yes, here is where the archbishop fell; you know the story, of course, sir?"

We drew a long breath. Yes, we knew the story. Who does not? How, after years of altercation, between the king and the primate, the end came. How Henry, being away in France, had word brought him of some new act of defiance, on the part of Becket. "Who will rid me of him?" he cried, angrily, on the impulse of the moment. Four knights, who were present, thinking to earn his favor, at once stole away, and took shipping for England. Their names were Fitzurse, De Morville, Tracy, and Le Breton. Arriving at Canterbury, they had a stormy interview, in his palace, with the primate, which they broke off angrily, at last, and rushed out, in order to arm themselves. Becket's attendants, alarmed at this, begged the archbishop to seek safety in the church. At first, he refused. But twilight was drawing on: the hour of vespers had come: it was his duty, he reflected, to officiate in the choir. Calling for the great cross, therefore, which was always borne before him, he set out for the Minster. He entered by the northwest transept, having come through the cloisters, and was ascending to the choir, when the angry knights, returning armed, burst into the church. Becket stopped, on the fourth step up, and looked down. By this time, it was nearly dusk without, and quite dusk within: the twinkling of the candles, just lit, at the altars, being the only light. "Where is the traitor?" cried one of the knights. Becket made no reply, scorning to speak, when addressed by such an

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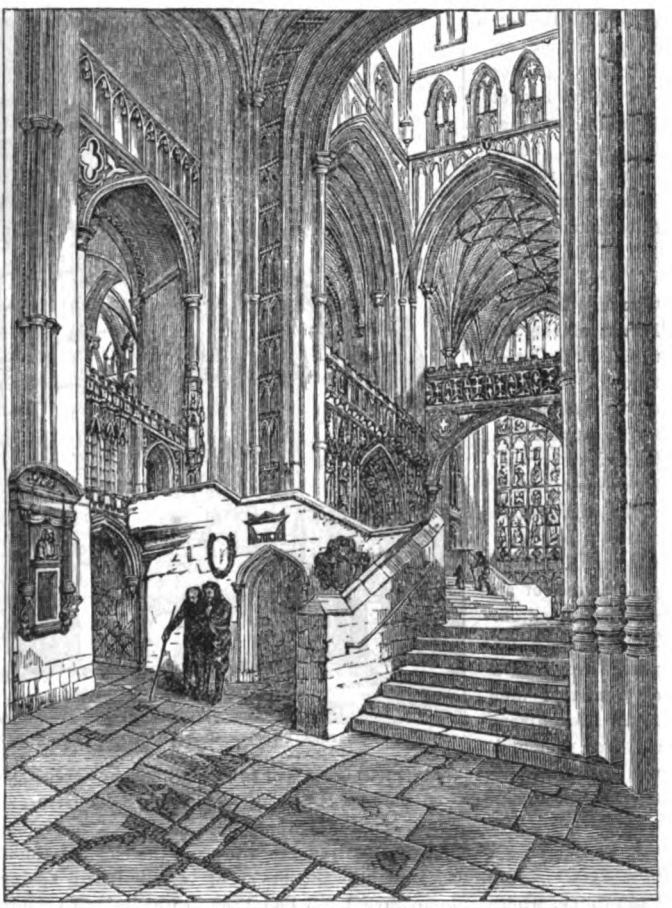
epithet. "Where is the archbishop?" shouted Fitzurse. "I am here," said the primate, now descending the steps; "what do you want with me?" And facing Fitzurse, boldly, he added: "I am not afraid of your sword. I will not do what is unjust." The knights closed about him, as he came down. All his attendants, except one, had fled, and were lost in the gloom of the darkening aisles. Becket, himself, might have escaped thus; but he had been a knight, before he became a priest, and he disdained to save his life in this manner. The angry altercation, broken off in the palace, was now renewed, and more fiercely than ever. "I am ready to die," at last said the archbishop; "may the Church, through my blood, obtain peace and liberty. I charge you, in the name of God, that you hurt no one here, but me." As he spoke these words, Fitzurse attempted to seize him. The knight's purpose, as he afterwards declared, was only to make the archbishop prisoner. There was need, indeed, for prompt action. The townspeople, with whom Becket was popular, had, by this time, heard that the life of their favorite was in danger; had risen; and were thundering at the gates of the cathedral close, which the men-at-arms, belonging to the knights, could, with difficulty, hold against them. Becket, when he felt the hand of the Norman on him, flamed up, at the insulting touch. "Off—wretch—pander," he cried, wrenching himself free. At the opprobrious epithets, Fitzurse struck with his drawn sword, and cut off a portion of the archbishop's ear. Tracy followed up with a second blow. The solitary monk, who had remained with Becket, a Saxon, Grim by name, put up his arm to shield the primate. The arm fell, broken. The stroke, only partially diverted, cut Becket across the forehead. Though the blood was trickling down his face, the archbishop still stood firm; but he knew, now, that his last moment had come; and he resolved to give up his life, no longer like a soldier, but like a martyr. Bending his neck for the final stroke, he said, "I am prepared to die for Christ and his Church." These were his last words. Tracy struck at him again, and the archbishop fell forward, on his hands and knees. In that position, Le Breton dealt him a blow, that severed the scalp, a blow so powerful, that it broke the blade against the pavement.



PLACE WHERE BECKET WAS MURDERED.

Another of the assassins strode up, set his foot on the dead primate's neck, and brutally scattered the brains about, using the point of his sword for the purpose. "We may go now," said the ruffian; "the traitor is dead, and will trouble us no more."

Such was the murder of Becket: "the echoes of which," writes Froude, in his sketch of the archbishop, "are still heard, across seven centuries of time, and which, be the final judgment



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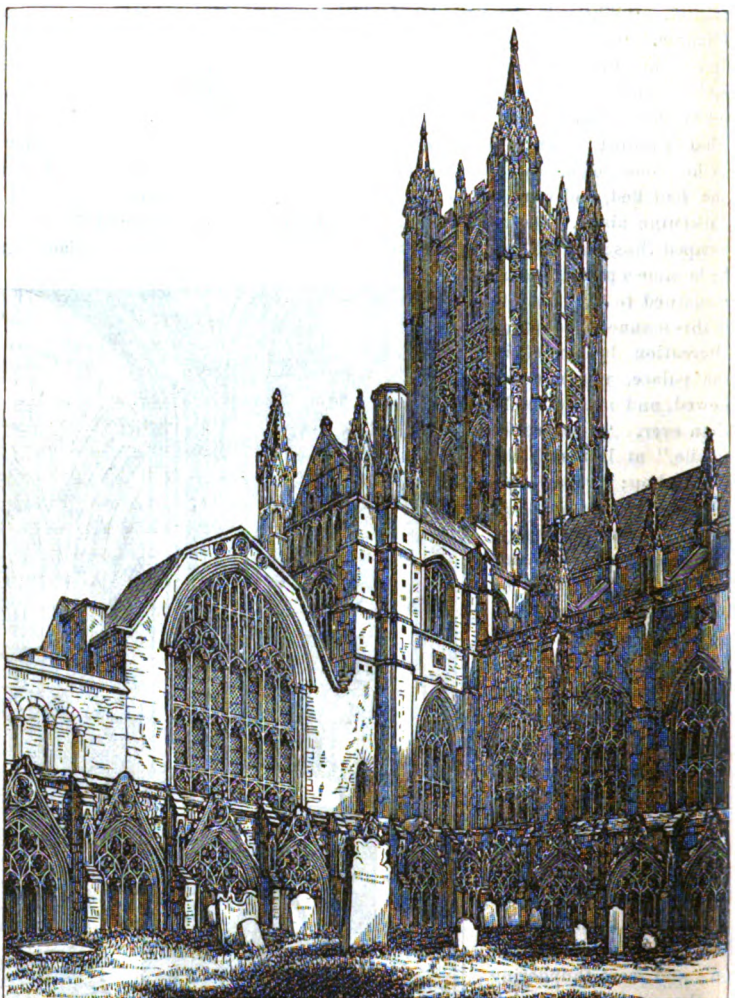
upon it what it may, has its place among the most enduring incidents of English history." The immediate result of the deed, however, was the very opposite of what the knights had expected. Becket, dead, became an infinitely greater power than Becket living. The king, instead of being able to reward Fitzurse and his companions, was, for awhile, almost in peril of his throne. For the horror of the act thrilled all Christendom. To murder an archbishop, and to murder him in a church, was, in the estimation of that age, a crime almost beyond pardon. The pope gave threats of an excommunication. The populace regarded the primate as a martyr and saint. So universal, so profound was the indignation, that the knights had to fly for their lives, outcasts on the face of the earth; while Henry, himself, only purchased absolution by agreeing to do penance, like the vilest of malefactors. Descending into the crypt of Canterbury, where a temporary tomb had been erected for the primate, and where miracles were already alleged to have been worked, he knelt, barefoot, and in a hair shirt, at the shrine, and submitted to be scourged by the monks.



CLOISTERS, CHAPTER HOUSE, NORTH-WEST TRANSEPT, AND CENTRAL TOWER.

Directly opposite the spot where Becket fell, and on the west side of the transept, a door opens into the cloisters. It was by this door that he entered, and by this door we went out. We found ourselves in a wide stone porch, with large, unglazed, mullioned windows, looking into a quadrangle, about two hundred feet square, which the porch entirely surrounded. This porch was the cloisters. It was here the old monks meditated, or walked, in wet weather. The side of the cloisters, immediately in front of the door, was built up against the northern wall of the cathedral. To the right, the cloisters led past the chapter house, a noble structure, with a glorious Perpendicular window. We followed, in this latter direction, half around the quadrangle, until we came to the corner there; from which, looking back, we saw an unrivalled view of the chapter house, the cloisters, the north transept, and the great central tower, called, from the gilt figure on the top, the Angel Tower. Next, we visited the treasury, the library, and other quaint old buildings attached to the minster, finishing with the celebrated out-of-door stair-

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case, a Norman construction, and one of the most beautiful, as well as curious, extant.

Night was falling when we had completed our round. We turned, as we crossed the close, to take a last look at the cathedral. Towers, transept, buttress, the long line of roof, all were fast fading into obscurity. They seemed parts, as it were, of some strange dream. For our thoughts were full of Becket and his murder, and it was as if we heard, behind us, the clash of steel, and the hurried tramp of the knights and their men-at-arms.

The solemn beauty of the English minsters has never been more eloquently described, than by Ruskin, in his "Stones Of Venice," in the chapter devoted to St. Mark's, with which cathedral he contrasts them. He might have had Canterbury, in his mind, when he wrote it.

"And now, I wish the reader," he says, "before I bring him into St. Mark's, would imagine himself, for a little time, in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of the cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacle of one of its towers; and then through the low, gray gateway, with its battlemented top, and small, latticed windows in the centre, into the inner, private-looking road, or close.

"And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front; and there stand, for a time, looking up at its deep, pointed porches, and the dark places between their pillars, where there were statues once; and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are left, which has in it the likeness of a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king, long ago in heaven: and so, higher and higher, up the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered, and gray, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shapes, and colored on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above, that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong; and only sees, like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds, that fill the old square with that strange clangor of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds, on a solitary coast, between the cliffs and the sea."

So ended our DAY AT CANTERBURY.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST: WITH SOUTH PORCH AND DUNSTAN'S TOWER.

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# AN ISLE OF REST.

BY WILLIAM SAND.

SIXTY miles from the mainland, and a hundred from the heat, and toil, and trouble of the great city, is a little, level island, whose length and breadth of flowering moor is wind-swept by the breezes of the Atlantic. Known and loved by a favored few, who, year after year, turn to it in the summer-time, it is full of a peaceful rest, a calm repose, that is without parallel.

One summer evening, on the arrival of the steamer, two gentlemen and a little boy landed at the wharf. Captain Castle was waiting, with his carry-all, as usual. "Passengers for Silence?" he asked, and on their replying in the affirmative, led the way to his wagon. The night was chilly and foggy, as they rolled through the quaint old streets, and out upon the misty moor; and no sound of a wheel was heard, as they bowled along, in the white ruts, worn deep in the turf, and reaching on before them into the mystic darkness. On either side was a boundless stretch of open country, veiled in ghostly vapor. Behind them was the ocean; before them the mystery of an unknown land.

A heavy fragrance of wild flowers was in the the air: swamp pinks and sweet brier, and the aromatic odor of the fern; while over, and about, and in all, was the peaceful stillness, the quiet restfulness they had come so far to find. It was not until they had passed the first milestone, on the way, that a word was uttered by any of the party. Then the driver, turning to get a look at the men behind him, said,

"Have you ever been at Silence, before?"

"No. This is our trial trip."

"I thought not. I did not remember you."

"Are visitors so few, that you can remember them all?"

"Oh! yes. We have only two or three hundred, and those only in summer: so we can easily remember them; and we talk about them in our long, lonely winters."

"Well, Henry," said the other, turning to his companion, "I wonder what we will do, to make ourselves notorious, and get talked about."

"It is not that people make themselves notorious," began the driver, mildly, "that we remember them. It is because, being left somewhat to ourselves, most of the year, we are apt to enjoy, and learn to like, pleasant strangers, who come among us in the summer."

"What hotels are there in Silence?" inquired the one, whom his companion had called Henry.

"There are two."

"Good ones?"

"Yes. One is thought to be quite good."

"How about the other?"

"I don't know. I wouldn't like to say. I keep it."

"Well! that settles it. We will go there. Does that suit you, Will?"

"Oh, yes. If we don't like it, we can try the other one afterward."

Captain Castle's hotel was found to be clean and comfortable. Its well-spread table greatly refreshed and cheered the travelers, Henry Carr and William Stokes. The latter, with his little boy, soon retired to his room. But Carr strolled forth, with a cigar, to see what he could of the village, by night.

A full moon was staggering through flying clouds. The curtain of fog hung low and heavy over the island. Turning to the left, and guided by the sound of the ocean, he waded through the wet grass, that choked the street, for its entire width. Though called a street by courtesy, it was more like a green lane, however; and along its sides straggled on an irregular line of one-storied, weather-beaten, fishing huts, through the open windows and doorways of which he caught glimpses of low-studded, oddly furnished rooms, from which came sounds of laughter, or the chatter of voices. These were the cottages, once fishermen's dwellings, that were now, one and all, let out to summer boarders. Outside the doorways, hung brightly burning lamps, whose light, penetrating a little way into the mist and gloom, was soon choked and swallowed in the darkness. Mr. Carr rubbed his eyes, to ascertain if he were dreaming, or in elf-land. Was he actually awake, and on genuine terra firma?

Turning through a cross path, finally, into another street, that he might retrace his steps to the hotel, he came, half-way down, upon an open, roughly-paved plaza, in the centre of which was a pump, and near the pump, seated upon a long bench, was an old sailor, who was conversing with a lady standing near him. As Carr came suddenly upon this tableau, faint and dim in the moonlight as a fragment out of an old picture, the clouds rolled from the moon, and the place



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was silvered with whiteness. He paused, for a while, in the shadow of a house, enjoying, with the appreciation of an artist, the beauty of the scene: the white-haired, bronzed, old man, with his expressive, upturned face, earnestly speaking; the woman, tall, slender, with a mantle of soft, scarlet material folded over her head and shoulders, and a pitcher in her down-hanging hand.

After a moment, he advanced, and was about to inquire his way, when the old man cheerily gave him good-evening, and moving to make room, asked him so cordially to be seated, that, ere he was aware of it, he was actually making one of the group.

"I've just been spinning Miss Pera a yarn, about Pitcairn Island, and the old mutineers who live there," said the old man. "She's Spanish, by birth; and she's been pleased to listen."

The lady did not appear to notice the introduction; but stood, as if in reverie, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

"And you have actually been there, captain," she said, at last, sadly; "and others have been there, and the place they fancied was secure from discovery, is now known to every sailor. Surely, the world is very, very small; and there is no escape in it, from our enemies—or from our friends."

"Well, Miss Pera, you know 'twas a long time, before they was found; and when they was, why the chief among them had reformed, and lived a kind of a missionary amongst them, so that his descendants, and the people of the island, are, to-day, a very good sort of folks."

"It may be," she replied. "They may seem to be all right, but there must be the curse upon them still. Good cannot grow from evil. Sin is sure, some day, to come to light. And when it does, it brings its vengeance."

"It would not be difficult to imagine a criminal, hiding himself upon this island, and never being discovered," said Mr Carr. "I would as soon expect to meet, here, people whom I know, as that old mutineer expected the arrival of English ships at his hiding place. The purity of this air must have its effect, too, even upon the character of a man. If submitted long enough to its influence, the worst might be reformed and cleansed, as it were."

"You are right," replied the maiden. "Even in the brief limits of a summer visit, much may be learned from the simplicity and honesty of these islanders. This dear old man would make the bad good." As she spoke, she pressed his hand. "But I must go: they will be troubled at home. Good-night." With a gentle inclination of the head, she turned, and vanished in the shadows.



For a time, Carr remained, listening to the veteran's stories. Then, when the old sailor rose to retire, he took his way to the high bluff, that faced the ocean, at the end of the village street. Descending, by a rugged pathway, he crossed the wide sands, and stood close to the tumbling, restless sea. The water, however, except near the shore, was hidden by the fog, in which the moon made dim, uncertain flashes. A few fishing boats were drawn up high on the beach. No one was in sight. Everywhere was an awful solitude and desolation.

He pressed both hands upon his forehead; for, louder than the roar of the breakers, a gloomy cry rung in his ears. "Be sure your sin will find you out," it said, again and again, as if reiterated with every boom of the surf. "I am sick or fanciful," he muttered, petulantly. "This is all foolishness, foolishness, foolishness!"

He laughed, nervously; then started at the sound. The laugh, ere it was borne away, seemed to echo, mockingly, and then die off on the winds of the night.

The following morning, he was awake at daybreak; and hastening forth, found all the eastern sky panting with the glory and splendor of the coming sunrise. In the west, and over all the quiet moorland, lingered still something of the gray and gloom of the night. All nature was silent. As the man strode along, through the dripping heath, he drank in great draughts of life-giving air. There was no longer any morbidness about him. The daylight, the exercise, the exhilaration, banished every sombre imagining. Laughing at himself for his weakness of the night before, he went bravely to the bluff. As he reached it, the sun, like a suddenly opening flower, shot up out of the ocean, and a flood of light was poured over the sea and the land. Warmed and cheered by the glow, he idled back and forth, for a little space, until a bit of color, beneath, attracted his attention, which proved to be the Spanish girl, whom he had met the night before, and who was now making her way toward the water. Like a brilliant bird, she flashed over the shining sand, her loosened hair varying from black to red and gold, until, reaching the line of the surf, she cast aside her cloak, preparatory to a plunge. For an instant, he saw the gleam of her white bathing robe; then all was lost in the foaming breakers.

He stood watching her, fascinated, as, swimming or floating, she went up and down on the tide. After a long time, she turned to the shore; but slowly, as if tired and spent. For awhile, she rose and sank; but made no headway. Then, suddenly, a hand was stretched out toward him,

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and he heard her calling. Throwing off his coat, he ran down the sloping beach. "No, no!" she cried. "Don't come in. Only throw me that little piece of board. I am not frightened, but tired, and not quite strong enough, I fear, to get to land."

To reach her one end of the board, and to draw her, by the other, beyond the force of the undertow, was but the work of a moment. Safely landed, the girl made light of the affair.

"It was nothing," she said. "I was foolish to go in alone. I never did so before, and will not try it again. But I had no idea of the possible danger, or that I could not easily get back. I overrated my strength," with a deprecatory little laugh. "No, I can get home, alone. You are kind; very, very kind; and I do thank you. It frightens me, to think what might have happened, if you had not been here. Only, we will not make a sensation of it, will we?" with another little, shy laugh.

To have been the means of helping this dark beauty, and now to have a secret in common with her, made Carr's heart beat fast. He promised, and walked by her side, as, folded in her bright-hued wrap, she toiled through the sliding sand, to gain the top of the bluff. Here she paused, and held out her hand.

"Here I will leave you," she said, "and again I must thank you. No, no," as he insisted on escorting her, "please do not go with me to the house."

All that day, in his walks and rides with Mr. Stokes, Carr was musing over his strange meetings with the young girl, and building castles in the air, regarding the future. His companion wondered at this absence, and once, or twice, a little annoyed, alluded to it. But, in the afternoon, when they returned from a drive to the lighthouse, Mr. Stokes had his revenge. Taking his unsuspecting friend by the arm, he led him into the ladies' parlor, and introduced him, to his genuine surprise, to Mrs. Ambrose Smith.

Mrs. Smith! Carr had known her well, five, six, seven years ago. And a cloud rolled over his heart, as, with a sudden shock, he recalled the pain and remorse of those days: the gloom of which still clung to, and overshadowed his life. Was there no place, where he could entirely shut away all recollection of that episode? If not, the Spanish maiden had been right, when she said, "sin, some day, must come to light." He held Mrs. Smith's hand a little, smiling gently down on her upturned face, while he hated her in his heart of hearts, and almost wished she had been drowned in coming to the island. But Mrs. Smith appeared to have forgotten the past, or to have never known it, as far as he was concerned. So, at last, with the hopefulness of hope, he began to tell himself he had been unnecessarily alarmed. "It is lucky, she does not remember," he said. "She used to have an unenviable reputation for gossip."

The days drifted by. Mrs. Smith did not become formidable. The only reference she made to the past, was in a conversation with Mr. Stokes.

"Is your friend, Mr. Carr, married, yet?" she inquired, once.

"No."

"Ah! well! I should suppose not. He was a sad flirt, when I last knew him; and, probably, has not overcome his fondness for breaking hearts."

"I should never have thought of giving him that character," said Stokes.

The widow smiled, knowingly. Stokes, thinking of it afterwards, make a mental memorandum, that she had herself been a victim to the heartache she imagined in others.

It was late in the evening of the second day, after her arrival, before Carr could free himself from his companion, and, alone, wander through the streets of the little village, in the hope of encountering the Spanish girl, who had now come to fill his every thought. A long ramble, back and forth, through every lane and byway, resulted in nothing but disappointment. Turning, at last, to the plaza, he entered it, for the fourth time within an hour, just as the light of a full moon was glorifying the whole place. The pump was there, silent as a sphinx, that broods over the secrets heard whispered near it, for a hundred years; the old bench was there, too; but nothing else; and not a living soul.

"Did he care for the girl?" he said to himself, as he threw himself into a seat. "No! Most certainly not. What foolishness to think it. Did he wish her to care for him? Far otherwise. Why should she? But, how idle, to imagine she could. Indeed, he knew she did not. Her voice, her manner, were indifference itself. Beside, what was he, that a maiden, like her, should care for him? A wreck. A life that had lost its loveliness. A salt, without its savor. He would not meet her again. He would never see her again. If, by chance, they should encounter, a smile, a nod, and a passing by on the other side. That would be all; and that would be best. But, again, the other side: Why deny himself the small pleasure of knowing her? Possibly, after a time, he would find she was not what he fancied, and then to forget her would cost no effort. Why run away from a

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fancy? It would be no harm to her. Oh, no! At the most, a week or two of pleasant hours together, and all would be over."

As he mused, a shadow fell upon the stones, at his feet; and, looking up, he saw the object of his dreams before him. She was dressed in black, with a great, red rose burning its life away at her long throat. She was more startlingly beautiful than ever. His heart beat quick, as, rising, he took the pitcher from her slender hand.

"I thought you would be here," she said, frankly, with a gentle smile. "I came out, hoping I would meet you."

So wholly unprepared was he for such a greeting, that he stood speechless before her.

"You have thought me ungrateful, and cold, and indifferent; but I am far from that," she said. "For days I have hidden away, frightened more than I can tell you; thinking, and thinking; thinking what I would be, had you not been near to save me. Oh, it was horrible!" She clasped her hands, in a frightened way, and shivered with dread.

"You should not agitate yourself about it," said the man, softly and tenderly. "It is all past; and you are alive, well, and happy."

"Happy?" she repeated. "Yes, I am happy. And I am glad. You are so good, so strong, so brave. Do you know, I have thought of you, so often, and planned how I could thank you, and what I could do for your happiness? We are strangers. I do not even know your name, and I have not told my people, because then they would be frightened. But I want to do something. I want to give you something, by which you may remember me—remember a very grateful girl."

He put out his hand, deprecatingly. "No, no," he said, quickly, "do not say that. I have more need to forget you."

"That is not kind in you, nor good, to say such a thing," said she, sadly. "When you speak flatteringly, you speak falsely, and are like other men; and it was because I thought you above them, more true, more worthy, that I came here to-night. Why should you wish to forget me?"

The witchery of the place was upon him. The maddening influence of the moonlight must have gotten into his brain, and crazed him; for, against his will, against his purpose, he caught her hand, and whispered, "Because you are so beautiful."

For an instant, their eyes met. Then, dropping her head, she moved away from him.

"Will you give me my pitcher?" she said, quietly. "I must go home."

He filled the vessel with water.

"Have I offended, or wounded you?" he asked.

"Ask yourself," said the girl. "Think how I have come here, unknown to my friends, only feeling you were noble and good. Surely, as courteous as I thought you, so courteous will you be."

"Yes. And as worthy as you have thought me to be," he replied, warmly, "so worthy will I try to be."

They walked along, side by side. "You have promised me a token," he said, presently. "Do you forget?"

"No. But I cannot give it to you now. Perhaps, when I see you again. Perhaps, to-morrow. Sometime, certainly; but not now. We are near home. Will you come in?"

But he declined; and, with a brief farewell, she was gliding away, when the rose, that had been fastened in her robe, slipped from its place, and fell to the ground. He stooped, and picked it up.

"Give me this, as a memento. I ask nothing more," he cried.

She took it in her hand.

"Oh, dear, dear rose, I have loved you so much," she murmured, "and he will not care for you." Then, kissing it, she shook her head, sadly. "No, I cannot give you this. Yet stay! I will. 'Tis the symbol of silence. Let there be silence between us. Good-night."

A moment later, Carr was alone, walking down the quiet street, and softly humming:

"Oh, Love! it is only a rose,
That your beautiful hand bestows;
But 'tis sweet to me,
For the sympathy,
And friendliness, it shows."

As the days grew, so their love grew. Against reason, judgment, even the remonstrances of his friend—for Mr. Stokes soon discovered his friend's passion—the infatuated man drank deeper and deeper of the intoxicating draught. There were long, warm hours on the morning sands, endless rambles during summer afternoons, and nightly meetings under moonlit skies. The idle and ill-natured looked on and chattered. Mrs. Smith, meantime, smiled sweetly, as if she saw how it would end. And the summer days went by.

At last, there came a night, when the great stars, looking down from a cloudless sky, saw the lovers seated on the bench, in the plaza, where they had first met. They had been there for a long time. Carriers of water had come, at irregular intervals, filled their vessels, and went.

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People had passed and repassed, some with a nod, some with a word, some tarrying for a little gossip. But now, all had departed, and the place was still, the hour late, and each, in silent meditation, motionless. In vain, had the man told himself of his own unworthiness: that the girl cared nothing for him. In vain, had been his many resolutions to leave the place and her. In vain, had he battled with fate. Overcome and conquered, he stretched forth his hand, and drew hers into his own. A great huskiness was in his voice, a strange, hollow sound; and his eyes glowed, with the fierceness of the struggle within him. He bent down, so as to look into her face, and whispered:

"Do you love me?"

The girl started from her reverie; looking deep, deep into his eyes, as if to read his inmost thoughts, ere she replied.

"Do I love you?" she burst forth, at last, with all the passion of her Southern blood. "Can you doubt it? Oh! my love, have I then loved you so poorly, that you need to ask the question?"

His breath came thick and slow. He could not speak. He could not say what he had planned. He could not tell her that now, knowing this, he must go away and leave her. But while he sat, counting the loud beatings of his heart, she drew more near, more tenderly near, and said:

"Why do you ask of me what you do not yourself bestow?"

With a great groan, he gathered her close to him, and held her fast.

"Do I not bestow it? Great heaven, do I not love you? If I did not, I could be glad and happy. Oh, willingly would I lay down my life, if I could spare you the misery of having loved me. You have made a great mistake. I am unworthy, I am vile, I do not deserve the love of anyone: least of all, such love as yours."

"Hush!" she said. "I will not listen to you. Let me love you for what I imagine you to be, and I will never find in you anything else."

"But, if a time should come, when others tell you I am vile and wicked?"

"Then, if you tell me it is not true, I will believe you."

"But if I tell you it is true?"

"If you should tell me it were the truth," and she broke out, in a wild, fearful cry, "if you should tell me it were the truth, and if it could be so, then I would die."

"No, Marie," he said, sadly, "no, Marie, you would not die. Death is a terrible thing; and you would fear less to lose me, than to lose your own life."

She shook her head; deaf to the sound of his words.

"Since I first knew you," she said, "how has it been? You have been my life, my light, my air. Only to be with you, to see you, to hear your dear voice, and I am glad. Away from you, the hours drag themselves along, until I feel something tell me you are drawing near. Ask me to do what you will: to cut off my hand, and I will do it. But do not ask me to think you are less than perfect, as I have painted you upon my heart."

Her voice died in a sob, and catching his hand, she raised it, convulsively, to her lips, covering it with tears and kisses.

"Come," he said. "The hour is late, you are tired, and the open air from the sea will revive you. Let us go down upon the sands."

"I care not where, so you are with me," she murmured. And silently he led her, from the shining plaza, down to the wave-washed shore.

The next morning, Mrs. Smith met Mr. Stokes in the corridor of the hotel, and, pushing him into a corner, whispered two sentences into his ear.

"No!" he shouted. "Impossible!"

"But I tell you it is so," said the lady. "I will show you." And taking him to the office, she pointed to a name among the last arrivals; and then triumphantly led him to her own room, where she finished the story she had to tell.

An hour later, she was upon the beach. There, under a little awning, which Carr had fashioned for her, the Spanish girl was idling, gazing out upon the dancing waves, with a far-away, happy look in her great, dark eyes. Mrs. Smith joined her, with a brief good-morning, and entered at once upon what she had come to say.

"Have you heard the latest, the very latest, news?" she began.

The girl shook her head, and smiled, slightly.

"No, madame," she replied.

"Perhaps it is no news to you. You appear to know Mr. Carr, so intimately, that he has, no doubt, told you all his little secrets."

"I do not know him so well as that, madame. We are friends, but there must be many things he has not told me."

"Then he has never told you he is married?"

For a moment, Miss Pera did not speak. Drop by drop, the blood died away, till the leaden lines of her lips, and the ashen hue of her face, were awful to see.

"Married! That is impossible!" she cried, at last.

"But he is, my dear," continued the widow. "I am afraid you, too, like many another, have

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learned to like him more than you should. Why, he has had a wife, hidden away, for the last half-dozen years. I will tell you how it was."

The girl sat silent, gazing stonily at her. The woman rattled on. "You see, about six years ago, Mr. Carr met a young lady, and after a wild infatuation, and mad devotion, they were secretly married. But the frenzy, at least on his part, was as short as it had been fervent. In a little while, he tired of her, as he would of anyone." The poor girl winced. "But she was not as willing to break the tie as he was. Hence, though he has long wished it, he has failed to get a divorce. They do not live together; they never have; but she is his wife; and she says she will never give him up. For six long years, this has gone on, until now Mr. Carr has, I fear, nearly forgotten himself, so nearly as to lead me to think he might do something rash. Hence, I have written, as was my duty, for his wife to come here, and see for herself. For, you know, my dear," went on this woman fiend, enjoying the torture she inflicted, "one must do one's duty, however painful. Now, while I am talking to you, they are face to face, for the first time in many years; and you may be sure the scene is something beyond description. This is the truth. Come and see for yourself. You will not? Then, good-bye. I must tell the others."

With a wave of her hand, Mrs. Smith departed. As for the poor girl, she sank on the sands, and everything swam around her.

"Is this death?" she moaned, feebly. The breath seemed to have gone from her body, her heart to have ceased beating, and consciousness appeared receding.

A touch aroused her. It was his, she knew, alas! too well. But she did not move.

"Is this death?" she moaned, again.

"Marie," said Carr, "look up. Oh! you have heard. Some one has told you. Show me you can bear even this."

She half rose, crouching on the sand, and turned her eyes upon him, fiercely.

"Tell me it is false," she cried. "Say that the woman lied."

"I cannot," he groaned. "It is the truth."

"Then leave me," she moaned, cowering down again. "Leave me—leave me—leave me."

He put his hand on her shoulder, and tried to comfort her; but she shuddered, and shrank back.

"Leave me—leave me—leave me," was all she said.

There was a sound of laughing. Carr looked up. A party of people were coming down the beach.

"Marie," he said, hurriedly, "meet me, to-night, in the plaza. I will explain all."

Then he was gone. And the burning, maddening glare of the sun, and the sea, and the sand, were alone with her, and her agony. The sun beat down upon her tender form, until the blood boiled feverishly, and bubbled in her brain. The sea piled up its flood, to break in thunder, near her. And in the solemn cadences, she heard a voice cry:

"Die!"

The long, dark wave slid up the shingle, to her feet. And, as it slipped away again, the voice cried:

"Come!"

The blazing sand, on which she lay, was like a bed of coals. Her life was dead, and dark, and terrible: and all her happiness was done.

She staggered to her feet, and lifted up her blinded eyes to heaven.

Like blood, slow dropping from a ghastly wound, the words fell from her trembling lips.

"Let me die! Let me die! Let me die!"

A little later, when the bathing hour began, one of the fishermen's wives was observed, running wildly along the strand, and looking out seaward, as if at some terrible sight that she saw in the tumbling surf.

"What is it?" asked one. "What—Oh! great heaven—"

He broke off, appalled; for there, floating in, on the rising tide, was the drowned and lifeless body of Marie Pera.

## NOT LOST.

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

No other voice will sound so sweet,
No other lips as fondly greet,
No other heart will hear the beat,
Of my sad heart as thine has done.

And yet the days may drift, and drift,
The somber clouds may never lift,
No sunlight gild one fairy rift,
In all the days that are to come.

But heaven has once, with cloudless blue,
And amber sunshine, warm and new,
Bent close, and folded me and you,
In one long summer's dream of bliss.

And we shall know when days are old,
And lonely hearts grow still and cold,
When life is done, its story told,
That all of love we did not miss.

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# THAT OBSTINATE FAMILY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 284.

As Brandt neared his father's domain, he was overtaken by the servant, who had conveyed his luggage to the station. The man informed him that there had been some change in the trains—he had still an hour to wait.

Brandt entered the grounds by a side-gate, and took a short cut, through the shrubberies, to the house. Here, he was told that his mother was in her own apartments, and wished to see him, as soon as he came in.

As Brandt appeared, his mother gave him a half frightened, half irritated glance, and he perceived that something, besides the fact of his sudden departure, was exciting her.

"Here I am, little mother," he said, cheerfully. "I was obliged to go out, but I got back as quick as I could. It seems, I needn't start for an hour yet, so—"

"Oh, I know all about it," interrupted his mother. "Oh, Brandt, Brandt, I wouldn't have believed you could behave so—and what your father will say, if he finds out—oh, I wonder at at you, I do, indeed!"

Brandt wondered, at first, how his mother had gained an inkling of his intercourse with Alice James. But he recollected, that, as he was running through the grounds, he had seen a carriage pass out of the gates, with his mother's special friend, Mrs. Wiseman, seated therein, and he felt confident, that, during the three days which had elapsed since her arrival in the town, that vigilant female had stumbled upon his secret.

For the discovery, he cared not one whit; but he was sorry that it had come before his return from New York; he wanted to see Alice again, before making the communication to his parents, which he had fully decided should be offered, if he found that he must go to Europe.

Peter Gresham could awe most people; but had never succeeded in inspiring any such sentiment in his son; the pair quarreled frequently; but they were very good friends, all the same. Nevertheless, Brandt rather dreaded the effect the news would have on his father.

"How could you do it, Brandt?" Mrs. Gresham repeated. "You needn't try to deceive me any longer."

"Mother," Brandt answered, "I never tried to deceive you or anybody, in my life; only cowards use such arts, and I am not a coward."

His voice was kind, in spite of his words; and Mrs. Gresham, accustomed to yielding to any person, who showed a determined front, answered, timidly:

"Oh, how can you accuse me of such dreadful things?" she cried, with a delicious inconsistency. "When I have always indulged you and petted you! Oh, if you are going to be like the rest, and turn as hard as I don't know what—one of the stone wolves down on the gate-posts—then I'd better roll myself up like a cocoon, and never unroll again."

She slid lower on her sofa, and drew her shawls up, as if preparing to carry her threat into instant execution.

"You haven't told me yet, what my high crime and misdemeanor is," he said. "I fancy I can guess; but you must speak out, before I can defend myself."

"Oh, don't laugh—if your father heard you," sighed Mrs. Gresham. "I declare, I wonder I did not have an attack of nerves, when Mrs. Wiseman told me."

"Ah, I thought it was her doing," cried Brandt.

"But she meant no harm. On the contrary, she said she was quite pleased; for if you and Alice James went out walking, she supposed your father and Miss Judith must have made up their dreadful quarrel. But you know differently. It was wrong of you, Brandt, very wrong, to go and make her acquaintance; but I dare say she was to blame, girls always are—"

"Stop," said Brandt, decisively. "Now, mother, I want you to listen to me! I meant to have told you about Alice, when I came back from town—"

"Oh, oh, don't mention her name! I thought you just said you wouldn't have anything more to do with her."

"I hope to call her my wife, some day," returned Brandt, his face flushing, and his eyes kindling.

"Your wife! Oh, oh!" gasped Mrs. Gresham.

"Now, mother, dear, listen," said Brandt.



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"I love Alice James, and I mean to marry her—you know I don't give up easily."

Any decision, expressed with sufficient firmness, was always a prop to poor Mrs. Gresham's wavering soul; and Brandt spoke so positively, that, for a moment, she accepted his dictum, and listened.

"She is the dearest, sweetest girl that ever existed," pursued Brandt, eagerly. "You know how lovely she is—but her beauty is the least part of it—she is very, very clever, and tender, and noble-hearted as a woman can be. Now, my father—"

"Where? Oh, he isn't coming, is he?" interrupted Mrs. Gresham, in alarm.

"Good gracious, mother, you know he can't stir out of his chair! That's one reason I shan't tell him till I come back from town. Besides, I want to see Alice again before I do it," continued Brandt.

"And you said you hadn't been deceitful, and now you own you have told her—I don't know what!" sighed his mother.

"I have told her I loved her, and asked her to be my wife," said Brandt; "it was hardly to be expected, that I should talk to anybody else, till I found out whether she cared for me—but she does—I learned that, to-day—she does!"

"I'm sure it's very wicked of her!" exclaimed Mrs. Gresham. "But her aunt Judith will soon settle her, when she finds out."

"Aunt Judith made the discovery about an hour since," said Brandt.

"Oh! Did she see you? What *did* she say?" demanded his mother, in fresh alarm.

"Well," replied Brandt, "she abused Alice, and called me several very pretty little names."

"She's the awfulest woman that ever lived!" cried Mrs. Gresham, indignant at the idea of anybody's presuming to malign her boy.

"She is nothing to us," said Brandt.

"I don't see how you can say that, when she is your father's deadly enemy," retorted his mother, with the literalness which was another of her prominent qualities. "The idea of her daring to dispute him, when he says that all their aunt Sophia's money ought to be his!"

"Confound the money!" cried Brandt. "There, there, dear, I didn't mean to startle you! But, don't you understand that Alice and I have nothing to do with their quarrels? We are not to have our happiness ruined on account of them."

"Oh, I never said you ought. How can you accuse me of it, when you've heard me say, over and over, I thought the lawsuit wicked? But she hasn't a penny, either, and your father would never forgive that."

"I have enough for both," said Brandt.

"But he wouldn't give you a dollar, and you've only that twenty-five hundred a year, your godfather left you."

"Very well, we must live on that, till I can earn more. I ought to go to work, anyway. It's a shame for a fellow to do nothing," cried Brandt.

Even in her agitation and trouble, Mrs. Gresham thought that she had never seen Brandt look so handsome.

"You ought to have everything you want!" she cried. "But to talk of your living on twenty-five hundred a year—with a wife—and you spent seven thousand, last year."

"I might as well spend it, since I had it," said Brandt. "But I don't care a straw about being poor. Alice wouldn't, either. I want you to know her, mother: you will love her dearly."

"Oh, I dare say she is nice. If it was left to me you should do as you pleas, and I'd give her all my diamonds, if she liked them: that horrid necklace always hurts me, anyway! And there's my money. But we can't either of us touch it, and if I tried to make a will, your father would burn it up, if it didn't suit him. But, it's wicked of her to go liking you, when your father don't approve."

"I'll arrange matters with him," said Brandt, almost losing patience. "Now, mother, you must not say a word to anybody, till I come home again."

At this moment, a servant knocked at the door, to say that the carriage waited, and it was time for him to start. So Brandt bade his mother good-bye, leaving her weeping, bitterly. He went to the library, for an instant; made his adieus to his father; and received the latter's last instructions.

But, hurried as he was, Brandt took time to scribble a few loving, hopeful words to Alice, reminding her that she could not go back from the confession she had made, bidding her be of good cheer till his return, and not to let Miss Judith torment her beyond reason. He was leaving his valet behind, and knowing that he could trust to the man's fidelity and acuteness, he confided the note to his care, with strict orders that, "by hook or by crook," he should manage to put it into the young lady's own hands before evening.

Brandt set out on his journey, in comparatively good spirits. The words he had spoken to his mother had not been uttered without due deliberation. He had always been an obedient son, but he was a man now, and had to live his own life; in many things, it would be just and right that he should yield to his father's experience and mature judgment; but not where

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his heart was concerned. Nothing could be urged against his choice, except that its object was poor.

He thought these things over, while the train sped on through the night. Occasionally, he remembered what Alice had said about his family objecting. But, it was impossible, he assured himself, that a girl should long persist in refusing her lover, because his family were opposed to her. Had there been other reasons—a stain upon her birth—a disgraceful history connected with some relative—then a woman might be worked upon; though, even in such case, according to Brandt's clear, common-sense view, she would show herself morbid and unhealthy minded, and mistake duty for an unnecessary sacrifice, that could not be acceptable either to God or any right-thinking human being.

But Brandt did not sufficiently take into account the peculiar womanly pride, which makes it so difficult for a girl to enter a family unwilling to receive her; the terrible fear that it must be her duty to sacrifice her lover and herself, rather than to risk separating him from his parents. Nor did he fully recognize the firmness of Alice's character, and the strength she would put into any purpose, if convinced that she was right. For, in spite of her gentleness, she was a thorough Gresham in her pride.

Brandt had not overrated the skill and intelligence of his faithful Swiss. The letter reached Alice, before nightfall. Miss Judith, after she and her niece returned home, had preserved a complete and awful silence. She drank her tea in mute dignity. This stateliness proved rather lost upon Alice, however, whose mind was too full of other things for her to notice it particularly. When Miss Judith perceived this, she grew savage.

"Go to your own room, and stay there for the evening," she said, sharply.

"Certainly," replied Alice.

It was not long after she had been thus dismissed, that Jemima, the cook, came stealing into the girl's chamber, and gave her the letter which Brandt had written, the valet having bribed the cook to deliver it.

Alice slept little, that night; but when she rose in the morning, she thought she saw her duty tolerably clear. Miss Judith was certain that she saw hers, though she had passed almost as many wakeful hours as her niece, debating divers plans of action, and choosing between them. At one time, the idea of thwarting and punishing old Peter Gresham, inclined her strongly to shut her eyes, and leave the young people free to follow their own devices. She knew, that Peter contemplated a rich marriage for his son. To have him marry a penniless girl, and that girl the favored niece of his enemy, would, therefore, be a bitterer pill than her cousin had ever been forced to swallow. But, on the other hand, she detested young Gresham so cordially, that the thought of allowing him to be happy, if she could prevent it, was abhorrent to her. Then, too, she did not want Alice to become anybody's wife: she wished her companionship. Another, and very powerful reason, decided her. She felt as certain, as if the decree had already passed, that the will would finally be decided in her favor; after her, the law might give the fortune to her half-sister's child; and the reflection, that Brandt Gresham might one day enjoy her fortune, was intolerable.

No! She would go to old Peter. She would separate the pair. Naturally, she did not put her evil thoughts, in the bald fashion I have done; she dressed them up, in the guise of religion and duty. Brandt Gresham was a scamp: she must save her niece.

All the morning she was busy. The clergyman came, about the affairs of some society, of which she was the treasurer. Then it was dinner-time; so she could not attack Alice until the afternoon.

She stalked into the dismal parlor, where the girl sat sewing, and seating herself opposite, grimmer and glummer than ever, said, abruptly:

"You have had sufficient time to reflect—to see your abominable conduct in its proper light—and now I have come for your answer. There must be no attempt at shilly-shallying—no deception. I shall not be content with your mere promise. You shall take an oath, as solemn as if you were in a court of justice, never to speak to Brandt Gresham again. The consequences of a refusal I will explain, if you hesitate. Will you do this, Alice James?"

"No, aunt," Alice replied, without an instant's delay, speaking very calmly, and looking full into Miss Judith's keen, gray eyes. "My life is too empty and barren, for me, voluntarily, to relinquish so great a happiness, as that which I have found in my cousin's friendship and affection."

"That is positively indecent language," cried Miss Judith. "How can you be so brazen, as to talk about any young man in that way? Your life empty, indeed. Idle, you mean. There's the Dorcas society basket been sitting two days on the table, full of work, and not a stitch have you put into hem or seam."

Then she discovered, that descending to such petty details, was not in keeping with the Nemesis-like grandeur she had meant to preserve, and stopped in angry confusion.

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"I think you must know what I meant, aunt," said Alice, still going on with her needlework.

"I know what I mean, and that's better than having to waste my time, trying to translate your absurd, novel-reading talk into English. You are the wickedest girl that ever lived. I have taken care of you—I have supported you—and now you dare to turn and sting me—viper that you are. Alice James, you will either promise what I bid, or leave my house."

"Then I must leave your house, aunt Judith."

The voice was so firm in its calmness; the eyes, which confronted her, so resolute, that they brought Miss Judith partially back to her senses. She recognized that she had gone too far. She had not dreamed that the girl, whom she had believed a poor, spiritless thing, because she had hitherto been meekly submissive, would venture to disregard this threat. As she neither wanted to lose Alice's society, nor her help in the house, nor to relinquish her little income, she said:

"I suppose you know I am your guardian. You can't touch your money, till you are of age—I won't give you a penny. So, if you go, you starve."

"Then I must starve," Alice answered, bravely.

She knew, indeed, of an old friend of her mother's, who had lately opened a school in the neighborhood of her former home, and she hoped to get a position as teacher there; but this was uncertain, and hence the high courage of her words.

But Miss Judith misunderstood her. She supposed Alice expected her marriage with Brandt to put her beyond the need of requiring her own pittance; and she hastened to dispel that illusion.

"In the first place, Brandt Gresham hasn't a dollar of his own," she began; "not a dollar—remember that. If he were to marry you, old Peter would never give him a shilling—he means him to find an heiress. You needn't think anything would soften Peter. He'd see you both die in the gutter, before he would help, if Brandt disobeyed him. But that's no matter—that young villain never dreamed of such a thing. He is the most abandoned wretch that exists—he has the vilest intentions, when he tries to make you believe he loves you—he—"

She could not finish. Alice had risen, and gone swiftly out of the room; and Miss Judith, immediately after, heard her mount the stairs, and lock herself in her chamber.

For a few moments, the old maid sat shaking in wrath, such as even her violent temper had seldom known. She must have action, movement of some sort, or she should die in a fit, as more than one Gresham before her had done.

She would take no time to think; she would go to old Peter's house; force her way into his presence, and tell him what had happened. He would turn her out of doors, perhaps. But she did not care for that; she would not leave, until he had heard her story.

The distance to Mr. Gresham's house, was a longer walk than the spinster felt able to take. She had to go to a livery stable, and incur the expense of a carriage, and this was gall and wormwood to her miserly soul; for the habits of economy, which had been forced upon her in early life, had, with the lapse of years, grown into parsimony.

As she was driving over the bridge, where Alice and Brandt had first met, she encountered Mrs. Gresham's luxurious landeau, with that lady seated therein.

Miss Judith glared fixedly at the poor, little woman, who quite trembled under the glance; but could no more look away, than a bird could from the eyes of a snake.

"She looks paler than usual, and she has been crying," thought Miss Judith, after her crazy vehicle had passed on. "I hope old Peter has been beating her—he will, some day—they say his temper gets worse and worse. And she deserves anything he might do—anything."

For, if possible, the spinster was bitterer, in her feelings, against old Peter's wife, than she was against him; though, long before the helpless lady married him, Miss Judith had known there was no hope for her. She did not allow herself to believe, that she had ever loved her cousin. But she had; and the disappointment had added to the force with which she had hated him.

The sight of Miss Judith strengthened little Mrs. Gresham, in a project which she had been debating, with an energy she seldom put into any matter. The more she reflected upon Brandt's avowal, the more frightened she grew. A quarrel between her boy and her husband would kill her. She could not live, if she were deprived of her son's society; and she knew Brandt's determination of character so well, that she was certain he would disregard his father's threats; while she was equally certain, that if he married Miss Judith's penniless niece, old Peter would disown and cast him off forever.

If she could see Alice James, and point out to her the misery she would cause, unless she at once voluntarily gave up Brandt: if she could show her what a wreck she would make of his life, if she refused: then, it seemed to her, she might move the girl, unless Alice were utterly

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heartless and unfeminine. Besides, if Alice were influenced by the fact of Brandt's being the heir to a great fortune, she would naturally hesitate about marrying him, if by doing so she caused him to lose it. In either case, Mrs. Gresham hoped for success. But the thought, which deterred her, was the fear of Brandt's anger, in case he found out what she had done; and how could she be sure the girl would keep the secret? But Alice must be human: she could not drive a poor mother to despair. Oh, weak and helpless as she was, Mrs. Gresham felt that she could succeed in softening Alice enough to gain this mercy.

And now, the sight of Miss Judith nerved her. She might never get such an opportunity again. It was, perhaps, her only chance to meet Alice James alone.

When she reached the town, she had the coachman leave her near the square, in which Miss Judith lived; and, without giving herself time to hesitate, she walked up the steps of the dwelling, and pulled the bell.

Alice was coming downstairs, at the moment; and, knowing that Jemima was busy, she opened the door herself. When she recognized Brandt's mother, she stood dumb, with amazement.

The hall was so gloomy, that, at first, Mrs. Gresham could not see the person who had admitted her. So she said, in a trembling voice:

"I wish to see Miss Alice James."

"I am Alice James," the young lady replied.

"Oh—oh—excuse me—it is so dark!" faltered Mrs. Gresham, ready to burst out crying.

"Will you walk this way, please," said Alice, closing the outer door, and opening that which led into the parlor.

Mrs. Gresham followed, shivered at the dreary aspect of the room, looked helplessly at Alice, and said:

"Perhaps you don't know me."

"Oh, yes," Alice answered; "you are Mrs. Gresham."

"Yes—I am Brandt's mother. I—I have come to see you—there is something I want to say."

Alice, in the midst of her own trouble, could feel heartily sorry for the little woman's embarrassed distress. She could not tell, whether her first wild hopes were correct: that the mother had been told their story by Brandt, and had come to offer sympathy and affection, or whether her intention was to upbraid; but she pitied Mrs. Gresham all the same. Drawing forward an easy chair, she made her visitor sit down, and said:

"It was very good of you to come, dear madam."

Her sweetness and gentleness touched Mrs. Gresham; and, as she gazed into the beautiful face, a hasty thought crossed the bewildered chaos which served her for a mind. "How charming it would be, to have a daughter-in-law like this gentle creature," she said, to herself. And she added, mentally, "How hard that poor Brandt cannot be allowed his own way."

"I had to come," she said, aloud, in a bewildered fashion: "and when I saw Miss Judith, I knew I'd better do it now."

Again that blessed hope shot across Alice's heart. Could it be, that Brandt's mother, at least, knew and approved his choice?

"I—I am very glad to see you," she said, a sudden shyness coming over her. "My cousin has told me so much about you—he loves you so dearly!"

Mrs. Gresham burst into tears.

"Oh—oh!" she cried, wringing her hands, "you mustn't be glad. You mustn't call him your cousin, even. Mr. Gresham won't have it! Oh, I can't tell it, as I wish! My dear, I'm not hard and cruel—and you're so pretty—and Brandt loves you—he told me so—and you mustn't let him—indeed, you must not—his father will disown him. And, oh, if they find out I have been here, I don't know which will be the most furious—and if Miss Judith should come home, she'd kill me!"

It was all over. Alice felt that her last hope was dead. But no human being must see her falter; and now she must comfort this poor, weak woman.

"No one shall be told of your coming, Mrs. Gresham," she said.

"You'll never tell Brandt—never?" pleaded the mother.

"Never," Alice answered.

"Oh, you are an angel—he said you were!" moaned Mrs. Gresham, still wringing her hands. "I do think it is dreadful, that when he has found somebody he loves, who would just suit me for a daughter—for you would: I know you would—and now it can't be—Peter wouldn't allow it!"

Alice took the quivering hands in hers, and kissed them.

"Don't be so troubled," she said; "there is no need."

"Oh, it would kill me, not to see Brandt—and Peter would never let me," sobbed Mrs. Gresham. "And Brandt is so determined: he'll take his own way, if he can. And, oh, my dear, what would he do without money, brought up as he has been? And you are so sweet and good—I am sure you are. I'd have loved you so dearly—but I mustn't—Peter won't allow it. And so, I hope you will be generous. My dear, I'd kneel to you, if it would do any good—"

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"Oh, stop, stop!" interrupted Alice, in agony. "Don't be afraid that—"

"Oh, yes, I must be afraid—unless you will give him up," cried Mrs. Gresham. "And if he knows I came, he will not forgive it; and, if you don't let him go, Peter will cast him off."

"Only listen to me!" Alice said, with a firmness, which had the effect of silencing the poor woman, for a moment. "You have no cause for fear. I shall never marry Brandt, against his father's wishes. I swear it to you, by what is the most sacred thing to me in the world, my mother's memory."

With a fresh burst of sobs, Mrs. Gresham exclaimed:

"Oh, it is all settled—oh, you dear girl! Oh, if you will take it, I have money enough to help you a good deal. Peter wouldn't care what sum he gave—"

She stopped, frightened by the girl's face, choked by her own sobs. For a second, Alice, yielding to her outraged pride, had an impulse to leave the room. But the anger passed quickly. The timid soul, Alice felt, had not meant to insult her.

"You must not speak of such things," she said, at last.

"I won't—I won't—I only meant to show that I liked you," sighed Mrs. Gresham. "And you have promised—you'll not be persuaded?—you'll not—"

"I never break my word," Alice interrupted. "And now, I think we need say no more."

She wanted her visitor to go, for she felt she was near the end of her strength.

"Oh, if Miss Judith should come," cried Mrs. Gresham. "I mustn't stop. Oh, my dear, say you don't hate me—I'd have loved you so!"

Alice opened her arms, and the poor woman threw herself into them, and sobbed there for a few seconds; while the girl found courage, amid her own anguish, to whisper words of comfort; to reiterate her pledge; and to promise always to think affectionately of Brandt's mother.

At last, Mrs. Gresham got herself out of the house, and Alice was alone. She went back to her own room, and locked her door. Half-an-hour elapsed, and so far from having yet been able to subdue her agony, it seemed with each instant to increase. There came, too, the recollection of Miss Judith's horrible insinuations, and this last insult about the money. She could not banish them. They seemed to desecrate and degrade the pure, holy love, which must be torn out forever from her breaking heart.

She heard the bell ring. Ah! her aunt had come back. But no! for Jemima was in parley with some one, at the outer door; then Jemima's steps were heard on the stairs; and then Jemima was pounding frantically on the door of her room, and shouting:

"Brandt Gresham is here, and wants to see you!"

"No, no!" called Alice. "Tell him to go away."

In another moment, she heard Brandt, outside.

"Let me in, Alice! For God's sake, let me see you a moment!" he said.

"No, no!" she repeated.

"But I must—you must hear!" cried Brandt. "Where is Miss Judith?"

"Gone to see your father," broke in Alice. "I have promised not to see you—I shall keep my word. Go to aunt Judith."

"I will," said Brandt, and without further speech, he descended the stairs, and left the house.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

# WORK.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

The weary earth is filled with untouched work,
  Waiting for hands to do. Why do you stand and look?
Are you no better than the butterflies,
  Or nodding flower beside the grimmer brook?

All souls love sunshine, and the scented air,
  And rest, and comfort; but the sad, old earth
Is dim with shadows, and is stirred and jarred
  With groans and wailings of the minor-birth.

For every one there is some work to do,
  With brain, or hand, or lip; something to earn;
Some niche to fill; some helpless life to ease;
  Some things make straight, and much of lore to learn.

Therefore, you cannot stand silent and still;
  There is no stopping-place for one to rest;
A soul must either retrogade, or go,
  Higher and purer into regions blest.

One or the other you must choose, and work
  Is the benignant helper of the life
That upward moves. You would not stand and rust,
  Useless and cumbersome there, in the grooves?

Work is the refuge blest of rich and poor.
  Of all uncomforted and sad of heart!
This is your tower of strength thro' all the days:
  Take it, and hold it sacred as lost art.

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# THE "SECOND FIDDLE."

BY AGNES JAMES.

It is high noon of an August day at Lacy Manor. Sir John Lacy, the owner of that fine, old moated Hall, is in the library, reading. But out on the lawn, on the other side of the moat, his four sons are lounging on the grass, with their younger sister Vera, looking on.

Lacy Hall is the pride of three counties. It is one of the few moated houses left in England. A stone bridge, in its front, and a causeway, connect it with the mainland: where is a grassy lawn of some twenty acres, ending in a park of several hundred, full of superb, old trees. Fred, the eldest, who has come of age, is reading: so, too, is Philip, the second son; while the two youngest, Jack and Reggie, lads of sixteen and fourteen, roll and scuffle on the grass, "mixed up" in a romp with half-a-dozen dogs.

"One of you fellows go in, and get me the second volume of 'Pendennis,' won't you?" Philip remarks, closing his book, lazily.

"There's Vera. Tell her to bring it," suggests Jack.

Vera darts over the balustraded causeway, and soon reappears, bringing the book.

"Boys," she says, addressing Jack and Reggie, "make the most of to-day. We'll all have to be on good behavior, to-morrow. Katharine will bring down so many fine people."

"I don't mind Katharine so much," Reggie grumbles. "But it's aunt Alice, and all those other people. And some of them are going to stay six weeks, too. It's beastly!"

"You won't be 'Queen Vera' any more," says Jack, "when 'Miss Lacy' comes. You'll have to play 'second fiddle' now; and Katharine will have everything as *she* pleases."

"Very well. I'm sure it is a great deal of trouble to keep house. I am very tired of it."

"What did the London ladies think of you, by-the-bye, when you went up to town, last year, Vera?" Philip asks, teasingly. "Did they take you for a 'wild Irish girl,' or a bush-woman?"

"They didn't think anything of me. I wasn't 'out.' I was only a 'little girl,' and nobody saw me—"

"Except when Lady Mary Vicars lent you her horse and habit, and you rode with Cathcart and me, in the Park," Fred exclaims. "By Jove! You made all the girls as mad as hatters, riding so much better than any of them; and aunt Alice said you shouldn't go again. 'It was highly improper for a child to attract so much attention.' Cathcart made her change horses with him, Phil: and she rode that black hunter of his. Everybody knew the horse, and people opened their eyes, to see a lady riding him."

"Hurrah for Queen Vera!" shouts Jack.

"But that was my only appearance in public," Vera says, laughing. "After that, I didn't go anywhere, except that Fred took me to see 'the sights'—the Tower, and St. Paul's, and the Museum, and—oh, everywhere—but never where anyone was."

"There were crowds of people, at the Academy, the day I took you there. Some fellows asked me, afterwards, who the little girl in gray, I had with me, was."

"Did you tell them?" asks Vera, hurriedly, an unaccountable blush dyeing her cheeks.

"Of course. And I told them you were 'not out,' and were going home the next day."

Vera looks at him, anxiously; but his face is perfectly serene and grave. There is no suspicion of a laugh in his kindly blue eyes.

"He *doesn't* know, I'm sure! The man must have been a stranger to Fred, too!" she thinks.

The boys chatter on about something else, and Vera sits there, her cheeks still crimson, thinking over that morning at the Academy, when "something" had happened, which she has never told to anyone.

She remembered that she had dropped Fred's arm, as they stood before a certain picture, and had stepped forward to examine it more closely. It was a shady dell, in an English park. Noble oak and elm trees stood "knee-deep in fern," and a doe and fawn were crouched in the cool, green shade, a single ray of sunlight penetrating the leafy covert, and falling upon the tender, pretty head of the fawn.

She had stood, for a long time, gazing at the lovely, peaceful scene; and had then stepped back, clasping her hands on her brother's arm again.

"Oh, Fred!" she had exclaimed, impulsively, "it is so like home, it makes me want to cry."

There had come no answer to this childish remark, and when she looked up in astonishment—it was not Fred, but a *stranger*, who stood there, looking down at her, with eyes that were brimming over with laughter.



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Surprise and shame took away Vera's senses, for a moment. Then she snatched away her hands, gasped out the words "Oh! I thought it was my brother," and darted away, while the stranger was parting his lips to speak. What would have become of Vera, if she had not run against Fred, the next moment, who can say?

"Oh, Fred! Let's go home!" she exclaimed, breathlessly, clasping his arm with both hands.

"What! Tired already? Just come over here, and look at this picture. There's a horse, just like old Bonnibelle," Fred replied, and Vera yielded, and went with him. But, on the other side of the room, she started and clung closer to Fred, for there was the terrible "unknown," looking at her, watching her, with those dark eyes, that had laughed down upon her a little while ago. Really, it was dreadful, the way they encountered "that horrid man," at every turn. And she could not, of course, tell Fred about it.

Once, after that dreadful morning, Vera had seen the "unknown." She caught a glimpse of him, in the park, the day of her ride. She knew him, instantly. There was no mistaking that dark, handsome face, the long, full moustache, the tall, soldierly figure, the general air of self-possession and command. For one second, their eyes met, as she walked the black hunter slowly past the park railing, where the "unknown" was standing. A look of recognition came into his face. Vera half feared he was going to bow to her; but he did not. He did not even smile, but just looked at her gravely and keenly.

How hateful it was, in "that horrid man," to dare to recognize her, as she saw he did! From that day to this, Vera has never thought of that unlucky occurrence without a strange mingling of emotions; violent shame at her stupid blunder; an unreasonable hatred of the "unknown;" an occasional wonder as to who he was, and what he really thought of her; and, above all, an irresistible inclination to laugh at the absurdity of the whole thing.

The next day after that scene on the lawn, Miss Lacy came home. There had been a great upturning and refurnishing, going on in the house, for weeks before her arrival. Sir John had given his daughter *carte blanche*, and Miss Lacy, accordingly, had sent down loads of pretty things, so that Vera and the old housekeeper hardly knew how to dispose of them.

"And," grumbles Mrs. Rowland, "whichever way we does it, it's sure to be wrong; for Miss Katharine have allers ideas of her own."

"I know," Vera says, patiently. "But we must do the best we can. I am sure the rooms all look very pretty."

"So I think, Miss Vera; but, it's easier to please you, than Miss Katharine."

"That is because Katharine knows so much better than I do," Vera says, with a laugh.

But the worry and bustle of preparation are over, and Miss Lacy and her guests have actually arrived. Vera is dressing for dinner, after the rather trying ordeal of the arrival is over, when she hears a light tap at the door, which immediately opens, and "May I come in?" is followed by a little rush, and she finds herself tumultuously hugged and kissed, by her friend, Lady Mary Vicars.

"You dear little thing! I didn't kiss you, half enough, downstairs, and I wanted to talk to you, so I got one of the maids to bring me here. I'm dressed, you see. I made Adams hurry, because I had so much to say to you. How you have grown! You couldn't wear my riding-habit, now."

"I'm so glad you came!" Vera cries. "I want you to tell me all about those people. Are they nice and pleasant?"

"Great bores—some of them," Lady Mary replies, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Your aunt made up the party, I think. The Etheredges, you know, are enormously—horribly, rich. The sister is a beauty, too, isn't she? But no more life than a wax figure. However, I rather think Mrs. Ferrester destines her for your brother, Frederick. Mr. Ferrester is awfully in love with Kate. So is Lord Linton—"

"What, that old man?" Vera cries, indignantly.

"Hush, my dear," laughs Lady Mary. "He is very well preserved. He isn't really over sixty either. And Linton Park is a magnificent place. But let me whisper a secret—that is, if Kate has not written it to you. The true 'hero of romance' has not yet appeared on the scene. Sir Louis Trezevant is coming. He and Major Cathcart will be here, this evening—"

"Oh, is Major Cathcart coming? I am very glad."

"Do you know him? Oh! I remember—it was his black hunter you rode, that day. Yes, poor man! He is still singeing his wings at Katharine's lamp of beauty. But Sir Louis—really, Vera, he is charming. Last year, he was only a poor captain, roasting in India. Now he is a baronet, with a large fortune. He isn't spoiled either, though heaven knows he's had flattery enough."

The little woman paused for breath: then went on.

"Well, as for the other gentlemen—Sir Harry Brooke and Mr. Trowbridge—I think Mrs.

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Forrester asked them just for propriety's sake. It would have been hardly decorous, for the whole company of males to be composed of Kate's adorers. So she asked Sir Harry, who hasn't an idea beyond a horse, and will not be a formidable rival of your brother's, with Miss Etheredge. And Mr. Trowbridge, who sings divinely, and is quite the fashion."

"And why did she ask you?" Vera questions, laughingly, with her arms around Lady Mary's waist.

"Oh, I am the fashion too," Lady Mary replies, coolly. "I am not pretty—at least, not very, and I haven't a sixpence in the world, except what grandmamma gives me; but, fortunately, I please the popular taste, and so it's quite the correct thing to ask me."

"You ridiculous girl!" Vera exclaims, giving her a loving, little shake. "Katharine wanted you, because she likes you. But now tell me something more about Sir Louis Trezevant. Does Kate like him?"

"How do I know? He is the best *parti* of the season, and Kate is the beauty. He certainly admires her. Yes, my dear, I think Sir Louis is to be your brother-in-law."

Tap! tap! at the door, and Kate comes sweeping in, in a dress of pale-blue silk, and creamy lace.

"What, not dressed!" she cries to Vera.

"Oh, Katharine! How lovely! Lady Mary, isn't she lovely?" Vera exclaims, ecstatically, with clasped hands. Lady Mary nods an emphatic confirmation; for Kate really is beautiful, with a perfect, rounded, but slender figure. She looks taller than she is, from the upright, stately carriage. Her face is a delicate oval, of the purest type. She is a blonde, with cheeks and lips of sweetest red, eyes blue as heaven, and a quantity of fair hair, piled high on her head, and clustering in enchanting little rings, around her white forehead. Kate smiles, graciously, at Vera's admiration; and then proceeds to inspect her sister's toilet; and open her wardrobes.

"Have you nothing less Quakerish than that gray silk, Vera?" she says. "No, I see that is the most presentable. Isn't it a mercy, Mary, that I brought her down ever so many dresses, partly made? Rosine and Harriet must finish them at once. Where is Harriet?"

"The housemaids were so busy, I let her go to help them," Vera says, apologetically.

"Ah! Rosine shall come and dress you, then, and you must have some pink roses and ribbons, to brighten that absurd dress. Another day, do not let Harriet go."

Katharine sweeps out again, and Rosine appears, as if by magic. The maid brings a box of ribbons and flowers. With her nimble French fingers, she soon produces an exquisite effect.

"You look like a little angel, child," Lady Mary vehemently declares. "Rosine, you are a witch! Come, Vera! Let us run down-stairs, or we will be late."

At the drawing-room door, Lady Mary suddenly stops, in surprise. "Why, there are Major Cathcart and Sir Louis!" she exclaims. "I wonder how they got here."

"They must have taken the train, that left half-an-hour after yours, and came across the country from Foxton," Vera says.

Then she advances towards the group, of which Katharine is the centre, and greets Major Cathcart with a smile. "I am very glad to see you," she is saying cordially, when Katharine touches her.

"Sir Louis Trezevant, Vera," says her sister. "This is my sister, Vera, Sir Louis."

Vera looks up. Looks up, in consternation, for she sees the same keen, dark eyes, that had laughed down upon her, that "dreadful day," at the Academy. It takes Vera's breath away for a moment. Then she is reassured, by the utter want of recognition, on the gentleman's face. He apparently does not remember her—has probably forgotten all about that little scene.

It is uncomfortable enough, however, to deepen her color, and make her acknowledgement of the gentleman's bow and smile, a very stately one. Then she turns back to Major Cathcart. But all through her conversation with him, Vera's glances wander, now and then, towards Sir Louis and Katharine, who are near her. She has never seen Katharine so animated, so lovely. And Sir Louis, she thinks, gazes down upon that lovely face, with most admiring eyes.

Vera is not altogether inexperienced in "love affairs." A little smile dimples her cheek, as her eyes come back, from one of those stolen glances at Sir Louis' dark, handsome face.

"Yes, he will be my brother-in-law, of course," she is thinking, "and, after all, I shall like him, very well; and then, some day, I will remind him of that morning, at the Academy, and we will laugh at it together."

It is three weeks since Miss Lacy came home with her guests. There have been gayeties innumerable, at Lacy Hall, and in its hospitable neighborhood; but, to-day, there is nothing special in prospect.

"So, we will have a long, quiet time, for our drawing lesson, Miss Vera," Sir Louis is saying, as they stroll together, across the lawn.

It has somehow happened that these two have

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been a great deal together. Sir Louis, who is quite an artist, is much interested in Vera's drawing, and almost every day they have gone "sketching" together. "It is very kind of him," Vera thinks, "and so nice of him not to monopolize Kate, as he might do. And, of course, if he is not with her, he likes to be with me, because he can talk about her."

"Where shall we go, to-day?" Sir Louis askes.

"I want to draw some ferns, and I will take you to a place where they grow so beautifully," Vera replies. So they wander on through the park, and pause, at last, where the shade is deepest, and only now and then a stray sunbeam steals through the green leaves. A little spring bubbles up from the ground, and runs sparkling away, through emerald grass and moss. Delicate fronds of fern lean over the spring, to mirror themselves in its depths. The great oak and elm trees around, are "knee-deep in ferns."

"There! Isn't it lovely here?" Vera asks.

"Lovely, lonesome, cool and green," Sir Louis says, smiling, and standing still, for a moment, to admire the scene. Then he arranges Vera's easel and chair; and, as she takes her seat, he throws himself upon the grass beside her.

"I think I shall take that clump, just in front of that gray rock. See! there is a delicate little vine clambering over the rock, with some scarlet berries on it. I will make a sketch of it, and some day I will paint it in water-colors. Would it be pretty?" So speaks Vera.

"Very!" Sir Louis says, a little absently.

Vera glances down at him, and smiles mischievously.

"He isn't looking at it! He doesn't know what I am talking about. He is thinking of Kate," she says, to herself, and goes on silently with her drawing.

She raises her head, at last. Sir Louis' eyes are fixed upon her face. In too great haste to notice this, she exclaims, "Look, Sir Louis! Do you think I am getting it right? See how lovely those fern shadows are, and that slanting sunbeam!"

Sir Louis looks at her sketch, and then at the original.

"That ray of sunlight is most effective," he says. "You are getting it, admirably. I remember something just like it, in a picture at the Academy, last year. This cool, green spot resembles that picture. There were a doe and a fawn, crouched down amidst the fern. Ah, *you* remember, too!"

It is intolerable, the triumphant mischief, in his laughing voice and eyes. Vera knows she is blushing scarlet, but she manages to speak, with dignity—with freezing dignity, in fact.

"Of course, I was not likely to forget my stupid blunder," she says. "I took you for my brother."

"Forgive me, Miss Vera," Sir Louis says, contritely. "I didn't mean to speak of it. I saw, that day, in the park, that the recollection annoyed you, and I ought never to have referred to it. But, indeed, the temptation, just now, was too strong."

There is still a thrill of laughter in his voice, and Vera goes on drawing with silent dignity. Then Sir Louis raises himself from his careless posture, and stands before her, penitently.

"Miss Vera! You are not really offended with me for—for remembering—are you?"

He asks this so anxiously, that Vera looks at him, quickly. He really looks so miserable, that her dignity gives way, and she bursts into a peal of laughter. Sir Louis, with a look of great relief, drops on his knees beside her, and holds out his hand.

"You *do* forgive me, then?" he cries. "You will shake hands with me, and let us be friends?"

Vera gives him her hand, still laughing.

"It was too absurd!" she says. "Yes, I forgive you. But—but what for?"

"For daring to remember you!" Sir Louis half whispers, with his dark eyes looking straight into hers. Then he suddenly raises her hand to his lips, and kisses it, before she can draw it away.

It is nothing, of course—that is, it means nothing; and he is Katharine's lover—but Vera is a little startled. Because, if he were not so certainly Katharine's lover, she might almost think he was making love to her. Instantly, she is provoked with herself, for being so silly.

"There," she says, lightly, drawing away her hand, quickly. "'Queen Vera' forgives you. But, I hope you were not so treacherous as to tell any one—Fred, for instance—about my mistake?"

"Indeed, I was not," Sir Louis says, earnestly. "No. I had been watching you, enjoying your enjoyment of that picture, for some time. You must forgive that, too, please," he says, with a quick glance at her face. "And I saw that your dismay, when you looked up at me, was genuine. Then, afterwards, of course, I saw you with Fred—I've known him, for years—and knew you were his sister. In fact, he told me that afterwards, and reduced me to despair, by adding that you were not 'out,' and would go back into the country in a couple of days."

Vera laughs merrily, as she listens.

"However, I was only in town for a few days, myself," he adds. "I had just came home from India, and was going down to Trezevant."

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"Then you did not meet Katharine, last season?" Vera asks.

"Your sister? No! When I first heard of Miss Lacy, in town, this season, I imagined it might be my little friend of the Academy. So I was rather anxious to see her."

"How disappointed you must have been, when you did see her," Vera says, with a sidelong, laughing glance of her blue eyes, from under their dark lashes.

Sir Louis smiles. "Of course," he says, quietly. "But I was consoled, when I found, that, if I would be a very good boy, she would let me come down here—where I could see—you. And," he resumes, after a moment's pause, "she really looks very like you, and so it was a great pleasure—"

"Katharine—like me!" Vera cries, in great astonishment.

"Certainly," Sir Louis says. He is lying on the grass again, and looking tranquilly into Vera's face. He goes on coolly, gazing at her face, as if it were a picture he was analyzing. "Your eyes are darker—your brows and lashes much darker, and your hair golden-brown, instead of 'blonde.' Then your nose—"

"Oh, I know my nose turns up," Vera says.

"It is only tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower," Sir Louis says, laughing. "And your sister's is straight—pure Grecian. However, it it is my private opinion, that she would give you that, and something to boot, if you would let her have those dimples that come and go, like—"

"How can you be so absurd, Sir Louis?" Vera exclaims, laughing and coloring.

"For the rest, you are very like her—in appearance. When you have grown another inch—"

"I don't expect to grow any more. I am eighteen now—only a year younger than Katharine." Vera says this a little indignantly.

"I am glad you do not mean to grow any more. You are just the right height—'just as high as my heart,'" Sir Louis says, with perfect coolness.

Vera begins to be a little provoked. It is too bad, in Kate's lover, to be talking such nonsense to her. So she does not answer this speech; but goes quietly on with her drawing. Presently, she asks Sir Louis, "if he had brought Owen Meredith with him." It seems he had. Surely, it is a little bit dangerous, oh, my dear Vera, to sit in that "lovely, lonesome" spot, pretending to draw, while a young man, with expressive, dark eyes, and an equally expressive voice, lies at your feet, and reads "The Goodnight in the Porch!" A little dangerous, under any circumstances, but doubly dangerous, when that young man is Katharine's lover.

When Vera looks at her watch, she starts with horror. It is after one o'clock.

There is a hurried gathering up of effects, and a rapid retreat to the house, where luncheon is in progress, and everybody talking gaily—everybody, except Mary and Fred, who are absent.

"Vera," says aunt Alice, "I want you in my room, after luncheon."

Vera knows that peculiar, terse sound, in aunt Alice's voice. She is very much put out with some one, and Vera sees she is to be the scapegoat. She follows, very meekly, to Mrs. Forrester's chamber.

"May I ask where you have been, all the morning?" is aunt Alice's first awful inquiry.

"Only sketching, in the park," answers Vera, very meekly.

"With Sir Louis Trezevant," Mrs. Forrester says, tragically, as she "fixes her with her glittering eye." Then she goes on, severely. "Have you no sense of propriety, at all? To spend the whole morning—alone—with a man, whom you have every reason to believe, is—is—as good as engaged to your sister. What can Katharine think, but that you are trying to—"

"Stop, aunt Alice!" Vera cries, desperately. "You know I never meant—I—I will not speak to him again, if you will not say such dreadful things."

"Nonsense, child! You can't stay in the house with him, and not speak to him. But this must not happen again."

"It shall not," Vera says, with scarlet cheeks, and downcast eyes.

"There! That is all. You may go," says aunt Alice, and waves Vera away, and says to herself, as the door closes: "After all, if he is not 'as good as engaged' to Katharine, I am sure he will be. It is all the same. I am not going to have all my plans upset by that little chit. It is bad enough, that Frederick, instead of devoting himself to Georgina Etheredge, is idling about, and riding over the country, with that madcap, Mary Vicars, and leaving Sir Harry Brooke a clear field. But my plans for Katharine shall not be interfered with."

Another fortnight has passed. Lord Linton and Major Cathcart have departed; the nobleman, gracious and complimentary, to the end; Major Cathcart rather grave and silent. There have been no more "drawing-lessons" for Vera. She has managed to evade every attempt of Sir Louis, even to speak to her alone. She cannot disguise from herself, the fact that he has attempted many times to bring about a *tête-a-tête*, and has

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looked astonished, reproachful, and finally hurt and indignant, at her refusals to walk, ride, or drive with him. Of course, she always has good "excuses." But Sir Louis does not seem to believe in them.

"Who is going to ride, this morning?" Fred asks, one day, at breakfast.

"You will, Miss Vera, will you not?" asks Sir Louis, in a low tone, of his neighbor.

"I—don't know," she answered, hesitatingly.

"Somebody must write those tiresome notes, about the expedition, to the Abbey, and see Mrs. Wilson, who is coming here to arrange about it," remarks Katharine.

"Let me do that," Vera says; and "Vera can do that," aunt Alice declares, at once.

Sir Louis says, in a still lower tone.

"I believe you offered, because you do not wish to ride with me. You are very unkind."

"It is you who are—unjust," Vera answers, in the same undertone. How much she would give, if she could only explain to him. If Katharine were only positively engaged to him, everything would be easy and natural again. Now, she dare not raise her eyes, to meet the angry pain in his look, or the glare of aunt Alice, which she knows is fastened upon her, just because of this undertone. Fortunately, aunt Alice can hear nothing, because of an animated political discussion, at the other end of the table, between Sir John Lacy and Mr. Trowbridge. Poor Vera! Everybody seems against her, and she would like to run away and cry. Just then, comes Lady Mary's voice across the table.

"Vera is always asking to do the odd jobs, that no one else wants to do. She seems a sort of social 'second fiddle,'" says her friend.

"Audacious little wretch!" thinks Mrs. Forrester, and tries to transfix Lady Mary, with an angry dart from her eyes.

But Lady Mary's hazel eyes laugh back at her, and then Reginald chimes in.

"Vera always did love to play 'second fiddle.'"

What else he may have remarked, was cut short, by Katharine's smiling, but very decided interruption, that stops further discussion.

"Vera," she says, "is probably tired of being the subject of personal remarks, Reggie."

After all, it is Kate who rides away with Sir Louis, while Vera writes tiresome notes, and entertains Mrs. Wilson, helps her father with his letters, and bears the brunt of aunt Alice's ill humor. And aunt Alice is very much out of temper. In the first place, though Sir Louis has been so constantly in Kate's society, during these five weeks, he has not yet "spoken." And Kate has refused Lord Linton long ago. And, last night, Mr. Etheredge, having blundered through a declaration, was gracefully declined. And he and Georgina are going away this afternoon—and Sir Harry Brooke with them. So Kate has lost two brilliant opportunities, and, after all, seems not sure of the third; and Fred has "thrown away" his chances for Georgina Etheredge, and is devoting himself to Mary Vicars, in the most absurd way. Poor aunt Alice! No wonder she is in a bad humor.

The Abbey picnic has come and gone. To-night, there is a dance at Lacy Hall. The lower rooms are brilliantly lit up, and throw long reflections in the water of the moat; while the moon, just rising in the east, adds to the beauty of the scene. But, somehow, Vera does not enjoy it. She steals out, all alone, to the causeway, that joins the mansion to the lawn, and stands, leaning over the balustrade, and looking down into the moat. Behind her, the trees of the park loom up, black and shadowy, but with gleams of light, here and there, between the grand old trunks. Everybody, within, is so engrossed, that she is as solitary as if she had been in the depths of a forest. Suddenly, a footstep comes near.

"You can't escape me now, unless you tell me plainly, that you don't like me," says a voice, the voice of Sir Louis Trezevant, who stands by Vera, and looks down into her face. Vera glances up, hesitates an instant, and seeing no way out of the dilemma, smiles and says, playfully: "Of course, I shall not be so rude."

"Does that mean that you do like me?"

Vera laughs, and tries to answer lightly.

"Don't you know, that in talking to a woman," she says, "you must find out what she means, in spite of what she says?"

"What, even you, 'Vera?' ('Vera' means 'true' doesn't it?) No, no! You could not say one thing, and mean another?" Sir Louis says this, a subtle flattery in his voice, and in the dark eyes that rest on her face.

"But you must not trust me too far," Vera replies, shaking her head, smilingly.

Sir Louis does not answer. Vera's heart begins to beat faster. She feels that silence is more dangerous than words, sometimes. She wishes he would not look at her so. Yet she is well worth looking at. She has never looked prettier than she does now, in her soft, clear, white dress, and pale-pink ribbons. Her cheeks are softly flushed.

Sir Louis speaks at last. It is only to repeat, softly, those two pretty lines of Montgomery's:

> "In the clear heaven of her delightful eyes,
> An angel guard of loves and graces lies."



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Vera's patience is at an end. "Kate's lover," shall not look in her eyes, and quote poetry in that way. She turns on Sir Louis.

"I wish," she exclaims, vehemently, "that you would not say such things to me. *I* don't like it!"

Sir Louis looks at her, silently, for a moment; and his dark cheek flushes. Then he breaks out, passionately, "I beg your pardon. I have been very stupid—very long in finding out your dislikes. But—I love you so dearly that I was blind."

Vera confronts him with glowing cheeks, and blazing eyes. "Oh, how dare you say that to me?" she cries. "How dare you be so treacherous to my sister?"

"Your sister?" exclaims Sir Louis, in intense astonishment. "What—on—earth—has Miss Lacy to do with it?"

Then a sudden light bursts on him.

"Vera!" he says, eagerly. "What have you been thinking of me? Did you suppose I cared for your sister—except that she is *your* sister? Why, child, I have loved you—no one but you—ever since that moment, when you clasped your dear hands on my arm, and I looked down at your face, that day in the Academy."

Vera draws a long breath. He goes on.

"All my attentions to her, were just so many steps to you. Yes, it was stupid of me, never to think that I might be misunderstood. But, now that you know that it is you I love, what have you to say to me, Vera?"

But, it appears that Vera has nothing to say! Sir Louis takes her hand—both hands—and looks gravely into her face.

"Vera, don't you love me?" he says, softly.

There is no answer, but a fleeting glimpse of her blue eyes: there is dew upon the long, dark lashes; and a still deeper crimson on her cheek.

But, he knows that Vera loves him! And not till his arms are around her, and he has drawn her close to his heart, does Vera know the meaning of the dull pain, that has filled her heart, during these two weary weeks of estrangement from him.

Later, after all the guests have gone, Vera is kneeling on her chamber-floor, her arms around her sister's.

"Oh, dear Kate," she cries, "I—I hope you are not angry with me. I did not know, till this evening." Her face is hidden in Katharine's lap, as she sobs this out. Vera has not dared to look up, as she tells her story.

Suddenly, she feels that Kate is bending over her, raising her flushed face, and kissing her.

"Little goose," murmurs the older sister, with a light laugh, "I am surprised; but I am very glad. Sir Louis is just the one for you."

In Vera's room, Lady Mary meets her, smiling, mischievously.

"You needn't tell me! I have guessed it," she says.

> "'Ah, sweet it is to lose our hearts,
> When those we love have found them!'

Oh, what a pretty blush, my dear! So, it is you, and not Kate, after all. Well, mark my words, Kate will marry Major Cathcart, yet—for she really loves him. Where have been all your eyes, dear?"

"Oh, do you think so?" cries Vera, joyfully. "And—and you? Who will you marry?"

Vera utters the last words, wistfully, and her eyes are wonderfully like Fred's. Lady Mary—blushes actually!

Yet, she tosses her head, and laughs, as she answers. "I, my dear? Nobody, of course. Do you think I have any talent, for playing 'SECOND FIDDLE?'"

# THE CHILDREN'S BREAD

BY J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

A HEATHEN woman came, with throbbing breast,
And knelt at Jesus' feet, with troubled mien,
Beseeching Him to give her daughter rest,
And cast a spirit out that was unclean;
But He, apparently rebuking, said:
"It is not meet to take the children's bread

And cast it to the dogs." Then, with the sweet
Humility of faith, she answered back
The seeming taunt, "And yet the dogs may eat
The crumbs that fall from those who have the bread."
He marvelled—for (Oh, bitter shame to tell!)
He had not found such faith in Israel.

And as she prayed, so was her wish fulfilled;
Her faith was great, and greater her reward;
The healing power went forth from the All-skilled;
The heathen found acceptance with her Lord;
And, she who came His succor to implore,
Not for herself, herself was blessed the more.

Thou Giver of all good, Thy children now
Crave not, like her of old, the smallest crumb;
They even scorn the bread, and marvel how
They lie like dogs before Thee—dogs and dumb.
Oh, make us hunger, that we may be fed.
Cast not to thankless dogs the children's bread.

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# HOW WE TOOK IN SUMMER BOARDERS.

BY "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

LAST summer, as the days grew hot, Josiah grew feerfully cross. And his worst spells would come on to him, as he would come home from Jonesville.

You see, an old friend of his'n, Jake Mandagood by name, wus a-takin' in boarders, and makin' money by 'em. And I s'pose, from what I learned afterwards, that he kep' a-throwin' them boarders into Josiah's face, and sayin' if it wuzn't for his wife, he could make jest as much money. Jake Mandagood had heerd me talk on the subject time and agin. For my feelin's about summer boarders, and takin' of 'em in, had always been cast-iron. *I wouldn't take 'em in*, I had allers said.

Josiah, like other pardners of his sect, is very fond of havin' things as he wants 'em; and he is also fond of makin' money; and I s'pose that wus what made him so feerfully cross to me. But I wus skairt most to death, seein' him come home lookin' so manger, and crosser than any bear out of a cirous.

Thinks I to myself: "Mebby, he is a-enjoyin' poor health." And then thinks I: "Mebby he is a-backslidin', or mebby he is backslid."

And one day, I says to him, says I:

"Josiah Allen, what is the matter with you? You don't act like the same man you did, several weeks ago. I am goin' to steep you up some catnip, and thorough-wort, and see if that won't make you feel better; and some boneset."

"I don't want none of your boneset and catnip," says he, impatient-like.

"Wal, then," says I, in still more anxious tones, "if it 'tain't yur health that is a-sufferin', is it yur morals? Do they feel totterin', Josiah? Tell yur pardner."

"My morals feel all right."

Says I, anxiously: "If yur hain't enjoyin' poor health, Josiah, and yur morals feel firm, why is there such a change in yur mean?" says I. "Yur mean don't seem no more like the mean it used to be, than if it belonged to another man."

But, instead of answerin' my affectionate arguments, he jumped up, and started for the barn.

And, oh! how feerfully, feerfully cross he wus, for the next several days. Finally, to the breakfast-table, one mornin', I says to him, in tones that would be replied to:

"Josiah Allen, you are a-carryin' sunthin' on yur mind." And says I, firmly: "Yur mind hain't strong enough to carry it. You must and *shall* let yur pardner help you!"

Seein' I was immovably sot onto the determination to *make* him tell, he up and told me all about it.

Says he: "Summer boarders is what ails me: I want to take 'em in."

And then he went on to tell how awfully he wus a-hankerin' after 'em. Now, he knew, piles and piles of money wus to be made by it—and what awful pretty business it wus, too. Nothin' but fun, to take 'em in! Anybody could take sights and sights of comfort with 'em. He said Mandagood said so. And, it wus so dredful profitable, too. And he up and told me that Mandagood wus a-twittin' him, all the time, that, if it wuzn't for me, he could make jest as much money as he chose.

Mandagood knew well how I felt on the subject. He knew well I wus principled aginst it, and sot. I don't like Mandagood. He misuses his wife, in the wurst way. Works her down almost to skin and bone. They don't live happy together at all. He is always envious of anybody that lives pleasant and agreeable with their pardners, and loves to break it up. And I shall always believe that it wus one great reason why he twitted Josiah so. And, for Mandagood to keep at him all the time, and throw them dozen boarders in his face, it hain't no wonder to me that Josiah felt hurt.

Josiah went on, from half to three-quarters of an hour, a-pleadin' with me, and a-bringin' up arguments, to prove out what a beautiful business it wus, and how awful happifyin'; and, finally, says he, with a sad and melancholy look:

"I don't want to say a word to turn your mind, Samantha; but, I will say this, that the idee that I can't take boarders in, is a-wearin' on me: it is a-wearin' on me so, that I don't know but it will wear me completely out."

I didn't say nothin'; but I felt strange and curious. I knew that my companion wus a man of small heft—I knew it wouldn't take near so much to wear him out, as it would a heftier man—and the agony that I see printed on his eyebrows, seemed to pierce clear to my very heart. But, I didn't say nothin'.

I see how feerfully he wus a-sufferin', and my



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affection for that man is like an oxes, as has often been remarked.

And, oh! what a wild commotion began to go on inside of me, between my principles and my affections.

As I have remarked and said, I wus principled aginst takin' in summer boarders. I had seen 'em took in, time and agin, and seen the effects of it. And I had said, and said it calmly, that boarders wus a moth. I had said, and I had weighed my words, (as it were,) as I said it, that when a woman done her own housework, it wus all she ort to do, to take care of her own menfolks, and her house, and housen-stuff. And hired girls, I wus immovably sot aginst, from my birth.

Home seemed to me to be a peaceful haven, jest large enough for two barks: my bark, and Josiah's bark. And when foreign schooners, (to foller up my simely,) sailed in, they generally proved in the end to be ships of war, pirate fleets, stealin' happiness and ease, and runnin' up the death's head of our lost joy at the masthead.

But, I am a-eppisodin', and a-wanderin' off into fields of poesy; and to resume, and go on. Any female woman, who has got a beloved pardner, and also a heart inside of her breast bones, knows how the conflict ended. I yielded, and giv' in. And, that very day, Josiah went and engaged 'em.

He had heerd of 'em from Mandagood. They wus boarders that Mandagood had had, the summer before, and they had applied to him for board agin; but, he told Josiah, that he would giv' 'em up to him. He said, "He wouldn't be selfish and onneighborly, he would give 'em up."

"Why," says Josiah, as he wus a-tellin' it over to me, "Mandagood acted fairly tickled at the idee of givin' 'em up to me. There hain't a selfish hair in Jake Mandagood's head—not a hair!"

I thought it looked kinder queer, to think that Mandagood should act so awful willin' to give them boarders up to Josiah and me, knowin', as I did, that he wus as selfish as the common run of men, if not selfisher. But, I didn't tell my thoughts. No, I didn't say a word. Neither did I say a word when he said there wus four children in the family that wus a-comin'. No, I held firm. The job wus undertook by me, for the savin' of my pardner. I had undertook it in a martyr way, a almost John Rogers way, and I wuzn't goin' to spile the job by murmurin's, and complainin's.

But, oh! how animated Josiah Allen wus that day, after he had come back from engagin' of 'em. His appetite all come back, powerfully. He eat a feerful dinner. His restlessness, and oneasyness, had disappeared; his affectionate demeanor all returned. He would have acted spoony, if he had had so much as a crumb of encouragement from me. But, I didn't encourage him. There was a loftiness and majesty in my mean, (caused by my principles,) that almost awed him. I looked firstrate, and acted so.

And, Josiah Allen, as I have said, how hilarious he was. He wus goin' to make so much money by 'em. Says he: "Besides the happiness we shall enjoy with 'em, the almost perfect bliss, jest think of four dollars a week apiece for the man and his wife, and two dollars apiece for the children."

"Lemme see," says he, dreamily. "Twice four is eight, and no orts to carry; four times two is eight, and eight and eight is sixteen—sixteen dollars a week! Why, Samantha," says he, "that will support us. There hain't no need of our ever liftin' our fingers agin, if we can only keep 'em right with us, always."

"Who is goin' to cook and wait on 'em?" says I, almost coldly. Not real cold, but sort o' coolish-like. For I hain't one, when I tackle a cross, to go carryin' it along, groanin' and cryin' out loud, all the way. No, if I can't carry it along, without makin' too much fuss, I'll drop it, and tackle another one. So, as I say, my tone wuzn't frigid; but, sort o' cool-like.

"Who'll wait on 'em?" says I.

"Get a girl, get two girls," says Josiah, says he: "Think of sixteen dollars a week. You can keep a variety of hired girls, you kin, on that. Besides the pure happiness we are goin' to enjoy with 'em, we can have everything we want. Thank fortune, Samantha, we have now got a competency."

"Wal," says I, in the same coolish tones, or pretty nigh the same, "time will tell."

Wal, they come on a Friday mornin', on the five o'clock train. Josiah had to meet 'em to the depot, and he felt so afraid that he should miss 'em, and somebody else would undermind him, and get 'em as boarders, that he wus up about three o'clock, and went out and milked by candlelight, so's to be sure to be there in season.

And I had to get up, and cook his breakfast, before daylight; feelin' like a fool, too, for he had kept me awake all night, a-meet, a-walkin' 'round the house, a-lookin' at the clock, to see what time it wus; and, if he said to me once, he said thirty times, durin' the night:

"It would be jest like my luck, to have somebody get in ahead of me to the cars, and undermind me at the last minute, and get 'em away from us."

Says I, in a dry tone, (not so dry as I had used sometimes, but dryish):

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"I guess there won't be no danger, Josiah."

Wal, at about a-quarter to seven, he driv' up with 'em: a tall, waspish-lookin' woman, and four children; the man, they said, wouldn't be there till Saturday night. I thought the woman had a singular look to her: I thought so when I first sot my eyes on her. And the oldest boy, about thirteen years old, he looked awful curious. I thought, to myself, as they walked up to the house, side by side, that I never, in all my hull life, seed a waspisher and more spindliner-lookin' woman, and a curiouser, stranger-lookin' boy. The three children that come along behind 'em, seemed to be pretty much of a size, and looked healthy, and full of witchcraft, as we found afterwards, they indeed wus.

Wal, I had a hard tussle of it, through the day, to cook and do for 'em. Their appetites wus tremendous, 'specially the woman and oldest boy. They wuzn't healthy appetites, I could see that in a minute. Their eyes would look holler and hungry, and they would look voraciously at the empty, deep dishes, and tureens, after they had eat 'em all empty—eat enough for four men.

Why, it did beat all: Josiah looked at me, in silent wonder and dismay, as he see the vittles disappear before that woman and boy. The other three children eat about as common, healthy children do: about twice what Josiah and me did. But there wuzn't nothin' mysterious about 'em. But, the woman and Bill—that wus the biggest boy's name—they made me feel curious; curiouser than I had ever felt. For, truly, I thought to myself, if their legs and arms hain't holler, how do they hold it?

It wus, to me, a new and interestin' spectacle, to be studied over, and philosophized upon; but, to Josiah, it was a canker, as I see the very first meal. I could see, by the looks of his face, that them two appetites of theirn wus sunthin' he hadn't reckoned, and calculated on; and I could see, plain, havin' watched the changes of my companion's face, as close as astronimers watch the moon, I could see them two appetites of theirn wus a-wearin' on him.

Wal, I thought mebby they wus kinder starved out, comin' right from a city boardin'-house, and a few of my good meals would quell 'em down. But, no; instead of growin' lighter, them two appetites of theirn seemed, if possible, to grow consuminer and consuminer, though I cooked lavish and profuse, as I always did. They devoured everything before 'em, and looked hungry at the plates and tablecloth.

And Josiah looked on in perfect agony, I knew. (He is very close.) But, he didn't say nothin'. And it seemed so awful mysterious to me, that I would get perfectly lost, and by the side of myself, a-reasonin' and philosophizin' on it, whether their legs wus holler, or not holler. And, if they wus holler, how they could walk 'round on 'em; and if they wuzn't holler, where the vittles went to.

"Will they never stop eatin'?" said Josiah, and he got madder, every day. He vowed he would charge extra.

It wus after we went to bed, that he said this. But I told him to talk low; for her room wus jest over ours, and says I, in a low but firm axent:

"Don't you do no such thing, Josiah Allen. Do you realize how it would look? What a sound it would have to community? You agreed to take 'em for four dollars, and they'd call it mean."

"Wal!" he hollered out. "Do you s'pose I am goin' to board people for nothin'? I took men and wimmen and children to board. I didn't agree to board elephants and rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses and whales and sea-serpents. And I won't neither, unless I have my pay for it; it wuzn't in the bill."

"Do you keep still, Josiah Allen," I whispered. "She'll hear you calling her a sea-serpent."

"Let her hear me. I say, agin, it wuzn't in the bill!" He hollered this out louder than ever. I s'pose he meant it wuzn't in the bargain; but he wus nearly delirious. He is close, I can't deny it; nearly tight.

But, jest that minute, before I could say a word, we heard an awful noise, right over our heads. It sounded as if the hull roof had fell in.

Says Josiah, leaping out of bed, "The old chimbley has fell in."

"No!" says I, follerin' him, "It is the roof."

And we both started for upstairs, on a run.

I sent him back from the head of the stairs, howsomever; for, in the awful fright, he hadn't realized his condition, and wuzn't dressed. I waited for him, at the top of the stairway; for, to tell the truth, I dassent go on. He hurried on his clothes, and went on ahead, and there she lay; there Miss Danks wus, on the floor, in a historical fit.

Josiah, thinkin' she wus dead, run in and ketched her up, and went to put her on the bed; and she, just as they will in historicks, clawed right into his hair, and tore out most all he had on the nigh side. Then she struck him a feerful blow on the off eye, made it black and blue for a week. She didn't know what she wus about. She wuzn't to blame, though the hair wus a great loss to him, and I won't deny it. Wal, we stood over her, most all night, to keep the breath of

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life in her. And the oldest boy bein' skairt, it brought on some fits he wus in the habit of havin', a sort of fallin' fits. He'd fall anywhere; he fell onto Josiah twice that night, almost knocked him down; he wus awful large of his age. Dredful big and fat. It seemed as if there wus sunthin' wrong about his heft, it wus so oncommon hefty, for a boy of his age. He looked bloated. His eyes, which wus a pale blue, seemed to be kinder sot back into his head, and his cheeks stood out below, some like balloons. And his mouth wus kinder open a good deal of the time, as if it wus hard work for him to breathe. He breathed thick and wheezy, dredful oncomfortable. His complexion looked bad, too; sallow, and sort o' tallery lookin'. He acted dredful lazy, and heavy at the best of times, and in them fits, he seemed to be as heavy as lead.

Wal, that wus the third night after they got there; and, from that night, as long as they staid, she had the historicks, frequent and violent, and Bill had his fallin' fits; and you wouldn't believe, unless you see it, how many things that boy broke, in fallin' on 'em in them fits. It beat all, how unfortunate he wus. They always come onto him unexpected, and it seemed as if they always come onto him while he wus in front of sunthin' to smash all to bits. I can't begin to tell how many things he destroyed, jest by them fits: finally, I says to Josiah, one day, says I:

"Did you ever see, Josiah Allen, anybody so unlucky as that boy is in his fits: seems as if he'll break everything in the house, if it goes on."

Says he: "It's a pity he don't break his cussed neck."

I don't know as I wus ever more tried with Josiah Allen than I wus then, or ever give him a firmer, eloquenter lecture aginst swearin'. But, in my heart, I couldn't help pityin' him, for I knew Bill had jest fell onto some tomato-plants, of a extry kind, that Josiah had bought, at great expense, and sot out, and broke 'em short off. And it wus only the day before, that he fell, as he wus lookin' at the colt: it wus only a week old; but it wus a uncommon nice one, and Josiah thought his eyes of it; and Bill wus admirin' of it; there wuzn't nothin' ugly about him; but, a fit come on, and he fell right onto the colt, and the colt, not expectin' of it, and bein' entirely unprepared, fell flat down, and the boy on it. And the colt jest lived, that is all. Josiah says it never will be worth anything; he thinks it broke sunthin' inside.

As I said, there wuzn't nothin' ugly about the boy. He'd be awful sorry, when he broke things, and flatted 'em all out a-fallin' on 'em. All I blamed him for, wus his prowlin'-'round so much. I thought then, and I think still, that, seein' he knew he had 'em, and wus liable to have 'em, he'd have done better to have kept still, and not tried to get 'round so much. But, his mother said he felt restless and oneasy. I couldn't help likin' the boy. And when he fell right into my bread, that wus a-risin', and spilt the hull batch—and when he fell onto the parlor table, and broke the big parlor lamp, and everything else that wus on it—and when he fell onto a chicken-coop, and broke it down, and killed a hull brood of chickens—and more than fifty other things, jest about like 'em—why, I didn't feel like scoldin' him. I s'pose, it wus my lofty principles that boyed me up; them, and the thought that would come to me: mebby Josiah Allen will heer to me, another time; mebby he will get sick of summer boarders, and takin' of 'em in.

But I must finish, at another time. I've told how *we* took in boarders. You begin to see, perhaps, that they "took us in."

## LINES.

BY MRS. DEBORAH PIDSLEY.

As sleepless on my couch I lie,
And count the weary hours go by,
I pray for morn—then, in my pain,
I long and pray for night again.

I watch the shadows on the walls—
The flickering firelight, as it falls—
The drops upon the window-pane
I count, and count them o'er again.

I hear the rustling of the leaves,
The night-wind moaning in the trees,
The sobbing storm across the lawn,
And wait the breaking of the dawn.

Then comes, full oft, in fitful dream,
The *all* that has, or might have been,
When health, and joy, and youth were mine,
And life itself—almost divine.

Oh, sleepless night! Oh, restless day!
In weary watchlife ebbs away,
For now a shattered wreck I lie,
And days and hours flit slowly by.

But soon will cease this feeble breath,
And soon these eyes be closed in death.
Then, I shall watch, and wait no more,
For break of day, or midnight hour.

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# THE BLUE SATIN BOOTS.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THERE was a church fair and festival, on hand, at Wayneville; and all the young ladies were in a state of feminine flutter.

Pretty, brown-eyed Jenny Carson had one of the fancy tables. She had also a new dress for the occasion. The soft, shining folds of dark-blue silk were draped over the bed, and Jenny was kneeling upon the floor, and arranging the loops of satin ribbon to her taste, when Miss Bell Dorsey, who was Jenny's most intimate friend, burst into the room.

"Oh, what a pretty dress, Jenny! You'll look ravishing in it. You only need a pair of blue satin boots, to match it; and then you'll be the best dressed girl at the festival."

"But—satin boots are very expensive," said Jenny, hesitatingly.

"Oh, well, yes—somewhat. But, there's nothing sets off a lady's appearance like nice shoes and gloves. I heard Doctor Chester say he never considered a lady well dressed, if she wore ill-fitting boots or gloves." And Miss Bell complacently crossed her own pretty French kids, while Jenny nervously put away the pretty silk.

What Doctor Chester said was beginning to be a matter of some moment to Jenny Carson. She was conscious of a longing for the blue boots; but, alas! they were too expensive for her.

Miss Bell presently took her leave; and Jenny, with half her pleasure spoiled, went on with her preparations.

"Well, daughter," said her father, at the dinner-table; "do you need any fal-lals, for your frolic, to-morrow?"

"Yes. I do need some new shoes, and some gloves," said Jenny.

"You do, eh? Well, what must I give you, to buy them with?"

"Whatever you can spare, papa."

"Well, here's a ten-dollar bill. I guess that will be enough. Get a good, sensible pair of shoes, now: something to keep you warm this cold weather, and no flimsy things."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, papa. I'll do the best I can," says Miss Jenny. But she blushed; for, in her heart, she felt very guilty.

However, she did mean to buy a pair of warm kid boots, for every-day wear. She hoped to get the blue ones for about four dollars, which would leave her enough for the others, and for the gloves.

But, when she stood in Turner's store, and asked the price of the dainty, shiny things offered her, the clerk promptly answered, "Seven dollars, Miss Carson."

"Oh, dear! I was in hopes they were cheap," frankly confessed Jenny, laying down the boots.

"Indeed, they are cheap," said Mr. Wheeler. "I assure you, Miss Carson, we have sold these right along at eight dollars. This is the last pair, so we offer them for less. They're very fine."

"Yes," admitted Jenny.

"Nothing sets off a dainty foot, like a pair of these fairy-like boots," pursued the wily clerk, with an eye for his trade. "Very few young ladies could wear so small a shoe—just your size, you see, Miss Carson."

Poor Jenny sighed; thought of the thick, warm boots she ought to have; cast a longing look at the blue beauties; recalled what Doctor Chester said; and—silly little puss!—for once, let her vanity run away with her reason.

"I'll take them," she said. After the boots were paid for, there was barely enough left to buy her gloves, and a ribbon or two.

The next day, the great one, was clear and cold, with a sharp wind. Overshoes would ruin the dainty, satin boots; but, luckily for Jenny, the ground was dry. But, it was frozen hard, and when she reached the gaily decorated room of the new church, her feet were like ice.

Jenny presided at one of the fancy tables. She made a lovely picture, in the beautiful blue silk; her throat and wrists shaded with softest lace; and the dainty, blue boots, fluttering in and out, below the plaiting of her skirt.

Bell Dorsey was already at her post; and, as Jenny came up, she opened her eyes wide, and exclaimed, "Oh, my! You blue angel! Did you drop from the clouds?"

Jenny laughed; and happening, just then, to catch a glance from Doctor Chester, who stood near, blushed, with pleasure, while the gentle heart in her bosom throbbed tumultuously.

Jenny had a very busy day of it. There was much buying and selling, and Jenny's table was very popular. But, as the new church was large, and not yet finished, it was not very warm. The girls at the table were chilly all day, and by the time evening came, Jenny's feet were so numb and cold, that she could hardly stand.



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A hot supper, however, had been prepared, at the hotel, just across the street. Doctor Chester waited on Jenny at the table. Glad enough was she to get something warm, and be near a fire.

But, Doctor Chester, though kind and polite, was not what he had been. He seemed strangely cold and distant; and Jenny felt as if her bright day was spoiled. But girls know how to hide these things, and Jenny was the gayest of the gay. She had to return to her stall, again, immediately after supper; and, oh! how sharply the cold struck her, as she stepped out into the night.

Doctor Chester left her at the door of a small room, designed for a vestry, but now used by the ladies as a dressing-room. Jenny ran in, to put off her wraps; but, while doing this, heard her name spoken in the narrow passage without.

"It's all settled, I suppose, Doc, between you and Miss Carson," was what she heard.

"No, Fred. I've seen the folly of that, today." The tones, which answered, were the well known tones of Doctor Chester.

"You astonish me!" replied Fred.

"I don't mind giving *you* the reason, Fred," said the doctor. "Just look at that young lady's feet, and you will have it. In spite of this cold day, she wears nothing but a flimsy pair of blue silk shoes. I *have* more than fancied Miss Carson; I don't deny it. But, you will see, at once, that a girl, who can so utterly sacrifice her reason to her vanity, is not the wife for a poor, struggling doctor, with his fortune yet to make. But, enough of this. Let's go in. It's chilly here."

Poor Jenny! Fortunately, there was no one in the dressing-room, but herself. She flew to the furthest end, and hid her burning face on a pile of cloaks. But, after a brief struggle, she rallied. It would never do to cry. It would never do to go to her table with red eyes. It was a very erect, firm-mouthed, little lady, who walked to her table, presently; and the heels of the pretty blue boots came down upon the floor, with a sharp, resolute little click; for Miss Jenny had made up her mind to do something very odd.

"I *am* a little fool," she said, to herself; "but I don't quite deserve to lose a good man's good opinion; and I won't, either, if I can help it."

It was late, before she was ready to go home. Just as she was about to start, Doctor Chester, who was her escort, handed her a pair of overshoes, saying, quietly, as if it were a matter of course: "Miss Jenny, please put these on. It is too cold a night for such thin shoes, as I see you wear."

Poor Jenny! Her face was scarlet with mortification. She made out to utter a confused "Thank you," and put on the offending overshoes, without another word. Then she took the doctor's arm, and they went out together.

Jenny's heart was beating so fast, that it almost choked her. But she was as determined as ever. Before ten steps had been taken, she said:

"Doctor Chester, do you think it right, to condemn a person, for a single fault?"

"Certainly not," said the doctor, promptly.

"Then, why do you condemn me?"

"I don't understand you," said he.

"I heard every word you said to Fred Somers, to-night," rejoined Jenny, quietly.

"Miss Jenny!" He stopped, startled.

"I did. I don't blame you, doctor. I gave you reason to think me only a vain, silly girl. But, please hear my defence; and how sorry and ashamed I am, won't you?" And then Jenny made her penitent, little confession, ending with, "I don't know what you think of me, now; but, indeed—"

"I think you the dearest, bravest little girl in the world; and 'tis I who am the fool," cried the doctor, ardently. And then—but then, I don't know, that outsiders, like you and I, reader, have any business to listen.

When Jenny got home, she took off the blue boots, which had so nearly cost her a lover, and flung them under her wardrobe, saying:

"Lie there, you blue wretches! But, you've taught me a good lesson. I've done with you. I'll buy my wedding boots, before long; and they'll not be blue ones, either."

# MUSINGS.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

Alas, why do we try our strength so soon?
As if we feared a surplus, when the years
In their slow round, should find us at high noon.
O, more and more the way of life appears
A labyrinth: where friends awhile commune,
Then lose each other 'mid the doubts and fears,
That rise like mist, but gather into rain—
The brightest ways are lined and crossed with pain.

Our hopes and joys, sometimes, they turn to storm;
They masquerade, sometimes, in gala dress.
We think our hearts with gratitude are warm,
Or filled with sadness for a friend's distress—
Probe deeper, ah! 'tis but another form
Of our old enemy—our selfishness.
It crowds its way like one in desperate need;
Who knows his heart's desire is wise, indeed.

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# THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 304.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. HASTINGS was still sitting near the window, with the book he was dreaming over held up to the light, though he saw in its pages only the sweet face of his child, and was filled with a serene sense of contentment, because of the returning happiness that he read there.

"She does not wish to leave me. There will be no need that she ever should. The old house will be large enough for us all," he thought, and a soft sigh of gratitude unconsciously stole from him; "large enough, and all the brighter, when other young people are in it. Children, perhaps. Ah, if *she* could but have lived to see it."

These thoughts were disturbed by a swift rush of wheels, the rapid tread of hoofs, and, directly, a carriage drew up in front of his gate, and Mrs. Farnsworth, descending, advanced up the garden walk.

The minister's book dropped upon his knee. For the very sight of that false, faded woman, smiling on him, from under the pink shadow of her parasol, brought a sense of unutterable dread with it.

"Delighted to find you looking so well," exclaimed the lady, coming forward, with both hands extended. "How lovely the old place is, in the summer-time! I had no idea of it. Really, it seems quite a shame to take that charming girl of yours away from it. I was thinking so, as I came up the walk; but, you know, *noblesse oblige*, and we Wheelers never break a promise, though you may think I had forgotten mine."

"Where is the young lady?" continued this unwelcome guest, as she entered the sitting-room, and took a survey of its neat arrangement. "Pray, tell her to come down at once. I have so little time, you know, and there is no need of preparation. Just one dress for traveling—the best she has—will be quite enough. Octavia has lots of last year's things, that my maid can fit for her. Now, my dear Mr. Hastings, don't stand there, as if it were necessary to think things over; but call your daughter, at once."

"My daughter is not at home—"

"Not at home? But, my dear sir, I must have been expected, and this is very—well, I must say, quite remarkable."

"No," answered the minister, "we have not expected you. Nothing was said of this visit, before you left the country."

"But, my dear sir, it was all settled, months and months ago. I expected your girl to be ready, at any moment; and now, when my time is so very precious, I am compelled to wait, and, perhaps, lose the train. If you only knew with what impatience my return will be looked for, by—by one who counts every moment, spent away from me, as a grain of gold lost from his life, you would appreciate the trouble I am taking."

"Ah, I know well, how precious is the society of an only child," answered the minister, with a pathetic trembling of the voice, "and have heard that yours is about to leave both country and home, with the young nobleman, who was here, awhile, last winter. Others may find cause for congratulation in this. I only remember the terrible pain of giving up a daughter."

Mrs. Farnsworth colored a little, and fidgeted with a button of her gloves, annoyed that her delicate hint had not been taken at once.

"Oh, yes, it is awfully distressing, especially when one is so far advanced, that nothing is to be looked forward to, beyond the happiness of one's children; but I was married so very young—a mere child, in fact, and it is quite impossible to make people believe that Octavia and I are not sisters. Indeed, that is what the newspapers are now saying, when they speak of her wedding and mine."

"Yours, Mrs. Farnsworth?"

"You have not heard of it, then—that is not remarkable. We have kept it very close—such things are so sacred, you know; but, to one connected with the family, I do not hesitate to say, that, soon after Octavia becomes Lady Oram, I shall be received into one of the princely houses of Italy, as the Countess Var."

The minister did not speak, at first; but a faint flush of disapproval stole up to his forehead.

"You are slow in congratulating me.'

"Men of my profession are generally slow in the ways of the world," answered the minister.



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"Perhaps, you think that this marriage may interfere with my promise to provide for your daughter. On the contrary, I have made that a binding part of our engagement. Count Var refuses to take any part of my fortune; but he desires that all my family obligations should be kept—this promise to your dead wife, among the rest."

"What was that promise? I forget."

"Why you made a promise—a solemn promise—to be guided by her wishes."

The minister bent his head.

"Your wife, in her last moments, sent for me, and made it a last request, that, after her death, I should, in all things, take the place of a mother, to her only daughter, Lucy—that I should provide for her education, and, in all things, deal with her as if she were my own child. In short, she gave the girl to me."

The minister's face was, that moment, a touching picture of human misery. And had all the solemn conversation by that death-bed been repeated faithfully, he would have known that his promise to carry out the wishes of his wife, was only binding on his own judgment; but Mrs. Farnsworth had an eccentric imagination, to say the least, and threw that liberally into what she reported, and what she concealed.

"Now," she said, taking a watch from her side, on which a newly jeweled crest sparkled like fire, "I have come to assume my trust. The sooner a thing of this kind is over with, the better. Tell me where the young lady is to be found. Ah, she is here, just in time."

Lucy was, indeed, coming up the yard, hurriedly; and, the next instant, was in the room.

"My own darling child!" cried Mrs. Farnsworth, meeting her with open arms; "did you think I was never coming to redeem my promise to your angel mother?"

Lucy allowed herself to be embraced and kissed, more than once; but she drew herself away from the unwelcome embrace, with some dignity, at last; and, looking to her father, said:

"I do not understand. What has happened, father? Of what promise is Mrs. Farnsworth speaking?"

"Sit down, my dear, and I will explain," interposed the lady. "Do not trouble your father: it distresses him."

"Is this so, father?" questioned the girl.

The minister lifted his large eyes, so full of suffering; and Mrs. Farnsworth, taking that for assent, took up the subject, and described her interview with the dying mother, in the same language, and with even more dramatic effect, to the daughter, as she had already done to the poor minister.

Lucy listened, until every drop of blood had ebbed from her face. Once or twice, she turned her eyes, with a look of yearning pity, on her father; but, until the woman ceased, said never a word. Then, she arose, and went close to Mrs. Farnsworth.

"This is what my mother said to you, that day, after I was sent to your house? My father, in the agony of his grief, promised to hold her will in eternal reverence, and it is this promise that you claim of him now?"

"Why should you question me so?" answered Mrs. Farnsworth, nervously. "I promised to be a mother to you, and am ready to redeem my word."

"But, my mother could not have meant that I should leave the husband she loved so dearly?"

"How, then, could I perform the duties she demanded of me? No member of my family, however remote, can be brought up to honor her station, in this place. Even your father must admit that."

"But, if I refuse to go?"

"That will be at the expense of your father's conscience."

Lucy stood silent, awhile, after this. Her mind was filled with vague uncertainty.

"We are losing time," said Mrs. Farnsworth, again drawing forth her watch. "Pray, put on your things, and get into the carriage. There is nothing more necessary. Give your belongings to this person."

Here, the woman waved her hand toward a quiet little person, seated in the back part of the room; but did not deign to look close enough to recognize aunt Hannah, who arose, suddenly, and stole away.

"Not now. It is impossible," said Lucy, with decision. "I cannot leave my home on a moment's notice, or without thoroughly understanding what my duty is. Were my wishes alone concerned, you should have my answer this minute."

"By your voice, miss, I should suppose that the answer would be an ungrateful one," retorted Mrs. Farnsworth, thrusting the watch, angrily, back into its place; "but, whatever it is, I shall be compelled to wait for it till to-morrow, for the last train has passed."

Lucy drew a deep breath.

"You will find me at the mansion, in the morning," said the lady, buttoning and unbuttoning her glove, in nervous haste, as she moved away.

Mr. Hastings arose, and, with old-fashioned courtesy, walked down the yard, by his haughty guest, and, helping her into the carriage, stood, with his hat off, till she drove away. Then he

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went slowly back to the house, dropped into a chair, and, looking wearily around for his daughter, held out his arms.

The girl crept into his embrace, and folded her arms about his neck.

"Father—oh, father!"

"My child, my child!"

"But, I will not leave you—I will not go with her?"

The minister folded his arms closer around the agitated girl, and laid his cheek lovingly to hers which was now wet and convulsed.

"*She* did not know how hard it would be to give you up," he said.

"But, I will not be given up. This woman has no right over me or you," protested the girl.

"She has the right of a solemn promise, given before the dead—to the dead. I don't remember it all; but some promise I made, and that is among the records of heaven."

"But, father, I made no promise. May not I refuse to obey this lady?"

The minister looked tenderly into that eager face, but shook his head.

"We cannot falter thus with a promise once made, Lucy."

The girl was about to speak again, for a spirit of rebellion was growing strong within her; but, at that instant, Mrs. Farnsworth's carriage came back to the gate. Lucy sprang to her feet, saying,

"Let me go out. You shall not see her again, if I can help it. If she has any claim on me, let her make it to myself, alone. I am no child, to be ordered here and there, at the pleasure of a stranger."

Before Mr. Hastings could check her, the girl was hurrying toward the gate.

"Madam," she said, going close up to the carriage, and speaking in a hurried manner, "it is of no use troubling my father. I am old enough to act for myself, and have made up my mind, entirely. Indeed—"

Mrs. Farnsworth lifted her neatly gloved hand, with an authoritative gesture.

"Before you go on, and complete the ungrateful speech already on your lips, perhaps you had better hear some rather important truths that bear on the question. I drove back, that both you and your father might thoroughly comprehend the position of things. When I bought the Wheeler property, a deed of this house and land—what there is of it—passed into my possession. It was a part of my promise to your mother, that her husband should not be disturbed in his home, or any of the privileges that had become dear to him; but, I wish it distinctly understood, that I have come back to warn you, if his share of the compact is broken, either by his own act, or your turbulent will, all is broken. That, Miss Hastings, is a question you must take into deliberation, with the rest."

Mrs. Farnsworth said this, leaning back among her cushions, like a queen; then, with a haughty wave of her hand, signaled the coachman to drive on. He obeyed, with a suddenness that almost threw Lucy under the wheels. For awhile, the girl leaned against the gate-post, pale and silent; then, she went back, slowly, into the house.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

THAT night, Lucy Hastings walked up and down the door-yard, restless, and battling with the new trouble that had fallen upon her. What could she do—how must she act? Oppose the sensitive conscience of her father—trample on the dying wishes of the mother so deeply loved—or abandon her home, with all its sacred memories and sweet duties, to become the social slave of a woman who was becoming absolutely hateful to her? It seemed to her, as if a cruel combination of circumstances had tied her, body and soul, to a compact, in which there was no freedom of will, or hope of reprieve.

Of whom should she ask counsel? To whom appeal for help? There was only one person in the world, and for him she was waiting. It was Dr. Gould.

The time seemed miserably long; yet it was earlier than usual when he entered through the gate, looking disturbed, and even anxious, in the moonlight. Lucy went forward to meet him, almost smiling; his presence made her so glad. With her hands clasped tightly in his, and her eyes uplifted to his, she told him all that had happened.

It was a grave, anxious face that answered her appealing look.

"You do not speak," she said, impatiently. "I have been waiting all this time, but you say nothing."

Gould lifted the little hands that clung to his, and kissed them.

"What can I say? Who has a right to question the tender conscience of a good man, or the directions given on a death-bed, especially before we know how they will be used?"

"Then you, also, give me up—you?" cried the girl, in a passion of wild distress.

"Give you up? Not while I have life, my darling—not while the sweet hope of having you all my own exists, and only you can destroy that—but no compact, that parents can make for their children, lasts forever. There comes a time when

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even their authority ceases. No matter what power this lady may have, it ceases on your wedding-day."

Lucy caught her breath; for the heart in her bosom gave a great leap, and sent its crimson so swiftly to her face, that Gould could see it in the moonlight.

"Now, you can see that this trouble need not last forever," he said, with infinite tenderness in his eyes and voice. "Indeed, it may yet be turned into a great advantage."

"Advantage?" exclaimed Lucy.

"There, there—you are half angry with me—and may not believe how bitterly I shall feel the separation; but, it is only just that you should see something of life beyond this place."

"But, I have no wish; I—"

"Of that you cannot judge. Even if the present state of things had not arisen, the right of more knowledge, and a broader experience of realities, should be secured to you. Before the first sweet fancy of youth is made irrevocable, it is but fair that you should mingle with other grades of society, and meet men and women of the outer world, with freedom to choose, among them, the life you may hereafter lead."

Lucy was silent. This calm reasoning wounded her pride, and seemed to fling back her heart upon itself. Instead of speaking, a sob broke from her quivering lips.

Gould stooped down, and kissed the lips that so tenderly reproached him.

"In saying this, I am most severely punishing myself," he said; "punishing the selfish jealousy that almost made us quarrel, this morning. In choosing you, dear, I had the power of comparison with all that is fair and lovely among women. It was hardly generous to take advantage of your inexperience. Go, then; become acquainted with other men and women, such as you will meet with in the world: assure yourself that the love, which has become the most precious thing on earth to me, can be met with something more than a girlish fancy; and then, the thraldom of this death-bed compact shall drop away from us both, like cobwebs in the sunshine."

"You wish this—you really wish it?"

"No, dear; I submit to it, as the best means of establishing our future happiness—as the only means of releasing your father from a stain on his conscience."

"Be it so. For his sake, and that you may be sure it is no child's love I give to you, I accept this pilgrimage into the great world."

Lucy turned away, as she spoke, and was about to enter the house, almost convinced by her lover's reasoning; but angry, because he had the coolness to reason at all. In the first flush of her youth, love, with this young girl, was a passion; with him, a power. As she was about to leave him, he reached forth his arms, and drew her close to his breast, and she felt how heavily his heart was beating.

"Oh, my dear," he said, "your father cannot give you up with more pain than I feel now."

Then Lucy's arms tightened around him, and she whispered:

"You will not think this a child's fancy, when I come back again. Good-by, good-by. I shall be gone, to-morrow."

When Lucy went into the house, she found the minister sitting alone, with a dim light burning near him. He had tried to read, but even the large print of his old Bible could not keep the letters from blurring. A slight noise disturbed him, and, looking down, he saw the girl on her knees before him, with a smile on her lips. Lifting both hands, she took his sad face between them, and drew it toward her, while a soft blush stole up to her forehead.

"I shall go, father," she said; "but it will not be for long. Someone will be sure to come and claim me."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was rather late in the afternoon, when Mrs. Farnsworth drove up the principal avenue in Newport, with a young girl by her side, so plainly clad, that most of the gay throng that passed and repassed them, might have taken her for my lady's maid, except for the beautiful refinement of her face, and its thoroughly high-bred air.

A group of young men, who had been in the habit of giving fame to every new beauty that appeared, stood in front of the Casino, lifted their hats, and followed Mrs. Farnsworth's carriage with admiring surprise, as it passed; an homage that lady accepted graciously, as intended for herself, and as an acknowledgement of her own high social position.

Conspicuous among these men, was the elegant figure of Count Var, whose eyes took new brilliancy, when he saw the dark-robed, slender figure, by the side of his betrothed. He remarked the looks of admiration among his companions, with a quiet sense of proprietorship, which they could not help observing.

"Who is it?" questioned one, addressing the count. "Madame must have been foraging among the lilies. Tell us where she found this one."

"Oh," answered Var, with his usual graceful indifference, "I think it is some clergyman's daughter, to whom madame has taken a fancy.

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These little benevolent caprices are among the charms, that only those who know her well, can appreciate."

"If her caprices always bring such lovely results, you are to be envied, my dear fellow," said another of the group, with a careless laugh. "Of course, you will introduce us?"

Var smiled; but made no other reply. The admiration, so suddenly aroused in these men, annoyed him more than he would have liked them to guess at. Meantime, Lucy was taking her first observation of the world which she had been so strangely forced to enter. The sudden change, from perfect retirement, to what seemed to her a whirl of festive life, bewildered her, as a wild dream might have done. The carriages, filled with what seemed to her gorgeously dressed people: the prancing of horses, attached to quaintly formed vehicles: girls of her own age, perhaps, cantering up the avenue in groups, with dashing cavaliers in attendance, or taking the road, alone, on fast trotters, with belted and booted grooms far behind, managing second-rate steeds, with desperate attempts at display: all passing up and down: surprised, and almost frightened her. The great wooden dwellings; the high towers, pinnacles and balconies, all glowing with color; the soft, foggy air: the great embankments of flowers heaped high on the lawns, that were like velvet; the glimpses of the sea here and there: all combined, made a wilderness of form and color, that completely overwhelmed her modest sense of the beautiful.

With all these things crowding upon her brain, the girl followed Mrs. Farnsworth into her new home, trembling with excitement, and lifted out of herself by an overwrought imagination. She was conscious that the strange servants, who crowded around their mistress, regarded her with sidelong looks, and that half insolent smiles passed between them, when a woman, dressed far better than herself, received orders to show the young lady to her room.

This woman undertook the duty, with a supercilious smile on her thin lips, and led the way to a small room, at the top of the house, which was, she saw with satisfaction, rather inferior to the apartment occupied by herself; but, to Lucy, fresh from the old brown house, it seemed a bower of luxury. Oh, how her head throbbed, and her heart ached, as she sat down by the open window, and looked out to what she supposed might be the direction of her dear, far-off home.

A knock at the door startled her, and she had scarcely time to dash the tears from her eyes, when Octavia entered, in full dinner-dress, and radiant with good humor.

"So, they have put you up here," she said, casting a dissatisfied look around the room. "Just like mother: mean with one hand—ostentatious with the other. She might have known that I should arrange about your room, having particularly desired her to bring you. Poor thing, crying your eyes out, already. I suppose mother's new maid has been putting on airs—hasn't even helped to take off your things, and dinner ready for the table."

Lucy received this announcement, with a startled look, and made a hurried attempt to remove her bonnet.

"Never mind. Don't attempt to get ready; but come down to the room you shall occupy. I will send up something nice, and remember this: you haven't come here to be tormented by mother, or anyone else. Come, now."

Greatly surprised, and somewhat comforted, by this genial change, in a person who had hitherto treated her with haughty disdain, Lucy followed the young lady to a charming apartment, on the second floor, so delicately appointed, and fresh in all its belongings, that she hesitated to enter it, with the dust of travel still lying thick on her black garments.

"My room is on the same floor," said Octavia, casting a carless glance around. "Order the servants to get anything you want. It must be understood that they are to consider you will be the young lady of the house, after I am married, and once out of it."

"But, I did not expect this—I do not deserve it," said Lucy, breathless with astonishment. "Mrs. Farnsworth does not intend it, I am sure."

Octavia laughed.

"Mamma is autocrat of the house, now; but it will not always be so. She is about to make a fool of herself, and marry a young husband. I suppose you know?"

"You are speaking of Count Var?"

"Yes; a wonderfully handsome man: don't you think so?"

"Yes; that is, I hardly know, having seen so few gentlemen in my life."

"But I, who have seen so many, assure you that he is the most splendid creature I ever set eyes on. Sometimes, I wish—"

Here, Octavia checked herself, with a light laugh, and went on:

"Most people think Oram good-looking. So he is, in a fresh, English style; and he has the great advantage of being an earl; while Var is only a continental count. Still, there isn't a girl in Newport, who will not hate mamma for her conquest. They really must think it one,

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for he insists that she shall keep her own money, and that mine shall be secured to me, before he is married to her."

"That seems very generous," said Lucy, struck by this proof of disinterestedness; and remembering, too, that Var had always been kind to her.

"Yes; there is no apparent reason why he should wish to marry my mother, but the love he may have for her—except—"

Octavia had put unconscious emphasis on the word apparent, and broke up her very confidential speech with a blush and rather forced laugh.

"At any rate, he has been the best friend I ever had," she added. "No other influence could ever have won my just inheritance from my mother, and, without that, I might have been under her heel forever."

Lucy, to whom filial reverence was sacred as religion, was a little shocked by the reckless way in which this only child could speak of her mother; but her own dislike of the woman, who had forced her away from home, was so well founded, that she had no spirit to rebuke it; and Octavia went on:

"That is right. Take off your things, and rest yourself," she said, pointing to a luxurious easy-chair near the window. "I will send that upstart maid, to brush out your hair."

"Oh, I would rather not. You are very kind; but I prefer to take care of myself. Pray, do not send her."

Octavia laughed at the eagerness of this protest.

"I do not wonder that you prefer anything, to having that woman about you," she said. "I detest her; but you must have something to eat. I will see to it."

With this hospitable promise, Octavia left the room; and Lucy, drawing a deep breath, sat down, for a moment, in her dusty garments, wondering at the change, that had made Octavia Farnsworth appear almost like a friend to her. At any rate, the change was reassuring; and, in the midst of all these new and beautiful surroundings, she began to feel less dreary.

The door of a small dressing-room was open, and a gleam of white marble shone through. Half curious, half afraid, Lucy went in, and found herself before a tall dressing-glass, that surmounted a toilet, glittering with amber-hued Venetian glass, and appointments of carved ivory, of which she hardly understood the use. She did not even know how to fill the great marble basin with water, and started, when an accidental touch of the silver faucet sent a cool, crystal stream flowing, in which she bathed herself, with an exquisite sense of delight. Then, seated before the great dressing-glass, she uncoiled her abundant hair, and brushed its wavy lengths, till they swept over her shoulders, and down the back of her seat, in waves of soft, golden brown, that almost clouded her mourning from sight.

Sitting there, with her dress thrown open at the throat, and revealing all its smooth whiteness, her hair in this silken disorder, and her cheeks flushed with recent excitement, the girl, for the first time, became aware of her own exceeding loveliness; and sat dreamily gazing upon the mirror, as if a picture, by some great artist, and of a person she had never seen, had been placed before her. She was sitting thus, when a jingle of china, and a knock at the door, aroused her. Hurriedly twisting up her hair, and folding the dress over her bosom, she gave admission to a footman, borne down by the weight of a massive silver tray, on which rarely-tinted china and cut crystal gleamed among dainties, so elaborated and disguised by the art of a French cook, that she could not, for her life, have given the name of a single dish.

Lucy retreated into the dressing-room, while the servant drew out a small table, and arranged the solitary meal with great precision. When she came forth, he arranged a chair, and would have stationed himself in attendance behind it; but, hesitating, and almost afraid of offending so august a personage, she managed to dismiss him, and was left again to welcome solitude.

It is wonderful, how easily a bright and naturally refined girl can adapt herself to any position, into which fate may drift her. With such, a vivid imagination often supplies the place of experience; quick perception comes to its aid; in fact, not unfrequently, the best-bred ladies of our land have come originally from remote villages, where the usages of fashionable society are almost unknown.

There was no lack of refinement or knowledge with Lucy Hastings; for one was her inheritance, and the other had been easily acquired; and although now, for the first time, she found herself surrounded by all the luxurious appliances of wealth, strange to say, they did not seem unnatural to her. The delicate meal, placed before her, was even all the more delicious, for its mysteriousness, and dainty surroundings.

By-and-bye, when the tray was removed, she sank into an easy-chair by the window, and fell into thoughts of her home; but, this time, it was with a dreamy sense of restfulness. She began to wish that her father could be there, with all those beautiful things to look upon. How he

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would enjoy that fine view of rocky shore, land, and water, upon which she was languidly gazing, through the window. In all his life, he had never seen the ocean, nor known how near Paradise the earth could be made, when art and nature combined to its perfection.

What a change this was, from the old brown house, where her father was sitting then; dreary from the loss of her, but patient in his new desolation.

As this thought came to her mind, Lucy felt the view, on which the sunset was throwing misty gold, painful to look upon. She closed her eyes, and Wheeler's Hollow, with its wild woods, its pine-clad hills, and the river sweeping through their shadows, came in its place; so vividly that tears swelled under her eyelids, and trembled on the lashes; then, presently, she fell asleep, with the bland sea air stealing perfume from the embankment of flowers below, and drifting it softly up over her.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Let it be white, then, with a sash of pale lavender," said Octavia, the next morning, after a council of dress had been called, in which Lucy was permitted to reserve some vestiges of her mourning from the general dictation. "We do not expect her to adopt the present gorgeous style; but there must be no cloud of mourning about my wedding. Oram detests anything gloomy, and the sight of a black veil makes me faint. Of course, I shall not go out much, before the affair comes off. Madame need not exclude herself, as yet; it would break her heart, if she were compelled to do that; but Var thinks, as first bridesmaid, it would be more *chic*, if you kept in the back ground. He is to be best man, you know."

"For that time, I must be content to see him monopolized by another," said Mrs. Farnsworth, bending her eyes to the ground. "And of course, you know, as for myself, I do not propose to appear much in society, until he gives me a right to claim proper precedence there. Still, we shall be compelled to receive such friends, as the count or my lord chooses to introduce, and the homage of a perfect toilet is due to them."

"I will wear anything you recommend," said Lucy, looking down with tender regret at her black dress. "Only let it be plain as possible. Remember, I have not been used to gay colors, at any time."

"A dash of scarlet, now and then, would be lovely," said Octavia. "Don't look so frightened —that is mourning, in some countries; but we will fall back on lavender, or light purple, till the day comes. Then, everything must be as Var directs. His taste is perfect."

"Perfect!" repeated Mrs. Farnsworth. "That of Count d'Orsay did not stand higher."

"I should think Lord Oram might have something to say about his own wedding," Lucy ventured on suggesting.

"Not at all," answered the madame.

"Not at all," rejoined Octavia. "Nothing can be heavier than the English style. But, come, hurry on the dress; both gentlemen are coming to breakfast. You will find fresh flowers in your room. Let my maid put some in your hair."

Lucy went back to her own apartment, and resigned herself, patiently, into the hands of that rather imperious French woman, who had inspired her with so much awe on her first arrival at the house. While this artist, as she called herself, was busy arraying the delicate muslin dress, with a garnature of embroidery scattered over it, like snowflakes, looped up with the lavender sash, the girl was thinking, with wonder, of Octavia's great kindness. What had she done to inspire all this warmth of interest, in a person who had always seemed so cold, and even repelling, to her, in the country? Had all this cordiality sprung out of the girl's own happiness? Did she love Lord Oram so well, that everything seemed worthy of kindness to her?

Probably, an older person might have asked these questions, without comprehending the case entirely; for, on occasions, and with some characters, elaborate kindness to one party, may spring out of keen opposition to another. Octavia knew, in her heart, that the actual adoption of Lucy Hastings into her family, had never been really intended by her mother, as anything more than a threat to annoy her; and, now that, by rare good fortune, she was about to enter upon an independent career of her own, the idea of forcing a presence, that she knew to be unwelcome, on the future countess, was a sweet revenge for former tyranny, that this young lady enjoyed with infinite zest. Besides, she really was so triumphant in her great hopes of elevation, that the predominating malice in her nature was held in abeyance. Thus, for the time, Lucy received the benefit of this deceptive sunshine, and was innocently grateful for it.

If Lucy had any misgivings about the attentions of Count Var, when she entered that pleasant breakfast-room, the quiet indifference of his reception dispersed them at once. Lord Oram, in his careless, good-natured way, was much more impressive, and seemed really glad to see her; a state of things that puzzled Miss

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Octavia, and removed some jealous doubts from the mind of the elder lady. At all times, she would have found it difficult to believe, that Var was consenting to the girl's adoption, merely because he thought her own honor bound to it, if his grand generosity in refusing any share of her property had not been equally magnanimous. As it was, she could not fail to look on the fresh beauty of her protogée, with some distrust and more envy.

From this day, Lucy enjoyed her new life, with all the enthusiasm of youth and perfect health. Octavia still continued kind, and Mrs. Farnsworth was so completely occupied by her young lover, that she had no time for the petty tyrannies, which had caused so much revolt in her daughter. Var, always suave and deferential, scarcely seemed to notice her presence, when the household was together; but, once or twice, when they chanced to be left alone in the verandah, or grounds, his manner changed imperceptibly into such tender interest, that she began to shrink from it, as a sort of treason to her lover at home.

Octavia Farnsworth was to be married before her mother. Indeed, there seemed to be some cause of delay, in the latter case, which occasioned some discussion in the exalted circles of Newport. For, the marriage of a nobleman, there, in the very heart of American high life, was a subject both of gratulation and criticism. Sealed and crested missives were constantly going to someone in London, always promptly answered by large business letters, heavily stamped, and evidently containing papers of importance. Of late, several mysterious messages had been exchanged by cable; and, soon after this, Count Var announced, in a careless way, to his friends in the club, that his marriage would probably take place at the British Embassy, in Washington, as his parents, though Italian, were residing in England, at the time of his birth; and some interests that he possessed there, made it important that the ceremony should be made legal at all points.

Mrs. Farnsworth was rather elated by this double endorsement of her young lover's position; but expressed a wish to return, afterwards, to her residence in Newport, where the nuptial festivities should be kept up, with all the pomp of a matchless trousseau, and sumptuous entertainments, in which Lord and Lady Oram were expected to join, before they sailed for Europe.

Of course, all this gave wide scope for gossip, and kindled no small degree of envy among those who looked upon a double marriage, in which two noblemen were monopolized by one family, as an unpardonable infringement; all of which added to the triumph of Mrs. Farnsworth and her daughter, and drew them into such complete sympathy, that they forgot to quarrel, even in private, during a whole week; but then, the wedding garments were under constant discussion, orders were to be given, and ceremonials adopted; so that they really had not time.

On the afternoon before Octavia's wedding day, Lucy, finding herself very lonely, and somewhat homesick, wandered down to the cliffs. She had discovered a sheltered spot, where her presence might be concealed, except from the water. Here, she seated herself among the rocks, where the spray dashed a shower of diamonds almost to her feet. Afar off, soft, opaline gleams, that mingled gold and amber hues with the blue waters, were beginning to appear; and the dash of waves along a curve of the distant beach, made the solitude more complete than silence could have done. To Lucy, this solitude of waters was a perpetual surprise. Born inland, with only a mountain stream near her home, which she could almost cross on stepping-stones in the summer time, the broad expanse of water, seemed to expand the whole creation for her.

While she sat there, in the sunset, absorbed and listening, a dark form came gliding along the foot-path, and down the slippery bank, till it came close to her: so close that she felt a touch on her arm.

Lucy uttered a little cry. The stillness had been so complete, that the touch of a finger startled her.

"Don't," said a gentle voice. "Don't scream It is only me: aunt Hannah."

"Aunt Hannah—you blessed old creature! How on earth came you here? The path is so steep, you might have broken your neck—but, tell me, tell me, where did you come from?"

"From the Hollow, only this morning. Your father was quite well, then, and has gone off to preach on the circuit. It was so lonesome, at home, that he couldn't stand it. So, having nobody to take care of, I just shut up the house, and came to see how you were getting along; and, you mustn't blame me for it; but I knew that the young miss was going to be married, to-morrow, and couldn't pacify myself, without getting a look at her. Oh, it will be a grand sight."

"But, I did not think you cared for such things," said Lucy, surprised.

"Well, just for once. I might stand across the street, when they go into the church, you know, clear back; nobody would be apt to see me, and make them angry by telling of it. There couldn't be much harm in that, now, could there?"

"No harm whatever, aunt Hannah. But, would it not be better to go up to the house,

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at once? They could not think it at all strange, after your care of Lord Oram."

"No, no; I couldn't do that, for the whole world," answered the old woman, nervously. "They must not know a word about my being here. All I want, is a sight of them, as they go in and come out. I am sure that she will look splendid."

"Brides usually do, I am told, aunt Hannah," said Lucy, kindly.

"Brides? Oh, yes; but I was thinking—promise me, now, Miss Lucy, that you will not mention seeing me, nor take notice, if you happen to turn your eyes upon an old woman that seemed natural to you, in the crowd. Now, will you?"

"No: I will do nothing that you wish me to keep secret; but where are you staying? I must be sure that you are comfortable."

"Oh, I am well off: staying with a friend; please don't trouble about that. Only, tell me whereabouts you will be, when they go into church."

"I believe, they intend me to be next the bride."

"That is so kind of them; but, where will she—Mrs. Farnsworth, I mean—where will she be?"

"I can hardly tell you, aunt Hannah; but, of course, you cannot fail to see her."

"Fail to see her?—as if I could do that; and she so beautiful: just like a queen; and so young looking. I shouldn't wonder if some people mistook her for the bride."

"I suppose you know that she will be that, in a few weeks, aunt Hannah?"

"Is it true? Are you quite certain that it is true?" questioned the old woman, lifting her eyes with an intensity of expression that struck Lucy with increased surprise. "It would be very kind of you to tell me about it. I don't understand much about these foreigners and their ways. Only, anyone can see that this gentleman is handsome as a picture, and nearly a match for her in good looks. They call him a lord, too; and tell me that he will make a lady of her—as if she wasn't that already. Now, do tell me about it."

"There is nothing that I can tell, except that both Count Var and Lord Oram are great men, in their own country; and the persons they marry will be lifted far above most women."

"As if she had not been that, ever so long," muttered aunt Hannah.

Aunt Hannah, after this, sat with her head bowed, and her hands working nervously under her shawl, for some time. When she did speak, again, it was with timid hesitation.

"Will you tell me one thing more, Miss Lucy—how should a poor lady like me know about these foreigners—does the madame, or Miss Octavia, make any more money than they have got, when they get married?"

"No; I am very sure they do not," answered Lucy, more and more surprised by the drift of aunt Hannah's questions. "On the contrary, I think Lord Oram will be made the richer."

Aunt Hannah drew a deep breath. "I only asked, you know," she said: "people think a great deal of money; but then, these gentlemen don't give any: they get it, don't you see, which makes a great difference."

"I haven't thought much about that," answered Lucy, smiling at the old woman's earnestness, "having none to give or take; but, it is getting dark, aunt Hannah. Are you quite certain of a comfortable place to sleep in?"

"All that I want. Don't trouble about me, Miss Lucy; I'm used to taking care of myself. Good-by, now!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

# IN MEMORIAM.

BY MRS. ALBERTA F. BUCHAN.

Fold the little hands, so waxen,
O'er the pulseless, baby breast.
For our little one is sleeping,
In death's long and dreamless rest.
Press the gold-fringed eyelids gently,
O'er the sunny, trusting eyes.
Eyes that, closed on earth forever,
Open up in Paradise.

Vain we question why it happened,
How it can be for the best?
Asking why those feet, so early
On their journey, needed rest?

But, though hearts are aching, broken,
With the dull, unceasing pain;
Though the light of life seems vanished,
Never to come back again;

Yet, oh! who would wish to call her,
From her home of light above?
Who would ask that God had left her
Here, to cheer us with her love?
Even with our love to guide her,
In the paths of good and right,
Would she still have entered heaven,
With a soul so pure and white?



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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1.—Is a house-dress, of coffee-colored camel's-hair. The lower part of the skirt has a kilted flounce, half a yard deep, which falls over a very narrow flounce of the same material; and this again is placed above a plaiting of dark-red satin. There is a scarf-drapery across the front of

No. 1.

No. 2.



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the skirt, of foulard, of the same color as the rest of the dress, but spotted with polka-dots in dark-red. This drapery is tied in a *pouf*, behind, and falls to the bottom of the skirt. The deep, close-fitting basque has a quilting of red satin down the front, and around the collar and cuffs. A white lace finishes the neck and front.

No. 3. No. 4.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume, of dark-blue and green woolen plaid. The lower part of the skirt is laid in a box-plaited flounce, about three-eighths of a yard deep, and this is fastened close about half way down. The lower part forms a flounce. Above this, is another box-plaited flounce, a quarter of a yard in depth. The overskirt is slightly draped, straight across, and caught on the left side with long loops and ends of ribbon, corresponding in color with the skirt; at the back, the drapery is narrow and irregularly looped,

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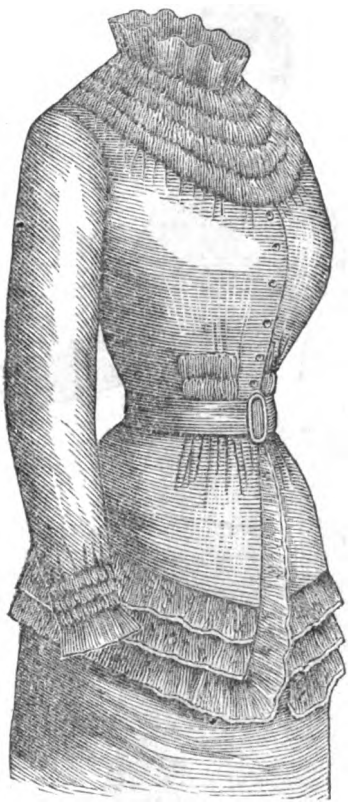
and reaches to where the lower flounce is left loose. The coat basque fastens down the front, and is made with plaits on the skirt at the back; at the top of the plaits, are large bone buttons. The small cape is cut no deeper than the shoulder



No. 5.

seam, on the shoulders and at the back; but is deeper in front.

No. 3—Is a walking-dress, of brown cashmere. There is a two-inch knife-plaiting around the bottom; above this, is a deep box-plaited ruffle, the cashmere plaits alternating with a very narrow plain space of brown silk. The underskirt is of brown silk, slightly gathered where the flounce is set on; this flounce is headed by a gauging of the brown silk. The overskirt of the camel's-hair is draped shawl-wise on the right side, has a wide machine-stitched hem, and is ornamented with a bow of brown ribbon at the point. The drapery comes high on the left side, and the scarf-finish, below the basque, is tied in a knot, with ends falling below the left hip. The tight-fitting basque has a cape, which fastens with a cord and tassel, and is open enough to show a gathered piece of the brown silk. The same finish is on the cuffs.

No. 4—Is a house-dress, of black *satin de Lyons*. The train is very slightly looped at the back; is not very long; and is finished with a narrow knife-plaiting of the material, which also extends around the foot of the dress in front. The apron-front is composed of a series of narrow lace ruffles, put on rather scant, so as to show the pattern. Spanish lace is very beautiful for this purpose; or, richer yet, is the jetted lace; but that is very heavy, and exceedingly expensive. There should be narrow, scant ruffles of the *satin de Lyons*, or of some other less costly material, placed under the lace ruffles, in order that they may keep their place well. Rows of jet gimp are placed at the head of each ruffle. The long

No. 6.

pointed waist is trimmed at the edge with the lace, which is also placed in a jabot down the front, and ornamented with jet passementerie. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond. Square collar, trimmed with jet gimp.

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No. 5—Is a gathered corsage, made of white muslin; and which is exceedingly pretty for a young lady to wear of an evening, with a colored, or with a white skirt, as may be most convenient. The puffings around the neck should only be added for a slender person. The gauging at the waist is not very full, and a belt of white watered silk is fastened with a pearl buckle. Any pretty, suitable lace, may trim the corsage. There is a gauging in the middle of the back, but it should not be made very full, as that will give a round-shouldered appearance. The sleeves correspond with the neck of the corsage. Nun's veiling,

No. 7.

India mull, surah silk, or any other soft material, makes a beautiful corsage after this model.

No. 6—Is a coat, of light-gray cloth, for a little girl. It is made sacque-shape, not quite close-fitting in front, and with a large box-plait at the back, which gives the requisite fulness for the skirt. There are large pockets far back on the skirt, with flaps, and machine-stitched. Above the round cape, is a deep collar, of black Astrachan fur.

No. 7—Is a paletot, for a girl of eight to ten years of age. It is of black cashmere, slightly

No. 8.

wadded, and lined with fine opera flannel. The narrow, standing-up collar is of the cashmere, lined with red satin, and there is a narrow piping of the red satin around the bottom of the paletot, and on the sleeves, *not* at the seams. The buttons are covered with the black cashmere, and embroidered with red sprigs.

No. 8—Is a coat, for a boy of from seven to nine years of age. It is of dark-brown cloth, stitched with silk of the same color, and trimmed at the pockets with brown military braid. A double row of horn buttons fastens it down the front.

No. 9—Is a paletot, of gray beaver-cloth, for a little boy. It has large, square pockets, a square collar, and is double-breasted. Large, round,

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wooden buttons ornament the front, and smaller ones the pockets and sleeves.

### LADIES' PATTERNS

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

| | |
|---|---|
| Princess Dress: Plain, | .50 |
| " " with drapery and trimming, | 1.00 |
| Polonaise, | .50 |
| Combination Walking Suits, | 1.00 |
| Trimmed Skirts, | .50 |
| Watteau Wrapper, | .50 |
| Plain or Gored Wrappers, | .35 |
| Basques, | .35 |
| Coats, | .35 |
| " with vests or skirts cut off, | .50 |
| Overskirts, | .35 |
| Talmas and Dolmans, | .35 |
| Waterproofs and Circulars, | .35 |
| Ulsters, | .35 |

### CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dresses: Plain, | .25 | Basques and Coats, | .25 |
| Combination Suits, | .35 | Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts | .35 |
| Skirts and Overskirts, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Polonaise: Plain, | .25 | Waterproofs, Circulars and Ulsters, | .25 |
| " Fancy, | .35 | | |

### BOYS' PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jackets, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Pants, | .20 | Gents' Shirts, | .50 |
| Vests, | .20 | " Wrappers, | .30 |
| Ulsters, | .30 | | |

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

No. 9.

## DESIGN FOR THISTLE, ETC., ETC.

We give, in the SUPPLEMENT, a design for a Thistle, drawn from nature; and also two designs in outline-stitch, a bird and a stag's head.

The leaves of the thistle are to be done in green, the natural color. The flowers in purple, tinted lighter towards the edge; sometimes, even made white at the edge. This is the ordinary purple thistle, not the small Canada thistle. The Scotch thistle, which is larger than either, is light-yellow; and the proper color can be secured, by using amber-colored silks or crewels.

The stag's head and bird may be done in black, or any other color, that may be thought most suitable for the piece of work they may adorn.

These designs can be cut out from the SUPPLEMENT, without interfering with the diagrams, and can then be transferred, according to the directions given in our September number.

## EMBROIDERED SLIPPER: IN GOLD.

In the front of the number, we give a design, printed in colors, for a slipper, embroidered in gold. The material may be either velvet, satin, or cloth; and crimson would be the most suitable color. The pattern may be worked in gold braid, or with gold thread in Kensington-stitch, or chain-stitch. This is one of those expensive illustrations only to be found in "Peterson."

## BORDER IN EMBROIDERY.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a border, or band, in embroidery, designed for working on card cases, note cases, etc.: and either kid, or linen, may be used for the foundation. Chain-stitch, and French knots, etc., are used in the embroidery.

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# THE CECILE VISITE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an engraving of "THE CECILE VISITE," an elegant and useful article for a girl ten years old. Folded in with the number, we give a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size diagrams, by the aid of which the "visite" can be cut out, without the aid of a dressmaker. The "visite," as will be seen, consists of five pieces:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF BACK.
III.—SLEEVE.
IV.—FRONT OF CAPE.
V.—BACK OF CAPE.

The two small pieces, that form the cape, require no special explanation, as their putting together is readily seen. In the side-seam, which joins the front and the back of the mantle together, are two cuts, with a notch a few inches below: these show where the seams join; they are further marked by letters corresponding.

The upper and under sides of the sleeve are cut in one piece; and the under part, which is the smaller, must be turned underneath, by folding it on the dotted line, which has a notch at each end: the two cuts, showing where the sleeve joins to the side-seam of front and back. The under side of sleeve joins to the armhole of front, as shown by the three cuts in each piece.

The shoulder-seams of front and back are indicated by one notch, and in sewing in the sleeve, the notch, at the sleeve-head, must be placed at the shoulder-end of the shoulder-seam just named.

If preferred, the skirt of this garment may be lengthened several inches. (By the "cuts" we mean the straight notches, which are in groups of twos and threes.)

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, some patterns for the "Work-Table." They are inserted where they can be cut out, without interfering with the diagram. A description of how to work them is given elsewhere.

# EMBROIDERED PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In our July number, we gave a colored design for a photograph frame, which was so popular, that we give, this month, in the front of the number, a design for one of a different pattern, also to be worked in embroidery.

The frame, in the present case, is in garnet velvet, embroidered with forget-me-nots, interlaced with white and pink flowerets. This frame would also look well in black, dark-blue, or old-gold plush. It is even prettier than the design in daisies, given in the July number. Either would make a charming Christmas gift.



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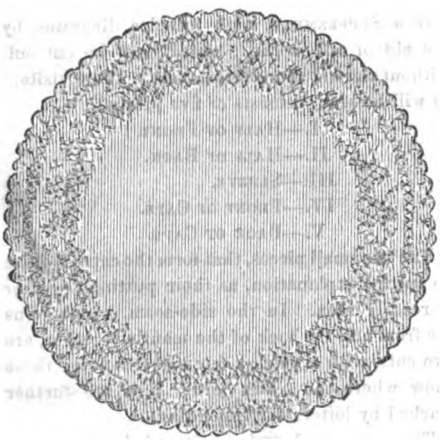
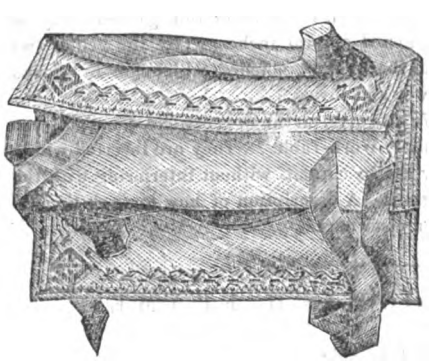
# DESIGN FOR D'OYLEY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

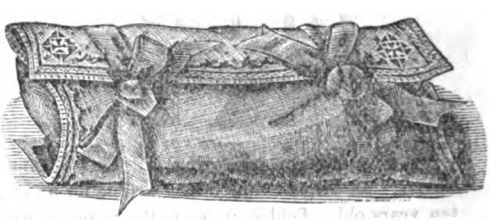


We give, here, a design for a d'oyley, to be made of white linen, festooned round the edge with Turkey-red cotton. The long stitches, called *points lancés*, and the pale cross-stitches, are put on also with red cotton; the stitches indicated with a black cross are blue. The colors can be reversed, or the embroidery can be carried out with white cotton.

# SHOE POCKET.



SHOE-POCKET. (OPEN.)



SHOE-POCKET. (CLOSED.)

We give, here, a design for a shoe-pocket, to protect shoes from dust, or to keep them from soiling other articles, if placed in a drawer or trunk. The pocket is of undressed holland or crash, embroidered with a cross-stitch border, with colored ingrain cotton. Cut the foundation twenty-eight inches long, and eleven inches wide. Make one pocket by folding from the eleventh to the seventeenth inch, then fold down to the twenty-fourth, leaving a flap of four inches; the three folds must be sewn together at the sides; this will form two pockets, one for each shoe; the flaps fold one over each pocket, and are fastened round with ribbon of the same color as the embroidery.



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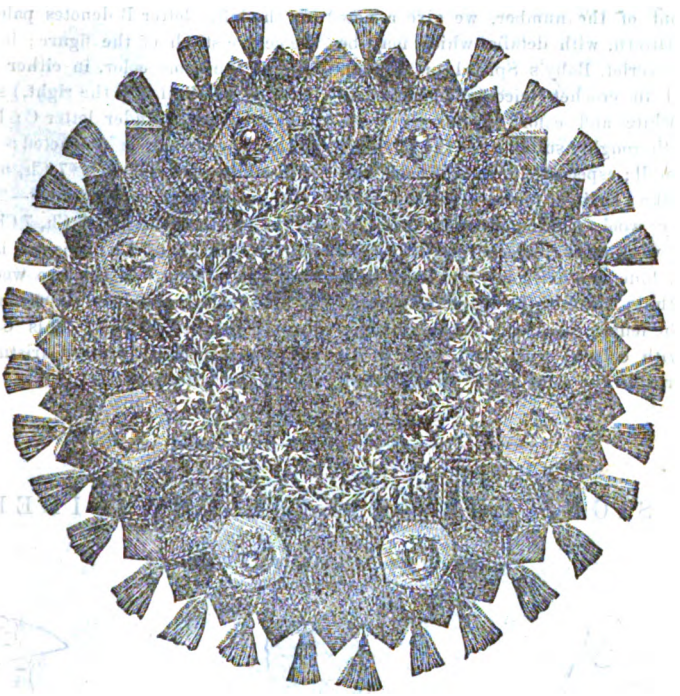
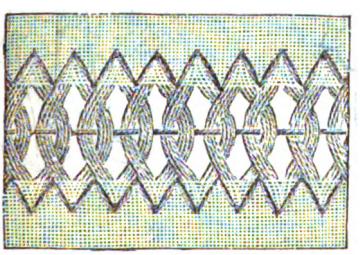
# LAMP MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Preparations for Christmas begin so early, in many families, that we give many articles, in our present number, which may be serviceable for gifts at Christmas time. We begin with a lamp-mat. This is for grandma's especial lamp. The mat may be made of pieces of velvet, and satin or silk, or even cretonne. In our model, above, the foundation is of velvet, cut in points, and on it are appliquéd colored lozenges of gay satin; these are put on with a chain-stitch, done in gray-colored silks. Every alternate lozenge is light, and has a sprig done in chain, or Kensington-stitch; the darker lozenges are embroidered in cross-stitch; the fluffy tassels are made of filoselle. The wreath may be done in any fancy stitch, that suits best.

# DRAWN WORK.



This is an easy and effective way to ornament the ends of crash towels, or little scarf table-covers, made of mummy cloth, or Java canvas. Draw the threads, and then cross them, with either a coarse linen thread, or else a thread of crewel, and add the vandyke stitches on either side.



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## COVERLET, SPREAD, OR AFGHAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a new and stylish pattern, with details, which may be used for a Coverlet, Baby's Spread, or Afghan. It is worked in crochet tricotée, in alternate squares of white and color, in Saxony wool. This wool is thoroughly suitable for the purpose, as it washes well; especially, if bran is used, and *not* soap. Make a chain of fourteen stitches, with white Saxony wool, making thirteen loops of tricotée, and work on it thirteen rows of white; then take the blue or other color, and work thirteen rows with it; continue the stripe in alternate squares, to the length required. The next stripe, commence with colored wool, and work in alternate squares, in the same way. In the detail, (on the left,) letter B denotes pale-blue silk for the centre stitch of the figure; letter C, darker blue of the same color, in either silk or wool; letter E, in detail, (on the right,) same color silk as that indicated under letter C; letter F, white silk. The fringe is crocheted:—Work a row with white wool, 1st DC, *7 Ch, miss two loops, 1 DC on the next, repeat from *—2d. row. 1 DC on the fourth of the first 7 Ch, 7 Ch, 1 DC on the fourth of the next 7 Ch; this row is worked with blue wool. Next, cut the two wools in lengths of nine inches, and loop six strands into every loop of the second row. This Coverlet would make an especially pretty Christmas gift, when suitable in other respects.

## DESIGNS FOR OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

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## TOQUE.

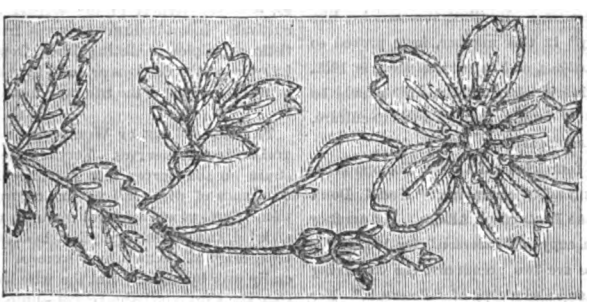
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This toque will make a useful present, and will be delightful autumn work. Make a chain of

the required length, say eighty. Work three rounds of square crochet, viz: one treble and one chain, missing one of the chain below. One round of trebles, not forgetting to take up the back part of the stitch. Eleven rounds, decreased at every seventh stitch. There are fifteen rounds in all.—16th R. Take the remaining stitches, two together, and sew up. Now, with the garnet wool, work one round of trebles; at the brim then three and a-half rounds of the border, making it inside, in order to turn it over, and tack the scallops at the top. Make a fluffy ball, six inches in circumference; attach it loosely to the peak, which doubles down in such a way as to hide the join, and is secured to the border between two scallops. Pretty for a Christmas gift.

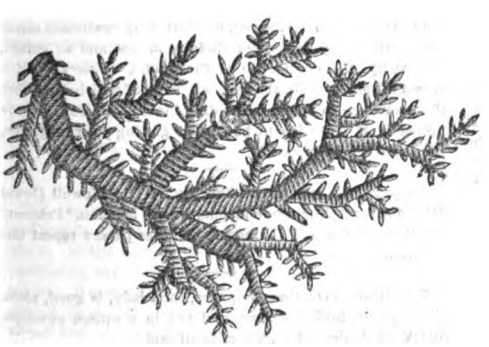
## BORDER FOR DRESS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This border, done in outline-stitch, is suitable for children's dresses; colored or white petticoats; fancy articles for the parlor, chamber, etc. Do it in silk or crewels, in white or in colors.

## BRANCH OF CORAL.



This coral design is intended to be used for embroidering a dress for a child, either in silks on white cashmere, or crewels, or in red ingrain cotton, for wash dresses, sacques, etc.



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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1882! GREATER INDUCEMENTS THAN EVER!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1882, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of this claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book*, either in the United States, or, for that matter, in the world.

We claim, also, that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualites than any other magazine. Its steel engravings are the finest, and a steel engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent: its styles are the newest and most elegant; its superb colored plates (printed from steel, and not mere lithographs), have no rivals. The pattern-sheets, given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it also indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy*. Its illustrated articles, like "A Day At Canterbury" in this number, have proved so popular, that *we shall continue, and improve on them, in* 1882. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine; and every family, that pretends to culture, should take, at least, one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is our unrivalled engraving: "Hush! Don't Wake Them," or our fine Photograph Album. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1882. For still another kind, there are two premiums: the engraving or Photograph Album, and also a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine, and both the engraving and Photograph Album are given, *three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements. Only our immense circulation enables us to do it.

*Now is the time to get up clubs.* Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment.*

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DOCTORS MAKE A MISTAKE, not unfrequently, in thinking that what cures a disease in one person, will cure it in all. Yet every sensible observer knows that this is not true. It is one of the advantages of an old family physician, that he becomes familiar with the constitution of each one of his patients, and is able to prescribe accordingly. There are but two things that can always be relied on, hygienically: moderate exercise, and plenty of fresh air.

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INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY LADY.—The Lynn (Mass.) Record says of this magazine, that it "is indispensable to every lady, who desires to keep thoroughly posted in regard to the fashions."

THE BEAUTIFUL IN DRESS, should be an object of real interest to every woman. But this beauty is not to be sought by a blind following of fashion-plates. Of course, no woman can dress well, who goes against the prevailing style of her generation. The costume of the ancient Greeks, for example, was a very graceful one; but it is eminently unsuited for a climate like ours, or the modesty of Christian civilization. Hence, when Madame Tallien, during the French Revolution, appeared, in a classic dress, with bare limbs, even the men of that day were shocked. No really lady-like woman wishes to appear odd in her dress; for, to be singular, is to be talked of too much; and true modesty shrinks from this. But, in following the fashion of the day, there is always room for judicious selection. One color suits one complexion: another color another. A bonnet, that looks well on one woman, will not look well on another. Fortunately, there is always sufficient variety in the fashions, to allow of tasteful selection; and, when this fails, of adaptation. The so-called "dress reformers" have always failed, because they make women look like frights. They act as if one must be hideous, in order to be healthy, which is sheer nonsense. As the Philadelphia Times says, "pay the fullest respect to anatomy and physiology; but, in doing so, also pay respect to the eternal laws of beauty, and cultivate 'individualism' in dress, in accordance with artistic principles as distinguished from affectation." First know what the fashions are, and then select what suits your own style. That is the true way to dress.

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THE HOME-WORK OF WOMEN does not always receive the praise which it deserves. Very few men fully appreciate the strain on the nerves that housekeeping is. Every year thousands of wives fall victims to overwork in this direction. Careless and wasteful servants, where servants can be afforded, and excessive physical labor, where no servants are kept, carry off hecatombs of women. A man's work is generally over by night. But the wife has no rest. From the time she rises, until she retires—unless she is rich—there is always something that she has to do. Her occasions for relaxation are rare. Often, any little trifle she asks for, is grudgingly given. "What's the use of it?" cries the husband, who spends, probably, twenty times as much on cigars. To bear up against the strain that housekeeping involves, a woman, as the New York Herald observes, "should be a prodigy of sense, industry, and endurance."

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THE OLD ESTABLISHED MAGAZINES, such as "Peterson," are the ones to subscribe for, as their long-continued career proves that they have kept their promises, and so gained, deservedly, the confidence of the public. Every year, a crowd of new periodicals starts up, most of which die before the twelvemonth is out, defrauding the subscribers who have prepaid. If you wish to be sure of getting your magazine, subscribe for "Peterson."

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"PETERSON" SHOULD BE THE ONE.—The Newell (Iowa) Mirror says: "Where one magazine only is taken, 'Peterson' should be that one." Hundreds of other papers repeat this opinion.

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THE BEST STYLE for note-paper, for a lady, is good, plain, thick paper, folded square, and put in a square envelope. Black ink is the only ink that is allowable.



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SPLENDID PREMIUMS FOR 1882.—Our new premium engraving, to be sent to persons for getting up clubs, for next year, is entitled, "Hush! Don't Wake Them," and is of the size of 20 inches by 16. The subject was engraved, as an illustration for "Peterson," some years ago, and was so popular, that we have yielded to numerous requests, and re-engraved it, large size, for framing, and now offer it as a premium for 1882. No more beautiful, or cultured, ornament, to be framed, and hung on the parlor wall, could be desired. It is a work of real art, and a copy should be had, by every family in the land.

*Or in place of* this beautiful engraving, we will give, for a premium, a handsome PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM. We are induced to make this offer, in consequence of the popularity of the Quarto Illustrated Album, which was one of our premiums for this year. The Photograph Album will be even more desirable. It will be bound in leatherette, embossed and gilt; and will contain places for twenty-four photographs, of the *carte de visite* size, or, for the larger clubs, even more.

For many clubs, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or Photograph Album: and for some, all three. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great; and probably will never be so great again. But see the Prospectus on the last page of the cover.

*It is not too early to begin* to get up clubs for 1882. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Every year, we receive letters, saying, "If I had commenced sooner, I could have done much better, for everybody likes Peterson." Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to those wishing to get up clubs.

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THE ETIQUETTE OF CARDS is very simple. When a call is made in person, and the parties are out, the corner of the card should be turned down, to show that the call was made in person; and, if a husband and wife are called on, two cards should be left, both turned down at the corner: but, if there are daughters, no cards should be left for them, if it is a gentleman that calls: but, if there are sons, he should leave cards for them: as a lady leaves cards for daughters. A recent work on etiquette says: a card, folded across the middle, is the proper thing to leave for daughters. This is quite wrong. When calling on an acquaintance, who is the guest of one you do not know, it is very bad taste to leave cards for the people of the house: it looks like pushing. Visiting cards should never be sent by mail. A gentleman's card should always have Mr. on it; for instance, Mr. John Smith.

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HANGING BASKETS OF WIRE are very pretty, but they are very troublesome, on account of the difficulty in watering them, without deluging everything in the neighborhood. A good authority recommends putting a piece of flannel between the moss lining and the earth. We have seen, however, another, and even better, arrangement. Small tin basins, painted green, were fastened to the bottoms of the baskets, and received all the surplus water. This did not detract from the beauty of the basket; in fact, at a short distance, the basin was not visible.

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THE DEMAND FOR THIS MAGAZINE is so great, that the local agents frequently have their stock exhausted, prematurely. In these cases, some of them, to save the trouble of re-ordering, say that the edition is "out of print." This is not so. We can always supply back numbers, as well as current ones. If your news agent tells you he cannot supply you, write to us, enclosing the retail price, and we will forward, by return mail, postage free, the number, or numbers, that you wish.

WE DO NOT GIVE PREMIUMS for *subscribing* to "Peterson." We put all we can afford into the magazine, which is one reason why it is the cheapest, as well as the best. Periodicals, that give premiums to subscribers, have to take the cost of the premium out of the periodical, which is, to that extent, poorer than it otherwise would be. We only give premiums when persons get up clubs, which is quite a different affair. The premium is given to repay, at least in part, those getting up clubs, for the time spent in canvassing. It is not given to bribe subscribers to subscribe. Any magazine, or newspaper, that has to offer such a bribe, is, on its own showing, not worth the money asked for it.

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NO OTHER MAGAZINE of equal merit, is as low-priced as "Peterson's." No other is as cheap to club subscribers. No other gives premiums, really as good, for so little work. Get up clubs, therefore, for 1882. *Begin at once.*

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Amenities Of Home.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—The design of this work can be best told by quoting the titles of some of its chapters. "The Mother Begins," "Education And Manners Of Girls," "Respect For The Rights Of Others," "The First Engagement," "A Profession For Our Sons," "The Good Father," "The Good Wife," and "Making Home Attractive," are a few of them, selected at random. The character of the book depends, necessarily, on the qualifications of the author for her task. Now, there is internal evidence that the writer is not only one of the most womanly of women, but, also, one accustomed to move in "good society," in fact, the very best. She thus unites two essentials, very rare in combination, for a treatise of this kind. For it is as necessary to know what is conventionally desirable in the education of children, as what is correct in mere taste, or even what is right, morally. The anonymous author, moreover, has the ready pen of a practised essayist, so that her chapters are as pleasant in style as they are instructive in matter. No similar work, that we know of, at all approaches this one in merit.

*Letters Of Madame De Remusat, To Her Husband And Son, From* 1804 *to* 1813. 1 *vol.*, 4*to.* *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We have here the letters of Madame de Remusat, written during the height of the first Napoleon's power. They breathe a very different spirit from the Memoirs, written, or rather rewritten, after his fall. The result is, we must say, inimical to the Memoirs. It is now clear, that, after Napoleon's exile, Madame de Remusat fell under legitimist influences. Her grandson intimates that she praised Napoleon, in these letters, because she feared they would be opened at the post-office. The defence is made at the cost of her sincerity, and implies, that, under Louis XVIII., she would be as likely to abuse Napoleon, as, under the Empire, to praise him. The letters, however, are worth reading, as vivid pen-and-ink sketches of the times.

*Cosmogony. By Professor Thomas Mitchell.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *New York: American News Company.*—The author of this treatise regards the tendency of the age towards materialism as a fertile source of infidelity. He holds that Scripture and science are not antagonistic. A better knowledge of nature, he maintains, will prove them to be in complete accord. True science, he avers, is reverent; is the ally of religion; and establishes incontestibly the existence of a personal Deity. There are to be two volumes, this being the first. The book will command, we think, a very large audience. It is sincerely and earnestly written.

*England Without And Within. By Richard Grant White.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*—This is one of the best books on England that has ever been printed. The author is at once American and cosmopolitan, critical and fair, keen in observation, and graphic in description.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

For What Shall We Subscribe?—For "Peterson," of course. No other lady's book, according to the unanimous verdict of the press, combines so many merits, or is furnished for so low a price. It is not a mere catchpenny, as so many others are; but gives the best in every department: art, literature, and fashion, alike. Says the Lebanon (Pa.) Standard: "It is ahead of all others." Says the Otsego (Mich.) Union: "All the stories are always good: in fact, only the very best are given." Says the Maysville (Iowa) Mine: "Altogether, the cheapest and best of its kind." Says the Alexandria (Minn.) News: "The October number is unusually good, even for this incomparable lady's book: the steel engraving is one of exceptional beauty; and so is the colored steel fashion-plate, with its five charming-looking, exquisitely dressed ladies." Says the Rockwood (Tenn.) Republican: "Where only one periodical is taken, 'Peterson' should be that one: the inducements to subscribers and clubs, for 1882, are unprecedented." The Lynn (Mass) Reporter says: "By subscribing for 'Peterson,' you will save many dollars, through its excellent fashion directions." The Ridgway (Pa.) Democrat says that the articles "are of a much higher character than ordinary: the 'Crimson Phial,' by Lucy H. Hooper, is a very powerful story." Let old subscribers ask their friends *to try it for one year only.* Never was it so good as it will be in 1882. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to whoever wishes to get up a club. *Let your friends see for themselves.* We do not fear comparison.

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Horsford's Acid Phosphate, in nervous diseases. W. A. Hammond, M. D., late Surgeon General of the U. S. Army, said that under the use of arsenic and Horsford's Acid Phosphate, a young lady recovered her reason, who had been rendered insane by a dream.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. XI.—Cranesbill—Geranium Maculatum.

(From the Greek, *geranos*, a crane; the beaked fruit resembling a crane's bill.)

Cranesbill, Crowfoot, or Spotted Geranium, possesses a stem one to two feet high, dichotomously branched above, of a grayish-green color, and thickly covered with reflexed hairs; leaves, three to five, or even seven, parted, and variously incised, two to three inches long; pale-green, and marked with paler blotches. Radical leaves have petioles six to eight inches in length; stem leaves opposite, and petioles shorter as they ascend. The flowers are large, purple; petals five, twice as long as the calyx, borne on peduncles springing from the forks of the stem, each bearing two flowers on short pedicels. Stamens ten, the five alternate filaments being longer than the others. The fruit consists of five aggregate one-seeded capsules, attached by a beak to the persistent style, curling up and scattering the seed when ripe. The root is fleshy, horizontal, half-inch thick, beset with short fibres. When dried, it is flattened, contorted, wrinkled, of an umber-brown color; internally reddish-gray, inodorous, astringent taste, but void of bitterness or unpleasantness. It is found throughout the United States, growing in damp, open woods, hedges, low grounds, etc., flowering in May.

I have thus minutely described it, for it is a very useful medicinal plant—one of the few that mothers can use safely, and often with much benefit, and save medical fees, which can be used for household comforts.

This plant was known to the Indians, at a very early period, as possessed of valuable astringent properties. Mothers can take one ounce of the dried root, boil in one and a-half pints of water to a pint, and use it for sore mouth, sore throat, "falling of the palate," inflammation of the fauces, etc. It, unlike most astringents, has no unpleasant taste; and can, therefore, be readily administered to infants, children, and women of delicate stomachs. Long, long years ago, it was highly extolled by Professors Barton and Eberle, in *cholera infantum*, chronic diarrhœa, and dysentery; in such cases, as well as in hemorrhages and aphthous ulceration of the throat, geranium can be more satisfactorily used than kino, catechu, or any of the foreign astringents. To infants, the root, boiled in milk, is often given. The decoction may be both used as a gargle, and taken in doses of half to one wineglassful, by adults; one teaspoonful to one tablespoonfull, to infants and children. It must be borne in mind by mothers, that this species of geranium is called *alum root*, in many parts of the country; which, however, is a very different plant, known by botanists as *Heuchera Americana*, with the following characters: *Order, Saxifragaceæ*; named in honor of J. Henry Heucher, a German botanist. *Leaves*, radical, roundish cordate, (somewhat seven-lobed,) three to four inches long and as wide; on petioles often eight to ten inches long. No proper stem, but *scape*, (often two or three from the same root,) leafless, and two to three feet high, rather slender, terminating in a raceme six to twelve inches long. *Flowers*, petals five, small, whitish, with a tinge of purple; calyx five-cleft; stamens five.

It is found in thickets, fence-rows, and flowers in June and July.

The root of this plant, the part used, is somewhat compressed, knotty and irregular. It is powerfully astringent, and is one of the *Indian* remedies, used by them in powder to cure "open" cancer, and other ill-conditioned ulcers, wounds, etc. It is only necessary to say that all vegetable astringents, of which *tannin* is the active principle, are quite useful in "old sores" or ulcers, proper attention being given to the general health or system. There are several other species noted by Wood, two of which possess, probably similar properties.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, Marblehead, Mass. All communications are to be headed: "For Peterson's." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

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### No. 129.—Charade.

My first's a preposition small;
But 'tis of frequent use.
My second, if you say to me,
You will my wish refuse.
My third's a coin, of value small;
'Tis used by different races,
Both in the Western Hemisphere,
And trans-Atlantic places.
My whole is what a person, ne'er
Convicted of a crime,
Is said to be; but can, I trust,
Be said of me and mine.

*Elmira, N Y.* Drak.

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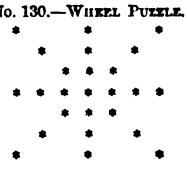
### No. 130.—Wheel Puzzle.



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The wheel has eight spokes, and each spoke has four letters, including hub. Begin at left middle spoke, and read "round with the sun."

*From spoke to hub.*—1. A term used in card-playing. 2. To waver. 3. Sin. 4. Denomination of Chinese money. 5. Sin. 6. A man's name. 7. A miner's compass. 8. To render blind.

*From hub to spoke.*—1. A hinge of a door. 2. An oblique view. 3. To exist. 4. An artificial trench. 5. To exist. 6. A man's name. 7. Placed. 8. Dregs.

*Externals.*—Simulates.

*Hautsport, N. S.* ANSER.

No. 131.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in watch, but not in look.
My second's in stream, but not in brook.
My third is in tell, but not in blab.
My fourth is in take, but not in grab.
My fifth is in lover, but not in wife.
My whole is something essential to life.

*Darlington, S. C.* MISS A. A. MULDROW.

*Answers Next Month.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

No. 123.

1. Clove Pink.
2. China Aster.
3. Mourning Bride.
4. Tube Rose.
5. English Ivy.
6. Old Maid's Pink.
7. Four o'clock.

No. 124.

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        S
      P O T
    L U N A R
  A M I A B L E
S E D I T I O U S
H E D E R A C E O U S
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No. 125.

A stitch in time saves nine.

No. 126.

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I D A H O
  O D O R S
    D E B I T
      D I N E D
        T E N E T
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No. 127.

Overestimated. (Over "S" "T" mated.)

No. 128.

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          C
        D E C
      M A N E S
    M O T T L E D
  D A T U R I N A S
G E N T R O B A R I C
  C E L I B A T E S
    S E N A T O R
      D A R E R
        S I S
          C
```

HOME GARDENING.—No. I.

HOW TO MANAGE A FERN-TABLE.—Very few flowering plants can be successfully grown, for any length of time, in town rooms, without the aid of a professional gardener; but the house in which ferns will *not* grow, with a very little care, must be looked upon as in an unfavorable condition for human life—either the surrounding atmosphere must be bad, or the house atmosphere has become vitiated, from some cause or other: probably, from want of sufficient sun, or from insufficient ventilation, both of which are necessary to carry off the gas and breathing refuse, which is so injurious to both animal and vegetable life.

Many persons say that after taking the trouble to bring home good fern-roots from the woods, they cannot get them to root in the pots. This, in most instances, arises from the fact that the roots are taken out of the ground in the wrong way, and are likewise planted in the wrong way.

In lifting a fern-root, be sure to cut a good knot of the soil in which it grows, along with it, and take care to disturb the root-fibres as little as possible.

If the plant cannot—as is often the case—be potted the same day in which it is taken from the ground, place it in a shallow dish, with a little water, until convenient to pot. Be sure not to put too much water in the dish, as this will loosen the earth from the fibres of the root, and a period of decay will probably be the result. If a dish is not available, damp the earth well, and roll it up in paper.

*Potting.*—In potting the plants, first of all, make a good drain in the bottom of the pot, with small pieces of broken tile, stones, or pieces of sand. Then place, over this, some good, fresh mould; stand the root in the middle of the pot, and pressing the root *gently* downwards, fill in the vacant spaces underneath and around it, leaving about an inch from the edge of the pot, and taking special care not to *smother* the crown of the root—that is, the part from which the leaves or fronds appear to spring. After the planting, a good drenching with water helps to send the fibres into the mould; and if the plants are kept out of a strong light for a day or so, so much the better. By following the above simple plan, we find the plants root quickly, and seldom, or never, lose any of their freshness by the change. Do not let the pots be too large; if so, the roots will straggle, and the fronds will be small. Do not beat the earth down in the pots, but leave it free and crumbly.

*Position.*—A window facing the south or west is the best for ferns. The general belief is that ferns do not like the sun, but they *do like* both air and warmth.

Many fern-tables are *below* the level of the window, and in these cases, the plants do not thrive well; the heat gives vitality to the roots in a natural way, besides absorbing superfluous moisture, which would, otherwise, sour at the roots of the plants, and hurt them. The fern-table should be *on a level* with the window-sill. We will add, that plants, grown without cover of any kind, are much more vigorous and healthy, than those in Wardian cases, or under bell-glasses. In our next number, we shall conclude this article, with some general remarks.

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS, ETC.

*Economical Dishes.*—The following joints are inexpensive, and admit of great varieties of dressing, for two people only: A small leg of mutton will make three hot dinners, thus: cut it in two; boil the knuckle end, and serve it with caper sauce and mashed turnips; cut some slices from the upper end, and cook like cutlets, dipping them in eggs and bread-crumbs, and frying in lard; roast the remainder. Neck of

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mutton will make three dishes: pare off a good deal of the fat, which is excellent for puddings, and roast the best end; divide the remainder into two equal parts—one will make a good haricot, the other may be boiled, or dressed as cutlets. A large fowl is an economical thing: roast for first day; a leg grilled with bacon is a sufficient breakfast for two; fricasee the remainder, or hash it with gravy. By a judicious variation of the above dishes, relieved occasionally by veal cutlets, pork and mutton-chops, rump-steak, etc., the necessity for placing cold meat on the table may be altogether avoided.

*Split Pea Soup.*—Make a broth of some water, that corned beef or salt pork has been boiled in, and some beef bones. Do not let it be too salt; in that case, use half water. Put one quart of split peas in enough of the water to cover them; when they have stewed soft, mash them through a colander, and then mix with them two quarts of the broth, in which the bones have been boiling; add one onion, and one turnip, chopped up, and one carrot, grated. Just before serving, put small pieces of toast in the soup.

*Roast Pigeons.*—Wipe them quite dry; truss them, and season them inside with pepper and salt, and put a piece of butter the size of a walnut in each. Put them down to a sharp fire, and baste them all the time they are cooking. They will take about half-an-hour. Garnish them with fried parsley, and serve with a tureen of bread sauce.

*Hung Beef.*—It should be soaked for a few hours, then boiled slowly until tender, with carrots and cabbages. It is best eaten cold, or it may be shaved or grated, and served on buttered toast. Slices of it can be broiled on a gridiron, and served with any green vegetables.

DESSERTS.

*Curate's Pudding.*—Beat the yolks of two eggs with two ounces of flour, and one tablespoonful of milk; set half-a-pint of milk, less the tablespoonful, on the fire, with two ounces of sugar, and two ounces of butter; make them hot, but do not let them boil: when the flour and eggs are beaten quite smooth, add the hot milk, etc., also the whites of the eggs, beaten very light. Mix thoroughly, and pour into four saucers, buttered and heated hot; bake twenty minutes in a quick oven; when cooked a light-brown color, lay two of them on a dish spread with plum or other jam, place the other two on top, and serve at once.

*Plum Pudding Without Suet.*—Half-pound of flour, half-pound of currants, half-pound of grated carrots, half-pound of grated potatoes, quarter-pound of butter, two ounces of sugar; mix all together, adding a little salt, and any other approved seasoning; boil in a buttered basin an hour and a-half, and serve with sweet sauce. A large spoonful of molasses is an agreeable addition. Some persons use butter, in the place of suet, for puddings, as it makes them lighter and more digestible.

*Castle Puddings.*—Two eggs, their weight in butter, flour and white sugar. Put the butter in a pan before the fire till half melted, then beat into a cream. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs together for ten minutes, mix gently with the butter, add the sugar, and then the flour, by degrees, with a very little nutmeg and grated lemon-peel. Put it into five or six cups: half fill them, and bake in a slow oven, about half-an-hour.

*Italian Cream.*—Melt three-quarters of an ounce of isinglass in half-pint of milk, with a stick of cinnamon, and a small piece of lemon-peel in it; into one pint of rich cream put some granulated sugar, the juice of three oranges, and a glass of brandy; whisk them up well, and then strain the isinglass in it when cold, and whip them all together; when it gets thick, put in a mould; place on ice, in a very cool place.

CAKES, ETC.

*How to Make Vienna Bread.*—Sift in a tin pan four pounds of flour; bank it up against the sides, pour in one quart of milk and water, and mix into it enough flour to form a thin batter; then quickly and lightly add one pint of milk, in which is dissolved one ounce of salt, and one and three-quarter ounces of compressed yeast. Leave the remainder of the flour against the sides of the pan; cover the pan with a cloth, and set it in a place free from draught, for three-quarters of an hour; then mix in the rest of the flour, until the dough will leave the bottom and sides of the pan, and let it stand two hours and a-half. Finally, divide the mass into one-pound pieces, to be cut in turn into twelve parts each. This gives square pieces, about three inches and a-half thick, each corner of which is taken up and folded over to the centre, and then the cakes are turned over on a dough-board to rise for half-an-hour, when they are put into a hot oven, that bakes them in ten minutes.

*Egg Loaf.*—One pound of dough, two ounces of butter, two ounces of pounded sugar, two eggs. Beat all well together, in a basin, in the same manner as eggs are beaten, only using the hand instead of the whisk; set in a plain mould to rise for three-quarters of an hour, then bake in a quick oven. When cut, it should have the appearance of honeycomb. This is a very nice breakfast-cake, and will make delicious toast when stale.

*Current Sweet Loaf.*—Mix two heaping teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, with one pound of flour; then rub into it four ounces of butter, as for pastry; add eight ounces of currants, six ounces of sugar, and one pint of milk, in which one heaping teaspoonful of carbonate of soda has been dissolved; add a little salt, spice to taste, and bake. The addition of two beaten eggs, and four ounces of citron, makes a rich loaf.

*Johnny Cake.*—Three cupfuls of sour milk, two eggs, beaten light, half-cupful of melted butter, a tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, teaspoonful of salt; mix all together, with sufficient corn meal to make a thin batter. Bake on a griddle.

## FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLUE-GRAY CASHMERE. The skirt is edged with a plaiting of maroon-colored silk. Above this is a narrow ruffle, and a puff of the cashmere. The bodice is pointed and shirred, back and front, and there is a thick cord with tassels about the waist. Below the long point, and passing below the hips, is a broad band of cashmere, of the color of the dress, brochéd in maroon, with bands of maroon plush above and below the figure. Large collar of maroon plush, which opens over a piece of the brochéd material. The cuffs correspond. Hat of blue-gray felt, trimmed with maroon plumes, and bound with maroon plush.

FIG. II.—VISITING OR RECEPTION-DRESS OF BLACK BROCADED VELVET, worn over a petticoat of yellow satin, which is gathered in the upper part, and trimmed below with alternate ruffles of yellow and black satin. The bottom of the skirt is edged with a ruffle of dark-red satin. The sleeves and bow at the waist are of the color of the lowest ruffle. Bonnet of black velvet, with dark-red strings and yellow and dark-red feathers.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE OR WALKING-DRESS OF WINE-COLORED SILK. The cloak is of black *satin merveleuse*, gauged back and front, at the neck, and with wide Mother Hubbard sleeves. The cloak is trimmed with rich black lace. Black satin bonnet, faced with wine-colored velvet, and trimmed with black feathers.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN-PLAID WOOLEN MATERIAL. At the bottom is a ruffle of the plaid, over this is a skirt, gathered at the waist, and attached to a rather loose-fitting body. The front of the skirt is of a plain material, and is looped up low at the sides. It faces the plaid back of the

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dress, and is turned up, so as to show the facing. The back is slightly draped. Large cape, with pointed hood, lined with the plain material. This costume is only suitable for out-of-door wear.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS OF BLACK SATIN, of a chess-pattern, worn over a plain black satin skirt, trimmed with many ruffles. The bodice is low and pointed, and the whole is trimmed with steel-bead embroidery. Red flowers on the bodice and in the hair.

FIGS. VI. AND VII.—FRONT AND BACK OF A NEW-STYLE DRESS, either for the house, or for a walking-costume. It is of brown satin and silk, trimmed with old-gold braid. The flounce that borders the skirt is plaited and kilted, and trimmed with five rows of braid. The three scarves that cross the tablier are fastened at the right side, under a cluster of ribbon loops. The long bodice has a large Régence collar. At the back, the full draperies fall square on the skirt. The basque terminates with fan-shaped plaitings of satin. Large simulated pockets on the basque, and pointed collar. For a walking-dress, the material could be of gray camel's-hair and silk, and the braid of a darker shade of gray than the camel's-hair.

FIGS. VIII. AND IX.—WALKING-DRESS, FRONT AND BACK, OF ALMOND-COLORED CLOTH. It is trimmed with brown velvet, and fastened with dark-brown buttons. The *turrets* on the cape are outlined with velvet. The skirt is piped with velvet, to correspond with the cape. The collar is of velvet. The dress is of two shades of brown, and the bonnet is of brown felt, trimmed with almond-colored feathers.

FIG. X.—CLOAK OF BLACK CORDED SILK. It is half tight-fitting, with Mother Hubbard sleeves of black satin de Lyons. At the back, it is filled in with long plaitings of the satin de Lyons, headed by jet ornaments. A long jet trimming extends from the waist, in the middle of the back. The front is cut away, and the whole trimmed with crimped tape fringe. The dress is of corded silk, and corresponds with the cloak. It has two narrow satin de Lyons knife-plaitings at the bottom. The train is short. Muff of black plush. Bonnet of black plush, trimmed with cords and tassels, and black feather.

FIG. XI.—TOQUE OF SEAL-COLORED BROWN PLUSH, with upturned brim of the same, and a gilt bear's claw.

FIG. XII.—COLLAR OF SEAL-BROWN PLUSH, tied with brown satin ribbon.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF LAUREL-GREEN CASHMERE. The skirt is a deep plaiting, with a double kilting of red at the edge. The tunic, which opens at the side, fastens with a satin bow. The bodice has *paniers* fichu, and cuffs of laurel-green spotted foulard.

FIG. XIV.—LIGHT-GRAY PLUSH BONNET, trimmed with gray satin ribbon, and a very full spray of pink rosebuds and green leaves. *No* full-blown roses. Gray cloth jacket, with gray plush collar.

FIG. XV.—MUFF OF BROWN SEAL-SKIN, trimmed with bow and ends of brown satin ribbon.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET FOR VISITING, CONCERT, OR OPERA, of white satin, loosely covered with white tulle; wide, white tulle strings. The edge, around the face, is covered with a row of glossy plumage, and feathers of the same color are placed on the left side.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As will be seen by our letter from Paris, plush, both ribbed and plain, will be very much worn this winter. It is rather expensive, when of good quality, and that being the case, it is, in many instances, employed only for collars, cuffs, and other trimmings. All the woolen goods are extensively used, and the finer ones are preferred to silks, for out-of-door wear, by the most fastidious people. For receptions, visiting, etc., silk, satin, velvet, and plush are worn. However, for those occasions, costumes of woolen material, stylishly made and trimmed, are equally popular.

*For a very handsome toilette*, and one that will cost much less than the velvets, plush, etc., we know of nothing that will take the place of the "*nonpareil velveteen*," which comes in all the new dark colors, as well as in black. The rich, dark wine-red, as well as the amaranth color, are especially beautiful; and all the colors have the appearance of a very handsome velvet. A skirt of this velveteen, with a plain satin, brocaded or watered silk basque, would make a most stylish costume; or, if a plainer effect was wanted, the whole costume could be made of the velveteen, if it was of a dark plain color. This velveteen is sold at all the stores.

*Skirts* still cling closely in front; but are much more puffed out at the back. *Paniers* are more worn than they have been, the effect of which is obtained by having the drapery drawn away from the front of the upper skirt or basque, so as to form some fullness on the hips. But, after all, *paniers* look well only on very slim people.

*The trimmings of skirts* vary with the fancy of the wearer, or with the material. Knife-plaitings are so elegant, that they are still worn; but fashion soon tires of even the most elegant things, and needs a change; so box-plaits, large and small, gathered ruffles, ruffles cut in leaf-shaped edges, pipings, folds, etc., are all employed.

*Apron fronts*, much wrinkled, are still popular. These are drawn back, full across the hips, and fastened underneath a full puff, or very large bow at the back.

*All kinds of bodices*, that are becoming to the figure, are fashionable. The coat basque, the tight-fitting *cuirass* waist, points back and front, round waists with belts (for slim figures) are all equally worn, while the polonaise or princess dress is as great a favorite as ever.

*The Pekins* (which are stripes) are used for either petticoats, basques, or trimmings; but these stripes ought to be very gently employed by tall people. For out-of-door wear, they are dark; but for house-dress, especially for evening-dress, any gay color may be employed.

*Many small flounces*, covering the entire skirt, are popular for young, slender people; while for older ones, these flounces extend only up the back of the dress, or up the front, under the overskirt, that opens *panier-wise*.

*For dress trimmings*, laces, fringes, all kinds of bead trimming, gimp, etc., are used, and put on in such different styles, that it is impossible to describe them. Each wearer suits her own fancy. Many gilt ornaments are worn, to pin up, and fasten dresses; but these soon become common, and are too showy to be popular long.

*All kinds of fichus*, collarettes, ties, etc., are fashionable. They serve to vary a plain toilette, and are usually becoming. They may be made of lace, net, or mull, and trimmed with lace, ribbon, and flowers.

*Mantles, cloaks, jackets*, etc., assert as great a latitude in fashion as mantles. The large cloaks will be worn during the winter, made of satin, velvet (plain or brocaded), and fine camel's-hair; while for ordinary wraps, all kinds of cloth are used.

*Bonnets and hats*, large and small, are equally worn. Feathers are still fashionable. The small tufts of ostrich plumes are more general than one long one, though, of course, the shape of the bonnet or hat decides the style of the trimming.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

With the approach of cold weather, one commences to consider the proper fashions for the winter season. Dark colors, and sober, neutral tints, will be the most in vogue. Red is less in favor than it has been heretofore, except in the matter of hats and bonnets, which, in that brilliant hue, go well with dark-brown, or black dresses. One of the new colors, or rather a revival for the present season, is the pretty, soft gray, that used to be known as stone-color. Plush will



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be largely employed this season for jackets, underskirts, and bonnets. A new and very handsome quality is shown for the first two purposes; it has an immensely long nap, and has a silky, furry appearance, that is very effective. For bonnets, the short-napped, velvety plush is used, and also the ribbed and fancy varieties. One of these last is very effective. It has transverse stripes of the long nap, alternating with the shorter; and when covering a bonnet-frame, looks like rows of soft floss-silk fringe.

Pekin stuffs, in inch-wide stripes of plush and cloth, are shown, to be made up with the plain plush, and are very rich and tasteful-looking. In plain materials, heavy twilled cashmeres, and soft, mixed lady's cloths, will be much worn for demi-toilette. For full dress, a heavy twilled surah is shown, to replace the soft, light surah, of summer wear; it is either made up by itself, or combined with pekin, or with plaid satins These last come in very brilliant hues on dark groundwork, and are quite substantial in quality. I have seen a plaid of vivid scarlet and pale-blue on a seal-brown ground, the whole enriched with lines of gold. This was to be made up with plain brown surah or velvet, for a dinner-dress. Plaid velvets and plushes are also used for street wear. Waists are still made of the basque shape, slightly pointed before and behind; or, at the back, the point may be replaced by a deep, square-cut prolongation of the basque. Around the edge of the basque, several rows of cording in satin, or rather narrow, bias folds, are placed, the sleeves being finished with three or four wider bias folds, set with a bow of satin ribbon under the waist.

For evening-dress, for married ladies, watered silk, combined with plain satin, is much in vogue; though dresses of brocade and satin are still popular. The watered silk, however, has the attraction of novelty. I was lately shown a wedding-dress, for a young French lady, which was very effective and stylish. The basque corsage, and the long train, which was fully four yards in length, were of heavy, white, watered silk. The corsage was finished with bias folds of white satin, after the style I have described above. The front was trimmed with curved ruffles of blond lace, extending down the front of the skirt, and set with small bouquets of orange-blossoms. The long train was drawn back from the skirt-front, which was of white satin, laid in four full horizontal folds, at either side of the lace trimming, and caught together at top and bottom with lines of shirring. At the sides, a repetition of the blond lace ruffles and orange-blossoms met the sides of the train. An immensely long garland of orange-blossoms was attached to the throat, by a small bouquet; it crossed the front of the corsage, and was continued down the left side of the train to the ground. The veil was of soft, unhemmed tulle, and was confined by a wreath of orange-blossoms, with a long spray falling down the back.

I was also shown another dress, in black satin *merveilleux*, which was of so convenient a style, that I hasten to describe it, for the benefit of my readers. It was adapted either to be worn as a street-dress, or as a dinner-dress. The front was composed of wide, plaited puffings, alternating with strips of the material, of equal width, down which was set an elaborate passementerie, in jet, simulating embroidery. The back of the skirt was made short, the upper part being looped in full draperies, and the lower being covered with two plaited flounces. Just below the lowest puff of the drapery, and concealed by it, was a row of buttons, by means of which a round train, bordered with a narrow plaited flounce, could be attached to the skirt, thus making the toilette suitable for a dinner-dress. The corsage was a pointed basque, trimmed down the front and around the cuffs with jet passementerie, like that on the skirt-front. This same dress has been repeated in dark-blue surah, with a passementerie of gold and crystal beads.

Bonnets are pretty much any shape and size that one likes to wear, and the same may be said of hats; but the poke bonnet appears to have had its day, while the small, compact capote is more in vogue than ever. These smaller bonnets are made of velvet and plush, either singly or in combination, and are trimmed with puffs of ribbon, or with torsades of velvet, or with clusters of velvet flowers. These last are very fashionable, the pansy being the favorite blossom. Every variety of this beautiful flower is copied in velvet, every mark and shading on the petals being perfectly reproduced. Cut jet beads, of medium size, are also used, to border the edges of these small bonnets. The strings are either in bias velvet, lined with surah, or are composed of a wide, watered ribbon. Bonnets with crowns of ribbed plush, and fronts, face-trimmings, and strings of velvet, are very handsome. On the large Gainsborough and Rubens hats, long ostrich plumes and very large ornaments of jet are used; the hats themselves being of soft, long-napped felt. They come in all the dark fashionable colors to match the costumes. Toques, or rather turban hats, will be much worn by young girls during the coming winter. They are shown in velvet, as well as in peacock, lophophore, and pheasant feathers, and are very becoming to a round, fresh face. Black feather toques, in particular, are very stylish.

Surah will be much used, this winter, for ball-dresses for young ladies. The trimming will be silk embroidery. Pale salmon-pink will be a favorite color for these dresses, though white will maintain its predominance. Ostrich tether fans are more fashionable than ever for evening wear.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN CASHMERE, for a girl. The underskirt is laid in large plaits. The overdress has a round apron-shaped front, and a large puff at the back, falling over square ends. The jacket, of the same material, is close-fitting, lined with heavy red flannel, and, like the skirt, is trimmed with a silk and wool material, of a brown and old-gold plaid.

FIGS. II. AND III.—BACK AND FRONT OF A GIRL'S PALETOT, made of gray beaver cloth. It is half-fitting at the back; but straight and loose in front. The cape is double-breasted, and has large revers of bège-colored plush. At the back is a pointed hood, lined with striped satin, and trimmed with the plush. The cuffs and large pockets are also of plush.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S SCOTCH CAP, made of dark-blue cloth.


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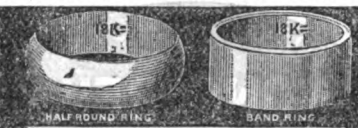


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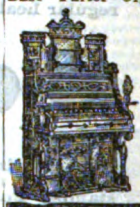

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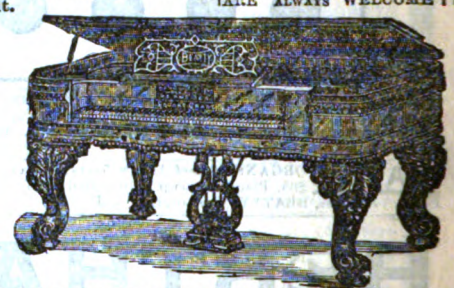

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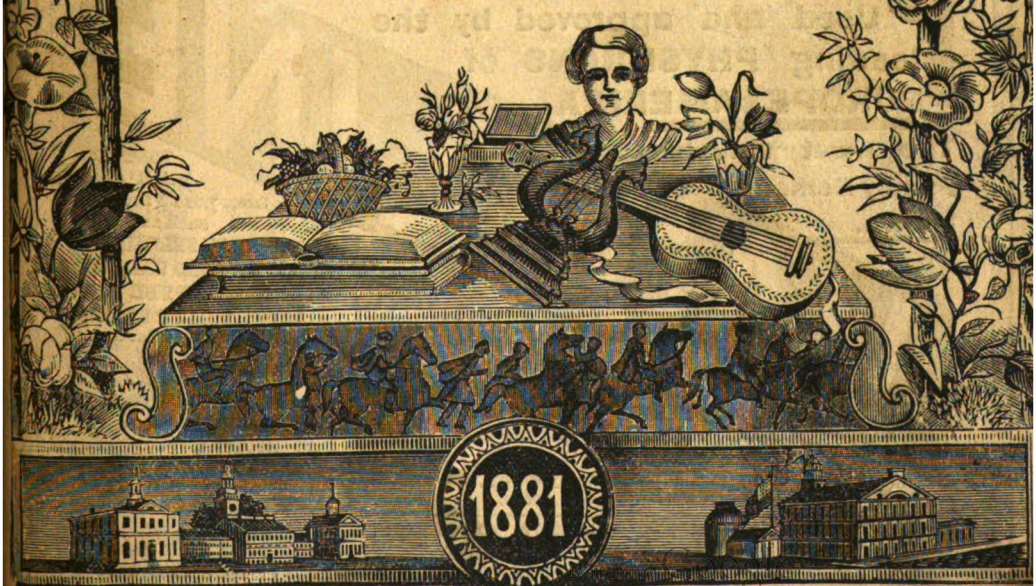


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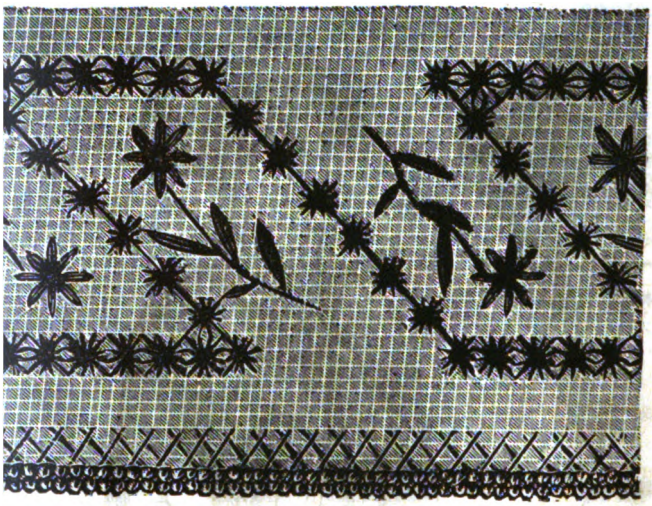

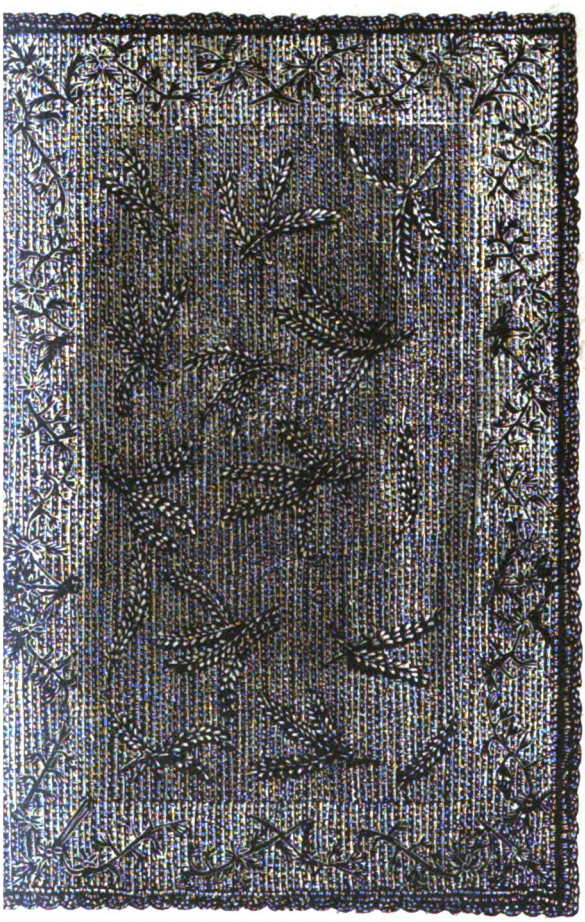

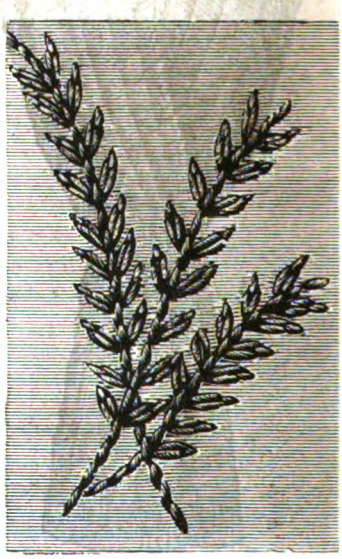

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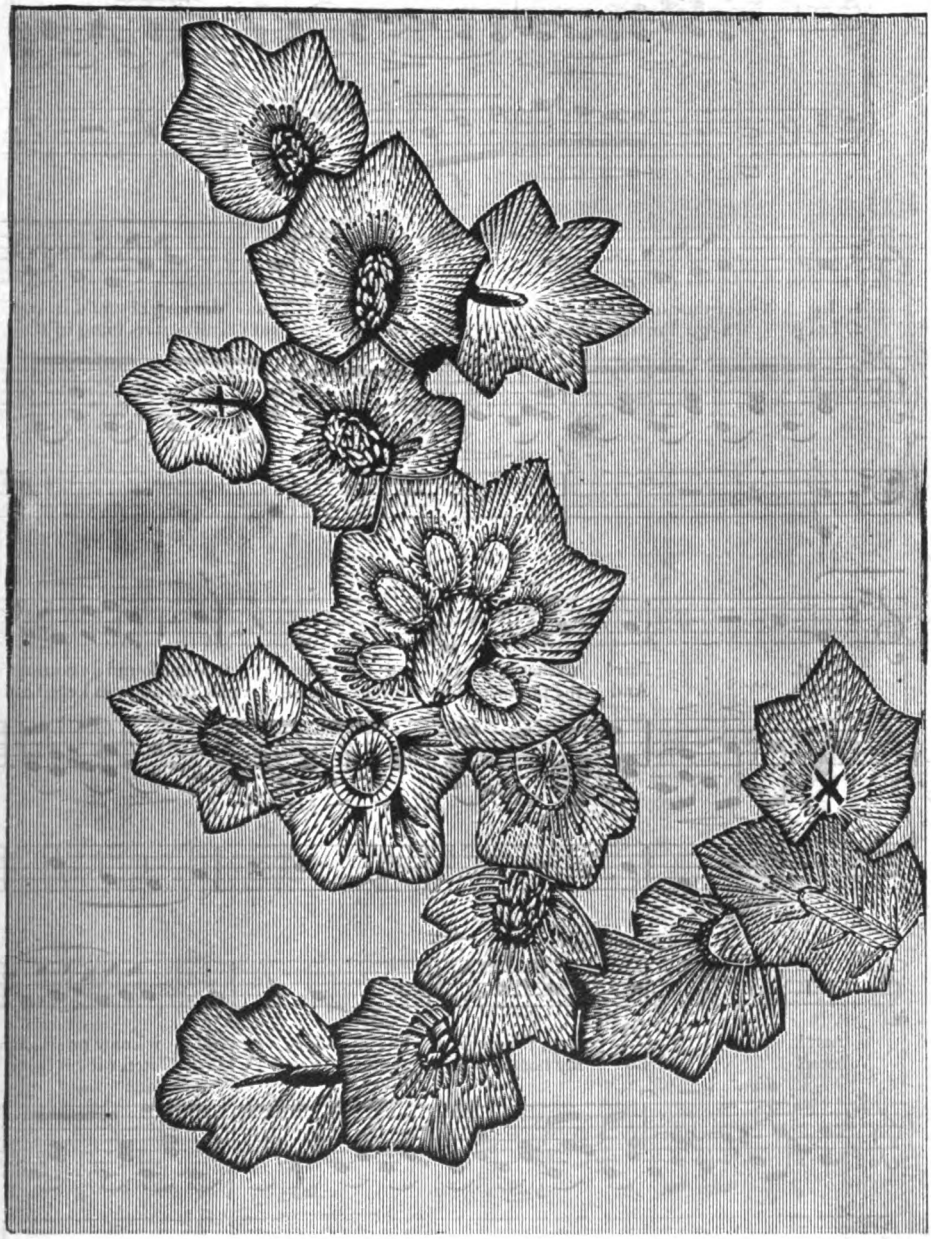


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# TIME OF APPLE BLOSSOM.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Words by H. B. FARNIE. Music by FABIO CAMPANA.

*Andante.* *f* *rall.* *p* *sf*

1. In the time of ap-ple blos - - - som, Ten - der love bloom'd in my heart, Fair! so that in all the or - chard was not found its counter-part! Dar - ling, thy smile was its sun-shine, And it knew no shadow
2. Long a-go the fruit was gar - - - nered That like stars hung in the green, And the promise of the spring - time, By the autumn kept hath been! So my heart, O darling, gath - er, Pluck it, for it is thine

*sf* *f* *f* *p con espress.* *dim.* *dim.* *sf* *sf*

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cold, So my love, like apple blos - - som, Stronger
own, Ripe - ly red from garden blos - - som, And to

*cres.*

*f accel.* *sf*

grew to rud - dy gold, So my love, like apple blos - som, Stronger
love's fruit has grown, Ripe - ly red from garden blos - som, And to

*sf* *f* *sf*

*rall.* 1 2 *p dim.* *poco.*

grew to rud - dy gold! *con espress.*
love's..... fruit has (*omit.*) grown. Thine that heart, and thine a -

*p* *rall.* *con espress.* *p*

*f* *rall. assai.* *p*

- - lone, Thine that heart, and thine a - lone!

*f* *rall. assai.* *ppp* *perdendoso.* *ten.*

*sf* *dim.* *p*

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1881. No. 6.

## MY COUSIN MAUD.

BY MARGARET SUTHERLAND.

I CANNOT better tell my story, than by making a few extracts from my diary.

DECEMBER 1st.—Only seventeen days since I last wrote in this book—only seventeen days since I sat by mamma's side, and felt her soft hand on my forehead, and her kisses on my face. And now she is gone forever. How can I bear it? I have just come from the graveyard on the hillside. I am alone. Oh! my mother, my mother.

I am going away, too: perhaps, will never see that grave again. The day she died, mamma called me to her. "My dear," she said, "here is a letter, that came recently. It is from your uncle in England. You already know that I married against my father's consent; married a poor musician: and that I was disinherited. So, we came to America. I have never regretted my marriage, my dear; except for your sake, as it makes you poor. While your father lived, I was happy beyond words. Since his death, I have been happy with you. But when, a couple of months ago, the doctor told me I could not live, the thought of leaving you penniless was too much for me. I wrote home, therefore, asking that help for my child, which I had not solicited for myself, in all these years. For answer, came this letter. My father is dead, but your uncle promises to take care of you; and to him you must go: here is a bill of exchange he has remitted to pay your expenses. There, do not weep. I shall soon rejoin your dear father. God's ways often look mysterious; but they are always right: and the time will come, when we shall be able to see it. Farewell! My only pang is in parting with you. But, He has said that He will watch over the fatherless." The next day, she died. To-morrow, I start for England.

DECEMBER 16th.—Hylton House, Warwickshire.—I seem like one in a dream. Can it be that I am really in the house where mamma's girlhood was passed? My uncle, Sir Henry Hylton, is just such a kind-hearted man as one would suppose from his letter. He took both my hands in his, when he met me, and looked at me, without speaking, for a few moments; then said, softly, "You have your mother's face, my child," and kissed me. Could I help crying? It was at the station that he met me. The drive through the park, which is very extensive, was beautiful. The sun was just setting. Snow lay on everything. We could see the deer in the distance: in the shelter of the hollows, were the partridges: away off, it seemed a mile and more, was the stately old Elizabethan house, its gables just peeping above the trees.

My aunt and cousins met me at the hall-door. The mansion, as well as the park, is larger than I had expected; but mamma was always very



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reticent about her English home. I had no idea my relations were so rich, or so grand. Aunt Isabel is very beautiful, and very stately; and my cousin Maud, who is about my age, is like her. Then there are Edith and Annie, who are younger.

I am tired; but, oh, so thankful not to hear the sound of the cruel sea. No doubt, mamma has been in this room, many times; and, to-morrow, I shall see the garden she used to play in, and the old avenue she told me of, where she was so fond of walking. We did not approach the house in that direction, it seems: there are two approaches, as in all such stately places. Poor mamma, what a life hers must have been, after she married, and left all this wealth and state, for the poverty of our New England home!

Christmas Eve.—How strange it all seems. Here I am, in my pleasant little room. I have said good-night to uncle, aunt, and cousins. The house is beautifully decorated for Christmas; the hall is fairly lit up with the glossy bright berries of holly; and the grea the drawing-room hang under wreat the pictures, save one: that one, mamma, when she was only sixte beautiful, happy face, with great and sunny curls. Over that one, Henry place a wreath of pure white my mother, lying under the deep s far New England hillside, would you

March 20th.—I awoke, this morning, and realized the solemn am growing old. I am eighteen, to- Isabel has given me a beautiful ri pearls; and uncle Henry, a lovely some of mamma's hair in it. Edith, I, had a long walk this afternoon. blew almost as keen as in the woo Hampshire. But, down by the shelte rows, we found great bunches of prim on the sunny banks, were quantiti violets. We gathered handfuls. H is an English spring from a New Engl

April 19th.—Such a lovely day! U took Edith and me to Warwick, this and we had a delightful drive. Wh turned, Annie came to my room, in a of excitement, to say that young Lo had called, and was going to stay to di he?" I asked, indifferently. "You rem place, out on the Brierley turnpike," in reply, "where there are such sple stone lions on the gateway? That Park, his home. But, he has been trave

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Continent, for a long time; and only came back a few days ago. He's a great traveler, and a particular friend of papa's. Only twenty-five, very rich, and handsome as an Apollo, and the Duchess of Clemence's favorite nephew. And his mother was a Duke's daughter, you must know."

When I had braided my hair in one great braid, and twisted it around my head, and fastened it with a jet star, I put on a black silk, trimmed with crape folds, and declared myself ready to go down and meet this paragon.

"You look just lovely, Katharine," exclaimed Annie. I must say, I blushed with pleasure; for I feel glad that even Annie likes my face; for Maud is very so lovely, that almost anyone is plain beside her. Maud was especially beautiful, to-night. She wore a rich purple silk, cut square in the neck, and filled in with lovely white lace: her hair was drawn up high, and lay in great coils around her head; except one long curl, that fell nearly to her waist. After dinner, she sang several of those tender old ballads, of which she is so fond: and my eyes filled up with tears. I think Lord Allwyn is her lover: he seemed so attentive to her. He really is very handsome, too: with dark eyes and hair. Edith says

his mother was the most beautiful woman of her day, in all England.

June 4th.—Elmwood.—I am enjoying my visit very much The Duchess of Clemence lives here. She was an old friend of my mother, and she talked a long time, this afternoon, and told me more about mamma's girlhood than I had ever before heard. She is loud in praise of her nephew, who took me in to dinner to-day. The Duchess, and her daughter, Diana, are anxious to have me stay a week longer; and Lord Allwyn seconded their wish; and I have almost promised that I will.

June 10th.—Edith and Annie drove over to-day, and brought word from uncle Henry, that I was to come home, in three days, at farthest; for there was a new horse in his stables, which did not belong to him, and he wished me to find an owner for it. How kind he is! The girls were in ecstasies over the horse; they said it was such a quiet, pretty, brown-coated little thing, and its name is Mab. I am quite anxious to see it; for it is for me.

Lord Allwyn was here this evening. He is certainly very agreeable, and I cannot help liking him, though I think he laughs at me; or,

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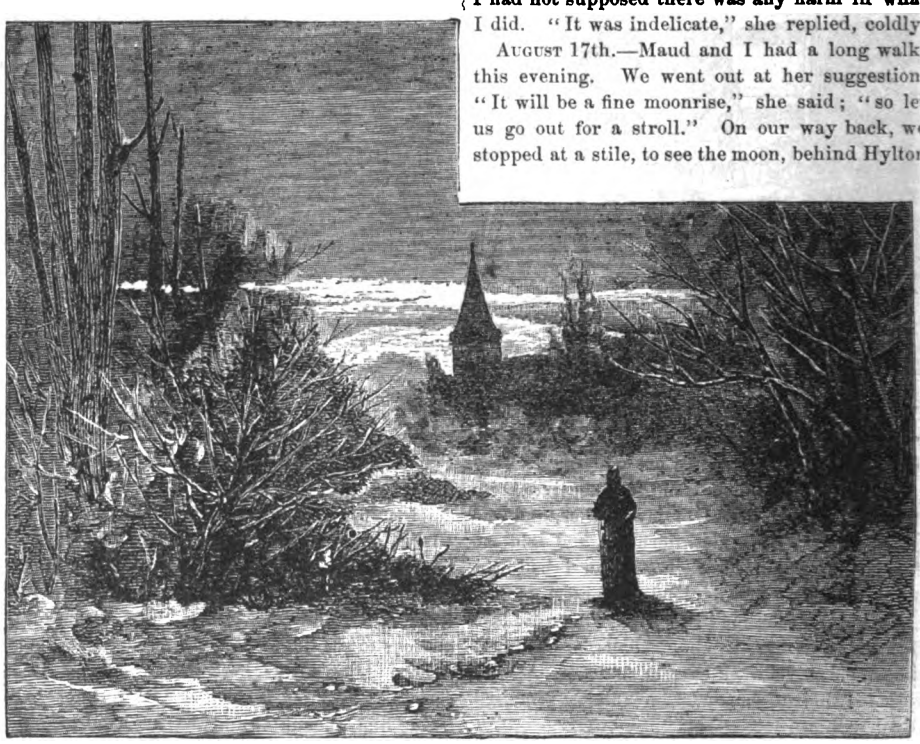
at least, at some things I say; for, once or twice, I have caught his dark eyes fixed on me, with such a peculiar expression in them. He thinks, probably, that as I came from America, I must be a sort of semi-savage.

August 14th.—I am very unhappy. I have offended aunt Isabel. It was so warm, this afternoon, that I strolled down the old avenue, to seek the shade of the great trees. I took, with me, Mrs. Browning's Poems. It was very still there, and I stopped at a spot, a long way from the house, and sat down on a little bank. After I had read some time, to myself, I became so interested, that I began reading aloud, unconsciously. I read "Bertha In The Lane," "The Lay Of the Brown Rosary," and one or two others; then, with all the pathos I was capable of, I read the "Rhyme Of The Duchess May." Just as I had finished, I heard a voice behind me, saying, "I do not think it quite honorable to listen, Miss Sinclair; but, I could not speak, till the poem was finished." I turned, and saw Lord Allwyn. "How long have you been here?" I asked. "I have been up to the house, to call on you all, and took this old avenue home as the shortest," he said. "I came on you unawares. I have been here ten minutes, at least. You like Mrs. Browning?"

I was angry. Listening, unannounced, for ten minutes! Hearing me make a fool of myself with my enthusiasm! Instead of answering his question, I told him that I thought he ought to have spoken at first, or else have gone on to the house. He said he begged my pardon, very sincerely; and that he would never so offend again: all in such a ludicrously solemn tone, that, at last, I could not help laughing. Then, we began to talk about Mrs. Browning's poems; thence to others; and, before I thought of dinner-time, it was half-past six. I hurried back, and Lord Allwyn came to the porch with me. He would not come in, however. Dinner was nearly over, when I entered the dining-room. Uncle Henry laughed, and asked where I had been; but aunt Isabel did not say anything: she only looked "unutterable things." After dinner, when we went into the drawing-room, she began to talk to me about the great impropriety of my remaining so long with Lord Allwyn, alone. "Young ladies don't do such things, in England," she said. It seems that Maud was so anxious about me, that she went into the hall, to see if she could discover any signs of her dear cousin, and she saw his lordship coming toward the house with me. Aunt Isabel didn't accept my explanation as sufficient. In vain, I said I had not supposed there was any harm in what I did. "It was indelicate," she replied, coldly.

August 17th.—Maud and I had a long walk, this evening. We went out at her suggestion. "It will be a fine moonrise," she said; "so let us go out for a stroll." On our way back, we stopped at a stile, to see the moon, behind Hylton



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Hall; it brought out, in such bold relief, the quaint gables and the picturesque skyline of the roof, that Maud said: "Let us wait here, awhile, and enjoy the view." But, I soon found that it was not to watch the moon, that she had stopped; but to tell me about Lord Allwyn. He had spent the morning at the Hall, while I was out riding; and he had entertained them, it seems, with a description of my reading, last Tuesday. He says he never heard anything so absurd, as the tone "Toll Slowly" was repeated in. Maud quoted a verse or two, that he had repeated to her, mimicking me, to show her how I read. My lord, she said, had declared it was "so absurd."

I had thought, before this, that he was a gentleman. And Maud! Does she suppose I have no feelings? It was cruel to tell me. Lovers might have found something else to laugh over, something else with which to amuse each other, than the mistakes of a poor, orphan girl.

I heard them singing, this morning, as I was taking off my habit; for the drawing-room windows were open; I could hear his lordship, plainly.

> "Come into the garden, Maud,
> For the black bat, night, hath flown."

I hate that song, even if it is the sweetest love song in the English language, as someone says it is. I will never read the "Rhyme Of The Duchess May" again.

September 12th.—Annie, Edith and I met Lord Allwyn, when we were returning from our walk, this afternoon, and he turned and walked home with us. It was the first time I had seen him, except in aunt Isabel's, or Maud's presence, since the day I amused him so much, by reading "Toll Slowly." Almost the first question he asked me was, if I had read the "Rhyme Of The Duchess May" very lately. I retorted, "No," rather crossly. He laughed, and said he believed I had never quite forgiven him for listening. Just before we reached the lodge gates, he began to praise my pretty Mab, and asked me to ride with him, to-morrow. I gave the first excuse I could think of. "I cannot ride well enough. Uncle Henry is teaching me," I said. "Let me take Sir Henry's place, to-morrow," he urged. "I will watch you as closely as he possibly could." "I would rather ride with uncle Henry," I said, shortly. Annie and Edith were a few steps in front of us, and Lord Allwyn bent down to say, in a low tone: "May I ask why you refuse to ride with me?" I answered: "Is it necessary for a lady always to give her reasons?" He drew himself up, proudly. "I beg your pardon," he said, "Miss Sinclair. No, it is not."

That was all. But, of course, he will never ask me again. How fortunate it is that Maud told me what she did, or I might have gone with him, to-morrow, and innocently enjoyed myself, only to discover, afterwards, that he found many *absurd* things to repeat to Maud.

October 9th.—Uncle Henry is still very kind. But, I am sure aunt Isabel and Maud do not like me. Went for a long walk, this afternoon, across the fields, and through Hazelwood copse. I went alone, for Charlotte Morgan came, just as Annie and Edith were starting with me; and, of course, they turned back. I was glad to be alone, for a little while; and, after I had passed the copse, I left the footpath. I was tired, and I believe I shed a few tears, as I looked to the hills beyond. A little later, I was startled by hearing footsteps near me; and turning my head, saw Lord Allwyn. He had his gun and game-bag.

"How lucky I am," he said. "Are you alone?" I said "Yes," and moved away, but he followed, saying: "May I walk back with you?"

I remembered his insulting words about my reading, and also what aunt Isabel and Maud had said; so I answered: "I prefer going back as I came, alone." He raised his hat, said "Good-afternoon," and turned away.

I wonder what I am crying about, now? I had better close this book, and go to bed.

November 4th.—I cannot understand Maud and Lord Allwyn. I was surprised, when he said, a week ago, that he was going to Italy, for the winter. Have Maud and he quarreled? To-day, I was in the drawing-room, when he came to say "Good-by." He shook hands with Maud, quietly; but, he must have been strongly moved, nevertheless: for, when he came to me, just after, his hand was cold as ice.

December 16th.—A year, to-day, since I came here. It is a wild, dreary night. The wind moans through the trees in the park, like a Banshee. I am glad there are no pine trees here. Anything but the sound of wind among pines. The ground is covered with snow, as it was a twelvemonth since. In the distance, across the park, I see the church-tower. A solitary figure is making its way towards it. I suppose it is one of the rectory servants going home How dreary everything looks! How lonely! Yet, I am lonelier still. No one here loves me, unless it is uncle Henry, for I do believe he cares for me a little. But Maud grows colder and colder, daily. I heard her talking to Captain Danton, yesterday: they were looking at me; but averted their eyes, when they saw they were observed. I suppose Maud was telling him how Lord Allwyn had ridiculed my reading. I



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must ask uncle Henry to let me go back to America. I could teach school there, or find a situation as governess; and I should be better, if I had something to do. It might enable me to forget. If I could only lay my head on mamma's lap, as I used to, and feel her soft hands stroke back my hair—my mother—oh! my mother.

April 10th.—It is a long while since my last entry; and great events have happened in the interval. It is Maud's wedding-day! How lovely she looked, in her bridal whiteness. Captain Danton is very proud of her, and no wonder. I shall think of her, not as the beautiful bride, but as the pale-faced girl, who came to me, last night, after the great clock in the tower had struck twelve. She knocked hurriedly at my door, and when she came in, I thought she was ill. She had on a blue wrapper; and a soft white shawl was drawn closely around her shoulders; her beautiful hair was all unbound, and her face was whiter than I had ever before seen it.

"What is it, Maud?" I said. "Are you ill?" "No," she answered; "but I have something I must say to you." She stopped, for a few moments; and then went on. "I fear I did you a great wrong, once, Katharine." "When?" I asked, surprised as much at her manner, as at her words.

"Perhaps, after all," she said, wearily, "it is not so bad as I feared. Do you remember the night, last summer, when I told you how Lord Allwyn had laughed about your reading?" "Yes, I remember," I said. "Well," Maud answered, "I don't know how I did such a thing. I think I must have been mad. But I thought, before you came, that Lord Allwyn loved me—"

She broke off, here; and began to cry. I had never before seen Maud shed a tear. Finally, she sobbed out: "He never said what I told you, Katharine. It was all false. I was jealous. He said your reading was wonderful—that he had never heard anything like it. I know it made a difference—oh, Kate! forgive me."

What could I say to the shivering, sobbing girl? I begged her not to think of it, any more. But she would not be satisfied, until I said that I forgave her. And I did forgive her. But it was a long time, before I could finish the prayer to be forgiven *as* I forgave. It was only a little thing, but what a difference it made! How little cause I had to treat Lord Allwyn as I did. Maud does not love Captain Danton, I am sure; she is marrying him out of spite; but, perhaps, she will learn to love him, by-and-by. He is very fond of her, and a really good man.

June 22d.—Annie's birthday. Such a perfect June day. The fête was a great success. Just before supper was announced, Lord Allwyn, unexpectedly to everybody, made his appearance. How glad all were to see him. No one had heard that he was about to return. What made me blush, as he came up to speak to me? I could have cried with mortification. He told me he had met Maud and her husband, at Florence; he said he envied Captain Danton, the latter was so very happy.

But I must not sit up longer, writing; for my head is aching. I cannot forgive myself for that silly blush. I wonder if he noticed it?

June 27th.—The picnic at St. Catherine's came off, yesterday. We had a lovely morning for our long drive, and I think we all enjoyed it. We visited the chapel, and the well, before luncheon; and afterwards, the rest of the ruins, going one by one into the haunted chamber, and down into the great vault under the chapel.

Lord Allwyn drove me home. I was surprised, when he asked if he might drive me back to Hylton House; so surprised, that I did not speak for a moment. He smiled a little, as he said: "I hope, this time, you are not going to refuse."

It was a long drive, for he went around by the Brierley turnpike, to show me the great Brierley oak, and—No, I can not write about it, though every word and every look will live in my memory forever.

Peace and happiness—happiness, such as I never dreamed of—have come to me. Gerald, Lord Allwyn loves me. He says he loved me, the very first time he saw me, and I—I am his promised wife. The only reference he made to the past, was to say: "We can forgive your cousin Maud, now; can we not, Kate, dear?" By that, I know that Maud said something to him, when they met at Florence. That is why he came back.

When we passed by Allwyn Park, he drew rein before the great entrance gates, and bade me look at my future home. It was through a mist of happy tears, that I saw the grand old pile, with its ivy-clad walls, and massive porches, while the last rays of the setting sun lit up the upper windows, and shed a softened light on the great tower.

Then I turned to look at the man beside me—the strong, brave man, who loves me—and in my heart, I asked the question: "What am I, and what have I done, that such happiness should be mine?"

Lady Diana is to be one of my bridesmaids. The Duchess has written such a kind letter. "I loved your mother, my child," she says, "but I love you even more; and am so glad you are to be my niece."

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# "DOROTHY."

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

"ONCE for all, I tell you, Dorothy, I will have no more such doings. I have brought up my daughters decently, and I expect them to marry decently. 'Lisha Redding is no husband for any modest girl. I take shame to myself, that a daughter of mine was ever seen in his company; and I forbade you to speak to him, you know very well, miss; yet here he is, writing letters to you, in the very teeth of my commands."

"Can I help it, if people write to me, mother? 'Lisha Redding never had any letters from me."

"Well, well! But he never sent this letter, without some encouragement, I'll be bound—smuggling it into the house, as a thief might, too. Your levity will ruin you yet, and break my heart, Dorothy Dawn. Letters, indeed!"

Of all her seven daughters, Mistress Dawn, in spite of these severe words, felt most pride in this, the youngest; and that in spite of Dorothy being a wild, fun-loving, gay vixen, who had given her mother more trouble than all the others put together. Four of them had wedded well and prudently; and of discreet Miss Annie there was no fear; but what was to be hoped for, from this unsatisfactory Dorothy? True, she was so charming, that she had been the object of admiration and detraction enough to turn the heads of a dozen girls: but then, also, she was so perverse, that she had been capable of laughing in the respectable face of the great Squire Torrence, when he solemnly proposed to make her his fourth wife; and so reckless as to have capped the climax of her follies, by accepting marked attentions from 'Lisha Redding. It did not mend matters, that the good mother had herself thought 'Lisha an excellent match, six months ago, before all the discreditable tales about him, that were electrifying the gossips, had begun to circulate; she was none the less indignant with Dorothy now; and all the more indignant with 'Lisha for his presumption, because his bad conduct had deprived her of an eligible son-in-law.

"Now, do you hear?" said Mistress Dawn, sternly, when Dorothy remained silent.

"Yes, mother," said Dorothy, like a lamb.

"I hope you will heed, then. You had better go, now, and help your sister; you know your uncle never likes his supper to be behindhand."

"Very well," said Miss Dorothy, and went demurely away.

Girls of that day were not so emancipated as they are at present, and Dorothy had been brought up to be dutiful; so the spark under her downcast lashes was not suffered to blaze out, and her lips remained tightly closed over the rebellious speeches thrilling on the end of her sharp little tongue. Was it her fault that 'Lisha Redding had turned out ill? Her fault, that he had chosen to send her a note? And was it consistent of her mother, and uncle Harwood, and Annie, and the relatives generally, who had been disposed to congratulate her so short a time ago, to be solemnly vexed with her now, for what she could not help? Did they really think Dorothy the girl to take up with a man who had forfeited her respect? And had anybody more reason to hate him than she had, who had to bear—though she did it gallantly, with a laugh and a jest—the mortifying commiseration of her young companions, who had lately envied her her college-bred lover, with his dashing ways and good looks and prospects? As for going to meet him, she'd die first. With thoughts like these in her head, and incipient rebellion in her heart, Dorothy betook herself to her sister, as her mother had ordered.

Annie was in the kitchen, industriously superintending the preparations for the supper.

"I wish," said Annie, "that uncle Harwood had told us more about this young gentleman he's so taken with, and is going to bring here, to-day: it's hard guessing what will suit somebody you never saw: folks differ so."

"I don't care whether he's suited or not," Dorothy said, tartly. "I suppose he's some mouldy, spectacled, cross old lawyer."

"Uncle called him a young man."

"Yes; he would call anybody, under sixty, young. Oh, dear! I wish they had chosen some other time to visit us. I don't feel hospitable at all. But mother has sent me here, to know if I can help you."

"I wish you'd run into the orchard, then, and get me some apples," said practical Annie. "You can do that, whether you feel hospitable or not."

"I will just put on my hat, Annie," answered Dorothy, cheerfully; and, in a moment, she reappeared, looking prettier than ever.

We cannot help describing her, she made such a charming picture. She was already dressed for their guests, and wore a simple white gown,



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with a broad sash, her abundant hair falling in curls on her shoulders. Her hat was one of the broad leghorns, called "flats," so fashionable at that time; and beneath it, her great, dark eyes looked out, half mirthful, half beseeching.

Dorothy had scarcely reached the orchard, before she heard a familiar voice.

"Dorothy," it said, a little doubtfully.

Dorothy, with a great start, turned hastily around, and confronted 'Lisha Redding.

"Dorothy, won't you speak to me?" said he, throwing all the appealing eloquence he could command, into his voice and glance.

Now, if Dorothy's ears had not been still tingling with the uncalled-for reproaches of Mistress Dawn's lecture, she would undoubtedly have turned her back upon 'Lisha, then and there, and walked away, treating him to the silent contempt it is certain he richly deserved; even as it was, she hurried on.

"I can't talk to you, Mr. Redding," she said.

"Now, Dorothy, is this fair? We were all but engaged the other day—"

"All but!" said saucy Dorothy, tossing her head.

"You know, I never cared a straw," he urged, following her, "for anybody but you; yet, you would not speak to me, when I met you, last Sunday. I wrote to you—"

"Mother tore the letter into a thousand pieces, not an hour ago," interrupted Dorothy.

"And I've been hanging about here all the afternoon, trying to get a glimpse of you. Surely, you won't go away, without listening to a word?"

"I hear too many words said about you," said Dorothy, gravely. "I can't listen. Mother might turn me out of doors for it. Good-by, Mr. Redding."

"Not good-by, nor Mr. Redding, either," said the lover, pleadingly; and he laid a detaining hand upon her arm. "Dear Dorothy, don't throw me over like this. I've not deserved it."

"I needn't repeat what is in everybody's mouth, need I?" Dorothy said, with some of Mistress Dawn's spirit mounting into her dark eyes. How dared 'Lisha, after all that had happened, speak as if he had any claim upon her? It was an insult; she did not hold herself so cheaply. But his hand was still on her arm.

"Now, do you condemn me on the authority of a pack of old women's stories, Dorothy, and not even allow me to defend myself?" he said, insinuatingly. "I did not think you were such a girl as that. Is it fair, I ask you? Won't you even hear what I have to say for myself?"

Mr. Redding had a most plausible tongue of his own, and was so well aware by experience of its power, that he made no doubt of Dorothy's relenting towards him, could he only persuade her to grant this modest request, and hear what he had to say for himself. He did not know how much girlish vanity, and the instincts of the coquette, had had to do with her old, apparent liking for him; nor how decidedly contempt and wounded pride had driven out that liking; nor with what dangerous thorns this pretty, wilful rosebud he mistakenly coveted, was set.

"I don't know of anything good you could say for yourself, that would be likely to be true," Dorothy retorted.

"Dorothy, I beg and entreat you not to be so unmerciful. Suppose I am as bad as you think I am," suggested the artful young man, "what harm will it do you to listen to me for five minutes? If you must go, now, promise, at least, to let me see you somewhere—or to let me write to you. Dorothy, dear Dorothy, you won't be unkind enough to refuse me this one little request? I'll do something desperate, if you do—I swear I will."

A wicked thought flashed into Dorothy's head.

"Well, perhaps it would be unkind," she said, slowly; and, as it seemed, relentingly. "But I can't wait to hear any of your explanations, to-day, 'Lisha."

"Shall I write?"

"No, no. It would not be of the slightest use. I told you what happened to your letter."

"Will you meet me here in the orchard, then? To-morrow—any time, only soon?"

"What a very simple fly you must take me for—you great, stupid spider!" was Miss Dorothy's reflection; but she said:

"No: that would be worse than letter-writing. No, 'Lisha; if you really want to see me, and if you *can* say anything that will give me a better opinion of you—I own I don't like to think ill of an old friend—I'll tell you what you must do. Come, to-night, after all the lights are out, and knock on the parlor window, under the lilac bushes. But as uncle Harwood, and a friend of his from New York, are going to spend the night with us, don't come too early—and we can talk through the window. I know I'm a fool, but—"

"You are an angel!" cried the enraptured 'Lisha.

But Dorothy tripped away, on the instant, and heard no more. She laughed aloud, more than once, as she went; as amazed at 'Lisha's credulity, as he was at his unhoped-for success with her.

"And so her airs of scorn were all put on. I might have guessed it; and I'll have her yet, in spite of the old woman," was 'Lisha's exultant conclusion.

It was well that Dorothy had warned him

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against keeping his appointment too early. There was a great deal of laughter and lively chat, under Mistress Dawn's homely roof, that evening, and it was prolonged to the very verge of midnight. Poor 'Lisha, prowling restlessly about in the dark, moonless, summer night, and waiting for the lights to be extinguished, could hear the voices and the laughter, and was none the merrier for it. Was she thinking about him, he wondered? And who was that anonymous friend of Judge Harwood's? Some snuffy old lawyer, like himself, probably; but yet—but yet—some uneasy presentiment made 'Lisha long for the peep it was impossible to obtain, at the group in the sitting-room. His vigil might not have been rendered more agreeable, by a sight of Dorothy's blooming face, as she sat with downcast eyelashes, intent on a piece of bright-colored patchwork, and innocently oblivious to the frequent glances wandering her way, from the pair of grave, dark eyes opposite—eyes that did not belong to a snuffy old lawyer, but to a rather elegant-looking young one.

It seemed an age, to 'Lisha, before that sitting-room grew dark and silent; before the scattered household lights one by one disappeared; another age, before he could venture to steal nearer to the designated parlor window, staring blankly upon him, between its setting of lilac boughs. Somewhere inside, the tall clock from over seas sonorously struck "one," as he approached. He had certainly waited as long as prudence demanded; everybody must be asleep by this time; besides, the moon would be up soon, and Mistress Dawn's eyes were of the sharpest. He knocked gently at the window.

There was no response. Again he knocked—louder, and with a more impatient hand; and listened. It was absolutely silent within, except for the slow ticking of the clock. The window was slightly raised already. 'Lisha took the liberty of pushing it up as high as it would go, and looked in. Through the open door opposite, he could see the sitting-room. There was just light enough for eyes, grown accustomed to the outside gloom, to discern the outlines of objects by: conspicuous, near the window, by the gleam of its white draperies, stood the great state bed. 'Lisha heard a gentle sound of breathing.

"Confound it! I suppose the girl grew tired of waiting, and has lain down and fallen asleep; couldn't she keep awake five minutes?" reflected 'Lisha, disgusted. He knew Dorothy was not sentimental; but this want of consideration was a little too irritating. Extending his arm through the window, he seized the edge of the nearest pillow, and gave it a sudden shake.

"What the deuce is that?" was the ejaculation that saluted his astonished ears, in tones quite unlike Dorothy's musical treble; and 'Lisha found himself grasped by a muscular arm, evidently with hostile intentions. The state bed was occupied, as Dorothy had been perfectly aware it would be, by the young lawyer from New York, who now started up to defend, as he supposed, the property of his entertainers from burglarious hands. It was not without difficulty that 'Lisha wrenched himself loose from this unexpected assailant, and made good his escape, hearing, as he stumbled, in his haste, over Mistress Dawn's rose-bushes and sage-beds—or was it fancy?—the sound of a stifled laugh, somewhere in the upper regions of the house, floating maliciously after him. No, it was not fancy; a sudden light flashed upon the young man's mind. He stopped, to stamp on the ground, in his rage.

"I'll pay you back this little trick, with interest, some day, Mistress Dorothy!" he cried. "You are not done with 'Lisha Redding yet, I promise you."

What Dorothy could not hear, did not trouble her; but she was a little startled, upon finding that her joke might have ended seriously. "I had my pistols with me," Walter Berry incidentally remarked, when the adventure of the night was being discussed, next day, at the breakfast-table. Mistress Dawn considered the presence of guests in her house, that night, to have been quite a providence; being firmly convinced that, had it had no tenant, her best bed, with all its furnishings, would have gone out of the window, into darkness, never to return. Miss Annie listened, with terror, to the judge's stories about buglars; but was not of her mother's, or his opinion, for all that; to her thinking, there was something mysterious, if not supernatural, about the affair: she hoped it was not a "warning" of approaching calamity. Which opinion, the skeptical old judge laughed at, as he did at most things: pooh-poohed Walter's pistols, and said a stout cudgel was more to the purpose, as a weapon of defence: "and you must provide yourself with one, Molly, and a husband to manage it, for you'll be all alone when the girls leave you," the judge said, to his sister, pinching Dorothy's cheek. Dorothy was very quiet, that morning. So was Walter Berry, but it appeared to be his natural manner. Certainly, as Miss Annie afterward remarked, he was no great talker, for a lawyer; and, the evening before, she had even thought him a little absent-minded, at times, as studious people so often are. Perhaps, her uncle slyly hinted, he might

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have been livelier, if Dorothy had not happened to be his *vis-à-vis*.

That was not the judge's last opportunity to tease, nor was it Walter Berry's last visit. He came again and again, upon one pretext or other; and, at last, unblushingly, without any excuse. By that time, 'Lisha Redding, and the scandals connected with him, had ceased to be spoken about: for he had then been absent some months from the neighborhood, nobody knew exactly where. There were rumors of his having been seen in New York, in wild company; of his having gone to sea; but nothing was positively known, and his proud family remained sternly silent about him. Perhaps, Dorothy sometimes thought of him, with a little curiosity; perhaps, with a little vague remorse; though she was certainly not to blame, as some people said, for 'Lisha's throwing himself away, since he had been as bad as he could be, before she had ever seen him; only, the good neighbors had not then found him out: but it was not Dorothy's way to indulge much in useless regrets. Besides, it was such an interesting amusement to torment Walter Berry, that it helped to put the former victim out of her head. Mistress Dawn grumbled more than ever; Annie remonstrated mildly with her sister, and showed her compassion for the young man by preparing miracles of biscuit and sponge-cake for his consolation, when his lady-love was more wayward than usual. For everybody saw, with everybody's usual clear-sightedness, the object of Mr. Berry's increasingly frequent visits; everybody, of course, except Dorothy, who continued to express her wonder that a young lawyer could afford to spend so much time away from his office; and was Annie's sponge-cake, or her own currant-wine, the attraction, she would like to know? And *wasn't* he awkward, and queer, and silent? And, for her part, she couldn't understand uncle Harwood's preference for him.

Poor Walter Berry groaned under her tyranny, but could not emancipate himself, often and often as he vowed to do it; and Dorothy continued to be charming and tantalizing, friendly and frozen, by turns, and would say neither "Yes" nor "No," to the honest young fellow who adored her, until—but that is what I am about to relate.

One bright, midwinter afternoon, Mistress Dawn and Annie had gone out to take tea at a friendly neighbor's, and Dorothy was alone. Suddenly, she heard the sound of horses' feet and sleigh runners crunching the crisp snow outside. A loud knock followed; and, instead of the peep she was about to risk from the window, she cast a hurried glance at her own pretty head and shoulders in the high mirror.

"It can't be Walter—I know it can't," said Dorothy, contradicting some unspoken assertion, and suppressing a slight flutter; then she demurely opened the door. Opened it, to be caught up instantly in a pair of strong arms, and lifted into the waiting sleigh; and before Dorothy had recovered her breath, or had time to ask what this amazing proceeding might mean, the horses had plunged forward, at a word and a blow from their driver, and the sleigh was dashing out into the highway, and turning southward.

"'Lisha Redding, how dare you?" cried indignant Dorothy, turning upon her captor with flashing eyes and fury cheeks. But 'Lisha only replied by a loud laugh, and ordered the driver to hasten. Then he threw a heavy cloak around the girl.

"You'll need it," he said, coolly. "We are going to New York, to-night, Dorothy; and it's a long ride in the cold. I have not forgotten you, you see."

"Let me out of this sleigh, this minute," commanded Dorothy, struggling violently, but struggling in vain: 'Lisha's grasp on her arm was like iron.

"Don't; you'll only hurt yourself," he said; and Dorothy, angrier and more frightened every minute, was fain to desist. Frightened she was, but not yet so frightened as angry; it was insulting and outrageous to be dragged from her home in that summary manner. But she could not yet believe that the adventure was to end seriously: it was broad daylight; in her own neighborhood; the houses and the people for miles about were familiar to her. No; it was only a bad joke of 'Lisha's—a device to match her silly trick upon him. So she held her peace, and expected deliverance.

But it soon began to be seen that Mr. 'Lisha's joke, if joke it were, was a rather grim one. As they approached the nearest house, Dorothy's captor suddenly enveloped her face in the cape of the great cloak, so closely that she could not utter a sound, and only partially released her again when they were so far out of hearing that to scream would be useless. In like manner, house after house was passed, a *detour* being made to avoid the village. Dorothy's wrath gradually became downright terror; she expostulated, threatened, stormed, and, at last, cried and coaxed; but the only answer was a mocking laugh, more insulting and alarming than any words would have been. Then she appealed to the driver, with no better success; and steadily, and at a tremendous rate, they rushed on.

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"What *will* mother say?" cried poor Dorothy, at last, sobbing aloud; and then 'Lisha spoke out, with a deep enjoyment of his own wickedness, that was wonderful to see.

"She will think you have run away with me," he said. "So will everybody else; so will that nice young gentleman from New York. None of them will ever know any better, Dorothy, because to-morrow we shall be out at sea, in a Spanish ship, bound for—no matter where; but this is the last of Westchester County."

"Miserable wretch!" said Dorothy, flaming up into wrath and courage once more.

"Probably. You may call me all the hard names you like, my dear. I don't mind. Aha! you fooled me finely once, didn't you, Dorothy? It's my turn now."

Dorothy made no answer, shed no more tears; she remained quiet, and thought intensely. Was there *no* escape? Alas! none whatever. For the night crept ominously down, and her captor's vigilance never slackened. Her heart sank; remorseful thoughts of home crowded upon her: thoughts of how she had not been the good, steady girl she might have been, like Annie, whom certainly nobody had ever dreamed of running away with; of how she had teased poor Walter—and Dorothy grew desperate. She *would* escape. Surely, Heaven was merciful; and were these the times when a brave-hearted girl, with her wits about her, could be carried off from her home and friends, against her will, like this? 'Lisha must be mad, as well as reckless. She determined to keep quiet, until he should be off his guard, and then make a fierce effort for liberty. Some inn, some farmhouse, some passing traveler, would surely afford her the opportunity. But the sleigh dashed on and on; the dusk deepened; night had come; and now all the houses were closed; and the much-traveled highway stretched forward, between walls of deep-drifted snow, solitary as a desert, for once. Dorothy watched and waited.

Suddenly, noiselessly, as the sleigh glided along at a slackened pace, in the shadow of a high, pine-covered bank, from behind this bank, at a few rods' distance, a huge, black object shot out. Dorothy knew it at once. It was the mail coach, bound northward, coming upon them, around a sharp turn of the road. With a cry, that roused shrill, answering echoes among the black shadows of the pines, she sprang like a flash from the sleigh, and fell in the very path of the advancing horses. The hot breath of the animals touched her, as their startled driver with difficulty reined them in; and voices from half-a-dozen heads, thrust out of the windows, called out, to know what was the matter.

"Drive on, drive on!" 'Lisha shouted back, furiously endeavoring to stifle the girl's screams, and drag her again into the sleigh. "I'll take care of her; it's only a poor, crazy girl."

"I am not! I am not!" Dorothy cried. "Help me, for the love of heaven—"

Help was there. Two gentlemen had leaped from the coach, and while the words of Dorothy's appeal were still on her lips, she found herself clasped in her uncle's arms, while 'Lisha went reeling into the nearest snow-drift, before a blow he had been too much excited to parry. For among the passengers, on that fortunate coach, were Judge Harwood and Walter Berry; and the rescued one was taken home in triumph to her mother, and to a famous scolding, because the adventure was likely to furnish gossip to the whole country-side for a month: which it did.

The judge was anxious to lodge 'Lisha in the county jail; but yielded to Dorothy's entreaties, and left him; and the last glimpse we have of the unlucky lover, he is seen struggling out of a snow-drift, frantic with black and baffled passions—not an object description cares to linger upon.

As for Dorothy, it is on record, that she was known in later years as a discreet and notable matron, and that she wrote her name Dorothy Berry; so it is but fair to suppose that she took the lesson of that midwinter ride to heart, and profited by it.

## LOVE'S MISTAKE.

BY H. M. WETMORE.

Low burned the fire, the room was dim;
We heard the warning clock strike ten;
And by the moonlight growing dim,
Knew parting-time had come again.

"I had a dream, last night," I said.
"I'll tell it to you, ere I go:
I thought, my dear, your little head
Was lying on my shoulder—so.

"'Tis time to go," I said; "and you—
You kissed me twice upon the cheek.
Now tell me, love, if dreams come true."
Most archly did my darling speak

"Why, some come true, and some do not.
Dreams do, like this, I quite believe."
And then she kissed me twice, and got
Her waist entangled in my sleeve.

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# HOW THE BOARDERS "TOOK US IN."

BY "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

I HAVE told you how we took in our summer boarders, thinkin' to make money. I must now tell you how they "took us in."

I s'pose it was my lofty feelin's that kep' me up. Truly, if it hadn't been, I don't know how I could have lived, cookin' as much as I had to, and goin' through with what I did: historicks, and fallin' fits, and etcetery, etcetery.

And the three smallest children wus ugly. There can't be no other name made that will describe their actions and demeeners, only jest that word—ugly.

They made me more work than all my housework put together. A-handlin' everything, and a-breakin' everything, and ridin' the turkeys, and everything. I s'pose they wus told more'n a hundred times by me and Josiah, to *not* ride that old turkey-gobbler, and I don't s'pose there wus ever any other children on earth but jest them three, but what would have been afraid to have gone nigh it. Why, I have seen moral and right-minded children, time and agin, shed tears, and weep, if it come towards 'em. But, good lord! first we'd know, we would see one of 'em right on its back, a-pretendin' to ride it. They almost killed that tom turkey.

And then, all of a sudden, we would hear the fannin' mill a-goin' full blast, and Josiah would run to the barn, and they would be a-runnin' dirt through it, and slate-stuns, and things.

And then I'd hear the wheel a-goin' upstairs, a-buzzin' as if it would break its old band, and I'd start upstairs on the run, and there they'd be a-spinnin' of my best rolls. And five different times I took the youngest one out of the flour barrel, where they wus makin' a ghost of him, to appear to the oldest one: they loved to skeer that boy into fits, they loved to dearly.

And then they'd get into the preserve jars, and honey boxes, and eat themselves sick, time and agin; and sugar, why, they eat more sugar than I used a-cookin'; and raisins, why you couldn't hide 'em from 'em, do the best you could, they'd watch their chances. And they'd get down suller, where I kep' my best cake, and cookies, and tarts. No matter how much I had baked up ahead, I never knew, when I went to set the table, whether I would find anything to put onto it. It seemed as if they would go through a hole a mouse couldn't, they wus that sly.

If I had scrimped 'em to the table, or between meals, I could have stood it better; but, when I wus so lavish and profuse with 'em, at meal times, and always a-handin' 'em out cakes and turnovers, when I wus a-bakin', (knowin' well what children's stomachs wus,) it wus gallin' to me. They wasted three times over what their board come to every week.

But I kep' still, and didn't say nothin'. I held firm. Thinks I: "The medicine is bitter to the taste, but it is goin' to do good. The patient is feelin' the effects of it." For Josiah looked awful. As the days went by, he saw he had made a terrible mistake. He saw that he would have done better to have listened to his faithful pardner. He saw where he'd missed it. But pride kep' him silent. Only, in the little, ongarded speeches that he would make, in sudden moments of pain and agony, entirely unbeknown to him; such as sayin', in loud, quick axents:

"Dang it, I can't stand it so, much longer!"

Or, in low, plaintive tones: "Did heaven ever witness such tribulations?"

I hear him a-sayin' that, as he would be a-bringin' Bill in, for Josiah would have to lift him, and lug him in, when he would fall outdoors. That, in itself, I could see, wus a-underminin' my pardner's strength, and almost a-breakin' down his back.

And that, I shall always think, wus one great reason why Danks himself, Mrs. Danks' pardner, stood out of the way. It wus underhanded in him. He knew Bill would fall, when he had 'em, and would have to be fetched in, and so he jest stayed away, and let Josiah do all the luggin' and liftin'. It wus three weeks before that man came, and Josiah didn't look like the same man; what with chasin' around after them three littlest boys, and carryin' around the big one in his fallin' fits, and havin' the care of providin' more provisions than wus ever devoured before on earth by the same number of people, and bein' kep' awake night after night by Mrs. Danks' historicks, and Bill's walkin' in his sleep, (I don't know as I have mentioned that, but Bill wus liable to appear to us, at any time of night, and have to be headed upstairs again); take it all together, Josiah looked like a shadder. And thinks I to myself:

"My principles wus hefty, and they are hefty—I said I would stand firm, and I have stood



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firm—but, oh! must I, must I see my pardner die off before my face and eyes?" And his pride stood in the way of his startin' of 'em off.

It was on a Friday mornin' I said this, as I see my Josiah come a-luggin' Bill in. He had had a fit, and fell acrost the grindstun, when Josiah wus a-grindin', and Josiah had to drop everything, and come a-luggin' of him in.

He broke some of the runnin' gear of the grindstun, that time; Josiah had it fixed so he could put a pail of water on top of it, and it would water itself, when he wus a-grindin'; but Bill fell right acrost it, and flatted it all down; it cost Josiah upwards of seven shillin's to make it good.

Wal, that night, old Danks come. He didn't come till most bedtime, and I didn't see him much that night.

Mrs. Danks had the historicks the first part of the night; but Josiah and I knew that he wus with her, so we give up the care of her to him, though we heard it a-goin' on: heard the historicks jest as plain as day.

And Bill got up in his sleep as usual, along the latter part of the night, and went to prowlin' round in the kitchen; but Josiah headed him off upstairs, and locked the chamber door onto him, and let his father tussle with him. And then Bill had a fallin' fit; we both think, Josiah and me do, that he had one, and fell onto his father, and knocked him down. We don't know it for certain, but we think so, for we heard the awfulest katouse you ever did hear; it seemed as if the house was a fallin'; and then we heard groanin', and sighin', and low, very low, swearin'.

Of course, we couldn't sleep, while such a racket was a-goin' on, and the historicks, and everything, and he a-tryin' to quell 'em down. But we lay and rested, which wus a good deal for us, as beat out as we wus, with such nights as we had been a-havin'.

Wal, in the mornin', if you'll believe it, Danks up and told me and Josiah, that he wus a-goin' off agin on the afternoon train. His wife and children had gone out into the orchard, to pick some strawberries, and he up and told us. He said, "it wus a case of life and death, and he must go, he couldn't be kep' back a minute." He did look bad, I'll say that for him; his sufferin's wus great; but then he oughtn't to tried to shirk 'em off onto strangers. But I held firm; I knew a crysis wus approachin' and drawin' nigh; but I held firm. And all of a sudden, Josiah Allen bust out, and, oh! what a scene of excitement rained down for the next several moments.

As Danks said agin, that he wus a-goin' off on the afternoon train, Josiah riz right up, and hollered out to Danks, louder than I most ever heard him holler, loud enough to be heard from one-half to three-quarters of a mile, though Danks wus within a foot of him, says he, in that loud, skareful, wild tone:

"If you leave this house, for half-a-minute, without taking the hull of your family with you, I'll prosicute you, and throw you into jail; and take the law to you; and imprison you!"

It skairt Danks dretfully, it came so entirely onexpected onto him. He fairly jumped. And it started me for a minute, though my principles are so hefty and solid, that they hold down my feelin's, and keep it steddy, better than a iron wedge, makin' my presence of mind, as a general thing, like a ox's for strength. Says Josiah, in that awful loud, almost deafenin' tone of his'n—and with a mean wild and delerious lookin', as if he knew not what he was a-sayin':

"I ain't a wet nurse; and I'll let you know I ain't; nor Samantha ain't a horsepittle. Here I have," says he, in a still more agonizing tone, "here I have, for week after week, kep' steddy company with fallin' fits and historicks. I have broke my back to pieces, a-luggin' in boys. I have been rode to death by children, and eat out o' house and home. And there has got to be a stop put to it, or somebody is goin' to get hurt."

He wus perfectly delerious. And I says to him, soothin'ly:

"Be calm, Josiah."

"I won't be calm, Samantha," he hollers back.

But Danks wus a-gettin' over being skairt, and begun to look surly and cross, crosser'n a bear. And he spoke out, in a pert, hateful tone, old Danks did, and says he:

"Tain't nothing to me. I didn't have the fallin' fits, nor the historicks." He looked dretful mad, and spoke up as pert and impudent to my pardner, as if it wus Josiah's business to tussle with them fits and things, instead of his'n.

I had thought that I wouldn't put in my note at all; but I ain't one to stand by and see my pardner imposed upon; and then, too, I felt that, in the name of principle, I ought to speak. I felt a feelin' that mebby here wus a chance for me to do good. And when he spoke out agin, real impudent and hateful, "that it wasn't nothin' to him," I spoke out, and says I, in a tone that was enough to skare anybody most to death, if they wuzn't used to deep principle tones, says I:

"*It is sumthin' to you.*"

And then I went on, powerful and eloquent, I

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can tell you. I talked deep and solemn to that man, about what he took onto himself, when he sot out in matrimony, sot out as a matrimourner —about the awful responsibility of marriage, and bringing children into the world. The terrible responsibility of usherin' eternal souls into the world, for everlastin' joy or misery; the terrible responsibility to these souls, and to God, the righteous judge; and the awful responsibility to the world, of lettin' loose on it such mighty powers for good or evil, a set of likely creeters, blessin's and benefactors forever, or shacks, and sources of uncounted misery, made so greatly by early care and culture. Influences that will go on and on, for all time, growin' and widenin' out, all the time, till no mind, but the Eternal one, can reckon up, or even imagine, the awful consequences, for good or evil, of one human soul. "How dare any one," says I, "lightly and irreverently even think on the subject, much less tackle it."

I talked beautiful on the subject, and deep—deeper than I had for some time. I felt fearfully eloquent, and acted so.

But Danks looked mad—mad as a hen, and he snapped out agin:

"Who made any calculations on fallin' fits? I didn't."

Why, that man most took my head off, he snapped me up so. But I didn't care. I knew I wus a talkin' on principle, and that reflection is a high rock to lean and rest the moral back aginst. That thought is a thick umberell, to keep off the little hailstuns of impertenance and impudence, that might otherwise hurt one's self-respect, and mortify it. I felt well and noble in my mind, and acted well, very. I kep' right on, cool and collected together, and says I:

"That is one great reason why anyone ought to consider well on't. They ought to know that this is one of the jobs that you can't calculate on, exactly how it is a-comin' out; you must take the chances. There is lots of undertakin's jest so, jest as hard to tell how it is a-comin' out. Now, the greatest of minds can't figure out exactly to a minute what time the butter will come, or how a marriage is goin' to turn out, or jest when it will stop rainin', or begin, or when the old hen will lay. The world is a curious place, and in lots of undertakin's, you have to step off blindfold, and ketch holt of the consequences, good or bad. The blinders will be took offen our eyes sometime, probable, but the time is not yet."

I warmed up, more and more eloquent; and says I:

"And marriage, I take it, is one of the very riskiest undertakin's you can undertake. It may lead you into a happiness, pure and lofty as a certain couple I could mention have enjoyed for the neighborhood of twenty years; it may; and then again, it mayn't. But there is one great comfort in this, that there ain't in some other things, such as rain and thunderstorms, and etcetery. You needn't enlist in this warfare, if you hain't a mind to. You ain't obleeged to set out as a matrimourner; that is a sweet and consolin' thought, if you feel scareful over it; but if you do enlist, you must take the risks. And if it wuzn't a risky piece of business, why did them old fathers put these words in the marriage service: 'for better, for worse, for richer, or for poorer?' They knew what they wus about, them old fathers did. They knew they couldn't tell whether it would turn out rich as rich could be, with blessin's and bliss, or poor as poverty. Them old fathers knew that, and bein' likely men, and sound moraled, they fixed that halter so that folks couldn't squirm their necks out of it, every time they got oneasy, and worrysome. Historical fits, and etcetery," says I, in reasonable tones, "might come under the head of 'the worse.' But you can't slip your head out; that vow holds you, for better or worse. You no need to have tackled that vow; but you did. And now you ought to stand up under it; that is law, and that is gospel too, which don't always go together."

"Wal, what of it?" says Danks. "What if it does—what are you goin' to do about it?"

Oh, how surly and mad that man did look; his mean would have been likely to skairt some wimmen, but it didn't me: mebby it would if I hadn't been talkin' on high principles; but that boyed me up.

"Why," says I, as I have said more'n forty times, "folks ought to get it into their head that it is a great and serious subject, that ought to be considered, and prayed over, and meditated upon. They ought to realize that gettin' married is a solemn thing; solemner, if anything, than it is not to. And that has always been considered a very solemn thing, very. But, instead of lookin' on it in this serious and becomin' way, folks will caper, and prance off into matrimony, in jest as light, and highlarious, and triflin' a way, as if they wus headin' a row of fantasticks on the Fourth. They don't consider and filosifize on it that the fantasticks can take off their uniforms at night, and be themselves agin; but the matrimourners can't—they can't do it, nohow; there they be, matrimourners. No matter how bad they feel, and how disappointed they be, in the looks of the state they have got into, they can't get out of it; they are matrimourners, and can't help

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themselves. The state of wedlock has got a high, slippery wall around it, as high up as eternity, and as low down as the same. It is a wall that can't be stepped acrost, or climbed over. It is a wall that a man or a woman can't sneak out, and creep up on, without fallin' back. It is too slippery. It is a wall that can't be broke down, and jumped over, only on Bible grounds. And when you do take that jump, on Bible grounds, oh! how fatiguin' that leap is; how much happiness and ease of mind the matrimourner has to drop, on the jump: drop forever. And how much trouble he has to carry with him, and disquietude of mind, and condemnation, and gossip, and evil speakin', and hateful memories, and hauntin' ones, and remorse, and upbraidin's, and travel of soul and body. Oh, what a time that matrimourner does have," says I.

"I thought," says he, with that surly, morbid look of his'n, and mad, "I thought you wus one that preached up liberty, freedom, and etcetery.

"So I be," says I. "Hain't I jest been a-doin' of it? Hain't I said that no man or woman ought to be drove into the state of matrimony by anybody, only jest their ownselves? But, after they lay holt, and drive themselves in, they oughtn't to complain. But they'll find, after they have drove themselves in, that it is the curiousest state that ever wus made. None of our states of America will compare with it for curiosity, and some of our'n are exceedingly curious, take 'em laws and all.

"But this state of matrimony, as I said, is far curiouser. It is curiouser in the beginnin', some like a conundrum. Our states have to be admitted into the Union: a union admits you into that state. And then it is bounded on every side by divinest possibilities of happiness, or the most despairin' ones, and no knowin' which will break over the frontiers and capture you. Sweetest and most rapturous joys may cover its soil, as thick as blossoms on a summer prairie; or angry passions, and disappointments, and cares, may crunch 'em down under foot, and set fire to 'em. Peace, and truest freedom, and mutual love, and tenderness, may rain over that state, or anarky, and sizm."

"Yes, and fallin' fits," says Danks, with a bitter tone, "and historicks."

"Yes," says I, calmly. "Matrimourners ought to take all the blessin's, and enjoyments, and comforts of that state, with a thankful heart, and they ought to have the courage, and the nobility, and the common sense, to take all the evils: fallin' fits, historicks, and etcetery, with a willin' mind. You ought," says I, firmly, "you ought to have figured it all out in your head, and got a straight answer to it, before you drove yourself into that state, whether you wus strong enough to stand the climate, with its torrid weather, and its frigid zones, its sweet summery winds, and its blasts, its squalls, and its hurrycains.

"But, as I have said forty times, if I have once, after you have drove yourself into that state, you ought to histe your moral umberell, and make the best of it."

Danks didn't look convinced a mite; he muttered agin sumthin' about fits and things, and how "he hadn't made no calculations on 'em," and I felt fairly out of patience, and went to allegorin', as I might have known I should, before I got through, (it is next to impossible for me to be so eloquent, as I wus then, without allegorin' some, entirely unbeknown to me).

"Why," says I, "when a man buys a farm, he must be a nateral fool, or else a luny, if he expects the sun to shine on it every day, all the year round. He must make calculations for rain, and snow, sunshine, and thunder; he can't expect it to be all ripe wheat, and apple sass. He buys it with his eyes open, buys it with all its possibilities of good or evil, and don't expect, if he ain't a fool, to shirk out of carryin' of 'em."

"Who has shirked out of carryin' on 'em?" says Danks. "I hain't."

"You have," says Josiah, a-jumpin' up unexpected, and hollerin' at him agin. And his face was red as a firebrand. "*You have.*"

"I hain't," says Danks.

"You have," says Josiah. "And don't you dispute me agin, if you know what is good for yourself. You have shirked out of carryin' that dumb boy of your'n in his dumb fits. And I let you know that I have broke my back, for the last time, a-luggin' him round; or somebody, or sumthin is a-goin' to get hurt, and I can tell you so, dang it."

I felt as if I should sink. My Josiah was almost doin' what Mrs. Job advised Mr. Job to do, when he was smote with agony and biles. He was almost a-swearin'. But here is where I and the late Mrs. Job differ. I knew my pardner's sufferin's wus intense, and his sufferin's wus terrible to me. But still I says to him, in a reprovin', but tender and pitying tone; for I love that man so well, that even his wrong doin' can't make my affection for him tottle; but still, I can't see him rush into profanity and wickedness, without warnin' of him. Says I:

"Be calm, Josiah."

Says he, "I won't be calm."

Says I, "Josiah, you must. You are almost delerious. You are a-swearin', Josiah. Be calm."

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"Wal, I tell you agin, that I won't be calm! And I tell you again, dang it. There, dang it!"

Oh, how my pardner did look in his mean. But I felt that I could overlook it on him; for he knew not what he wus a-sayin'.

Before I could put a soothin' word in, Danks spoke right out, and says he:

"You promised to take 'em for all summer, and if you don't, I won't pay you a cent for their board, and you can't make me."

Here, Josiah's mean turned pale as a white milk-pail. But in spite of that he made 'em all go, that very day.

He hired a lawyer to prosicute Danks; but Danks bein' sharpwitted and ugly, (and sometimes I think such trials as Danks underwent, if anybody don't take 'em as a means of grace, makes anybody ugly: I can't help feelin' sorry for Danks, after all). But as I wus a-sayin', Danks worked it in such a way, that Josiah lost the case, and had to pay the costs on both sides. He groans every time he thinks of it.

And I don't think, and he don't think, that his back will ever be sound agin. He strained it beyond its strength, with them SUMMER BOARDERS.

# UNCLE IKE'S DAUGHTER.

BY M. G. M'CLELLAND.

I'se bin mighty por'ly, gent'men, now from gwine on a week;
So mizzable conflicted dat I couldn't hardly speak.
De rheumatiz bin pestorin', widout no raggeration,
Ebery single j'int an' bone in all my structoration.
A man can't t'link 'bout politics, for praisin' or for blame,
Wid mizery a-ragin' an' a-tarin' froo his frame.
Religion don't console him none, nor 'possum ile assuage,
An' every little trifin' t'ing gwine put him in a rage.

You kin 'magine, den, my feelin's, settin' by de chimbly jam,
A-rubbin' of my wussest leg, and wishin' fur a dram,
When my darter, wid a fine new hat, an' mighty 'placent grin,
(Dat was aggervatin', 'siderin' de pain dat I was in),
Come a-struttin' in de cabin, an' a-flingin' wide de do',
Aldo' de win' was cuttin' jus' as hard as it could blow.
She's jus' like udder 'ooman folks, in dis yere 'lightened lan',
Wid too much eddicatiyon for to comfort up a man.
Dey got udder t'ings to t'ink of, wid dar sciences an' art,
Dan nussin' daddy's rheumatiz, an' warmin' up his heart.
What wid lawyerin' an' doctorin' an' speechcrfyin' too,
(An' neglectin' every blessed thing you want 'em for to do),
Days too consarned wid 'ruptin' what dey'd better lef' alone,
An' half doin' menfolks' business, for to t'ink about der own.

Widout so much as axin', "How you fine yo'sef to-day?"
My darter stood dar grinnin' in a mighty 'portant way.
An' I wouldn't take no notice, nor ax nary question i'tall.
(Women hate dat wus' dan pizon, kase it make 'em feel so small).
I wa'nt afeerd o' losin' it, bekase I know'd right well,
Dat news was pain to 'oomanfolks widout'n dey could tell.

"Fader, dear, jes' listen," she bogun, wid flatterin' art.
"I want to talk 'long wid you, kase I knows you'se mighty smart,
An' all de neighbors talks about your clebberness an' sense,
An' say you'd preach a sarmon, jus' de same as bull' a fence.
Dar ain't no man kin tech you for a prayer 'pon public days,
Nor for ketchin' coons and possums, nor for argufyin' ways.
For de makin' of my fortune, I'se bin 'volvin' of a plan,
An' I wants you fur to notice, an' to try to understan',
Nor to let ole-fashioned notions be a standin' in my ways,
Kase de very whitest ladies makes der fortunes so 'dese days.

It is 'bout dese walkin' matches, dat has bin so much de rage,
Dat de papers call 'advancin' wid de sperit of de age.'
I bin t'inkin' heap here lately 'bout a-startin' out myse'f,
An' I read 'bout dem ar matches in de papers 'pon de she'f.
Dese walkin' matches, now, would be a nobbelty down here,
An' would 'tract de public 'tention froo de country far an' near.
'Tis easy, too, as eatin'. You jus' git your name took down,
An' puts yo'sef in trainin', while dey measures off de groun'.
You does ye' stretch o' walkin' by de hour or de day,
An' de one dat walks de fastest, why, she gits de biggest pay.
By hund'eds come de menfolks, for to look on at de race,
An' dey bets upon yo' 'durance, an' dey bets upon yo' pace.
So, ef you's steady-winded an' kin step out purty spry,
An' is got somebody watchin' till de bettin' runs up high,
You kin put de pus' upon yo'sef, an' ef you come out clear,
You will make mo' money walkin' dan by workin' for a year.
Or ef yo' wind ain't extry, an' you t'ink you'se apt to lose,
You bet *agin* yo'sef, you know, as hebby as you choose.
Now, you know, I'se steady-winded, an' can step out mighty spry,
So I t'ought ef you was willin', sar, I'd like to hab a try."

I listened mighty keerful, an' I bottled up my rage,
An' answered rale perlitely, "Dat a 'ooman in dis age
Should talk a heap o' foolishness, ain't subject for surprise;
Kase mos' de sex is shallow-like—*dat* nobody denies.
Apein' arter menfolks 'stroyed what sense they had at fus',
So dat apein' arter horses is but gwine from bad to wus'.
No 'ooman ob no decency should want to be a horse,
A-trottin' roun' permiscus-like upon de racin' course,
Wid a heap o' low-bred fellows a-bettin' pon de race,
Discoursin' 'bout her 'action,' an' a-chattin' 'bout her 'pace.'
A gal mus' be distracted, for to t'ink o' sich a t,ing,
As a-settin' out in public, to be bet on in de ring.
You jus' as well quit blubberin', an' blowin' of yo' nose,
You kin hab yo' way 'dout makin' all dat racket, I suppose.
An' I ain't gwine to cross you whar I know yo' 'fections sot.
De onliest t'ing I stipperiate is, dat de 'backer-lot
Shall be yo' scene ob action, when you turn into a horse,
An' up an' down de furrow rows kin he yo' racin' course.
I done listen mighty keerfully to all you had to say.
I ain't gwine let no chile o' mine disgrace me dat a-way.
Kase everybody knows me for a man o' pride an' sense,
I nebber did raise 'trotters,' an' I ain't gwine to commence."

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# THAT OBSTINATE FAMILY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 359.

MEANTIME, Miss Judith's humble conveyance was bearing her on towards her destination, but too leisurely for her impatient spirit. So she called, sharply, to the driver.

"Young man, do you mean to be all day going a couple of miles?"

"I guess not, quite, ma'am," returned her Jehu, perfectly unmoved.

"I never saw such an old scarecrow as your horse is," said Miss Judith. "A wooden-legged one would get on faster."

"We keep him a purpose for folks that wants dollar rides, ma'am," replied Jehu, coolly. "You see, we have 'em of all sorts, except the wooden-legged critters you seem to prefer, and if people want to kirlykew over the road, and kick up a dust, they must pay accordin'."

Miss Judith had haggled with the livery stable keeper, as to the price he demanded, and Jehu had heard her, as she knew; so she wisely decided to make no reply to his impertinence.

Presently, the carriage came to a stop.

"Now what's the matter?" called Miss Judith. "How long do you mean to stay here?"

"Till that drove o' cattle gits by—the hoss is afeerd on 'em, you see."

Miss Judith had again thrust her head out of the window, and did see that the beast was shying and backing in an alarming manner, at the approach of a number of stout bullocks, with longer horns than she found agreeable.

"Take care, he'll have me in the river," she cried. "Mr. Pilsbury ought to be prosecuted for sending anybody out, with such a beast; and you may tell him I said so."

"I will, ma'am," replied Jehu, with imperturbable good humor. "I'll be sure to do it. I guess, though, the old hoss don't mean to do no mischief. He hain't run away since last year, when he smashed up a lady and two small children. Whoa, Gineral Washington!"

Miss Judith relapsed into silence. She was somewhat frightened, and that rendered her more angry; but further altercation with Jehu would, she perceived, be worse than useless. At last, the bullocks got by, and Miss Judith was driven on again.

The carriage at length stopped before the imposing Gresham portico. Miss Judith descended, mounted the steps, with the air of a Queen Elizabeth, and gave three resounding raps with the bronze knocker, which echoed like thunder through the great entrance-hall. Then, espying a door-bell, she pulled that.

A very stylish young footman, who had been reposing on one of the sofas in the corridor, arose, and hurried down the hall, wondering what foreign potentate had arrived.

He flung open one of the great doors, and seeing only a shabbily-dressed, elderly female, and a common hired hack, put on his most insolent expression of countenance, and was about to speak, when she cried:

"How dare you keep a lady waiting! I want to see Mr. Gresham—go and tell him so."

The footman, who was an English one, had no idea who the imperious intruder might be; and his impertinence was quelled at once. If she proved to be some grandee, disguised in old clothes, any lack of courtesy on his part would cause his dismissal, as he well knew.

"Mrs. Gresham is not at 'ome, ma'am," he answered, with great humility, thinking that she must have meant to ask for his mistress.

"Are you deaf?" demanded Miss Judith, with a fierceness which made him jump, and for the instant think she was really an escaped lunatic. "Peter Gresham must be addle-pated, to have such an idiot about. Do you hear? Go, this instant, and tell your master I want to see him, and *I will!*"

"Master," bowing to the ground, as he spoke, "is hindisposed, somewhat, with the gout—"

"What's that to me?" broke in Miss Judith. "I told you I wished to see him! Do you mean to keep me here all day?"

"I beg your parding," faltered the footman. "Certingly, at once—what name shall I say, if your highness—if you please?"

Miss Judith pointed her finger at him. He retreated.

"Where is your master?" she asked.

"'E's hin the library," gasped the footman. "Hi shall hinform 'im, himmediate, hif your grace—hif you'll henter the hexception-room, ma'am."



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"Stand out of the way!" ordered Miss Judith.

He sprang aside, as if she had stuck a pin into the fleshiest and tenderest portion of his person; and Miss Judith stalked on towards the library.

But, before she reached the library-door, the footman recovered himself sufficiently to remember that, if she were the Empress of all the Russias, his master would not forgive him, if he allowed her to enter without having received permission. He hurried after her, gasping:

"Hexcuse me—parding—what name did you please to say?"

They reached the door together; he opened it; and, in a tone which he hoped would reach his master's ear, said, again:

"Hexcuse me—just one moment, madame—what name?"

Miss Judith put out her right hand, and sent him spinning around like a teetotum. At the same instant, old Peter called out:

"Who's there, Thomas? I will see nobody—nobody."

"Yes, sir—I said so—if you please, sir!" moaned the flunky.

Miss Judith banged the door in his face. He fled: nor did he stop, until he reached the portico, where he was met by Jehu, who had descended from his perch, and, with a critical eye, was examining the mansion.

"'Oo, hin the name of 'eving, is she?" gasped the footman.

"Old Miss Judith Gresham—Peter's cousin," replied Jehu. "What on 'arth has brought her, beats me hollow."

"Hi 'ave 'eard 'owlings and 'ootings hon the Hinglish 'ustings which was 'orrible, but I never 'eard 'owlings like 'ern, nor hencountered himperance so haudacious!" cried the flunky, quite beside himself now, between anger at the visitor, and terror of his master.

The violence with which Miss Judith closed the door, made old Peter start in his chair, sending a twinge through his gouty foot. He looked in dismay at his visitor.

"Who are you?" he shouted. "Who the deuce—not Miss Judith—"

"Yes, Peter Gresham, Miss Judith; and I have come to see you; and I mean to do it."

She stood before him, with her fierce eyes fixed on his, as she spoke.

His first impulse was to fling a cushion at her. His second was to seize the hand-bell, which stood on a table by his side, and order the servants to turn out the intruder. But he checked both desires, for he saw a grim smile cross Miss Judith's thin lips, which warned him that she was enjoying his impotent wrath.

He leaned back in his chair; bestowed one of his bitterest smiles upon her; and said, with a politeness as elaborate as it was ironical:

"I am charmed to see you, cousin Judith! So, you have, at last, been able to regard your conduct in its proper light. You have come to beg my pardon for all the atrocious things you have done. Well, well, I am not a vindictive man—never was. I'll forgive you. Still, my dear Judith—excuse me—you needn't have shut the door so hard—but, you were agitated I suppose—well, well!"

Miss Judith turned an ashen gray. Her hands clenched themselves at her sides, while her breath came quick and heavy.

"Sit down, sit down, cousin Judith!" he continued, eager to follow up his advantage. "Take time, take time. The worst is over, now that I have said I am ready to forgive you. Old maids will get crochets into their heads. But it is never too late to repent. I'm glad your conscience has wakened. Why didn't you get married, when you were young, Judith? A husband, and half-a-dozen children, would have kept you too busy to give you leisure to want to appropriate other people's property. Well, well, let bygones be bygones. Poor cousin Judith—poor cousin Judith! No chance of the husband now. Well, well!"

Miss Judith gave him a look so murderous, that a timid man, remembering his own helplessness, might have trembled. But she said, with a calmness which nearly equalled his:

"If I had married, I might have had a son like yours. Providence has mercifully spared me from such a curse."

She had touched him in his tenderest spot. But he preserved his self-control, by a great effort, and bestowed a second and more insulting smile upon her, as he said:

"Ah, cousin Judith, cousin Judith, you can't forget, I see. Well, well, that's the way with women. Naturally, you hate my wife, because you wanted the situation. Well, well, I mustn't be hard on you for that. It's a compliment to myself, and I feel it. I'm not a vain man, Judith; but I feel it."

This time, the spinster's two hands clenched themselves, without any effort to disguise the menacing gesture. She moved forward a step—Heaven only knows what mad impulse rose in her soul—but old Peter looked her full in the face, and laughed aloud. Somehow, this insolent enjoyment of her rage brought her senses back.

"Your wife is a poor, half-witted creature, whom you married for her money, and whom

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you have trampled on for years—I pity her," said Miss Judith. "Your son is worthy to be your son—he is a liar and a villain."

Old Peter's chair shook under him, he trembled so; but he still laughed.

"I see I have made a mistake," he said. "They were carrying you to the madhouse, and you escaped, and ran in here."

"Time enough for you to try to prove me insane, when I win the suit," replied Miss Judith. "I came here to see you—I've something to tell you."

"Mad, quite!" sighed old Peter, pityingly. "Can't get over the girlish disappointment. Well, well, if you want to talk again about loving me, I must humor the fancy—it can't hurt me, and may tranquilize you. Ah, Judith, Judith, we must have our disappointments—all women can't marry their cousins."

"Your son wants to marry his," said Miss Judith, "and as I felt sure the news would be agreeable to you, I came myself to tell it. What a pity you've got the gout so bad, else you might dance a Highland fling, to show your joy."

Peter stared, rather helplessly. He knew now that she had some severe blow in store for him. But he managed still to shake his head, and mutter:

"Mad, very mad!"

"I am not; but you will be, in a moment," observed Miss Judith. "You don't understand—I'll make it clear. You know I have a niece living with me—Alice James. Your son has fallen in love with her, and has promised to marry her. I discovered the fact, yesterday; and as I knew that for him to wed a penniless girl, who has, besides, the luck to be my niece, and who loves me as if I were her mother, would be a soothing remedy for your gout, I have brought the news."

"You old—old—old slanderer!" gasped Peter. "Get out of my house, or, by the Lord, I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond."

"Ah, I thought I'd rouse you," chuckled Miss Judith.

"So you have tried that sort of revenge," shouted Peter. "You've got your disgraceful niece—she must be a devil, brought up under your care—to wheedle my boy, and get a promise of marriage out of him, hey?"

"He shall never have her," cried Miss Judith. "I have told her I will turn her out of doors, if she ever speaks to him again. I shouldn't wonder, if you were at the bottom of it all. You know I must win the suit, and you think that, at my death, the money will go to her; and so you want to secure it. But it isn't true. I can leave the fortune as I please, and she'll not get a penny."

Old Peter reflected a moment. Then he said:

"Jane's daughter—I'd forgotten she was alive. If you were to gain the case—which you won't—it would go to her, in spite of you. Very well; your niece shall marry my boy; that's settled."

He partly meant what he said; he did not believe Miss Judith would triumph; but, if she did, he felt pretty sure that her half-sister's daughter must inherit, after her aunt's decease. Old Peter's quick-acting mind jumped at a programme. He would hear of no marriage; but he would not be too severe on Brandt. Let the young people wait. Who could tell what might happen? And besides, since Judith was averse to the idea of such a union, to encourage it, afforded him a new means of tormenting her.

"Yes, yes; my boy shall marry your niece," he repeated.

"Shall he?" sneered Miss Judith. "How will you like the idea, that your future daughter-in-law's evidence wins the suit for me?"

"Humbug!" said Peter. "She was a baby when old Sophia died."

"She was eleven years of age. I never happened to find out, till the other day, what she knew. I wrote to the lawyers, and they say, that, when the case comes on again, her testimony will win it for me."

"Humbug!" said Peter; but more faintly.

"Is it? Read that letter," and she pulled an epistle out of her pocket, and flung it on the rug which covered his knees.

Peter read the page, and saw that, at the least, the girl's testimony would be important. He was furious enough now, even to satisfy Miss Judith.

"It's all a trumped-up falsehood," he cried. "Get out of my house. If my son ever speaks to your niece again, I'll disown him."

"Good-by, cousin Peter," said Miss Judith. "My case is as good as won, you see; but I can hardly expect you to congratulate me, I suppose."

"It will never be yours," shouted Peter.

"Not yours, you mean," she answered.

The door opened, and Brandt Gresham entered. He had hurried home from Miss Judith's house, and the discomfited footman had told him that the lady was still in the library.

"Who's there?" demanded old Peter.

"It's your charming son," said Miss Judith.

"Yes, here I am, father—hope you are better," cried Brandt, making his way round the screen. "How do you do, Miss Judith? Happy to welcome you."

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Miss Judith disdained any reply; but folded her hands across her bosom, and waited. Old Peter scowled up into the young man's face, and thundered out:

"What are you doing here, sir? I sent you to New York, to attend to some business. What has brought you back so soon?"

"The matter could not be arranged, until to-morrow," Brandt began to explain. "I hurried back, to-day, to bring you some very important news—"

"I can guess your news," broke in his father. "How dare you look me in the face, sir? Do you know what that—that woman—has been telling me?"

"I can fancy," said Brandt. "I told her, yesterday, that I wanted to marry my cousin, Alice James—"

"And now you can tell her, that, if you do, you'll never touch a penny of mine," cried old Peter.

"Then I must do without it, father," Brandt replied.

"You shall never marry her!" exclaimed the old man. "You are a fool!"

"He's a devil!" cried Miss Judith.

"We need not discuss that question, now," said Brandt, with perfect composure. "I saw your lawyers this morning, sir—I have come from them."

"Is it about the suit?" demanded Peter.

"Yes," said Brandt. "I am glad to find you together—"

"The case is settled!" broke in both his listeners, at once.

"It is ended," Brandt said.

"I have won!" exclaimed Miss Judith.

"Brandt, set that mad woman's mind at rest," shouted his father. "Tell her that I have gained the cause."

"Neither she, nor you, have won it," Brandt replied.

"You said it was settled—"

"I said ended," interrupted Brandt. "Another will has been found—a later one—one that cannot be disputed, the lawyers on both sides say. It leaves the fortune to Alice James."

Peter sank back in his chair. His features worked so violently, that Brandt hurried up to him in alarm, reproaching himself for the abruptness with which he had broken the tidings. He loosened the old man's neckcloth, poured out a glass of water, and held it to his lips. After a few seconds, Peter managed to open his eyes, and speak.

"Is it certain?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Perfectly so," said Brandt. "I have brought a copy of the will. There's a letter for you, stating the decision—but never mind either, now."

"Give them here," said old Peter, with a faint return to his ordinary imperious tones. "Give them here, I say."

Brandt pulled a package of papers out of his breast-pocket.

"I have a letter for you, also, Miss Judith—your lawyers asked me to bring it to you," he said.

The old maid had stood perfectly motionless until now, staring straight before her, with a blank, vacant gaze. If she could have thought enough to comprehend what she felt, it would have been that she was turning slowly into stone. She shivered a little, as Brandt approached her; but she held out her hand, and took the letter which he offered. Old Peter was already deep in the persual of his documents. Miss Judith, half mechanically, sank into a chair, and opened her epistle.

For a few seconds, there was a complete silence in the room; save once, when the papers that the elderly pair held, rustled simultaneously, with a sound like dropping leaves.

Brandt stood still, looking anxiously from one face to the other, struck for the first time by the family likeness between the stern countenances, both so gray and fixed at this moment; looking as hard as if the features had frozen suddenly, with the impress of so many baleful passions to remain indelibly graven upon them.

Brandt felt alarm for both. At a juncture like this, he could not remember anything harsh even against Miss Judith; he pitied her too heartily; and, now that it was too late, blamed himself, bitterly, for the angry impatience which had caused him to fling the disastrous tidings at her, without some attempt at preparing her mind for the shock. As for his father, he could not tell whether he would be satisfied with knowing that the girl whom his son desired to marry, had inherited the wealth, for the possession of which he and his cousin had fought so long; or whether his despotic nature would rebel against defeat, just as sorely as if it had come from the only source whence it might have been expected to arrive, if it ever came at all.

But Miss Judith was the person really to be compassionated. She was poor; she had for years impoverished herself, in order to carry on the suit; the paying the final expenses must nearly ruin her; and, though he knew how gladly Alice would make her aunt's life easy and pleasant, the idea of owing everything to the girl whom she had treated as a dependent, would be

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worse than a hundred deaths to the stubborn, wrong-headed, narrow-hearted woman.

Old Peter, at last, finished his examination of the papers, and raised his head. His eyes turned towards Miss Judith. She sat with hers still fixed upon the letter; her hands quivered slightly; but there was no other movement perceptible in her rigid frame.

"Don't let me interrupt your reading, cousin Judith," said old Peter.

"Father!" exclaimed Brandt, reproachfully. "Don't, father!"

But Miss Judith neither looked up, nor stirred.

"I only want to say this," continued old Peter, to his son's surprise. "If there were any hope of disputing this will, I'd do it. I would join with Judith in doing it. But there isn't; so we must both make the best of what can't be helped."

No show of having heard, on Miss Judith's part. She still preserved her rigid attitude. Even her hands had ceased to tremble. But it seemed to Brandt, that her cold, dead eyes stared, not at the letter which she held, but were fixed on vacancy.

"Isn't she ever going to move?" old Peter muttered. Then he added, in a louder voice, "The matter is settled: Judith and I must put up with it."

Still, the woman gave no sign of having heard. Old Peter glanced, rather nervously, at his son.

"Miss Judith knows her niece well enough to be certain that every enjoyment possible will come to her out of the fortune," said Brandt, hoping to rouse the spinster to some show of vitality.

"I don't know the young lady; but I have no doubt she will do whatever seems reasonable," said Peter. "No doubt she will—eh, cousin Judith?"

No answer. No movement.

"Judith!" called the old man; but she sat dumb. "Get her away, Brandt—I can't stand this," muttered Peter Gresham.

Brandt approached the spinster, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Would you like to go home, cousin Judith?" he asked.

His sudden touch sent the letter rustling to the floor, but Judith did not stir.

"Great God, she's dead!" groaned old Peter.

"She is paralyzed," whispered Brandt. "Hush—don't speak—it is possible that she understands what we say."

He rang the bell, and summoned assistance. Miss Judith was carried upstairs, and laid on a bed, and a doctor sent for. Then Brandt went back to his father, with whom he had left one of the servants.

The old man was dreadfully shaken, but sufficiently composed; so that Brandt had no fears of any evil effects, to him, from the combined shocks he had received.

"She won't die?" was all he asked.

"No, no; she may be quite well again, in a few weeks," Brandt said. "She can't be removed, at present, you know."

"Of course not," muttered the father.

"I must go, at once, for her niece," Brandt said. "Try and keep yourself very quiet, sir; the doctor will be here presently."

"I don't want any doctor—I'm not ill," retorted old Peter; but his voice was frightened, rather than cross.

"No, no—for Judith."

"Ten, if you like; and I'll pay for them," returned Peter, still shivering under the chill, which the sight of that death-in-life face of his cousin's had caused him. "I never wished the old girl any harm; but she never would let me alone; she might have known she must lose the suit."

"Oh, don't think of that, now," pleaded Brandt.

"Mind your business," snapped old Peter, with fresh animation; and Brandt felt relieved at once. "Where's your mother?"

"Gone to drive, the servants say."

"She's a gad-about, and always was," said Peter. "If Judith hadn't been as poor as a rat, I'd rather have married her than any woman I ever knew—yes, in spite of her temper. And she was a handsome girl, too."

Then he became conscious that he had been thinking aloud, and was suitably irritated at his own folly; and, of course, visited his irritation on his son.

"If you are going," said he, "you had better go. It appears, from what I can learn, that you and your young woman have both been behaving abominably. If Judith has a bad illness, I should suppose that neither of you would feel very comfortable."

Brandt retired, perfectly at ease in regard to his father's safety, mental and physical. In the corridor, he met his mother, who had just returned, and was in a frantic state over the news, which had been given her by the servants. She fell into Brandt's arms, and began to sob, loudly.

"Miss Judith here," she groaned. "Oh, dear! And ill; and what will your father say? Oh, I'm so glad you've got back; and you aren't angry with me, Brandt?"



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"Why on earth should I be angry, mamma, dear?" he asked.

"Oh, I didn't mean that. I don't know what I meant," she whimpered, frightened at having nearly betrayed the step she had taken.

"I want the carriage," Brandt called to the servant. "Mother, I am going after Alice—Miss Judith can't be moved."

"But Alice must not come here—your father wouldn't have it," cried his mother. "You must be crazy, Brandt."

"Not a bit of it, dear," he answered, kissing her. "Wonderful things have happened. The suit is quashed. A new will has been found, and the money is all Alice's—judge if she will be welcome to the governor."

Then he recollected Miss Judith, and added: "It is awfully hard on her aunt. We must be very good to her, and very patient, and pet her back to health, you know."

Mrs. Gresham was completely upset by the news he had poured out so recklessly. He could spend no more time in explanations, and his mother would not let him go, so he settled matters by saying:

"Come with me, little woman, and I'll explain everything, on the road. Alice will be so glad to see you—and it is only kind to go."

He half carried her out, and put her in the carriage, before she could offer any intelligible expostulations. As they were driving down the avenue, he said:

"Alice feels as if she knows you already—I have talked so much about you. I'm sure you will love her; you must not think of her as a stranger."

"Oh, I saw her, awhile ago, before I went to Mrs. Wiseman's," sobbed Mrs. Gresham, unable to keep her secret any longer. "Don't be cross, else you'll kill me. I can't bear any more, after knowing that Miss Judith is in the house; and your father is sure to blame me for everything."

"Nobody shall blame you," said Brandt. "And so you actually got courage to go and see Alice? What a darling you are! Don't you love her?"

"Yes, indeed, and I told her so. But I said it was no use—I had to tell her that—your father and Miss Judith wouldn't have it. For how could I know about the will? And she agreed with me; so don't be angry."

"Of course not," said Brandt, only kept from being in outrageously high spirits by the recollection of the news of Miss Judith's seizure, which he must carry to his darling.

So it came about, that Alice heard a fresh ringing at the door, and old Jemima's voice lifted in wonder and dismay. Then there were steps on the stairs, and not only Brandt's voice, but his mother's, calling:

"Open the door, Alice—be quick."

Then she was in Brandt's arms, and little Mrs. Gresham was weeping over them. It needed no words to tell Alice, that, by some miraculous means, happiness had come to her. The first sight of Brandt's face had told her this. But the sad tidings of Miss Judith's seizure had to be revealed; and then the three drove quickly back to old Peter Gresham's house.

Three months elapsed before Miss Judith could be removed. She recovered enough from the paralysis to walk about; but would never be the same woman again. She was too broken in spirit, to rebel against whatever she was told to do, and accepted the income Alice settled upon her, without the contest which Brandt had feared must ensue.

The young couple were married, before winter, and Miss Judith and old Peter shook hands at the wedding.

## TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Thou art not born of summer and the sun,
My April darlings, pure, and proud, and sweet;
But in the shadows, like a cloistered nun,
Smiling with winter snows about thy feet.

Gray skies and weeping rains have been thy lovers;
No troubadours—gold-belted, drowsy bees;
No dragon-fly, that, like a wind-flower, hovers
Above thee, blown from sunny southern seas.

No humming-bird hath nestled in thy heart,
Gem-throated, jewel-crested myths of air;
No amorous winds have kissed thee with soft art;
No blossom leaned beside thee, slim and fair.

My waxen darlings, pearly-pink and shy,
Sheathed in thy heavy leaves of emerald-dusk,
Thou hast the beauty of the sunrise sky,
And perfume rarer than Arabia's musk.

A cycle of warm summer lingers in
Thy fragrant leaves; and all the woody scents
Of lost Arcadia, blossom-filled and dim,
Float from thy tender lips in sacraments.

Born of the pallid flakes, serene and lonely,
Kissed by the summer dawns that love thee well;
My drifts of rosy snow, thy balsam, only,
Can bind my bruised heart in a healing spell!

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# THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

"For the love of God," pleaded a voice, suddenly arresting Leslie Hazel's rapid footsteps.

Leslie was one of a large family, daughters of a country clergyman, who, finding his narrow income too small for their support, was forced to let them, as they grew up, go out into the world to "fight their own battle." Hence it was that Leslie found herself, at eighteen, a nursery governess, in the family of Mrs. Sabrina Havelock. She had come out on an errand, to-day, and getting belated, had taken what she thought a short cut home. She had often done this, with impunity, in the fields about dear old Chelmsford. But it was different here, in this great, thronged city. She soon lost herself, to her dismay, in a network of streets, that hopelessly bewildered her, and that became, every moment, more tortuous, dirty, forbidding, and evil-looking.

She glanced around, at the sound of the voice. She was passing, at this moment, under an archway, connecting two opposite houses. In the dim shadows, she came near stumbling over what, at first, seemed a bundle of rags; but, as she stooped to examine the heap, she saw a pair of brilliant eyes fastened upon her.

"For the love of God," repeated the voice, as ten talon-like fingers clutched her dress.

Dreamer, as she was thought to be in the Chelmsford parsonage, Leslie Hazel was not lacking in courage. She did not scream, as many a girl would have done, but looked bravely at the speaker. Even in the half light, she could see that his features were white, pinched, famished looking.

"You are starving," she said, gently. "But I have no money: not a cent. Wait, however," suddenly recollecting a ring, which had been her mother's, and which she prized for that reason, and because it was her solitary bit of jewelry. She drew off her glove, and removed the ring, as she spoke. "Here is something you might exchange for bread. I could not wear it, while you were starving."

The man caught the slender, white fingers holding the ring. "I do not want your gold," he said, quieting his voice almost to a whisper. "I want your aid. I am dying; dying by inches—don't you see?" stretching forth his eagle-like claws. "But, if you will, you can save my life."

"How?" asked Leslie, steadying her voice; beginning, now, unaccountably, to feel afraid. "I will do it, if I can."

"Will you?" he asked, eagerly. "Come with me, then. I will show you how. There is nothing easier; and it will not take me long—oh, no, not long."

He suddenly opened a small door, behind him, which Leslie had not before observed, and dragged her in. A narrow casement in the wall, high up, revealed a spiral stairway, winding into the upper gloom. Leslie's heart beat fast, but she crushed down her fears. It would have been useless to cry out, too; for no one could hear. "He says it will not take him long, and he is old and starved," she said to herself. "What have I to dread? Perhaps, I may really save his life."

They soon came to a landing, with two or more doors opening on it; but her conductor hurried her past these; and finally reached a door at the very top of the house. This door, she saw, was curiously locked.

"Enter," he said, waving his hand, as if in triumph, as he unlocked the door. "No foot but mine has crossed this sill, in ten years. I have waited patiently for your coming. It needed, you will see, one as pure, and generous, and fair as yourself, to crown me conqueror of death and the worm!"

At these words, so like those of a madman, Leslie drew back. But her conductor pushed her in, suddenly, and locked the door, removing the key. Her blood ran cold with horror. Merciful heaven! she had been entrapped.

But, in a moment, the heroic element of her nature reasserted itself. She braced herself to resist, or baffle, the fate threatening her, whatever it might be.

"It is a poor laboratory, where the great mystery of ages is to be solved," said her jailer, indicating, by a wave of his hand, the cleanly, but queerly furnished room in which they stood. "Yet it is here, oh daughter of nature, that you shall be consecrated as high priestess of science, to anoint me king and conqueror of death. Are you brave?"

"I have nothing to fear," said she, but with sinking heart.

"Yes, you *are* brave," he muttered, steadily gazing at her. "You seem to have the courage that is born of purity. It is well; for you will



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need it. We are about to rifle the treasure house of nature of its most precious boon. But do not fear. Shod with the sandals of innocence and faith, we can pass safely even through the charnel house, and its outer realm of darkness. One drop—one drop—one drop of the vital fluid, will repay us a thousand times. Fear nothing. The pang for you will be brief. And for us, both, will be immortal youth. Come, let us work, while it is day, 'for the night cometh, in which no man can work.' Come."

With frenzied haste, he turned to a case of shelves, securely pivoted in a doorway, and fastened there by a lock of curious construction. From a closet, back of these shelves, he took five or six vials, each encased in a filagree of silver. One of these he opened. Instantly, a subtle perfume was diffused through the room. The contents of the others he emptied into a silver vessel, which he first took care to polish to immaculate brightness, with a square of pure, soft, white silk.

"Now, my child," he said, approaching Leslie, who, at this, had become almost paralyzed. "Now, do you come hither, and hold the mixture, while I kindle the incense lamp, which is to combine these diverse elements. Your hand, unstained, must be the one to place the mixture over the fire, and to tend it till it boils."

Leslie, as if under a spell, which she could not resist, mechanically obeyed the summons. The alchemist, or madman—she could not tell which he was—turned next to an oblong table, occupying a place between two of the windows, and pulled out drawer after drawer, taking from thence curiously shaped, delicately perfect instruments of steel; slender instruments, sharpened to an incalculable fineness of edge and point. Were they not, Leslie said to herself, such as she had seen in a surgeon's case? The table, too, with all those horrible appliances; just such an one she had caught a glimpse of, but the week before, in passing a dissecting-room of the city hospital. Was it a dissecting-table?

Heaven have mercy on her, if it was. Presently, the man forsook his work at the table, and came towards her. What if she screamed—screamed for help till hoarse? The walls were thick; the windows barred; the door locked. What would a cry of hers avail? If she could not have been heard in the archway, downstairs, much less could she be heard here.

She stood silent and still, therefore, but with suppressed breath, while he laid his hand upon her, and bent his ear close to her breast, listening, as it seemed, intently, to the beating of her heart.

"It beats firmly, though quickly," he muttered. "It is a brave heart, and it holds the red, red blood, the reddest, and richest drop of which lies in its centre. That drop we *must* have for our elixir. Yet it lies deeper than I thought," he said, as if musing.

As he spoke, he went to the table, returning with a needle-pointed instrument, having a slender, tube-like extension.

"See!" he cried, growing excited, and speaking in sharp, shrill accents. "I fear it may be too large. One thrust should drive it to the vital point, and the red drop will flow from the tube, here, into the mixture. Yet it *must* be but a single drop—no more—else the sacrifice and the work go for naught. It is too large—ye demons, it is too large!"

With a baffled yell, he dashed the instrument upon the table, and, staggering to and fro like a drunken man, tore his hair, and bit his own flesh, snarling and snapping viciously. He was a madman. Leslie realized it all, now. And, great heavens! she was wholly in his power.

He saw her shrinking form, the white horror of her face, and, with a lunatic's cunning, hushed at once the frenzy of his passion.

"Fear not," he said, soothingly. "One drop we *must* have. But before the second drop flows, the elixir of life will be ready for you to quaff; and then you will live forever. It will only be necessary to be more careful in probing for the vital point. But it can be done. 'Oh, ye immortal elements of nature," he cried, looking down at the boiling mixture, "see how ye swell, and bubble, and are big, and beauteous with the rainbow hues of a youth perpetually renewed. It needs but the reddest drop from the maiden's pure heart. That shall flow, and the elixir of life will be ours. Yet, stay! It would be more certain, if that needle tube were smaller. Ah, I remember. There is one place in the city, where such an one can be had. If I had only known. But it is not too late yet. Girl, if you would not meet with dire vengeance, let not the mixture boil, nor anything happen to it, till I return. Guard it for your life."

He rushed for the door, as he spoke, unlocked and tore it open; and Leslie heard the shuffling feet hurrying along the passage leading to the spiral stairway. But even in his frenzied haste, he had not neglected to lock the door, and take the key with him, so that Leslie was still a prisoner.

"Was there no hope of escape?" she said to herself, rallying, at last. Suddenly, she caught sight, on the table, of a stiletto-like blade, among the many instruments there; and, with a look

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of desperation, she snatched it up, and secreted it in the bosom of her dress.

"If the worst comes, I can use this," she said to herself. "But how long will it take him to go and come? Might I not have time to dislodge those iron bars of the window? Here are files, of hair-like fineness. But—no, no," desisting, after a moment of frantic trial. "No—that would be a work of hours, and before then—ah! if I only might fasten the door against his return. Oh, merciful heavens, have you no pity? Only a bar—a bolt—against him."

She searched frantically about the room, for a bar, or bolt, to fasten the door, while the fatal mixture boiled, and foamed, and trickled over the sides of the silver pan, filling the room with an intoxicating fragrance. But her search revealed nothing. At last, she thought of the closet, from which he had brought the vials. She hurriedly opened it. It had, she found, a narrow window, protected only by a movable frame of wire gauze; but, from its sill to the ground, was a clear leap of thirty feet or more. Nor did the closet front on the street, where there might be persons passing, to whom she could appeal for help. Only a deserted courtway lay below, its four sides bounded by high walls of brick, their shuttered casements and closed doors mocking her at every turn.

She noticed, however, a coping, that formed part of the window casing, and extended apparently the length of the house. This coping, or projection of masonry, had probably been used by the builders, as an additional brace to the walls. It was a ledge, hardly a hand's breadth in width. A chamois hunter could not have kept a footing there, pressed outward, as he must have been, by the wall itself. But Leslie's keen glance, up and down, showed her that a main branch of a network of lightning rods, ran from the window, across to a chimney, which was parallel with this stone ledge, and about five feet above it. Might not one walk that terrific path, supported by the iron rod above? If it should give way—she shuddered, forsaking that train of thought—or, if that next window, more than twenty feet distant, should be barred, as those were in that horrible room back of her—or, if she should be pursued and overtaken thereon, by a madman, baffled of his desire. These were some of the risks to run. Yet the one dread alternative, the being this madman's victim, as he proposed to make her, appalled her more than all else.

There was not much time for hesitation. All too soon, there came to her ears the muffled sound of footsteps approaching along the passage without. She did not wait for more. Fearlessly stepping out upon the ledge, and reaching up, as she did so, to steady herself by the iron bar, she began her perilous journey.

Hand over hand, and dragging one foot after the other, Leslie crept onward, at a snail's pace. At first, she swayed dangerously, feeling blind and dizzy. She could not look up. She dared not look down. So she shut her eyes tightly, and tried to close her ears, too, to the pounding and thumping and calling, now issuing from the window she had left, where the madman stood.

"He may break the fastenings of the window at any instant," she thought, for she had closed the casement securely after her; "and, doubtless, the sight of the mixture, boiled over and worthless, has frenzied him, till he will pursue me for vengeance sake, if for nothing else."

She began now to feel numbed, and uncertain in her movements. Was she steadily moving onward, or was she slipping down—down? It was a sensation as if she were being drawn earthward, by a power she could not resist. Once, she opened her eyes to see where she was. The look had nearly been fatal. Suspended, as she seemed to be, in mid-air, the sky, red and glorious with evening clouds, appeared at an infinite distance above her; while the courtyard, dusky with shadows, yawned at an infinite distance below, like some pit of horrors gaping for her destruction.

Her brain reeled, her feet felt as if slipping from the ledge, her hands seemed about to loose their hold. A cold perspiration started out on her forehead.

"Hold fast! Place your feet steadily," suddenly said a voice, close to her.

So quietly had the words been spoken, that they sounded almost like dream words, to her fainting senses. Still, they were firmly spoken, and they revived her. New currents of life flowed into her finger tips, strengthening them for a fresh hold upon the iron rod. Revived hope reanimated her courage, and renewed the impulse toward self-preservation.

She moved forward, bravely.

"Do not open your eyes, but reach your hand out to me. I will save you," said the voice again, this time close at her side.

Leslie obeyed, unquestioning. Clinging, desperately, with her left hand, she reached forth the right, as far as she dared. Instantly, a strong, firm clasp closed upon the poor, little, cramped fingers.

"Now," said the cool, quiet voice. "Unfortunately, there is but a rounded sill of stone at this window. It cannot afford you a secure

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footing. But if you will obey my directions, I will yet save you. Do not resist me, when I draw you forward; but let your weight rest upon my hand. I am strong, and will not let you fall. Let go your hold with that other hand, and reach it toward me, also. Never fear, I will support you."

Poor Leslie caught her breath, with a little, gasping sob. But she did as he directed her.

"That was bravely done," said the voice. "Now, slip this hand," indicating the one by an encouraging pressure, "slowly up my arm, toward the shoulder, and then throw yourself forward. I am braced for the shock. You shall not fall, I repeat it; only trust me."

Leslie did trust him. Nevertheless, it was with a sinking heart that she forced her fingers to release their grip upon the sinewy hand, to trust them to the less tenable support the arm might give her.

"Now, brave child, bend forward. Slip your feet from the ledge. Have no fear. Trust me, trust me. It is your only hope."

There was a downward impetus. Then a horrible sensation of falling, a shock, a blankness of feeling, a total eclipse of consciousness.

Dr. Mervyn Havelock drew the inanimate Leslie through the open casement, into his office-room, and proceeded, in quite a collected, professional way, to administer restoratives.

But the suspended powers were not to be so easily recalled. In the hour just past, Leslie had lived an age of misery and dread. It would be lucky for her, if the brain ever rallied from the strain that had been upon it.

"Some awful danger has driven the poor child to that act of folly," said Doctor Havelock, examining more closely the white, drawn face, its forehead corrugated even in unconsciousness. "Powers above! It is that young Miss Hazel—Sabrina's governess. How in the name of all that is wonderful, did she come here? There is some mystery in the thing, which must be solved. Poor child! Her cheeks have not the peach-blossom tint they had, when I saw her, that time in the nursery. She is but little more than a child, herself. But she has a brave soul, or she could never have dared that awful passage. What can it mean? But first, I must have a carriage for her, without delay. Her swoon is a long one, and Sabrina may aid me to know its cause."

Half an hour later, to the surprise of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sabrina Havelock, the doctor entered her house, bearing in his arms the still unconscious nursery governess.

Five weeks later, not to prolong our story, he accompanied his convalescent patient to Chelmsford parsonage.

"Dear me," said Leslie's sister, Martha, piling the downy pillows about the fragile figure, "Leslie was not good for much before, but she's as weak as a baby, now!"

"You are strong enough to hold me captive, dear," said Doctor Mervyn, bending his bearded cheek unnecessarily close to the thin one, into which the peach-blossom tint was but slowly returning.

"My, sis," said her little brother, Dan, "what a coward you must have been, to let a crazy man scare you into a brain fever."

"There's not one of us would have shown the pluck Leslie did," said the doctor. "No, the only trouble was that her spirit threatened to grow too large for the body that had to hold it."

"Was the culmination of his mental disease," said Leslie's father, who carried his Johnsonian, pulpit style, even into private life, "the superinducing cause of the death of the miserable madman, who was so criminally allowed to be at large in a great city?"

"His death," gently answered the physician, comforting Leslie by the clasp of his hand, "most probably resulted from excitement and disappointment, when he found his hopes thwarted, and his fancied chance of a prolonged existence overthrown. But he could not have lived much longer, under any circumstances. His brain and heart were both literally worn out."

Yet, he did not tell anyone at Chelmsford—for he feared it might be betrayed to Leslie—how the poor crack-brain, finding his victim escaped, had let out his own life, in the vain effort to draw the single drop of blood from the heart's centre, in order to complete his ELIXIR OF LIFE.

## SUN AND MOON.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

THE sun goes down the crimson west.
O love, my own love!
Right bravely shone he on the town,
Yet glad are we he goeth down.
O love, my own love!

The moon comes up a-top of tree.
O love, my own love!
For by her light, it is more meet
To whisper of our hopes so sweet.
O love, my own love!

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# THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 381.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

LATER that evening, Count Var and Mrs. Farnsworth were seated by a table in her boudoir. The table was covered with papers and account-books, for madame had been making an estimate of her wealth; and the division which Var had from first to last insisted on, now lay in a compact package of securities, which madame had just made over to Lord Oram, without condition. The ink was not yet dry, when Octavia came into the room, looking flurried.

"You sent for me," was her abrupt address.

"Your mother has performed her promise," said the count. "I am now authorized to turn over to Lord Oram your full share of the fortune left to her in trust."

Even while she listened, Octavia's face became pale; then it flushed hotly, and her eyes shone.

"To Lord Oram! Unconditionally?"

"Unconditionally. There has been no need of settlements. A certain amount of national bonds has been transferred, that is all."

Octavia looked at her mother, who was enjoying her daughter's discomfiture, and said,

"And you consented to this, madame?"

"Consented? Why not? Have you anything else to offer my lord, for all that he gives to us?"

The wrath of a bitter disappointment rose to Octavia's face, and trembled in her voice.

"Count Var, you have deceived me!"

"No, far from it. I have only been faithful to my friend," was the quiet rejoinder.

"Did Lord Oram demand this? Know of it?"

"Lord Oram has been so entirely absorbed by his first love passion, that he has given no thought to his own interests. They have been left entirely to me."

A cold, distrustful smile curled Octavia's lips.

"And you expect me to believe this?"

"If you doubt it, ask Lord Oram. My Lord Oram is a generous, noble fellow, recklessly indifferent to his own interests, and ready to lavish all that he has upon the woman he loves, and who loves him in return." He spoke with a sneer.

The hot color began to recede from Octavia's face. She remembered, with a pang of absolute terror, some conversations held with the man now looking so coldly into her eyes, and she shrunk from his sarcastic scrutiny.

"But my mother? You refuse everything from her, and demand all from me. Is it because you love her so well?"

"It is because I am confident that she returns all the love I give," answered Var, coolly.

"If you continue this discussion, Octavia, I will withdraw," said Mrs. Farnsworth.

Var arose, and held the door open, that she might depart; then stood, lover-like, watching her, as she passed into the hall. Then he closed the door softly, and came back to the table, where Octavia stood, grasping the back of her chair, to hide her trembling.

"If you are dissatisfied, it is not impossible to recall the transactions of this evening, with everything that has gone before," said Var. "If Oram is in the house, I will go to him, at once; repeat this conversation, word for word: and there will be little danger of a wedding, to-morrow; or that madame, your mother, will not be all the richer."

"Serpent—silken-headed fiend!" hissed the girl, through her white lips.

"You have called me by more pleasant names before this," he answered, with a mocking smile, that drove the girl mad.

"That was when I thought—I thought—"

Octavia broke off, in a passion of hot tears. Shame and rage could find no better language.

"When you thought me a traitor to the friend whom I love better than a thousand women."

The man spoke earnestly, now; so earnestly that Octavia put a hand to her throat, as if to shake back the sobs rising there, and looked at him, through her tears, almost with appeal.

"Oh, why should you be a traitor to me?"

"I am not that. Had you given back to him one tithe of the generous love won from him, I would not have interfered."

"I could not—I could not. You know that I could not."

"And knowing that, was I to see his life, his honor, with a grand old name, thrown at your feet, with no compensation? Even the poor one I have secured from your mother, to-night, is hardly enough."



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The sobs that had swelled Octavia's throat, subsided into deep-drawn sighs. Tears still hung on her long lashes, but the storm of temper had exhausted itself. The power of this strange man over her was wonderful.

"Shall I go to Oram?" he questioned, in his old, gentle fashion. "It would grieve me to wound him; but there can be no other change in what has been done."

"If you wish it—if it would change other things. Oh, keep that heap of wealth. Why give it to anyone? I will not say a word: it—it can set us both free."

"I have already refused more than this from your mother."

"But you must love her, to renounce so much. Oh, tell me, tell me, do you?"

"Love her? No. Marry her? Yes."

Octavia fell into the chair, by which she had been standing till then, and covering her face with both hands, dropped them upon the crimson plush. By-and-by, she lifted her head, and pointed to the pile of securities. "Take them to him," she said. "Do what you please with them: but, oh, for heaven's sake, forget all this, and never let him hear of it."

Var took the feverish hand in his, and raised it to his lips. Then he gathered up the bundle of papers, and carried them from the room. Octavia followed him with her eyes, till the door closed; but, when once alone, she dashed her arms fiercely down upon the table.

"Never, never, while I live," she cried, "will he make me believe that Oram did not insist on this. Oh, he shall pay for it, he shall—"

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## CHAPTER XL.

Octavia Farnsworth's wedding-day opened splendidly. The air was clear as crystal, cool, and pleasant with the breath of flowers. There had been great preparations at the small church, and it was now full to overflowing.

As the bridal party entered the sacred building, a burst of music swelled out. The ceremony was soon over, and, for half a minute, Octavia stood upon the pavement, looking downward at her dress, as if something were wrong there, then swept it back, with a graceful gesture of the hand, and passed on, in all the pride of beauty.

But there was one by her side, clad in simple white, with blush roses in her hair and on her bosom, who was even more beautiful, and who won more admiration.

"Who is that? I mean the tall, slender girl, with roses in her hair," asked several.

A little, old woman, in the crowd, who wore a dove-colored shawl, and an old-fashioned Methodist bonnet, answered, promptly:

"Why, that is Miss Lucy Hastings, a cousin to the bride. Her father is a minister of the Gospel, down in Wheeler's Hollow."

"Isn't she just the prettiest creature you ever saw? Just look at her now, when she smiles," said the first speaker.

They did look at the girl, who was detained a little, before the carriage came up, and who, casting her eyes over the crowd, had seen aunt Hannah, and smiled.

One enthusiastic farmer, from the country, who saw that smile, turned suddenly round, and told aunt Hannah that he agreed with her, "right straight through—that girl was purty as a pink—no mistake about that."

There was a grand reception, at Mrs. Farnsworth's cottage, that night. All the grounds were ablaze with the light of Chinese lanterns and colored lamps, that hung like fruit in the thickly-leaved trees. Every window in the house was illuminated, till a golden stream of light fell down to the water's edge, and kindled the lawn into one vast carpet of greenish gold.

The house, large as it was, could not hold the great throng of guests, who wandered about the grounds, listening to the music from within.

Late in the evening, Count Var saw the gleam of a white garment, in a shadowy corner of the back verandah.

"Ah, I have found you, at last," he said, drawing close to Lucy.

"I was only listening to the music," said Lucy.

"And you like it? I am glad of that. Come, dance with me."

But Lucy shrunk back, and stammered,

"I—I cannot—I do not know how."

"But the music will teach you. Come."

All the cold self-poise of the man had disappeared: his hand was extended; his face was bright with pleading. Lucy shrunk back still.

"Come. I will teach you," he insisted.

Lucy, for one moment, hesitated. There was intoxication in the music, almost irresistible allurement in the man. All at once, however, she drew back, and covered her face with both hands.

"Oh, my mother—my mother," she cried.

Var's extended hand dropped. He understood this sudden reaction, and knew that his chance was over. With a tact, as keen as her anguish, he adapted himself to the change.

"Ah, the angel mother," he said. "I, too, had forgotten. Forgive me, and let us draw away from the music. In the moonlight, out

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yonder, you shall think of her, while I reproach myself in silence."

As he spoke, Var drew the girl's hand to his arm, and led her away, across the green carpet of the lawn, where the glimmer of tinted lanterns melted into pure moonlight, and the waves whispered a soft refrain to the far-off music.

Here, the man seemed to have forgotten everything, except that his companion was sad, and full of self-upbraiding. He began to talk about the mother she had lost; the father she so dearly loved; and the friendship, that might yet be sweet and heavenly, as her regard for them.

The girl listened, sometimes holding her breath, and with tears in her eyes. When, at last, the two came into the light and music again, Lord Oram and his bride had disappeared; but the guests kept up the dance to a later hour.

After the festivities of Oram's wedding were ended, Mrs. Farnsworth found the retirement, which properly preceded her own, so irksome, that she invented excuses for breaking it. This took Lucy, if not into the very whirl of Newport life, so near its verge, that the excitement bewildered her. For weeks, her life was one bright dream of gratified vanity, and sweet, sensuous enjoyment; and all this time, Count Var was at her side, gentle, insinuating, and all the more dangerous, because of the real passion so carefully concealed. In his company, she found little time for thoughts of home, or regrets that letters came from one person there so seldom.

Strange, cold letters they seemed to her, compared to the unspoken homage, which she was made to feel every hour of the day.

"To-morrow," said Var to her, one night, as they sat alone on the verandah, which looked toward the sea, "to-morrow, we depart for Washington, and there one act in my life will be closed. Oh, if I had known, if I had only known! How hard the demands of honor may become. If I had only known—"

The last words were whispered, under his breath, and as if they were spoken against his will. Lucy heard them, with a sudden shock of enlightenment. A look of infinite compassion came into her eyes.

"Was he, indeed, about to marry this woman," she said to herself, "from a sense of honor? To redeem some promise given unwarily? Did he repent of this promise, and why?"

Slowly, but with even painful heat, the blood came into Lucy's face. Var saw it, and sat motionless. He did not wish to startle her, but only in a vague way to arouse sympathy, which would lead to much afterthought. Beyond this, he was consumed with a passionate desire to evoke some sign of a sentiment in that young heart: some sign which would prove the step he was about to take, a pain to her. He saw the red tide swell to her face, and interpreted it according as he wished.

"You will not think the less of me, because I regard honor before anything? It is the Var motto," he whispered. "But if this lady had desired my life, now that I know how much it might be worth, I would rather give it."

Lucy did not think how little this speech comported with the Var motto; but, in a bewildered, unthinking way, gave the sympathy he seemed to demand.

"It is hard—it is cruel," she said, feeling all her dislike of Mrs. Farnsworth intensified. "I would not do it."

"Ah, but you are not a man, whose honor has never been touched. You are not a Var."

"No, I am only a girl, and know very little about these things. Indeed, my father has always told me, that no man could be deemed honorable, among his associates, who was not first true to himself."

"Var! Count Var!"

It was Mrs. Farnsworth who spoke. She had been trying on some marvel of dressmaking from Paris, and feeling lonely after the exertion, had come out in search of her lover.

The count took Lucy's hand, and held it close for a moment, while his eyes met hers, with an expression she had never seen in them before.

"You will not think the worse of me, because I obey the mandate of my family," he said. "You will have some pity for a man, who cannot stoop to pity himself."

Lucy was almost in tears. The hand, that clasped hers, trembled; and, feeling this, her own closed upon it, in quick, nervous sympathy.

"I do pity you, now that I know," she said. "How is it possible, to think the worse of a man, who sacrifices himself, to keep a promise?"

Var wrung the hand, thus impulsively given to his clasp, and turned to meet his bride.

## CHAPTER XLI.

Mrs. Farnsworth left Newport the next morning, so much occupied with her own affairs, that she forgot to arrange anything regarding the comfort or safety of the girl she had so ostentatiously introduced as her adopted daughter.

But Lucy was not surprised at this, and did not feel it as neglect or hardship; yet the sudden transition from a whirl of excitement to the dull routine of a mansion deserted by its owner, gave her time for thought, during which the natural tone of her character came back; and

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in that nest of luxury, she pined for a glance of her old home, and yearned to feel the hand of its beloved inmate once more upon her head.

She was quite alone, full of these homesick thoughts, one morning, when a servant, somewhat discomposed in his personal dignity, came into the verandah, where she was pretending to read; but, before he could speak, Nathan Drum appeared, following him, and stamping through the hall, with his hat on, announced himself.

"It's only me, so don't you be skeered, nor nothin', Miss Lucy," he said, dropping into an easy-chair, thrusting both hands down into his pockets, but sitting bolt upright. "Your par is jest as well as can be—so is mar, and aunt Hanner. I hain't brought you a mite of bad news, without you are sot agin comin' home right away."

"Coming home, coming home—oh, Nathan, that would be the best news anyone could bring me. I shall be so glad."

"Wal, I reckoned that'd be about it," he said. "Ain't spiled a bit, but jest as good as new, and a leetle better. No mistake about that 'ere. Now, what say about gettin' ready for a start? Needn't be in no hurry, only the minister'll go right off the handle, if we don't git there, to-day. Golly gracious, I wish you could a-seen his eyes, when I told him about Madame's telegram."

"Has she sent a telegram to anyone at Wheelersville?" questioned Lucy, all in a flutter of delight.

"She didn't do nothin' shorter—only, it was signed Countess Var *nee* Cornela Farnsworth, all as large as life, and twice as nat'ral. The man at the depot made it all out, slick enough; only, the *nee;* that stumped him, and is a-doin' it yet, I reckon."

"But what did the telegram say, Nat?"

"Wal, about this: Married this morning, at the British embersy. Have the family mansion ready. Send up to Newport for Miss Hastings, and have her there to receive the Count and Countess Var. Then came that string o' names, with the *nee* in it. That's about all, I reckon."

"But who was this sent to?"

"I calculate, it was to a feller about my size; but that feller took it right off to the minister, and then agin to Doctor Gould; and they both agreed that you must come right home; so I sot out, to once."

"You showed it to Doctor Gould?" said Lucy, turning crimson; "and what did he say?"

"Jest nothin'."

"Nothing?" repeated the girl, with a movement of proud disappointment. "Well, Nathan, I will get ready."

Here, Lucy was interrupted by a servant, and turned to him, impatiently; for she longed to get away, and have a good cry.

"Well?" she said.

"Doctor Gould, miss."

There was a glad cry, a swift flutter of drapery, and, in a second, Nathan Drum was left alone in the veranhah; his head thrown back, till the bell-crowned hat nearly fell off, as he toned down a laugh, that was making his face red, into one of the broadest smiles that ever illuminated a human countenance. "I calkerlate," he said, with a chuckle, "that we surprised her, as I meant we should."

And now for weeks, Lucy Hastings was one of the happiest girls that I ever hope to describe. She could not speak without smiling, and could not smile without dimples. The Wheeler mansion, and the old brown house, around which the fall flowers were blooming, and the rich tints of autumn settling down among the trees, were equally her home. Aunt Hannah was also to be found at both houses, during the same day. In her sweet, gentle fashion, she helped to arrange and beautify the old mansion, yet was always ready to minister to Mr. Hastings' comfort, and relieve Lucy of the responsibilities thus summarily put upon her. Even when the household from Newport came sullenly down to the country, aunt Hannah kept her place as extempore housekeeper, and seemed to grow young in her enjoyment of the position.

## CHAPTER XLII.

One day, in the early flush and glory of the Indian summer, there was a great commotion in the county. Half-an-hour in advance of the time, a splendid turnout had been drawn up at the station, fairly dazzling the country people with its splendor. A carriage, satin-lined, ornately crested, and lifted high in the air, was dominated by a stalwart coachman, in the gloss of new livery, and with spotless white gloves on his hands. In the rumble, behind the cushioned nest intended for the bridal party, two footmen sat, also white gloved, and with folded arms, motionless, like twin owls, half asleep.

When the train came rushing in, and the bridal party appeared on the platform, some disappointment was experienced by the crowd, who had expected something more brilliant than the quiet richness of the ladies' traveling dresses, and rather common costumes of the young noblemen. It is true, Countess Var waved her hand graciously, and smiled, right and left, as she proceeded to the carriage; and Oram spoke, with careless cordiality, to several of

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the country people he had seen before, at Wheelersville; but Var seemed preoccupied; and my Lady Oram glanced at the crowd, loftily; disappointed, perhaps, that no positive ovation had been offered to the party.

The equipage drove off, flashing in the sunlight of that soft, autumnal day; dashed on through the Hollow, by the minister's house, skirted the pine woods, and drew up in front of the old Wheeler mansion.

When once within the gates, Countess Var, who was daintily leaning on her husband's arm, paused, and looked up to the weather-beaten façade, whispering:

"Welcome, my husband. Welcome to the ancestral home of the Wheelers—to *your* home—for all that I have is yours."

All the household servants were gathered in the hall, and produced a fine effect, grouped below the old portraits and faded tapestry on the walls; something quite European, the countess thought, as she lifted her adoring eyes to her young husband.

"It thrills me," she said, "to stand here, leaning upon your arm, with these, my ancestors, looking down upon us. One could almost think they smiled."

"Or laughed," retorted Octavia. "I am sure the old fellows would, if any sense of fun were left in them."

The mother's face grew crimson. It was a relief, when she saw aunt Hannah, standing a little apart from the more obtrusive servants, waiting her notice, with earnest eyes, and parted lips.

"Oh, aunt Hannah, I am glad to find you here," she said, absolutely reaching out her hand, so grateful was she for anything that gave her an excuse for ignoring her daughter's power of annoyance.

Aunt Hannah was greatly disturbed by this sudden act of condescension. She seemed ready to fall upon her knees, and kiss the offered hand. She attempted to speak; but her poor, old lips only quivered: no words came from them.

"Come, come," said Octavia. "Haven't we had sentiment enough? I am tired half to death. Will no one show us our rooms? For I suppose some alterations have been made."

Things did not go pleasantly with Oram's young bride, in this quiet waning of the honeymoon. The evil part of her nature had been so long under restraint, that it broke forth in many ways, during the few weeks of her married life; and the generous young man, who had bestowed an amount of honest love upon her, which, to a good woman, would have been a thousand times more precious than his title, was slowly but surely reading the woman he had married, aright; and, to his intense humiliation, felt that the coarse, worldly ambition of a title hunter had alone answered to the generous affection he had lavished upon her.

But there was one thing, which the young bridegroom did not yet know; and, for a time, Octavia's conduct was inexplicable to him. His honest nature was incapable of a suspicion, that the love she withheld from him, had taken another channel, and that sharp stings of jealousy made her residence, under the same roof with Count Var and her mother, in the flush and romance of their honeymoon, a torment that fired her temper, and sometimes barbed her words with insults, even when addressed to her husband.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

Lucy Hastings was still expected to consider the Wheeler mansion as her home; but she had no real duties there, and spent half of her time with the minister. In going back and forth through the pine woods, she seldom failed to wander along the scarcely defined footpath, that led to the old oak, where she stood an almost certain chance of meeting Doctor Gould, if she had time to wait awhile. At any rate, it was a place full of pleasant reminiscences, and Lucy loved it, both for that reason, and from her intense appreciation of all that was beautiful.

Count Var, who had scrupulously maintained the most respectful reserve toward her, since his return, was also seized with intense admiration of the rich autumnal foliage, and spent some portion of each day in the fields and woods, after his usual dreamy search for enjoyment.

As for Oram, he was an Englishman, and discontented with his indoor life. So, from morning till night, the crack of his gun might be heard, sometimes in the stubble fields, where quails were feeding, sometimes on the hillsides, where partridges were to be found.

One day, after being out all the morning, and finding little sport, he wandered down into the pine woods, on and on, till he found himself near the old oak, a place he had never seen before. Here, the ferns were so thick and fine, the moss so abundant, that he paused to look about him. The sun was shining brightly overhead, and came in soft glows and quivers of light through the gnarled oak branches. The place was beautiful, the shade tempting. Oram threw himself down among the ferns, and with both hands behind his head, lay at rest, with his face to the sky, wherever he could catch a glimpse of it through the leaves.

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Nothing could be more pleasant to a young man, tired by a long tramp, in the heat of the day. He was within sight and hearing of anyone who might approach the old oak; but himself concealed by a wild grapevine.

He lay there, dreamily, awhile; then, overcome by drowsiness, fell sound asleep.

Something aroused him, at last; a voice, strangely familiar. It was that of his own wife, and this was what it was saying:

"You have driven me to this, by your dumb burial of the past. Is it that you are already afraid of the mature angel you have married? Has she forbidden you to treat me with the common affection a man might give to his daughter-in-law? Or is it that my society has become irksome, now that you have secured it?"

There was no reply to this wildly passionate speech; and the voice went on:

"How dare you, sir, tell me that this woman was hateful to you, that you only married her for the satisfaction of guarding me from her tyranny? And now that I am tied, hand and foot, to a man I am beginning to hate, you force me to witness your sickening devotion to her; force me, by your cool avoidance, to follow you here, that I may obtain the miserable satisfaction of asking, why you ever pretended to love me."

"I never did pretend to it, madame. The most that can be said, is, that I accepted, without protest, the position you chose to give me. A certain amount of vanity, possessed by most ladies, was sufficient for the rest."

This cruel speech was in the slow, sweet voice of Count Var; and it seemed almost to strangle the woman; for she received it with a fierce struggle for breath, that made all attempts at speech for some seconds impossible.

"Then you never loved me? Fool that I was, not to know it, when you encouraged my marriage with this other man. Even after my whole fortune was in your hands, and I was mad enough to propose that my engagement might be broken, and that you should share my wealth with me, I could believe that it was only loyalty to your friend that prompted the refusal, and almost respected you for it. Fool, fool, fool that I was, to offer you so much love!"

"Not love, but illusions."

"Illusions? Man, man, do you know what you are talking about? Could illusions have made me the wretched creature I have been, since my marriage? Could they drive a woman mad with envy of her own mother? Could they have brought me here?"

"It is that no such results shall follow, hereafter, that I speak so plainly to you, now," was the decisive answer. "Loyalty to my friend forbids scenes like this. To your mother—"

"My mother? Then you love her?"

"No. If it will give you any pleasure, I can assure you that I do not."

"Then why did you marry her, refusing everything, while insisting that my whole fortune should be given to Oram—who loved me, I know he did—yet accepted the money?"

"Oh, you can think of that. I was surprised, when you seemed to have forgotten it—having heard something of Yankee smartness in money affairs. I had good reasons, both for securing your fortune as I did, and for refusing your mother's. But this is no place for explanations. Oram is out with his gun, and will very likely pass this way. Permit me to show you the nearest path through the woods."

There was a rustle of garments passing through the brushwood, and a low murmur of voices dying out among the foliage, and then silence.

Now, and not till now, did Lord Oram regain possession of his startled senses, and know that this was no dream. Confused, and almost horrified, he lay, for some minutes, on his back, as sleep had found him; then arose, and left the woods, so pale and stern, that his best friend would hardly have known him.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

Scarcely had Lord Oram left the woods, when Lucy Hastings entered them, by another road. Light of heart, and light of foot, she had trod the path to that old oak, for she hoped to find someone waiting for her there. She did catch glimpses of a man passing through the undergrowth; and hurrying forward to meet him, called out, in her sweet, eager fashion:

"The day is so lovely, I could not help lingering. Have you been waiting?"

Then the man turned, and with a little cry of dismay, she saw Count Var.

"I could have waited forever," he said, holding out both hands, while she noticed that his handsome face wore an eager flush.

"Forever and ever, if you came at the end of time," he went on. "Great heavens, girl, you must have understood that. Thank you, thank you, a thousand times, for giving me this opportunity. I should have gone mad, under the restraint, had we continued to meet only among those people, and in that old house!"

Lucy stood gazing at the man, dumbly; too much astonished for speech, and quite incapable of understanding him. Var went on, eagerly.

"My silence, my forced self-restraint, you

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must have understood them, and pitied me. But there will soon be no need of that. Listen to me, sweet one. I love you, as no man ever loved a woman, before. Of course, you know that. But it is happiness to speak out, to act like a madman, if you call it such, for once."

The man reached out his arms, as he spoke. The cool, courteous Var was transformed by intense passion. The eager light in his face terrified the young creature he sought to win. She threw out her hands, retreating, breathlessly.

"I do not understand. "Why do you act so strangely, Count Var? All this frightens me!"

"Frightens you? Ah, no wonder: it almost frightens me. I did not know that anything in my nature was capable of the love I feel for you. Do not look so wildly. Why do you turn pale at my approach? Is it because I am the husband of that woman? What then? She has no power over me, with all her pride of wealth. I can give you riches, greater than she ever knew. They are mine now, all mine. No queen was ever worshipped as you will be: no wife ever honored more; for, after awhile, you shall be my wife—Countess Var—no mean title, let me tell you. Even among the princes of Europe, it is held in honor. Speak to me, love; but no, not before you have heard me out. We shall not have to wait long—a year, perhaps. Then I will set myself free. Divorces are easy in this country—pray, understand that. I have thought this all over, coolly; for this second marriage has been in my mind, from the first. Now, love, speak to me. Look into my face. Give me your hands to kiss. Anything, anything, to prove that I have not adored you so, for nothing."

"No, no, no!" she cried.

As she spoke, she turned and fled, wild with terror. But Var followed her, and laid his hand imperiously on her arm.

"Is it that you do not understand, that you do not love me?" he said.

His voice was low and husky. His fingers tightened on her arm, till a cry of pain broke from her: a faint cry, but it reached other ears than his. The next instant, Doctor Gould stood before him.

"Take your hand from that young lady's arm," he said, sternly. "She is frightened. I heard her scream. What have you been saying?"

Var turned, savagely.

"By what right do you inquire?" he said, his eyes ablaze with rage. "She is an inmate of my house. I am her natural protector. By what right, I say?"

"This, Count Var: Miss Hastings is my affianced wife."

Var staggered back, as if a blow had been dealt him.

"Is this thing true?" he said, with white lips, turning to Lucy. "Is it true?"

"Yes."

Lucy, as she spoke, stole close to the side of her lover, and uttered this one frightened word from under the shelter of his arm. Var turned from her, hesitated a moment, then walked rapidly away.

## CHAPTER XLV.

Lady Oram had lingered by the highway, in the edge of the pine woods, after Count Var had left her; for she was in no condition to undergo the scrutiny of her mother, as yet. Here, she saw Lucy Hastings enter the woods. She knew that Var was still lingering there, and a swift pang of jealousy seized upon her. She stole cautiously back, therefore; and, from a safe distance, saw the meeting of these two. She could even hear the voice of Count Var, in his rapid-pleading, but without distinguishing the words. While thus occupied, she was disturbed by the sight of another person approaching, and fearing that her presence might be discovered, she left the woods.

Once in the old mansion, she went directly to her mother's room, and trembling with venomous malice, told what she had just seen.

Anyone, even an enemy, who had looked on the face of that newly-made countess, now, would have pitied her. But her resentment was wholly directed against Lucy, as if Count Var was the victim of her seductive arts.

"Where is she now?" she cried, with passionate jealousy. "Let the artful creature stand before me, face to face, that I may speak to her as she deserves, and send her from under my roof forever. This comes of charity to the girl. I wonder if there is such a thing as pure gratitude, in the world? Where is she now, I say?"

"Probably, she has gone to her old home, and your precious husband will be coming in, soon, with some nauseous compliment on his lips, to appease you with," retorted her daughter, with a sneer.

"Her old home. The house I have permitted her father to occupy, without rent or taxes. But there shall be an end of that. He shall leave the house, the neighborhood, the very State, and take her with him. Ring the bell, Octavia, ring the bell. I will send for him, to appear before me, at once."

Octavia, well pleased with the commotion she had raised, obeyed her mother, for once.

Aunt Hannah answered the bell.

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"Where is Nathan?" demanded my lady. "Send Nathan Drum to me."

Nathan came to the door, directly.

"Wal, here Nathan Drum is. What's wanted in him?" he drawled.

"Go down to the Hollow, and tell minister Hastings that I wish to speak with him and his daughter, at once."

"Jest so," answered Nathan, backing from the room. "I'll see about it, right off."

When he had closed the door, my lady began walking up and down the room, wringing her hands one minute, clenching them the next. All the time, she was uttering short ejaculations of pain or anger. Her daughter looked on, smiling maliciously.

At last, the elder lady stopped in her walk, and listened. Steps were coming up the hall.

"It is he. Oh, Octavia, Octavia, what can I say to him?" cried the agitated woman. "I cannot meet him yet."

"You are mistaken," answered Octavia. "It is Lord Oram, who has just come in, and is going up to his room."

This was true, and Oram remained in his own apartments some time, during which the mother and daughter addressed each other in abrupt and broken sentences.

"Are you sure, quite sure, that he held her hands in his? Oh, Octavia, you might be mistaken."

"Am I sure of my own eyesight?" was the curt reply.

"And he was pleading for something?

"Earnestly."

"Oh, this is cruel—bitterly cruel. I cannot stand it. Every word you speak, goes through me like a poisoned arrow."

There was a knock at the door, and Lord Oram's valet came in, impassive and polite, as such men usually are.

"Madame la countess, and my lady," he said, "Lord Oram desires to speak with you, if you can make it convenient, in the drawing-room."

The ceremoniousness of this message surprised both ladies somewhat. But they followed to the drawing-room. Lord Oram was standing in the middle of the antique parlor, calm with stern determination. He advanced towards them, with more pronounced courtesy, than they had ever witnessed in him before, and led his mother-in-law to a seat. Then he took the hand of his wife, and conducted her to a window, where the light fell full upon his pale, stern face. All this terrified Octavia.

"To-day," he said, in a low, quiet voice, to his wife, "I sat down to rest, under an old oak tree, in the pine woods, and fell asleep there. A sound of voices, that I only recognized by degrees, awoke me. It is unnecessary that I should repeat what I heard. One look into your face assures me of that. I will spare you, therefore, all attempts at explanation. Come!"

Octavia shivered, and made no resistance, when he led her up to the countess.

"Madame," said Lord Oram, "it is scarcely two months since you gave me this lady for my wife. I now return her to you, having no place for her in my affections, or my home. Hereafter, we are as much apart, as if she had been buried yesterday. She can bear my name, and the poor title it carries, so long as her conduct brings no dishonor upon it. But one taint, one shadow thrown on *that*, and I will stoop, even to the miserable farce of your divorce courts, to wrest it from her."

Up to this moment, Octavia had stood silent and motionless. But now, she wrenched her hand from his, and dropped into a chair, panting for breath.

"One thing more," said Oram, scarcely pausing to regard this gathering storm of passion. "One thing more, and our lives are separated forever. Her fortune, that was secured to me, is here. I return it to her. I will not be defiled by it."

He took a pile of bonds from the table, where he had flung them down, on entering the room; laid them in Octavia's lap; and, taking his hat, walked from the house, without another word of reproach or farewell.

Octavia sprang to her feet, and watched him, till he passed out of the gate. Then she fell back into her chair, laughing, crying, and trembling, by turns, in her hysterical passion. In this wild fit, she even began to tear at the bonds in her lap. But when her mother attempted to take them from her, she cried:

"No. They are not yours. He was not mean enough to give them back to you. They are all mine—mine, I say!"

She gathered them up, as she spoke, into the drapery of her dress, and hurried to her own room, where she first locked the door, and sat gazing upon the bonds, minute after minute, with growing satisfaction.

"In what am I the worse off?" she thought, after a swift calculation of profit and loss. "He has only taken himself away, and will keep silent as to the cause, which, after all, amounts to nothing. I have the title and the money. And, oh, what a triumph over my lady mother, who fairly had her hands out to grasp the bonds once more. What a nice bit of vengeance he lost, in not giving them to her."

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Octavia was right in this. Her mother was in a state of bitter disappointment, both in the loss of her noble son-in-law, and his disposition of the bonds. This, added to previous causes of agitation, had shaken her nerves terribly; and she called out, in an agony of dismay, for aunt Hannah. The latter came, at once. She was striving, in her gentle way, to soothe the other's excitement, when Count Var entered quietly, as usual; but with an angry cloud on his face.

When madame saw him, she started up, utterly beside herself, and began to reproach him, saying,

"So, it is you, Count Var, just from the pine woods, and the young ingrate you have been meeting there. I wonder you can look me in the face."

Var turned upon the woman, with a smile of scorn on his lips. Maddened by Lucy's repulse, he felt a cruel pleasure in braving his wife.

"What have I to fear from the sight of your face, madame?" he said, coldly enough. "Its fascinations have never had a killing effect upon me."

My lady received this speech in blank amazement. It checked the hysterical sobs in her throat, and silenced her; for never, in all their intercourse, had he spoken rudely to her before.

"Oh, Var, Var, remember I am your wife!" she said, at last, in a tone of piteous reproach.

"I am not likely to forget that," was his answer, which seemed to be studiously curt. "Perhaps, it would please you to know the inducements I had for making you my wife."

"Inducements? Oh, Var, you could have none, but the love you felt for me."

Var laughed, contemptuously. Then, drawing a chair, he sat down by her, with an appearance of cool resolution, which startled the lady.

"Yes, one other thing," he said, in brief, hard sentences, "and that had better be understood now. You will not be surprised, when I tell you that I came to this country, in the position of a nobleman, high in rank, with nothing but a list of pressing and heavy debts to mantain the dignity of his name. To be perfectly frank, I should have found it difficult to travel in this country, but for the kindness of Oram, one of the most generous friends that ever lived. Still, my object in coming was a secret, and a very important one. During my residence in England, I had learned one fact, which might possibly lift me above the irksome position I occupied. Somewhere back in English history, there was a member of the Wheeler family, recorded in the peerage as the Earl of Ainsworth, who died, leaving a valuable estate, known as Harkenhall, which, with the title, fell into obeyance; for he left no direct heirs—sons or daughters, I mean; yet, both the title and estate ran on in the female line, as well as the male. Before the earl died, a younger brother had emigrated to America, and was thought to have settled in New England, with two infant sons, both born before he left the old country. But nothing had been heard from them, for many years; and all efforts to find them, after the death of Lord Ainsworth, were of no avail; so the estate, with its vast accumulations, has never been claimed, to this day; and never might have been, but for the vivid descriptions of this old mansion, and snatches of the family biography that accompanied them, which recently appeared in the public journals. These clearly seemed to link its fair possessor, in a direct line, with the inheritance. Let me confess that it was this conviction that induced me to visit this rather uninteresting part of the country, and turned my attention so much to the old Bible, and to the genealogical tree, in which your name was so artistically conspicuous. I wrote to England; I made inquiries here; and finally, I assured myself that you were indeed an English countess, in your own right, and the mistress of a large estate, before I did myself the honor of asking for your hand."

Var had spoken distinctly, and in a cold, business-like way, that impressed the truth of what he was saying, upon his wife. It seemed to have stunned her. The angry color, that had flushed her face, receded, slowly, while he was speaking; and when he paused, she sat staring at him, as if incapable of entire comprehension.

Aunt Hannah, who had not left the room, seemed strangely affected. All her modest reticence had departed. Step by step, she drew nearer to the lady; and at last grasped the back of her chair, with both hands, so tightly, that the old carving cracked in her grasp.

"You seem surprised," continued Var, regarding the silence of his wife with some astonishment. "That is natural. To find oneself a peeress of England, and the mistress of a large estate, and at the same time Countess Var, *is* marvelous."

These words aroused the half dazed woman.

"A peeress of England, a large estate all mine—mine, with no other claim upon it," she cried. "You tell me this, Count Var?"

"Having studied the whole matter closely, I tell you this. Not even I, your husband, have a right over the title, or over an inch of land."

"But, knowing this, you married me. Ah, Var, Var, I will never doubt your love, your disinterestedness, again."

"One moment," answered Var, lifting up his hand, as if to ward off her gratitude. "There are yet the accumulations, which the law gives to

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your husband, absolutely. I knew that, from the first."

"The accumulations? How much are they?" questioned the lady, drawing back into her chair.

Var mentioned the sum, with a quiet smile on his lips.

"So much? So much? Great heaven, it will bring the revenue of a prince."

"And as a prince, I mean to spend it."

"And I have no right over that?"

"None whatever. It is my heritage of independence."

Your heritage of independence? Oh, Var, then it was for this you married me?"

"Did you suppose that the small fortune you possess here, could have purchased even the last two months of my life? Or that anything on earth could induce me to share it with you, always? A Var may sell himself, but not so cheaply as that."

The woman he addressed so cruelly, started to her feet, wringing her hands, in agony.

"Oh, Var, my husband, you cannot mean that. You will ever love me—"

"I mean that another insult, a stormy reception, like that which greeted me half-an-hour ago, will separate us forever."

He rose, coolly, as he said this, and walked to another part of the room. The woman, in her abject infatuation, would have followed him; but aunt Hannah prevented her.

"You will not accept this estate, this title—anything that he has been talking about," she said, pale as death, and trembling, visibly.

My lady shook the little hand away, and pushed by the old woman.

"I will do anything that my husband tells me to," she said, with sharp impatience. "Did you not hear what he said?"

"But you must not—you shall not," persisted the old woman, still holding fast to her arm. "I will not see this thing done."

"Woman, are you crazy?"

Here the door opened, and Nathan Drum looked into the room.

"The minister is here, marm, and his darter, too."

"Let them go back," cried his mistress, throwing out her hands, in a hurried effort at dismissal. "I do not want them."

"But I have need of them," said aunt Hannah, decisively. "Great need. Never did a poor woman want Christian help so much. Come in, Mr. Hastings, I have something that must be said, with all my friends about me. Nathan, send Octavia down. She must be here, too."

When Octavia came into the room, shortly after, aunt Hannah was standing by the chair her mistress had deserted, and leaning on it so heavily, that it shook under her.

"Count Var," she said. "I heard every word of the story you told your wife, just now, and understood it better than she could. It is true that John Wheeler was the oldest son of the first Wheeler that came over to this country; that his son was also called John Wheeler, after the father and grandfather; that he was a merchant, doing business in New York; and that this lady, your wife, was his child. She afterward married Thomas Farnsworth, a merchant, who gave his property, by will, to her and her daughter, Octavia. It is also true, that James Wheeler, the younger brother, came to this place, bought a tract of land, and built this house, leaving both to his son, whose only daughter, Eunice, became the wife of Mr. Hastings here, and the mother of this fair girl."

Everybody was now listening, breathlessly, wondering what was coming.

"James Wheeler, the last of this New England branch, was less fortunate," she continued, "or more generous than the other Wheelers; for he left but a small portion of what had fallen to him: the place, as a result, fell into decay, and, at last, became the property of Mrs. Farnsworth. So far as this, Count Var, your knowledge of the family is correct. If further proof were wanted, I could give it to you. Still, the lady you have married, has no claim upon any estate, or title, in England. You have attained no princely independence, by marryng her."

Var, who had been looking keenly at the old woman, turned from her now, with an incredulous smile. But his wife came slowly up to her, white, either with anger, or fear.

"How dare you speak of me, and mine, in this way?" she said, laying her hand, heavily, on the old woman's shoulder, as if to push her aside. "Who are you?"

The old woman withered down, under that rude touch, and the menacing glance of those eyes, as if she had been suddenly frostbitten. She stood, a moment, irresolute; then lifted her meek, blue eyes to that stormy face, with a look of pitiful supplication, and replied, almost whispering the words:

"Cornelia, I am your mother."

The other started, as if some poisonous thing had stung her. But she rallied instantly; and, with a voice, cold as ice, and sharp as steel, she sneered:

"My mother! My mother died, long ago."

"No! Look at me. You cannot have forgotten."

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The countess trembled. With those soft, blue eyes upon her, she could not repeat her denial.

Count Var saw this, with alarm. He came forward.

"Well, if this could be proven, what then?" he said. "John Wheeler may have married beneath him. But in what way does it affect his daughter's inheritance?"

The old woman's head was bowed on her bosom. Across her softly-withered cheek broke a flush of burning red. Twice she tried to speak. At last, there came a few words, hoarse with shame:

"I was Cornelia's mother; *but not his wife.*"

A deathly silence filled the room. The old woman stood, with all those eyes upon her, quivering with distress. After awhile, there came a soft touch upon her arm. She looked up, thinking that it was a sign of relenting, from her daughter. No: it was the minister, gentle, and full of compassion, standing there, ready to lead her from the lowering faces, that menaced her.

"Is this horrible story true?" questioned Octavia, addressing Mr. Hastings.

"It is true. I have known it, for a long time. There is ample proof," he replied.

Octavia gave a short laugh, and looked triumphantly from her mother to Var. But the latter had lost nothing of his wonderful self-possession. He turned to Lucy, who had stood bewildered, and going up to her, as graceful as ever, and perfectly self-poised, said:

"Should this curious assertion prove true, you, it would seem, are the heiress. Accept my congratulations. I shall always remember, with satisfaction, that my poor efforts have secured this great fortune to you. Permit me to be the first to salute you as Countess of Ainsworth."

Lucy blushed crimson. She did not, as yet, fully understand him; but she turned away, indignant that he had dared to address her.

There is a new meeting-house in Wheeler's Hollow, now, in which Mr. Hastings preaches almost every Sunday; for he still lives in the old brown house, near by it. Aunt Hannah keeps house for him, and sometimes is called up to the old Wheeler mansion, in which Doctor Gould and his wife spend half the year.

For some reason, which the fashionable world is not to know, Countess Var took a special dislike to the fine, old place, and was quite willing to sell it back into the family. However, she removed all the ancestors and antiques, and spoke of the new heiress as quite incapable of appreciating objects of such consummate art. Indeed, the honors of a title, she said, were quite thrown away upon a person who never exacted its acknowledgment, and was really apt to blush, when any neighbor used it.

Occasionally, the young couple go over to Harkenhall, and find great pleasure in English life; but, while Mr. Hastings lives, they will always consider America as their home.

Lord Oram has never yet sought the presence of his American wife. The latter, meantime, has taken up her abode in Florence, that Paradise for married widows, and is living sumptuously on the interest of her bonds.

As for Count and Countess Var, they lead a migratory life, on the Continent; generally regarding any town that Octavia may be in, with studied avoidance. Notwithstanding the count so loftily refused any portion of his wife's property, when he had those accumulations in mind, he is glad to live on her fortune now.

But Countess Var, *nee* Farnsworth, has a keen appreciation of the power that money gives, especially to a very elderly female, who is married to a young and very handsome man; and all the count's silky eloquence has failed to win anything better from her, than carefully counted coupons, doled out at long intervals, and cut from her despised American bonds.

[THE END.]

# THANKSGIVING.

BY BELLE DAVIS

GREEN are the spreading trees above my head;
Primrose and bluebells bloom on the hedge-banks.
A web of blossoms o'er the world is spread;
The tall, white lilies stretch in stately ranks.
The violet's purple, and the rose's red,
Gleam from the grass. Sweetly the linnet's song,
Over the blossoming world, rings glad and strong.

How can we doubt, when, looking all around,
We see the beauty that His hand has given,
Glow from the skies, and blossom from the ground—
How can we doubt the wondrous love of heaven?
That He, who hath the world with peace so crowned,
Despite of sickness, pain, and sorrow, lo!
Still for us cares, through anguish and through woe.

Thanks give I, unto Him who made, so fair,
The pallid lily, and the crimson rose;
Who putteth round the little birds His care;
Who all our joy and all our sorrow knows.
Who flings this wealth of beauty everywhere
Upon the world, until my heart outgoes,
Up to the Throne—from which such radiant gladness flows.



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# JEANIE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

As Jeanie sat on the old meadow-stile, in the radiant splendor of the September afternoon, she was thinking of a Sabbath morning, when her father sat in the cottage door, with the great Bible on his knees, reading the sacred word to his family. It had been a bright summer morn, and the very scent of the roses and lavender, and the busy hum of the bees, seemed to come back to her.

It was her father's custom, to require Jeanie and her little sister Dot to repeat a verse, when he had finished reading. That morning, Jeanie's verse was, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"What does that mean, papa?" Jeanie had asked.

And papa had said:

"Why, my dear, it means this: If you were to see a poor beggar, sitting by the wayside, and gave him food and drink, or shelter, the great Lord would regard your kindness just the same, as if bestowed upon Himself."

This was the memory that came back to Jeanie, as she sat on the old stile. She repeated the verse softly to herself; and then, with tears rising in her blue eyes, she glanced over her shoulder, in the direction of the village churchyard, where her father now slept.

Childhood's sorrow, however, is shortlived. She soon dried her tears, and began to jingle the two silver dollars in her pocket. Two round silver dollars! Oh, how hard and patiently she had worked for them, picking berries in the hot sun, for the village market.

When they were earned, and she held them in her little, brown hand, mamma had said:

"They are yours, Jeanie; you shall do with them as you like. Buy a new hat for yourself, or—"

"Mamma, no, no, please," Jeanie cried, breathlessly. "I will do without the hat; let me buy the dolly with the eyes that go to sleep, and the darling little bed to put her in, for Dot, the dear. Oh, mamma, she has wanted them *so* long."

"Do just as you please, Jeanie, love; you worked hard for your money," mamma said.

And now, Jeanie was on her way to the village, to make her purchases. Dot was weakly, and somewhat deformed—poor, little mite—and could not accompany Jeanie. But, Jeanie had kissed her when she set out, and said:

"Now, sit here, and be patient, and watch for me, Dot; I'll hurry as fast as ever I can, and you shall have the big dolly in your arms, the very minute I get back."

Jeanie thought of Dot, as she jingled the two silver dollars in her pocket; and springing from the stile, hurried across the meadow. When she came close to the great elm, that stood by the wayside, she stopped short. Sitting beneath it, was a man, with a bandage across his eyes, and a little dog at his feet. The dog had a forlorn look, and the master was clad in rags. Jeanie looked on in silence, for some minutes; and then drew a little nearer.

"Good man, are you blind?" she asked.

"No, not entirely," answered the man. "I've had a sunstroke, and the light hurts me."

Jeanie's tender heart was moved. She drew still nearer, and patted the little dog.

"What makes you sit here?" she asked, at last. "Why don't you go home?"

"I am trying to get there, but walking makes my head hurt."

"How far away is your home?"

"Nearly a hundred miles."

"Oh, oh! You surely don't mean to walk that far?" cried Jeanie.

"I did; but I can't make much headway now."

"Why don't you go on the cars?"

The man laughed, scornfully; a sad, half desperate sort of laugh.

"Because I haven't got a cent, little one."

"Poor man," said Jeanie, "are you hungry?"

"Not very; I got a bite on the road."

"But you're tired and sick?"

"Yes."

There was silence a minute or two. The elm leaves rustled overhead, and the little dog watched Jeanie, with wistful, entreating eyes.

"How much would it take to carry you home, poor man?" she asked, suddenly.

"Two dollars."

The child recoiled, as if from a blow. A hot color rushed into her cheeks, and her lips quivered. She put her hand in her pocket, and clutched the two silver dollars.



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"I'm sorry for you," she said, hurriedly, "but I must go—indeed I must go."

She started off at a rapid pace, her hand still clutching the money in her pocket. Presently, she stopped, however, and looked back; and, between her heavy respirations, she repeated the verse, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Five minutes went by. Jeanie looked towards the village, and then towards the man beneath the elm tree.

"It is just as if the great Lord himself was sitting there," she said, at last, in an awed tone. And then slowly turning, she retraced her steps. When she reached the tree, her childish lips were almost colorless, so terrible had been the struggle; but in her young eyes shone a steady and resolute resolve. She put her hand in her pocket, and drew forth the money.

"Here, poor man, take these two dollars, and go home," she said.

The man pushed up the bandage from his eyes, and looked at her.

"What!" he cried, in surprise, putting aside her extended hand. "No, no, I can't take it."

"You must. It is my very own. I earned it picking berries. I was going to buy a big dolly; but—but—" her voice choking, "I'd rather give the money to you. We couldn't say our prayers to-night, Dot and I, if I left you sitting here."

She forced the money into his hand.

"What's your name?" he asked. "Where do you live?"

"Jeanie Goodwin's my name—I live across yonder, at Hazelwood cottage. Good-by!"

The last few words ended with a sob, and Jeanie darted away, to hide the tears she could not keep back.

"Dot, we won't grieve, will we?" she whispered, that night, clasping her little sister, as they nestled together in the same bed. "Only think, Dot, 'tis just the same as if the great Lord himself had been sitting there, under the elm tree, and we gave our money to him. We won't fret about the big dolly, Dot?"

"No, of course," answered Dot, obligingly, "and the rag dolly's just as good, after all."

Years went by; years of patient and incessant toil to the widow and her children, at Hazelwood cottage. But their combined efforts failed to keep want from their door. Dot was almost helpless, and the mother herself was frail, and at last fell ill. The heavy burthen of care rested on Jeanie's shoulders.

One winter afternoon found her very sad of heart. Her mother was in need of nourishment and medical attention, poor little Dot's pale face betrayed her lack of strong, wholesome food, and a debt hung over the cottage, which would soon make them homeless.

Suddenly she remembered that it was Christmas day. But, alas! there was no Christmas cheer for them, much less Christmas gifts. And yet how she would have liked to buy some little trifle for Dot!

Jeanie stood in the door, and looked out at the fast-falling snow. A tall, slender girl, graceful as a young willow, with a sweet, sad face, and tender, resolute eyes. It was an inclement afternoon; but Jeanie was determined to face the storm. She had formed a purpose.

"Dot," she whispered, approaching her sister's low chair, "I'm going to see Doctor Farnsworth. Don't let mother know. I shall not be gone long, dear."

She left the cottage, and crossed the fields, with a rapid step, the snow beating in her face. The old meadow-stile still stood at the crossing, and, just beyond it, the giant elm tree. Jeanie paused, for breath, a minute; her eyes filling with tears. It saddens us, sometimes, to see how strong and changeless nature is, when the dearest treasures of our hearts seem to be slipping away from us.

Jeanie hurried on, under the snow-laden branches of the elm tree, and along the selfsame path her childish feet had trod, on that memorable day, when she was on her way to purchase the big dolly. She did not recall the circumstance, however; other and graver thoughts filled her mind.

She reached the village, after a fatiguing walk, and made her way to Doctor Farnsworth's residence. The old physician's son, a young disciple of Esculapius, just returned from abroad, and getting ready to step into his father's shoes, occupied the sitting-room, into which Jeanie was ushered. He rose to his feet, politely inquiring in what way he could serve her.

"Thank you; but it is old Doctor Farnsworth I wish to see, please," said Jeanie, in her sweet, soft voice.

And the young doctor left the room, thinking he had never seen a sadder or a lovelier face.

"Why, bless my soul, here you are; and I had just ordered my buggy, to come over and see you," exclaimed the elder physician, when he appeared.

"Then, you know my mother is ill?" said Jeanie, with flushing cheeks.

"No, I didn't: is she ill?"

"Yes, sir; she's been ill for weeks," replied Jeanie, speaking rapidly, lest her courage should fail her: "but, she wouldn't allow me to come

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to you, sir, because—because, we haven't the money to pay you. But, I can't see her die for want of medical aid; and, if you'll only go to see her, sir, if there's anything I can do, any sort of work—"

"Never mind, never mind," interrupted the doctor; "we'll settle all that, hereafter. You should have let me know long ago. Come to the fire and warm; you didn't walk over?"

"Yes, sir, I walked; but I'm not cold: and please, sir, if you'll be good enough to go at once—"

"Yes, yes; my buggy will be around in ten minutes. I was just coming over to see you, Miss Jeanie. I've got a letter for you."

"A letter for me, doctor?"

"A letter for Jeanie Goodwin. That must be you. It came enclosed to me—from Marshland. One Rathburn, a lawyer, sent it. Here it is."

Jeanie received the letter, and looked at it with wondering eyes. She could scarcely break the seal, her fingers trembled so. Doctor Farnsworth busied himself with his saddle-bags, while she read it, a suppressed twinkle in his eyes.

The substance of the letter was as follows: A man, named Hiram Burns, dying recently, at Marshland, had left a will, bequeathing a pretty cottage and grounds, and something over six thousand dollars in cash, to Jeanie Goodwin, a little girl, living at Hazelwood cottage, some two miles from Berryville; said Jeanie Goodwin having given him two dollars, to pay his way to Marshland, some seven years before, when she found him sitting by the wayside, ill and penniless, and he, Hiram Burns, desiring to repay the debt, with interest.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jeanie, clasping her hands.

"Oh!" echoed the doctor, looking up. "Now, there's luck, young woman! You'll be able to pay my bill, you see. I've written back to Rathburn; and, if you say so, I'll take you down to Marshland, and see that you're not cheated. And now a merry Christmas to you."

Jeanie could not speak; her heart was too full. After many days, her childish act of self-sacrifice had been rewarded. And it seemed to come, too, as a special Christmas gift.

Some weeks later, as soon as her mother was able to make the journey, they went down to live in the pretty cottage at Marshland; and, not many months after, Jeanie married Doctor Farnsworth's son.

## 1881—1882.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

With silent step and slow,
The old year glides into the shadowy past;
As tall ships solemn go
Out into ocean's desert, drear and vast.

Oh, with this fading year,
Would all unworthy thoughts might now depart!
Perish each base-born fear,
And selfish aim. Lord, cleanse th'awakened heart!

And with the new dawn stealing
Upon our household homes, with noiseless feet,
Come every generous feeling,
All heav'nly influence, mild, sedate, and sweet.

Come with the growing day,
Increase of wisdom bending from the sky;
Come with fresh airs of May,
Glad hopes, and grateful pulses bounding high.

Come with the summer hours,
Large-hearted love, compassions full and free;
With autumn's falling flowers,
Come holiest trust, and peace, and charity.

And when the winter blast,
Of some young year grown old is round us sweeping,
Come angel death at last,
And waft us hence to God's eternal keeping!

## "YET STILL HE NEVER CAME."

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.

Down by the gate she waited.
Sad sang the whip-poor-will.
The moon, as if belated,
Rose pity'ng o'er the hill.

The wind, worn out with sobbing,
Died sighing in the wood.
A hush! and then the throbbing
Of night's deep solitude.

The leaves, with ghostly shiver,
Weird, moolight shadows cast.
A black owl, o'er the river,
Went flitting spectral past.

The moon at last was waning.
Yet still he never came.
The very pine trees, plaining,
Seemed telling of her shame.

She looked upon the river.
She looked upon the sky.
God in his grace forgive her!—
She knew not but to die.

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a stylish model for an evening-dress for a young lady. It is of light-blue cashmere, or mousseline de laine; but can be made in all colors and materials. It looks very charming in white, over a colored underskirt. The skirt is short, and is trimmed with five plaited ruffles of the material. The polonaise is cut low in the

No. 1.

No. 2.



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neck, and trimmed with lace. The waist is here encircled by a belt of satin, to match the dress; but a gilt or silver belt is very much more dressy,

No. 3.

and quite new. The edge of the polonaise is finished all around with three plaited ruffles of white satin or white lace: the latter is most elegant. At the right side, the polonaise is gathered in a bunch of plaits, quite high, and ornamented with loops and ends of narrow satin ribbon, an inch or an inch and a-half wide. This costume will require twelve to fourteen yards of cashmere, four yards of white satin, or thirty yards of white lace, five yards of satin ribbon, eighteen buttons. A Breton lace is the prettiest to make into knife-plaiting, and is also less expensive than other kinds. Loops of ribbon ornament the shoulders.

No. 2—Is a combination-costume for the house,

No. 4.

composed of plain cashmere or camel's-hair cloth, and plaid of some kind of woolen goods of equal quality. The skirt is short and round. The front

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of the tunic is long and straight, and is made of the plaid, and is finished all around with a puff and knife-plaited ruffle of the plain material. The back is also of the plaid, long and straight, composed of two widths, which are box-plaited in, at the waist; over this, there is a very short

No. 5.

wrinkled apron-front of the plain material, which ties in wide sash-loops and ends, at the back, coming from under the basque. The basque is of the plain goods, coat-tail shape both back and front; cut square in front, and finished with a rolling collar of the plaid, which reaches almost down to the waist line. The sleeves are slightly puffed; but we would suggest plain, tight sleeves, with a long cuff of the plaid, as being both prettier and more becoming. Ten yards of plain, and five yards of plaid material will be required.

No. 3—Is a walking-costume, of lady's cloth, in myrtle-green. The skirt is kilted on to a deep yoke, and over it is a pointed tunic, simply stitched on the edge as finish; this is open, and draped high on the right side, to display the kilted skirt. The left side and back are looped in irregular puffs. The jacket, which is the feature of this stylish costume, fits closely to the figure, and is trimmed with turnover collar, revers, pockets and cuffs of velvet to match, which are embroidered in chain-stitch, with fine gold thread; this, however, is optional. Those wishing a more quiet costume, may omit the embroidery; or else, do it in silks of the same color. Large buttons are used on the jacket front, the points of the collar to where the revers are placed upon the skirt of the jacket. On the revers, and on the inside vest, it will be seen, small buttons are used. Fancy gilt and steel buttons combined are most used. Ten yards of cloth, three-quarters of a yard of velvet, six large, and ten small buttons will be required.

No. 4—Is the model for the new winter ulster, to be made of plain or plaid heavy cloth. It is cut long and plain, with dolman sleeves, which

No. 6.

are shirred in at the neck and at the wrists, as seen by illustration. This garment buttons all the way down the front; at the back, it is ornamented by two loops and one end of the cloth, which is lined with satin, and made up into a bow, and placed upon the middle seam, about

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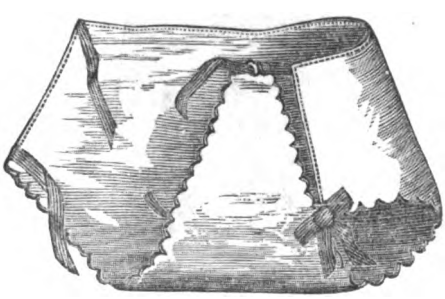
No. 7.

six inches below the waist. A plaited frill of satin finishes the neck. This garment is worn over an entirely plain skirt, with a narrow knife-plaited flounce as its only trimming, which shows beneath the ulster.

No. 5—Is a model for a black, watered silk

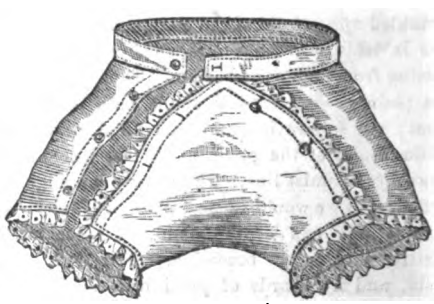


No. 8.

basque, to be worn over any black skirt. It is perfectly plain, and has for its only trimming a deep collar of satin, which is shirred and puffed on to a foundation. The edges are finished with a piping of satin, put on as a binding. A box-plaited frill of black lace finishes the neck. It is buttoned with small jet buttons. This a good model also for velvet or plush.

No. 6.—For a little boy of four to six years, we have a cloth or velvet coat, trimmed with fur. Cap and leggings to match.

No. 7.—Costume for a girl of six years, made of



No. 9.

lady's cloth, and trimmed with Russia lace insertion. A kilted flounce forms the simulated skirt. The trimming on the jacket is put on to indicate a belted jacket, opening on a waistcoat. It is all in one piece, when completed. Some dark color—plum, navy-blue, or seal-brown—

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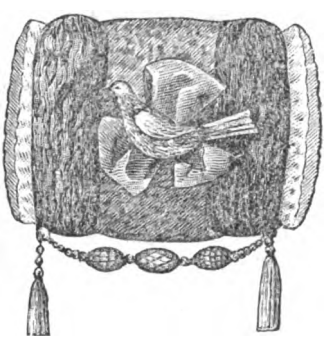
best shows off the lace trimming. If light cloth is used, make the trimmings of darker or black velvet.

Nos. 8 and 9—Are two patterns for this useful addition to the wardrobe of a baby in short frocks. The material may be flannel or cotton flannel. No. 8 is of white flannel, and with the edge scalloped in linen floss. No. 9 is of cotton flannel, edged with a narrow Hamburg.

No. 10.—Here we give the front and back view of a little girl's redingote. It is made of crow's-wing blue cloth, and trimmed with gray squirrel fur. Silk cord of stitching in silver-gray outline the seams, and finish the edges of the garment and cape. In place of fur, plush may be used for the trimmings.

No. 10.

No. 11.—A pretty design for a muff, made of leopard-spotted plush, and trimmed with fur on the edges. Seal or otter fur is most suitable for these little, fancy muffs, which any lady can make for herself, out of a quarter of a yard of plush, and three-quarters of a yard of trimming fur. Line with silk or satin, wadded with wool. A plaiting of white lace is added at the ends. A bow of satin ribbon, with a bird's head, may be used as ornament in front, or not, as the taste may suggest. It is by no means necessary, as the muff is quite complete without it, even without the cords and tassels.



No. 11.

## AUMONIERE POMPADOUR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty bag is made of maroon, plum, or black velvet, or plush. The embroidery is done in fine chain-stitch, with gold-colored silk. Line with white satin, and draw with cord or ribbon strings.

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# THE CARO VISITE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an engraving of the newest thing of its kind: a particularly elegant and

useful wrap for fall and winter. It is called the "Caro Visite."

Folded in with this number is a SUPPLEMENT, containing the full-size patterns, by which to cut out this pretty affair. The patterns consist of three pieces, drawn in three different diagrams, on the SUPPLEMENT, as follows:

No. I.—THE FRONT.

No. II.—BACK AND SLEEVE.

No. III.—HOOD.

Note that the back and sleeve are in one piece. Also note, that, in the front, the projecting piece, which is to form the under side of the sleeve, must be turned back on the pricked line. The projecting piece of the back, forming the upper, or outside, of sleeve, is then to be joined, placing the two or three notches in these pieces exactly over each other. The back and front skirts are joined by the seam marked by the one cut. The shoulder seam of front is joined to the shoulder seam of back, and the round part that forms the sleeve is sewn to the back and forepart, a little fullness being put in to give room for the shoulder, as shown by the dotted lines. The middle of the back is left open as far as the notch. The dotted line shows where the pattern turns over. The making up of the hood is so simple, it needs no description.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, two designs for the work-table. One is a border for a portiere, or curtain. The other is a band, in modern point lace. These are described elsewhere.


## LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

| | |
|---|---|
| Princess Dress: Plain, | .50 |
| " " with drapery and trimming, | 1.00 |
| Polonaise, | .50 |
| Combination Walking Suits, | 1.00 |
| Trimmed Skirts, | .50 |
| Watteau Wrapper, | .50 |
| Plain or Gored Wrappers, | .25 |
| Basques, | .35 |
| Coats, | .35 |
| " with vests or skirts cut off, | .50 |
| Overskirts, | .25 |
| Talmas and Dolmans, | .35 |
| Waterproofs and Circulars, | .35 |
| Ulsters, | .35 |

## CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dresses: Plain, | .25 | Basques and Coats, | .25 |
| Combination Suits, | .35 | Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts | .35 |
| Skirts and Overskirts, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Polonaise: Plain, | .25 | Waterproofs, Circulars | |
| " Fancy, | .35 | and Ulsters, | .25 |

## BOYS' PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jackets, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Pants, | .20 | Gents' Shirts, | .50 |
| Vests, | .20 | " Wrappers, | .30 |
| Ulsters, | .30 | | |

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 23 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.




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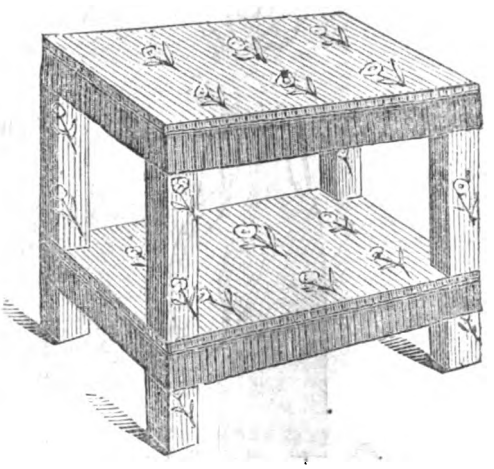
## QUEEN ANNE TABLE.

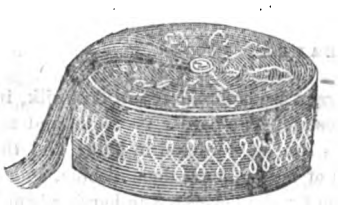
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty addition to a sitting-room, or bed-room, can be made with very little expense. The one from which our engraving was taken, was formed from a common packing-box, the top and bottom of which were unbroken; but any large pieces of board, of the requisite size, will do. A handy brother, or a village carpenter, can make four straight, square legs, of common deal, which must be covered with the crétonne, Turkey-red twill, or whatever the rest of the table is to be covered with. This covering should be put on very neatly and carefully, with very small or upholsterers' tacks. One piece of the board (that for the lower shelf) should be cut out at each corner, in such a shape and size that the legs will just fit in. It should then be very strongly nailed in position, three-quarters of the way down the legs. The top of the table need not, of course, have the corners for the legs cut out, but must rest on the tops of the square legs, to which it must be very securely nailed. If the wood, of which the shelf and top is made, is coarse and rough, it should be first covered with brown paper, and then the crétonne put on over it, leaving an edge of two or three inches hanging down all around. A worsted fringe, in colors to match the crétonne, should be tacked over this edge; or, if the fringe is not to be easily procured, a ruffle of the crétonne is very pretty.

## SMOKING-CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A stylish and economical smoking-cap can be made from the top of an old black "chimney-pot" hat. Cut off the top of the hat three or four inches down. Take out all the stiffening and lining, and then embroider in gold braid, or chain-stitch, in gold-colored thread, on the soft beaver, any pretty pattern that may be fancied. Line the cap with silk or satin, in the usual way. Gold color will be prettiest with gold braid); and make the tassel of gold thread, or floss silk. An old gray hat would be very pretty, done in blue or crimson.

## BAND: MODERN POINT LACE.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT, but in such a way as not to interfere with the dress pattern, a design for a band, in modern point lace. This effective band is designed for curtains, eider-downs, etc. The lace braid used has open-work edges. The fillings are various lace stitches, and the connecting bars are buttonholed. Cream braid is used for our pattern.



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## CHEAP BUT ARTISTIC VASES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Two very pretty and artistic vases, that will cost almost nothing, and that will make capital Christmas gifts, can be made as follows:

Take an old bottle, with the neck and shoulders cut off, for one; and an empty preserved-ginger jar, for the other. Cover them with two or three coats of oil paint, laid on very smoothly, diluting the paint, when absolutely necessary, with a drop of oil; but using it as thick as possible, to insure its adhering to the glazed surface. Leave them on a tray, till perfectly dry; as, if moved, it will be impossible to avoid smearing. The paint

will take several days to dry, but will be quite ready for the next process, a week later. The finishing touch consists of embellishing each with a flower or spray of flowers, the paint being laid on thickly, and with as unstudied a look as possible, as seen in our illustrations. One, say the bottle, may be painted an olive-green; the other, the ginger-jar, a deep-blue: or the colors may be varied according to your taste.

## BABY'S CARRIAGE BLANKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a baby's carriage blanket, with details, full size, of the spray for the centre, and of the border.

This charming little blanket is crocheted in point tunisen, or what is usually called princess-royal stitch; and is done in double zephyr, or Germantown wool. The centre is in pale-blue, and the sprays are embroidered in floss silk, in pale-straw color. The border is white, and the star stitches are embroidered in blue; and the tiny sprays of myosotis are done in blue, and shades of green for the leaves. The herring-bone on the edge is in pale-straw, and the double loop edge is done in blue wool. This would make a very pretty Christmas gift, when otherwise suitable.

## BORDER FOR PORTIERE.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT, but in such a way as not to interfere with the dress pattern, a design for a border for a portiere, or curtain. Work it in crewels, on any material, cloth, woolen, etc., in colors to suit your taste, or the furniture of the room.



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## TAPESTRY MAT: WITH DETAIL.

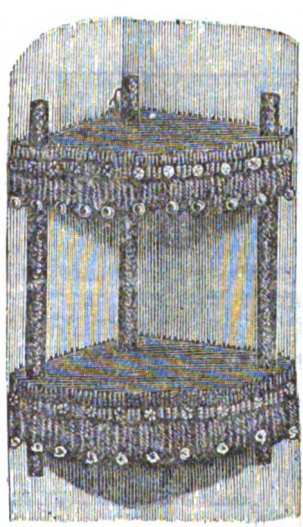
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, an engraving of a tapestry mat, and, in the front of the number, the pattern in detail for embroidering it. Use, for the foundation, a common gray blanket. The design is worked upon this foundation, in shades of green, brown and olive, with yellow floss for the centre. Use double zephyrs for the leaves, and floss silk for the veining of them. When the mat is finished, tie in a fringe with the different colored wools that are left. Cut the wools in even lengths, and pull them through with a crochet needle. The edge of the mat must first be buttonhole-stitched, to make the edge firm, before the fringe is tied in.

## CORNER BRACKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Get a carpenter to make the shelves according to design, and give the size required. Also, he must make the three upright poles, which support the shelves. These are to be first covered with the plush, or velvet; and then passed through the places made for them in the shelves. These shelves are previously covered with the plush, or velvet. A chenille fringe is tacked around the front. If preferred, an embroidered lambrequin front may be substituted for the fringe. Thus you have, at small cost, a very useful and effective little *etagere* for holding small bits of china, etc. It would be a charming Christmas gift.





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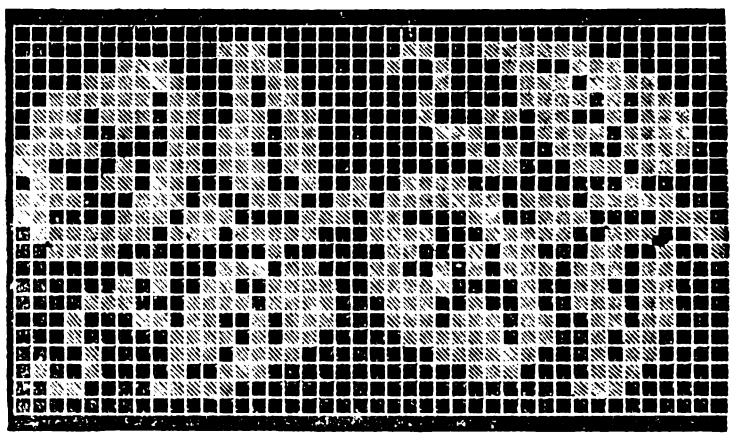
## STRIPE FOR DARNING OR BEADING.

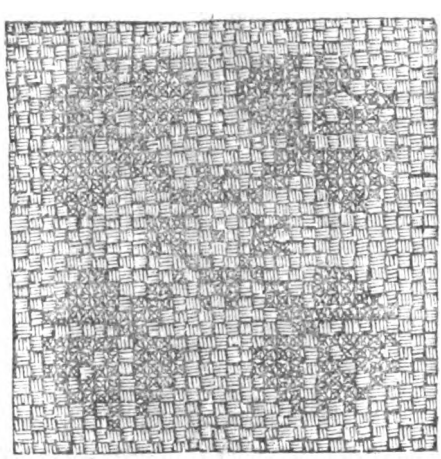
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a new and beautiful design. It is of morning-glories, in darning, or beading. Darn with linen floss, upon a square-meshed, netted foundation, for a tidy. Or bead the design, for a stripe for a cushion, or also for a chair-back.

## CROSS-STITCH POWDERING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This easy and effective little pattern will serve either as a corner or a powdering for chair-backs, cushion-covers, fancy table-cloths. d'oyleys, etc. Similar designs are fashionably worked on the fine canvas, with *point d esprit* stripes, which is sold by the yard, for curtains and antimacassars. The materials may be embroidery cotton, in the bright red and blue, familiar in Russian embroidery; or, for more daintiness, colored silks of several harmonizing tints. If executed on a chair-back, table-cloth, etc., where the wrong side shows, the stitch may be doubly crossed, to allow the thread carried at the back to form a perfect square; thus, both faces of the embroidery will be ornamental.



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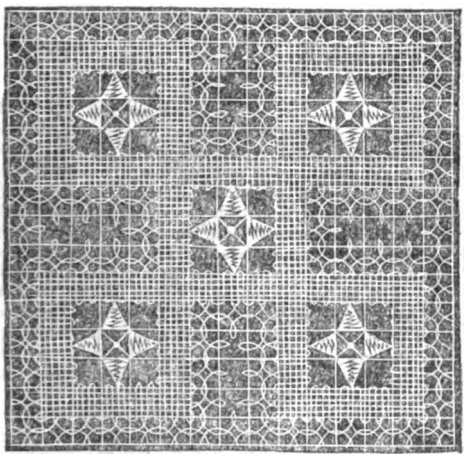
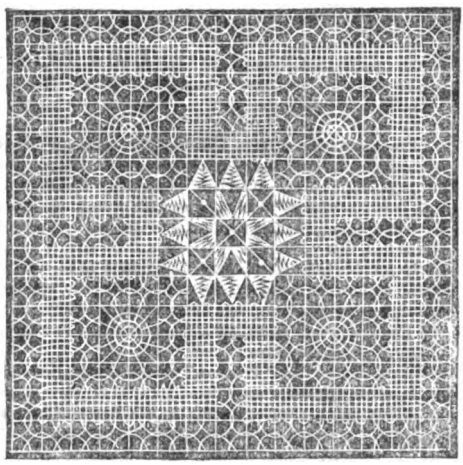
# SQUARES. (GIMPURE D'ART.)

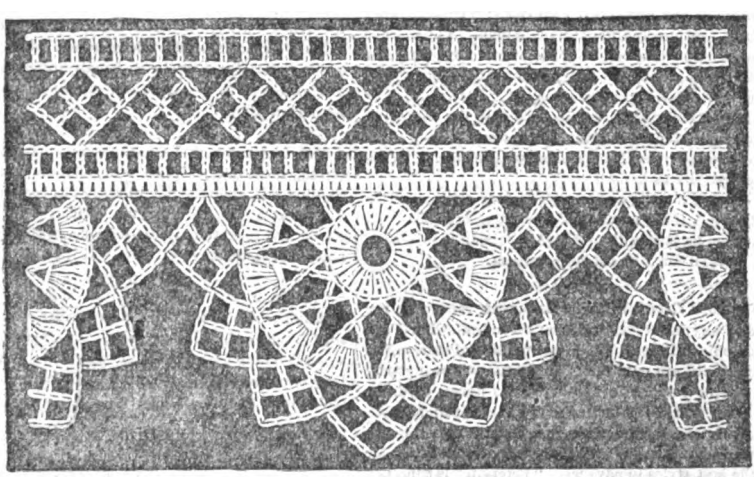
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

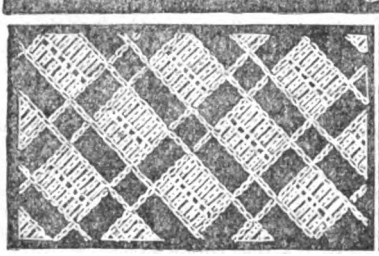


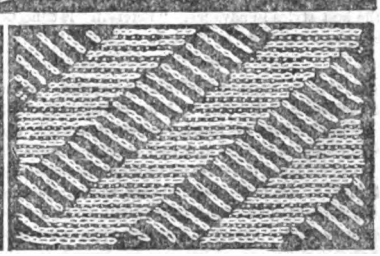


The netted and darned work called Gimpure d'Art will always be fashionable. The squares given above, will be found useful for curtains, tidys, toilet cushions, etc. They should be tastefully introduced among squares of thin Swiss muslin, or linen with drawn threads. The best embroidery cotton for darning is French, and the netting cotton should be the same.

# DESIGNS FOR CROCHET.









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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1882! GREATER INDUCEMENTS THAN EVER!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1882, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of this claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book*, either in the United States, or, for that matter, in the world. We have attained this supremacy by giving *more for the money* than any other. We prefer a small profit, on a large business, to a large profit, on a small business.

We claim, also, that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualites than any other magazine. Its steel engravings are the finest, and a steel engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent: its styles are the newest and most elegant; its superb colored plates (printed from steel, and not more lithographs), have no rivals. The pattern-sheets, given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it also indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy*. Its illustrated stories and articles have proved so popular, that *we shall continue, and improve on them, in* 1882. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine; and every family, that pretends to culture, should take, at least, one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is our unrivalled engraving: "Hush! Don't Wake Them," or our fine Photograph Album. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1882. For still another kind, there are two premiums: the engraving or Photograph Album, and also a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine, and both the engraving and Photograph Album are given, *three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements. Only our immense circulation enables us to do it.

*Now is the time to get up clubs.* Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment.*

---

THE FASHIONS GIVEN IN THIS MAGAZINE, remember, are not those of any interested dealer, or second-rate New York or Philadelphia milliner. We do not publish "Peterson," as most lady's books are published, to advertise our own goods; for we have no interest in any dry goods house, or dress-making firm. Our object is to give the latest fashions, such as they really are, "without fear or favor." We have the best correspondents abroad, and the greatest facilities for getting the best styles in advance. "Peterson" is conceded to be the highest authority in fashion.

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SIDEBOARD CLOTHS are now universally popular. A very pretty one, where a rich effect of color is required, can be made in the old German or Russian cross-stitch work, with the patterns executed in blue and rich ingrain cottons. It is better to use no colors but these, as no others are absolutely fast, and the old examples were always worked in these shades. By using strips of rich Turkey twill, or blue linen, between the borders, a bolder and richer appearance is obtained.

"SEEN AT ITS BEST."—A recent number of the Providence (R. I.) Evening Express says: "In its illustrations, department of fashion, stories, and poetry, *Peterson's Magazine* is the same popular monthly that it was when our grandmothers watched for its appearance, before they decided upon the style of their new spring bonnets, or fall frocks. While it has made such improvements as have been made necessary by the demands of these later years, all of the old features, which have made the magazine so popular in years gone by, are retained. In the October number, *Peterson's* is seen at its best." We may add, for ourselves, that no other magazine, in America, has had *such a long-continued success* as "Peterson." We flatter ourselves, that this is because it has always been "up to the times." At least, the public, by its patronage, seems to say so.

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PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES AGAIN.—Bright-colored feathers are very effective for frames for photographs. The foundation of the frame should be coarse brown paper, and on this the feathers should be glued to the depth of four inches. Pheasant and partridge feathers answer very well, even though not so brilliant as some others. These look better still, if the foundation is cut wider, and a drawing of satin brought from the band of feathers to the picture. Oval frames and squares thus arranged are new.

---

OUR YORKTOWN ENGRAVINGS.—We still offer to send "The Surrender of Cornwallis" and "Gran'father at Yorktown" for fifty cents each, or a dollar for the two. An editor writes, encloses a dollar for the pair, and says: "We think they are splendid pictures, and worthy treasures of art." Certainly, no pictures, equally patriotic, appropriate, and excellent as works of art, can be had, anywhere else, for such a price.

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THE CRACKING OF LAMP-CHIMNEYS may be prevented by placing them in a pot filled with cold water, adding a little cooking salt, and after the mixture has been allowed to boil well over a fire, to have the articles cool slowly. The slower the operation is carried on, especially the cooling portion of it, the more effective will it be.

---

"AFTER A DAY'S WORRY over housekeeping, how refreshing to sit down," writes a subscriber, "and read 'Peterson.'" She adds, "It is passing into a realm of poesy, as it were, from the dull routine of daily life: it is drawing in long breaths of fresh, invigorating air, after hours in a close and stifling room."

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THE COLORED PATTERN, in the front of this number, is one of those beautiful and costly embellishments only to be found in "Peterson." It is our Christmas gift to our subscribers for 1881. With it, we send our best wishes for their happiness, their prosperity, and for many returns of the festive season, now so near at hand.

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THE ILLUSTRATED QUARTO ALBUM, which was one of the premiums, this year, will be sent, for 1882, *instead* of the Photograph Album, whenever preferred.

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OUR TITLE PAGE, for this year, represents some Sunday-school children, singing a "Christmas hymn." It is, we think, as beautiful as it is appropriate.



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SPLENDID PREMIUMS FOR 1882.—Our new premium engraving, to be sent to persons for getting up clubs, for next year, is entitled, "Hush! Don't Wake Them," and is of the size of 20 inches by 16. No more beautiful ornament, to be framed, and hung on the parlor wall, could be desired. It is a work of real art, and a copy should be had by every family in the land.

*Or, in place of* this beautiful engraving, we will give, for a premium, a handsome PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM. We are induced to make this offer, in consequence of the popularity of the Quarto Illustrated Album, which was one of our premiums for this year. The Photograph Album will be even more desirable. It will be bound in leatherette, embossed and gilt; and will contain places for at least twenty-four photographs, of the *carte de visite* size.

For many clubs, an *extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or Photograph Album: and for some, all three. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great; and probably will never be so great again. But see the Prospectus on the last page of the cover.

*It is not too early to begin* to get up clubs for 1882. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Every year, we receive letters, saying, "If I had commenced sooner, I could have done much better, for everybody likes Peterson." Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to those wishing to get up clubs.

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"LOVE IN TANGLE," the title of Mrs. Stephens' novelet, for next year, is very suggestive, promising continued complications and unfailing interest in plot. This promise, we may add, is fully carried out. The story will be the most popular, we think, that Mrs. Stephens has written for very many years.

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IN "UNCLE IKE'S DAUGHTER," we introduce a new contributor, who, as a humorous writer, is destined, we think, to achieve a widespread popularity. Her mission seems to be —a much needed one—to satirize the "follies of the times." "Uncle Ike" appears to be a sort of Greek chorus.

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"NEVER DO IT AGAIN."—A lady, sending early for next year, says: "I tried to do without 'Peterson;' and did not subscribe for 1881. But I find that I miss the magazine too much. *I will never do it again.* Enclosed is two dollars, for 1882."

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THE JANUARY NUMBER will be ready by the 20th of November, or thereabouts. It will be of rare beauty. Those who remit earliest, will get the earliest impressions from its two superb steel plates.

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OUR PARIS LETTERS have been so eagerly sought for, in 1881, that they will be continued in 1882. They really contain earlier, and more reliable information, as to the fashions, than anything that appears elsewhere.

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IN THE GENERAL RISE OF PRICES, "Peterson" still keeps to its old rates, whether for single subscribers, or clubs. It is, therefore, even cheaper, this year—at least, relatively—than it was ever before.

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THE KIND OF LETTER to write, is like one we recently received, and which ran thus: "Please send your magazine to *my wife*, for one year." That man, you may depend, is a model husband.

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MORE THAN SEVENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS were spent on embellishments for this magazine, the present year. This is more than was spent by all the other lady's books combined.

TO SUBSCRIBE FOR A GOOD PERIODICAL is as much a necessity for the mind and heart, as to buy food is a necessity for our physical existence. It is, in fact, economy. Everybody is happier for a little relaxation, and what is more refining and refreshing than a good magazine?

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WE HAVE NO AGENTS for whom we are responsible. Either *remit direct to us*, or subscribe through your local newsdealer, or through some person getting up a club *whom you know.*

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THE PRETTIEST CHRISTMAS GIFT, for a lady, whether a wife, sister, or sweetheart, is a paid-up subscription for "Peterson" for 1882.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*New England Bird Life. Revised and edited from the manuscript of Winfrid A. Stearns. By Dr. Elliot Coues, U. S. A. Part I. Oscines.* 1 *vol.: small 8vo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.* —While more is known about the birds of New England, than about those of any other section of the United States, there is still much to be learned; or rather was, before the publication of this volume. For we have here, at last, a manual of New England ornithology, which, if not perfect, is as near perfection, perhaps, as is possible. The industry, research, and ability, shown in the book, cannot be too highly praised. Every year, more and more persons grow interested in this subject; and, therefore, the treatise must command a very large sale. The numerous wood-cuts, too, add greatly to the value of the work. Only half of the subject, however, is treated in the present volume, that of the "singing birds:" the rest remains to de discussed in a subsequent one. Both Mr. Stearns, whose manuscripts have been used as the basis of the book, and Dr. Coues, who has edited the manuscripts, are authorities on ornithology, of the very highest reputation.

*A Prince Of Breffny. By Thomas P. May.* 1 *vol.,* 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The great merit of this story is its lively action. Of all recent novelists, Dumas seems to have understood best that it was this which has had so much to do with the enduring fame of the masterpieces of fiction: with the popularity of the Arabian Nights, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Robinson Crusoe, etc., etc. There is quite too much description of scenery, too much moralizing, too much attempted analysis of character in modern novels. Quick, brisk action, plenty of movement—that is what makes permanently successful fiction. Of course, if a novel is to be first-rate, the events must be natural, if not always probable. But many a third-rate story succeeds, in spite of the most glaring improbabilities, simply because the action is never allowed to flag. In conclusion, we cannot too highly praise the clear, legible type, in which the volume is printed; nor the exceptionally good taste with which it is bound.

*The Jacobin Conquest. By H. Taine. Translated by Henry Durand.* 1 *vol.,* 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—The theory of this book is, that the first French Revolution was not the work of a majority of the people, but rather of a few bold, unscrupulous men: Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, etc. We must admit, that, in support of this view, the author adduces a startling array of facts.

*Our Little Ones. By William T. Adams.* 1 *vol., small 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A charming volume of stories and poems, for juveniles. It is edited by Mr. Adams, better known as Oliver Optic, and contains three hundred and fifty handsome woods-cuts. We know nothing more suitable for a Christmas gift for one of the "little people."

*Thorncliffe Hall. By Daniel Wise, D. D.* 1 *vol.,* 16*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—An excellent story-book for boys, by a writer of deserved reputation. It is illustrated.



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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE BEST AS WELL AS CHEAPEST magazine is undoubtedly "Peterson's." All the newspapers unite in saying this. No other lady's book compares with it, either in merit, or in price. *It gives more for the money, than any in the world.* Says the Harper (Kansas) Times: "It is worth many times the subscription price, to any family, especially where there are girls: unlike other fashion publications, it gives only stories of a high order; it is hence the most popular." Says the Frankford (Ind.) Crescent: "Peterson leads the van in the low-priced magazines: the October number is a superb one." Says the Martinsburg (W. Va.) Independent: "The steel engraving, in the October number, is a perfect gem: the colored fashion plates are superb: the patterns just the things most needed by the ladies: and the stories are charming: we advise all our lady readers to get that number: after seeing it, they will be sure to subscribe for the year." The Lake City (Minn.) Review says: "Peterson is the great favorite of the ladies' monthlies, as is proved by its immense circulation: every lady should take this magazine." The Kinderhook (N. Y.) Notes says: "Peterson's stories have always a peculiar charm: no magazine excels this well-known Philadelphia publication." The Angola (Ind.) Herald says: "The October number of 'Peterson' is unusually good, even for that incomparable lady's book. The historical novelet, 'The News From Yorktown,' which has attracted so much attention, is concluded: all the stories and novelets, however, are good: in fact, in 'Peterson' only the very best are given: we cannot too often refer to this magazine, as altogether the cheapest and best of its kind: where only one magazine is taken, 'Peterson' should be that one; for it fills more wants than any other." We have scores on scores of similar favorable notices. Now is the time to subscribe for 1882, *or to get up a club, and so gain a free copy.* Specimens, remember, are sent, gratis, if written for, in good faith, to get up clubs with. Address either C. J. PETERSON, or PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE makes a delightful and healthy drink, with water and sugar.

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PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin, and removes all faits of the complexion. Try Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. XII.—THE COHOSHES—BLACK AND BLUE.

1. BLACK COHOSH. CIMICIFUGA (or MACROTYS) RACEMOSA. Latin, *Cimex*, a bug, and *fugo*, to drive away, from its use. *Macrotis*, Greek, long-ears, from its raceme. Called, also, Bug-bane, Tall and Black Snake-root.

*Stem*, four to six feet high, slender, leafy near the middle, naked above and below, with one or two radical leaves on long, erect petioles, triternate; leaflets, ovate-oblong, acute incised, dentate; racemes, virgate, very long; terminal compound six to twelve inches in length, bearing many small, white flowers; sepals, four; petals, resembling stamens, numerous. The long, white, slightly nodding racemes of this plant, when in flower, in June, are quite conspicuous in our woodlands and clearings. The dried root is thickish, irregularly bent, with many slender radicals; almost black externally, but whitish internally. The odor is rather unpleasant; its taste, bitter and somewhat astringent. Doctor Darlington, (who seldom praises our indigenous medicinal plants,) says of this, that "an infusion of it is quite a popular medicine for both man and beast, without much regard to the nature of the disease." Prejudice has prevented many of our worthy physicians from investigating and testing our herbs. The fondness for imported articles is not confined to dress goods, but extends even to medicines. Black Cohosh has an undoubted influence over the nervous system, as is shown by its effects in curing or arresting the peculiar nervous twitches attending *chorea*, or St. Vitus' dance.

It has been used with very satisfactory results in bronchial affections, in incipient phthisis, rheumatism, wry-neck, cerebro-spinal diseases, painful and rigid muscles of the back, sleeplessness of teething children, lumbago, angina pectoris, or severe neuralgic pain of the chest, dysmenorrhœa; in rheumatic-neuralgic, and reflex nervous pains. In chorea, coughs of severity, and rheumatism, the infusion may be taken freely; in most of the other affections, small doses suffice, or a few drops of a saturated tincture, several times a day. It is one of our most valuable and useful medicinal plants, and mothers can use it freely without fear of injury or favor of the family attendant. It is often better in heart affections than digitalis, and entirely safe to give, even by mothers. *Macrotin*, or *Cimicifugin*, the active resonoid principle, is most convenient to use, triturated with sugar, in the proportion of one to ten, and kept in a well-stoppered bottle. It has great power over the eruptive fevers. These fevers first manifest their morbific influence upon the mucous tissues, subsequently transferred to the cuticle, and there the poison is eliminated. And almost every mother knows that the chief danger in these diseases arises when they recede from the surface, and fall, (as it were,) upon the mucous surfaces within. Then alarming symptoms ensue. Now, a few doses of macrotin will transfer, or re-establish, the eruption upon the external surface, and keep it there, and thus remove all danger. This agent is also well known to have decided influence upon the nervous system, giving tone and energy to the brain and spinal marrow, and thus contributing largely to the generation of nerve power. Ordinary dose of the resonoid is one-quarter to one grain, three times a day; or five to ten grains of the trituration. Smaller doses, and more frequently repeated, should be used in measles, scarlatina, smallpox, etc. The Blue Cohosh will be treated of in January number.

IMPROPER NURSING AND OVER-FEEDING OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN.—At Brighton, England, ninety-one per cent. of the total deaths of children under five years of age, are from diarrhœa, and the Medical Officer of Health testifies that there was evidence that improper feeding, and improper nursing, even where mothers themselves nursed their children, were the principal causes of such infantile mortality.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

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### No. 132.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

The sum of four figures in value will be
Above seven thousand nine hundred and three;
But when they are valued, you'll find very fair
The sum will be nothing, in truth, I declare.

*Elmira, N. Y.* DEAK.

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### No. 133.—EASY REBUS.

| Stood | Took | Value | Taking |
|---|---|---|---|
| I | You | to | My |

*Evanston, Wyo.* EVA.

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No. 134.—Crossword Enigma.

My first is in brush, but not in broom.
My second's in bride, but not in groom.
My third is in yell, but not in bark.
My fourth is in light, but not in dark.
My fifth is in cold, but not in warm.
My sixth is in hurt, but not in harm.
My seventh's in barn, but not in hut.
My eighth's in open, but not in shut.
My ninth is in priest, but not in nun.
My tenth is in earth, but not in sun.
My whole you'll find, (now don't say "I can't!")
If you look right sharp, is a garden plant.

*Burdenville, Kan.* Iva Dell Crane.

*Answers Next Month.*

Answers to Puzzles in the November Number.

No. 129.

Innocent.

No. 130.

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R     E     T
  E   V   A
    E I E
P O O L I V E
    E A E
  E   I   O
S     D     N
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No. 131.

Water.

## HOME GARDENING.—No. II.

How To Manage A Fern-Table.—In our last number, we spoke of the potting of ferns, and what position they grew best in. We now conclude, with some general remarks.

*General Remarks*—In planting the Hart's-tongue, be sure to put some pieces of white sandstone near the roots, and mix a good deal of broken sand in the mould. The sand supplies the plant with silica, which enters largely into its composition. Water this fern, in summertime, every day, taking care, however, not to let the soil get soaked and heavy. When this condition is noticed, abstain from watering, stir up the soil, mix in a little sand, and let it dry for a day or two. The Beech-fern, (Polypody Phegopteris,) also loves sandy soil, and a good deal of water. The dear, bright-looking, little Oak-fern, (Polypody Dryopteris,) thrives well in a sweet, soft peat mould, and likes to be watered daily during hot weather, every second day in cold or damp weather. The Herd-fern, (Blechnum spicant,) Common Polypody, (Polypody vulgare,) and the pretty little Scotch Maiden Hair, (Asplenium Trichomanes,) are usually found growing on old walls, or in dry, stony localities; and are, therefore, better to have some pieces of porous sandstone, mica, or such like rubbish, placed underneath the fronds, and around the roots. The little Woodsias, and brittle bladder-ferns, do not much like top-watering: it is better for such to pour the water into the saucers in which the pots are placed, and let them help themselves.

Many persons handle the fronds of their ferns, and otherwise subject them to rough usage, in carelessly brushing them aside in passing. They do not like this, and do not thrive when so treated. Never touch a frond, if you can help doing so. Such fronds as the Hart's-tongue, and the Blechnum spicant, require to be occasionally lightly sponged with tepid water, on the upper side, in order to free them from dust; which, if allowed to remain, mars the look, and hastens the decay of the plant, as it is by the leaves that all plants absorb the air which is so necessary to their existence.

Some writers on ferns affirm that ferns do not live more than three or four years; but this is not true. The smaller ferns die down in winter, and send up new fronds in April and May. During winter, they should not be watered oftener than once in a fortnight or three weeks. In February, top-dress them by sprinkling some fresh mould over the tops of the pots, at the same time raising up the old soil with a bit of stick, or any blunt instrument.

Once a month, the outsides of the pots are washed in warm water. Great care must be taken to avoid letting any steam rise to the fronds, as this causes them at once to decay. When the fronds come up badly formed, or ragged at the edges, look for worms or centipedes among the soil, and remove them; also, any appearance of eggs or grubs. Sometimes, after a good watering from the top, young worms, etc., are found in the refuse water in the saucers; be careful, however, in top-watering, to pour the water near the rim of the pot: otherwise, the leaves are apt to rot at the roots.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### MEATS, ETC.

*Minced Fowl.*—Take the remains of a cold roast fowl, and cut off all the white meat, which mince finely, without any skin or bone; but put the bone and skin into a stewpan, with an onion, a blade of mace, and a handful of sweet herbs tied up. Add nearly a pint of water. Let it stew for an hour, and then strain and pour off the gravy, putting in a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Take two hard-boiled eggs, and chop them small. Mix them with the fowl, and salt, pepper, and mace, according to taste; put in the gravy, also half a teaspoonful of very finely minced lemon-peel, and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, two tablespoonfuls of flour, made into a smooth paste with a little cold water, and let the whole just boil. Serve with sippets of toasted bread. Some persons prefer cayenne to common white pepper.

*Croquettes.*—The most acceptable way of serving up cold meat, we have found to be in the shape of croquettes. Mince as fine as possible; if it is mutton, leave out the fat and skin, and whatever else might injure the taste; season and make up with the gravy into little oval balls, dip in egg, and then in bread-crumbs, and fry brown. Consult the taste of the family, as to putting in herbs and onions, also whether they should be fried dry, or have gravy poured round them. Veal and chicken croquettes are particularly good; a beaten egg is mixed with these, in making them up.

*Brawn.*—Take a pig's head and feet, and about one and a-half pounds shin of beef; boil together, for about two hours and a-half. Take out of the water, and remove all the bones; chop fine, mix about a teaspoonful of white pepper, a handful of salt, a little cayenne, and a teaspoonful of mixed spice; mix all thoroughly together, and put into a mould, that has been previously wetted with cold water; place something heavy on the top, to press it.

### DESSERTS.

*A Pound Plum-Pudding.*—One pound suet, one pound currants, one pound stoned raisins, eight eggs, half of a grated nutmeg, two ounces sliced candied peel, one teaspoonful of ground ginger, one-half pound bread-crumbs, one-half pound flour, half a pint of milk. Chop the suet finely; mix with it the dry ingredients; stir these well together, and add the well-beaten eggs and milk, to moisten with. Beat up the mixture well, and should the above proportion of milk not

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be found sufficient to make it of the proper consistency, a little more should be added. Press the pudding into a mould, tie it in a floured cloth, and boil for five hours, or rather longer, and serve with brandy sauce.

*An Excellent Lemon Pudding.*—Beat the yolks of four eggs; add four ounces of white sugar, the rind of a lemon being rubbed with some lumps of it, to take the essence; then peel, and beat it in a mortar, with the juice of a lemon; mix all with four or five ounces of butter, warmed. Put a crust into a shallow dish, nick the edges, and put the above into it. When served, turn the pudding out of the dish.

*Plum Pudding.*—Three ounces of whole rice, stewed till tender, in one and a-quarter pints of milk; one and a-half ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, one-quarter pound of moist sugar, three-quarters of a pound of raisins, one-half pound of currants, four eggs, well beaten. Mix all these ingredients when hot, except the eggs, which must be added when cold. Boil six hours, in a shape. Spice can be added, if liked.

*Tapioca Pudding.*—Soak two-thirds of a cupful of tapioca over night, in one quart of milk; then add three beaten eggs, five tablespoonfuls of sugar, butter the size of an egg, one whole lemon, grated; bake three-quarters of an hour; serve with milk or cream.

CAKES, ETC.

*Luncheon Buns.*—One pound of flour, six ounces of butter, one-quarter pound of sugar, one egg, quarter pint of milk, one dessertspoonful of baking-powder, five drops of essence of lemon. Warm the butter, without oiling it; beat it with a wooden spoon; stir the flour in gradually with the sugar, and mix these ingredients well together. Make the milk lukewarm, beat it up with the yolk of the egg and the essence of lemon, and stir these to the flour, etc. Add the baking powder, beat the dough well for about ten minutes, divide it into twenty-four pieces, put them into buttered tins or cups, and bake in a brisk oven from twenty to thirty minutes.

*Tea Cakes.*—Weigh two pounds of flour, rub into it one-quarter pound of lard or butter, then add one-half pound of currants, one ounce of lemon-peel, and a little sugar put into a basin one and a-half ounces of yeast, with some warm milk, and an egg, beaten up; add these to the above, and make into a dough. Let it rise for two hours, then make up into cakes, brush over with milk and white of egg, let rise again a little on the tin, and then bake.

*Sponge Cake.*—Eight eggs, one pound of sifted sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, the rind of one lemon, grated, half a nutmeg. Beat the eggs well, the yolks and whites separately; mix them with the sugar, peel, and nutmeg; beat for ten minutes, then add the flour, but do not beat it after the flour is in; just stir it with a whisk, to mix it thoroughly; butter a mould, and bake it in a moderate oven for an hour and a-half.

*A Nice Plum Cake.*—Six ounces of butter, whipped to a cream; add the same weight of sugar; stir in four whipped eggs, then twelve ounces of flour; beat well, and add six ounces of currants, and six ounces of sultanas and stoned raisins, two ounces of candied peel, twelve almonds, pounded, a pinch of mace, a teaspoonful of spice, and one of baking-powder.

PUDDINGS FOR CHILDREN.

*Stewed Apples and Rice.*—Peel good baking apples, take out the cores with a scoop, so as not to injure the shape of the apples, put them in a deep baking-dish, and pour over them a syrup, made by boiling sugar in the proportion of one pound to a pint of water; put a little piece of shred lemon inside each apple, and let them bake very slowly until soft, but not in the least broken. If the syrup is thin, boil it until it is thick enough; take out the lemon peel, and put a little jam inside each apple, and between each a little heap of well-boiled rice; pour the syrup gently over the apples, and let it cover the rice. This dish may be served either hot or cold.

*Baked Suet Crust.*—Shred beef suet very thin; take equal proportions of sifted flour, roll a little suet with a little flour; put it aside as you do it, and continue the process, until all the suet and flour are rolled together into flakes; gather them into a heap on the board, sprinkle them with water, using as little as possible, to make the mass into paste. When it is worked into a smooth paste, beat it a little with the rolling-pin, and roll out as thin as possible; fold it over to the required thickness, and put it on the pie; bake rather quickly. This crust should be eaten before quite cold; and, if properly made, will be a very good and light puff paste.

*Plum Puddings.*—Chop—if possible, in a mincing-machine—half a pound of raisins, half a pound of sultanas, two ounces of candied peel, and half a pound of apples; mix with half a pound of beef suet one pound of bread-crumbs, a quarter of a pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, a little spice, and a pinch of salt; put sufficient new milk to make the mixture rather stiff; butter a basin, put in the pudding, and boil for six hours. This quantity will make a large pudding.

*Stewed Prunes.*—Wash the fruit in warm water; for every pound, allow half a pound of loaf sugar, and one pint of water; boil the sugar and water together for ten minutes, then put in the fruit, and let it boil gently, until perfectly tender, so that it will break if touched with the finger; drain the syrup from the prunes, and set them aside, whilst it is boiled until it becomes thick; when pour it over the prunes, and let them stand until the next day.

## FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK SATIN DE LYONS. The skirt has a very narrow knife-plaited ruffle at the bottom. The back of the skirt is laid in two large box-plaits, which give it the requisite fullness; at the sides, a piece of black plush is inserted, which is laid in pointed folds; the drapery is of the *satin de Lyons*, and the ends are finished with jet tassels. The coat basque is of black plush, with a vest of old yellow brocade, figured with roses in the natural colors; the revers, and the three-quarter sleeves, are trimmed with Mechlin lace, which also forms a jabot in front. Black plush hat, with yellow plume.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF ARCTIC-BLUE SURAH. The short skirt is laid in flat plaits all around. The bottom is trimmed with a narrow knife-plaited ruffle, above which is a sheaf trimming of white Spanish lace. The overdress is gauged on to the pointed waist; is drawn back, *pannier* fashion; is trimmed with white Spanish lace; and, at the back, it falls in two or three large loops. The corsage is made with a point back and front, is laced at the back, and is square in the neck in front. The half-long sleeve is met by the very long gloves. Sprays of flowers in the hair, and on the right side of the corsage.

FIG. III.—HOUSE OR EVENING-DRESS, OF GREEN SATIN DE LYONS AND WATERED SILK. The train, at the back, is edged with a loose, plaited ruffle. The front is made full, and is confined by ruffles, shirred at the top, which pass upward to the back, the upper one helping to give the full appearance which is now so much in vogue. The watered silk is of a lighter shade than the *satin de Lyons*, and forms panels at the sides; at the bottom, it falls in loose loops. The coat basque is cut away in front, and opens at the sides, over the watered silk panels; at the back, it has three large plaits, with spring enough to fall easily over the tournure. The vest, or plastron, in front, is of the watered silk, as well as the collar and cuffs. The vest is cut across, to form a square neck. The dress is trimmed with *point de gay* lace.

FIG. IV.—OPERA OR EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is trimmed with alternate ruffles and

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puffings of the material. The polonaise, which is carried back, panier fashion, is edged with Breton lace, which also forms a jabot in front. The polonaise is left open at the back, and is tied in a bow with long ends, which forms the back drapery. The front of the dress is shirred, and it is cut V shape in the neck. The bonnet is of white felt, with a pearl trimming on the edge, and ornamented with a bow of white satin ribbon, and pink feathers.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF SMOKE-GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR. The front is laid in kilt plaits. The long side-pieces, which are bunched up below the waist, are trimmed with many rows of braid of a darker shade. The mantle is of camel's-hair, trimmed with bands of camel's-hair, spotted with velvet, and a rich silk fringe. The bonnet is of smoke-colored plush.

FIGS. VI. AND VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, FRONT AND BACK. It is made of checked silk and satin. The skirt is trimmed with gathered flounces, sewn on with small puffings. Two scarfs, crossing each other, form the tunic. At the back, the puffed tunic, with pointed ends, falls below the pointed basque, and on the flounces. The long bodice is gathered at the neck and waist in front, and, at the back, above and below the waist. Satin collar, and gathered satin cuffs.

FIGS. VIII. AND IX.—OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS, FRONT AND BACK. The plain skirt is plush, with white hairs in it. The polonaise bodice is of light-gray checked cloth, with plush revers around it, and has a large plush collar and cuffs. It is double-breasted, and is looped up, *panier* style, in front. The muff is plush, and is hung around the neck by satin ribbons. Gray felt hat.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK SATIN AND BLACK STRIPED GAUZE. The satin train is bordered with two black lace flounces. The gathered apron front is of striped gauze, and is ornamented with four appliques of jet, and the bottom is edged with narrow black lace plaitings. Long black satin bodice, opening heart-shaped; black lace elbow sleeves, and gauze fichu, edged with lace. Large yellow rose at the side of the fichu, and in the hair.

FIG. XI.—BONNET, FOR VISITING AND RECEPTION TOILETTE, of black Spanish lace, with three large pink roses on the right side.

FIG. XII.—SLEEVE FOR EVENING-DRESS, of spotted muslin, or Breton net, confined by two straps of colored satin.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED GRAY AND GRAYISH-BLUE WOOLEN MATERIAL. The skirt is plaited, and the full tunic is draped high. It is arranged on the cross, and is turned up, washerwoman fashion, on the left side, and has several rows of machine-stitching. The paletot bodice is cut away below the edge, and stitched, as are the sleeves and pelerine, with its small collar, which is tied with a ribbon bow. Hat of gray felt, trimmed and faced with a bluish-gray silk.

FIG. XIV.—WINTER HAT, of black beaver, Spanish shape. It is trimmed around the edge of the crown with a black chenille and jet cord, and with crimson tufts at the side.

FIG. XV.—FICHU FOR MOURNING, made of black crêpe, and trimmed with mourning tape fringe. The long ends are stitched at the waist.

FIG. XVI.—NEW STYLE MANTLE, of light-brown cloth, trimmed with dark-brown velvet, and rows of dark-brown braid. The plaitings at the back allow it to fall easily over the small *tournure*. There is a dark-brown gimp trimming at the back. Toque of dark-brown plush, ornamented with a pheasant's wing, bear's claws, and a long, light-brown gauze veil.

FIG. XVII.—NEW STYLE JACKET, of seal-brown plush, tight-fitting, and closed by chased gilt buttons. Gold silk embroidery and lace decorate the military collar, cuffs, and pockets. Brown plush hat, and ostrich feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—*The colors of the new goods* are too varied to name, even if they had names; but many of them are exceedingly beautiful, while some are startling, and unbecoming to anyone: such as the parrot-green, mustard-yellow, and some of the red purples.

*Woolen goods* were never softer or more beautiful than they are this season. Some of the shaded stripes are particularly beautiful.

*Plush, velvet, velveteen, watered silks, brocaded silks, satins, and velvets*, and all the varieties of the woolens are fashionable; nothing can come amiss, and they are combined in hundreds of different ways, to suit the fancy or the purse of the wearer.

*Many of the most elegant dresses are short*, and they still fall flat in front, though, as we said before, they are much more puffed out at the back. This full effect is often obtained by long loops or bows, falling down the back of the dress, made of the dress material, or of wide ribbon or silk, either plain or watered.

*Paniers, or panier effects*, are becoming more popular every day. Fashion is so fickle, that she has tired of the close-falling skirts. The *paniers* seem to decrease the size of the waist, by enlarging the hips.

*Plaits, which fall straight down*, part way, or all the way round the skirt, are popular. These are usually box-plaits; but that is according to fancy. In some skirts, the plaits extend only to the sides, and then the front is covered with ruffles, puffings, lace, etc.; but there is no end to the devices to have one's dresses different from one's neighbors.

*Vests* are again popular: not only the straight Louis XV. vest, but like that in the third figure of our fashion-plate; or cut off at the waist, or beginning at the waist, as may be wished.

*Coat sleeves* have resumed their sway; but they seem to be rather less tight than those of a year ago. We hope that the *very* tight sleeve will never again be popular; nothing can be more unbecoming and stiff, giving the arms quite an ungraceful look.

*Basques, round waists, coats, and pointed waists*, are all equally worn.

*Mantles, and nearly all wraps, are worn long*; though, often, to show off some stylish skirt, a shorter paletot or jacket is donned, and is considered quite as fashionable; and the style of making is always according to the fancy. Sometimes they are only great, long, straight cloaks, with square sleeves, often shirred. Sometimes they partially fit the figure. Sometimes they are almost tight. In the latter case, they have little or no trimming; in the former, fur, lace, jet, gimp, or whatever is fancied, may be employed.

*Bonnets and hats* show but little change since last winter; and for the latest styles, we refer to our letter from Paris, in the November number.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The fashions, this season, seem to have run into extremes. For street-wear, the darkest and most subdued tints are in vogue: while nothing can be too brilliant, in the way of colors and of material, for full dress. The newest hue for street-wear is a rich, reddish shade of plum-color. This is shown in brocades, satins, cashmeres, and surahs. The overskirt is not as much worn as formerly; nor is, perhaps, the polonaise. Faille, that is to say, heavy corded silk, is coming into fashion again, particularly in combination with velvet or brocade. For cashmere dresses, satin trimmings are preferred. In walking-costumes, the materials usually match, in contradistinction to the strong contrasts that are in vogue for dinner-dresses. The universal rage for white, for evening-wear, is apparently at an end. Of course, no prettier or more appropriate hue, than white, could be devised for young girls' ball-dresses; but the universal prevalence of that tint made a ball-room look cold and colorless; and then a fat, red-faced dowager, in white brocade and

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satin, was not a lovely object to contemplate. Worth's declaration that pale-pink is to be the reigning hue for evening-dress, this winter, seems likely to be carried out by the facts. He makes lovely ball-dresses of pale-pink surah, in combination with other materials. One that I saw, intended for a Spanish princess, had the front of the skirt crossed with three deep, full puffs, that covered the whole skirt-front. Over each of these puffs, fell a ruffle of white silk embroidery, on white gauze: a new and very effective trimming, by the way, which will be much used in black, as well as in colors, this winter. The long train was of pink surah, arranged in deep, looped puffs. In another dress, he combined pink surah with white gauze, figured with small flowers in their natural hues: and the effect was charming. The whole front of the skirt was covered with interlaced scarfs of the two materials, in a manner that was at once graceful, artistic, and indescribable.

Very large designs and patterns, in set, scattered figures, are in vogue, in the brocades and velvet-figured satins of the season. I have seen, at Worth's, satins figured with large, round spots in velvet, which are very effective, made up with plain satin. On the solid-colored brocades, a single stalk of hyacinths, and a single tulip, without foliage, formed the newest patterns. But in the Watteau brocades, that is to say, with flowers in their natural hues, on a background of plain satin, the taste of the designer had fairly run riot. One of the newest patterns was a sunflower, with gold-yellow petals, and a crimson heart, on a background of pearl-white satin. The same pattern, with the centre of the flower in dark-green, was repeated in bronze-green satin. A cherry satin was brocaded with single tea-roses, and a black satin with large, gold-yellow roses.

Then, there was a fawn-colored satin, brocaded with chrysanthemums, in the palest pink; and cashmere-patterned brocades, in all manner of soft, contrasting hues, most artistically blended. Now, it must be understood that Worth *never* uses these large-patterned materials for the corsages of his dresses. For that purpose, plain satin is employed; the front of the skirt being also in satin: while the brocade either forms the train, or is laid in deep side-pieces, at either side of the skirt; and is drawn up, in full, puffed drapery, just below the waist, at the back. In the latter case, the train must be of satin, and it falls from beneath the brocade draperies. So, any lady, who possesses a skirt of brilliant, large-patterned brocade, bequeathed to her by her mother, or her grandmother, however stout she may be, can utilize it in the foregoing manner. Even the gorgeous brocaded satins, that were so much in vogue for furniture coverings, some years ago, may be so utilized.

The new trimmings comprise bands of plush, bead fringes, and passementerie, and the silk embroideries on silk gauze, whereof I have before spoken. The trimming must always match the dress-material, except in the case of a new and beautiful style of black plush, with a long, silky nap, which comes woven in bands, to imitate fur, and which is to be had in no other color. Ruffles of the white silk embroidery are used to trim evening-dresses: they are simply gathered, the heading being dotted with bows of narrow satin ribbon, with long ends.

Jackets and long sacques are the wraps most in vogue for outdoor wear. The former are worn longer than formerly, and are shown in dark cloths, trimmed with cuffs, collar, and pocket-flaps of velvet, or with bands of ribbed plush. Sometimes, the jacket is made very long, and is lined with bright-colored plush. Pingot is making these jackets with two large folds just below the waist, that protrude, like a rooster's tail, in a very ungraceful manner, forming two round, tube-like excrescences, that serve to show off the plush lining. Despite the fame of the house, I doubt if these garments will be popular. Plush is also used for lining the India shawl wraps, that are still much worn. The long sacques are made of small-patterned, black brocades, and stamped velvets; plain silk and satin being out of fashion. They are usually lined with plush, in pale-blue or red.

The newest article for morning-wear is a matinée of pale-blue or ruby cashmere, trimmed with ruffles of white lace, and made to draw in the back with a ribbon, forming a full shirred plaiting, the ribbon being afterwards tied around the waist. Anything more comfortable, or more becoming to a slender figure, can hardly be imagined.

Nothing new in gloves or stockings. Black stockings are now universally worn with black dresses; but *never* with white or colored ones, as is sometimes the case in England, and also, I regret to hear, in the United States. The English have, at least, the excuse of their smoky, foggy atmosphere, which soils everything so quickly; but the Americans can urge no such plea, in defence of such a shocking piece of bad taste. The same rules are also applicable to black gloves.

The newest flowers for evening-dress wear are morning-glories, exquisitely imitated in velvet.

The latest waterproofs are made of impermeable cloth, fashioned into a tight-fitting coat, with three or five capes, surmounted with a velvet collar. These cloths come in all the newest dark tints, and the garments, thus made, are really very stylish and becoming.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S OUT-OF-DOOR COSTUME. The front is of dark-blue cashmere, with a box-plaited ruffle at the bottom. The paletot is of a dark almond-colored cloth, nearly tight-fitting; and the collar, with the long tabs in front, and cuffs, are of brown fur. Brown beaver hat, and feathers; the hat is faced with light almond satin.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S OUT-OF-DOOR COSTUME, of heavy white cloth. It is made with a cape. The collar, cuffs, and pockets, are of seal-colored plush. White felt hat, and long white feathers.

FIG. III.—BOY'S PALETOT, of brown cloth, stitched with silk of the same color. Collar and cuffs of dark-brown plush. Large, dark pearl buttons fasten it down the front.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S HAT, of brown beaver, trimmed with brown satin ribbon.


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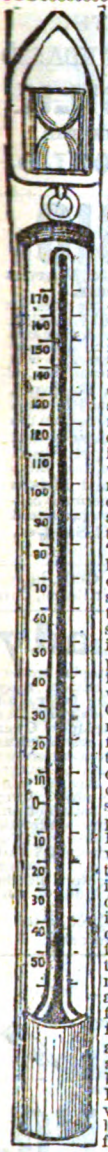

## THE COUNTRYMAN

IN THE

## Weather Signal Office.

Mr. Jeremiah Toadvine, of the rural district, brought a letter of introduction to the United States Signal Officer, and by the latter gentleman was shown the beautiful scientific instruments for measuring and determining the various changes and conditions of the weather. Pointing to the standard thermometer he explained to Mr. T. the uses of the heat gauge, whereupon Mr. T. anxiously inquired if he "hadn't nuther un to spare—sich a nice merchine to sot the weather in hayin' and harvest time." His inspection of the aerometer or wind measurer evoked the expression: "Wouldn't she be the racket to run the wind mill with." The barometer was one too many for Toadvine, and, looking queerly at the official, as if he were utterly nonplussed and bankrupt of words, said: "Friend, did you ever have the reumatis?" The abruptness of the question surprised the officer, who replied, "No—never." "What"—— Evidently recollecting himself, Mr. T. stopped on the ragged edge of the threadbare remark, and said: "I only wanted to know, for if this trap (pointing to the barometer) shows the good an' bad weather afore it's time, it would be a bully trap for people with reumatis; they could flank it every time. Up my country when folks has it they use ST. JACOBS OIL, an' it's a powerful argyment agin reumatis—it's the upper dorg in the fight every time." With thanks for the unexpected information, the official politely turned Mr. Toadvine over to the usher to show him to the street car, while he, looking over his paper, read: "Mrs. T. A. Gist, No. 1204 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: I had inflammatory rheumatism very badly. In one foot and ankle it seemed to have taken hold with the determination to stay, and the morning I obtained the ST. JACOBS OIL I could not put my foot down to the floor, even for an instant. I used it that evening for the first time, and the next morning for the second time, and that afternoon put my foot down for several minutes. On the Sunday following I could stand up and walk a few steps. On Tuesday could walk about my room and went down stairs by holding on to the banisters. Now I can walk quite well and there is very little pain left. Just think! one bottle and a half, and I am almost free from pain! It is a wonderful medicine.

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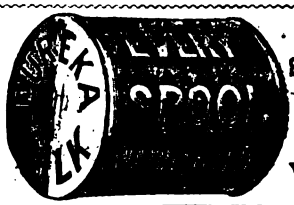


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# ANNOUNCEMENT.

# YOUTH'S COMPANION

## 1882

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